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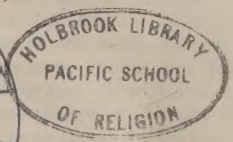
FORTY THOUSAND QUOTATIONS

PROSE AND POETICAL

Choice extracts on History, Science, Philosophy, Religion, Literature, etc. Selected from the standard authors of ancient and modern times, classified according to subject.

COMPILED BY

CHARLES NOEL DOUGLAS



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INTRODUCTION

The mission of this work is to supply a universal need, which is felt by the multitude of busy men and women of to-day, who, while eager to be initiated into the society of the great masters of literature, find it impossible to devote the time necessary to such studies as would accomplish that result. One to whom books are as strangers has not yet learned to live. He is a solitary, though he dwell amid a vast population. On the other hand, he to whom books are as friends possesses a Key to the Garden of Delights, where the purest pleasures are open for his entertainment, and where he has for his companions the master minds of all the ages.

Coleridge, writing nearly a century ago, asked: "Why are not more gems from our great authors scattered over the country? Great books are not in everybody's reach; and though it is better to know them thoroughly than to know them only here and there, yet it is a good work to give a little to those who have neither the time nor the means to get more."

In *Forty Thousand Quotations*, the busy man of affairs, the teacher and preacher, the public speaker, lawyer and writer, the man or woman who desires to make a creditable figure in conversation, correspondence or debate, in fact, the reader and student of either sex and any age, may turn at will to the choicest and most striking passages of the illustrious authors, orators and thinkers of all time, from the classic age to the present day. It will open, as with a magic key, the gateways of literature, and the realm of books will no longer be a *terra incognita*, since here are to be found the literary treasures of the ripest scholarship and the finest culture the world has ever known.

In making a collection of such magnitude, and from so many diverse sources, care has been exercised to render the indices, classification and general arrangement so simple that they can be mastered at a glance. One thousand four hundred topics are treated, covering almost the entire range of thought and emotion.

Famous classic, medieval and modern writers have contributed their quota. Here we have the loftiest strains of the poets, the highest flights of the orators, the keenest logic of the essayists, the strongest situations

of the dramatists, the brightest *bons mots* of the humorists. Here are the flashes of genius that have stirred the souls of men, the famous epigrams, maxims, aphorisms, adages, similes and other utterances that have excited the world's admiration or amusement. A noted author once remarked that a dozen lines from a writer's works, familiar to the people after twenty years, constituted literary immortality. This volume is a Pantheon of Immortals in splendid array—rank upon rank of the novelists, poets, orators, philosophers, wits, sages, historians, scientists, statesmen, represented by utterances wherewith they have inspired and delighted men and women of every age.

There are many ways in which a work of this character can be made of great value to the reader and student, whatever may be his or her vocation in life. Take the best thoughts on the topic selected; read them; write them down; repeat them; make them your own, and they will become a part of your life and an influence on your career. You will find unconsciously that your mental horizon will be widened, your address enriched, and even your letters will acquire a polish which would be unattainable through other means. The art of apt quotation, happy simile, and pleasing witticism, is within your reach. Grace and power in writing and speaking do not consist in the employment of commonplace phrase and adjective, but come by studying the best models, and so also do the flexibility, range of expression and felicitous illustration which hold the ear, while they carry force and conviction to the mind.

George Eliot calls such a collection as this "The flowers of all books," and never was description more felicitous. Joubert, writing on the same subject, said "The coin of wisdom is its great thoughts, its eloquent flights, its proverbs and pithy sentences." That coin, struck at the mint of genius, is here in abundant measure.

This new and revised edition of *Forty Thousand Quotations* was first published as *Forty Thousand Sublime and Beautiful Thoughts.*

A

Ability

Ability is of little account without opportunity.—Napoleon I.

Ability is a poor man's wealth.—Matthew Wren.

Ability in a man is knowledge which emanates from divine light.—Zoroaster.

Ability involves responsibility. Power to its last particle is duty.—Maclaren.

The winds and waves are always on the side of the ablest navigators.—Gibbon.

Consider well what your strength is equal to, and what exceeds your ability.—Horace.

Ability wins us the esteem of the true men; luck that of the people.—La Rochefoucauld.

Exigencies create the necessary ability to meet and to conquer them.—Wendell Phillips.

An able man shows his spirit by gentle words and resolute actions.—Chesterfield.

Every person is responsible for all the good within the scope of his abilities, and for no more.—Gail Hamilton.

The art of using moderate abilities to advantage wins praise, and often acquires more reputation than actual brilliancy.—La Rochefoucauld.

As we advance in life we learn the limits of our abilities.—Froude.

The wicked are always surprised to find ability in the good.—Vauvenargues.

Men, like bullets, go farthest when they are smoothest.—Jean Paul Richter.

I pride myself in recognizing and upholding ability in every party and wherever I meet it.—Beaconsfield.

To become an able man in any profession, there are three things necessary,—nature, study, and practice.—Aristotle.

We judge ourselves by what we feel capable of doing, while others judge us by what we have already done.—Longfellow.

You are a devil at everything, and there is no kind of thing in the 'versal world but what you can turn your hand to.—Cervantes.

Who does the best his circumstance allows, Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more.—Young.

Men who undertake considerable things, even in a regular way, ought to give us ground to presume ability.—Burke.

The measure of capacity is the measure of sphere to either man or woman.—Elizabeth Oakes Smith.

The possession of great powers no doubt carries with it a contempt for

mere external show.—James A. Garfield.

Natural ability can almost compensate for the want of every kind of cultivation; but no cultivation of the mind can make up for the want of natural ability.—Schopenhauer.

Read my little fable:
He that runs may read.
Most can raise the flowers now,
For all have got the seed.
—Tennyson.

To the very last, he [Napoleon] had a kind of idea; that, namely, of *la carriere ouverte aux talent*—the tools to him that can handle them.—Sir Walter Scott.

No man is without some quality, by the due application of which he might deserve well of the world; and whoever he be that has but little in his power should be in haste to do that little, lest he be confounded with him that can do nothing.—Dr. Johnson.

He could raise scruples dark and nice,
And after solve 'em in a trice;
As if Divinity had catch'd
The itch, on purpose to be scratch'd.
—Butler.

There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends;
For being not propped up by ancestry whose grace
Chalks successors their way; nor called upon
For high feats done to the crown; neither allied
To eminent assistants; but, spider-like,
Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note;
The force of his own merit makes his way;
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to a king. —Shakespeare.

Absence

Conspicuous by his absence.—Tacitus.

Absence makes the heart grow fonder;
Isle of Beauty, fare thee well!
—T. H. Bayley.

Judicious absence is a weapon.—Charles Reade.

Thinking of thee, still thee, till thought grew pain.—Moore.

I dote on his very absence.—Shakespeare.

Absence is all love's crime.—Beaumont and Fletcher.

It is absence that tries fidelity.—Mrs. J. Hunter.

The absent feel and fear every ill.—Cervantes.

Achilles absent, was Achilles still.—Homer.

I believe absence is a great element of charm.—Beaconsfield.

Short absence quickens love; long absence kills it.—Mirabeau.

In the hope to meet
Shortly again, and make our absence sweet.
—Ben Jonson.

Authors and lovers always suffer some infatuation, from which only absence can set them free.—Dr. Johnson.

Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see, my heart, untravelled, fondly turns to thee.—Goldsmith.

There's little pleasure in the house
When our gudeman's awa.
—W. J. Mickle.

Ever absent, ever near;
Still I see thee, still I hear;
Yet I cannot reach thee, dear!
—Francis Kazinczy.

'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark our coming, and look brighter when we come.—Byron.

Wives in their husbands' absences grow subtler,
And daughters sometimes run off with the butler. —Byron.

Thou art gone from my gaze like a beautiful dream,
And I seek thee in vain by the meadow and stream. —George Linley.

The joys of meeting pay the pangs of absence,
Else who could bear it? —Rowe.

As contraries are known by contraries, so is the delight of presence best

known by the torments of absence.—Alcibiades.

All days are nights to see till I see thee,
And nights bright days when dreams do show thee me. —Shakespeare.

Condemned whole years in absence to deplore,
And image charms he must behold no more.
—Pope.

Your absence of mind we have borne, till your presence of body came to be called in question by it.—Charles Lamb.

'Tis said that absence conquers love;
But oh! believe it not.
I've tried, alas! its power to prove,
But thou art not forgot.
—Frederick W. Thomas.

Days of absence, sad and dreary;
Clothed in sorrow's dark array,—
Days of absence, I am weary;
She I love is far away.
—Rousseau.

I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd;
But I shall, in a more continuate time,
Strike off this score of absence.
—Shakespeare.

Oft in the tranquil hour of night
When stars illume the sky,
I gaze upon each orb of light,
And wish that thou wert by.
—George Linley.

Ye flowers that droop forsaken by the spring;
Ye birds that left by summer cease to sing;
Yet trees that fade when autumn heats remove,
Say, is not absence death to those who love? —Pope.

Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravelled, fondly turns to thee;
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain. —Goldsmith.

How like a winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!
What old December's bareness everywhere.

Not to understand a treasure's worth till time has stole away the slighted good, is cause of half the poverty we feel, and makes the world the wilderness it is.—Cowper.

O thou who dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless;
Lest growing ruinous the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was.
—Shakespeare.

What shall I do with all the days and hours
That must be counted ere I see thy face?
How shall I charm the interval that lowers
Between this time and that sweet time of grace?
—Frances Anne Kemble.

In my Lucia's absence
Life hangs upon me, and becomes a burden;
I am ten times undone, while hope, and fear,
And grief, and rage and love rise up at once,
And with variety of pain distract me.
—Addison.

What! keep a week away? seven days and nights?
Eight score hours? and lovers' absent hours,
More tedious than the dial eight score times?
O weary reckoning! —Shakespeare.

Absence extinguishes small passions and increases great ones, as the wind will blow out a candle and blow in a fire.—La Rochefoucauld.

With what a deep devotedness of woe
I wept thy absence—o'er and o'er again
Thinking of thee, still thee, till thought grew pain,
And memory, like a drop that, night and day,
Falls cold and ceaseless, wore my heart away! —Moore.

Since you have waned from us,
Fairest of women!
I am a darkened cage
Songs cannot hymn in.
My songs have followed you,
Like birds the summer;
Ah! bring them back to me,
Swiftly, dear comer!
Seraphim,
Her to hymn,
Might leave their portals;
And at my feet learn
The harping of mortals!
—Francis Thompson.

Absent

Absent in body, but present in spirit, —St. Paul.

Absolution

No man taketh away sins (which the law, though holy, just and good,

could not take away), but He in whom there is no sin.—Bede.

It appertaineth to the true God alone to be able to loose men from their sins.—St. Cyril.

He alone can remit sins who is appointed our Master by the Father of all; He only is able to discern obedience from disobedience.—St. Clement of Alexandria.

Neither angel, nor archangel, nor yet even the Lord Himself (who alone can say "I am with you"), can, when we have sinned, release us, unless we bring repentance with us.—St. Ambrose.

It is not the ambassador, it is not the messenger, but the Lord Himself that saveth His people. The Lord remaineth alone, for no man can be partner with God in forgiving sins; this office belongs solely to Christ, who taketh away the sins of the world.—St. Ambrose.

Abstinence

Abstinence is approved of God.—Chaucer.

Abstinence is the surety of temperance.—Plato.

Too much is a vanity; enough is a feast.—Quarles.

Abstinence is the great strengthener and clearer of reason.—South.

Abstinence is many times very helpful to the end of religion.—Tillotson.

Abstaining is favorable both to the head and the pocket.—Horace Greeley.

Abstaining so as really to enjoy, is the epicurism, the very perfection, of reason.—Rousseau.

The more a man denies himself, the more shall he obtain from God.—Horace.

By forbearing to do what may innocently be done, we may add hourly new vigor to resolution.—Dr. Johnson.

Abstinence is as easy to me as temperance would be difficult.—Samuel Johnson.

Abstinence is whereby a man refraineth from anything which he may lawfully take.—Elyot.

Against diseases here the strongest fence
Is the defensive virtue, abstinence.
—Herrick.

To set the mind above the appetites is the end of abstinence, which one of the Fathers observes to be, not a virtue, but the groundwork of a virtue.—Johnson.

A rich man cannot enjoy a sound mind nor a sound body without exercise and abstinence; and yet these are truly the worst ingredients of poverty.—Lord Kames.

His life is parallel'd
E'en with the stroke and line of his great justice;
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself which he spurs on his power
To qualify in others. —Shakespeare.

We read of a fountain in Arabia upon whose basin is inscribed, "Drink, and away;" but how delicious is that hasty draught, and how long and brightly the thought of its transient refreshment dwells in the memory.—Tuckerman.

Never add artificial heat to thy body by wine or spice until thou findest that time hath decayed thy natural heat.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

Abstract

Brief abstract and record of tedious days.—Shakespeare.

They are the abstracts, and brief chronicles of the time.—Shakespeare.

Absurdity

Absurdity refutes itself.—Bartholin.

Do not sanction an absurdity.—Mme. de Genlis.

The greater absurdities are, the

more strongly they evince the falsity of that supposition from whence they flow.—Atterbury.

Absurdities die of self-strangulation. —Haliburton.

Every absurdity has a champion to defend it.—Goldsmith.

Absurdities are great or small in proportion to custom or insuetude.—Landor.

Of all the authorities to which men can be called to submit, the wisdom of our ancestors is the most whimsically absurd.—Jeremy Taylor.

Abundance

In abundance prepare for scarcity. —Mencius.

Abundance changes the value of things.—Terence.

Abundance without discretion is plain penury.—Matteo Gribaldi.

Not what we have, but what we enjoy, constitutes our abundance.—J. Petit-Senn.

For out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.—Matthew, chap. xii., 34.

Great abundance of riches cannot be gathered and kept by any man without sin.—Erasmus.

Abundance consists not alone in material possession, but in an uncovetous spirit.—Selden.

If I have enough for myself and family, I am steward only for myself; if I have more, I am but a steward of that abundance for others.—George Herbert.

Abuse

Abuse is the weapon of the vulgar. —Goodrich.

It is better a man should be abused than forgotten.—Dr. Johnson.

The weak resort of cowardice.—Colton.

The bitter clamour of two eager tongues.—Shakespeare.

It is the wit, the policy, of sin to hate those men whom we have abused. —Sir W. Davenant.

A calumnious abuse, too often repeated, becomes so familiar to the ear as to lose its effect.

There is a time when the hoary head of inveterate abuse will neither draw reverence nor obtain protection.—Burke.

Abuse is often of service. There is nothing so dangerous to an author as silence. His name, like a shuttlecock, must be beat backward and forward, or it falls to the ground.—Johnson.

Nor aught so good but strained from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth stumbling on abuse.
—Shakespeare.

There are more people abusive to others than lie open to abuse themselves; but the humor goes round, and he that laughs at me to-day will have somebody to laugh at him to-morrow. —Seneca.

I never yet heard man or woman much abused, that I was not inclined to think the better of them; and to transfer any suspicion or dislike to the person who appeared to take delight in pointing out the defects of a fellow-creature.—Jane Porter.

Remember that it is not he who gives abuse or blows who affronts, but the view we take of these things as insulting. When, therefore, any one provokes you, be assured that it is your own opinion which provokes you. —Epictetus.

It has been shrewdly said, that when men abuse us we should suspect ourselves, and when they praise us, them. It is a rare instance of virtue to de-

spise censure which we do not deserve; and still more rare to despise praise which we do.—Colton.

Acacia

Light-leaved acacias, by the door,
Stood up in balmy air,
Clusters of blossomed moonlight bore,
And breathed a perfume rare.
—George MacDonald.

Our rocks are rough, but smiling there
Th' acacia waves her yellow hair,
Lonely and sweet, nor loved the less
For flow'ring in a wilderness.
—Moore.

A great acacia, with its slender trunk
And overpoise of multitudinous leaves,
(In which a hundred fields might spill their dew
And intense verdure, yet find room enough)
Stood reconciling all the place with green.
—E. B. Browning.

The slender acacia would not shake
One long milk-bloom on the tree;
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;
But the rose was awake all night for your sake,
Knowing your promise to me;
The lilies and roses were all awake,
They sighed for the dawn and thee.
—Tennyson.

Pluck the acacia's golden balls,
And mark where the red pomegranate falls.
—Julia C. R. Dorr.

Accent

Accent is the soul of language: it gives to it feeling and truth.—Rousseau.

Accent and emphasis are the pith of reading; punctuation is but secondary.—Disraeli.

Accidents

The accident of an accident.—Lord Thurlow.

Chapter of accidents.—Burke.

Moving accidents by flood and field.—Othello.

By many a happy accident.—Thomas Middleton.

There is no such thing as accident; it is fate misnamed.—Napoleon I.

Nothing with God can be accidental.—Longfellow.

What men call accident is God's own part.—Bailey.

Promptly improve your accidents.—Napoleon I.

Nothing under the sun is accident.—Lessing.

Accident is simply unforeseen order.—Novalis.

The Orientals have another word for accident; it is "kismet,"—fate.—Macaulay.

The just season of doing things must be nicked, and all accidents improved.—L'Estrange.

The chapter of accidents is the longest chapter in the book.—Attributed to John Wilkes.

To what happy accident is it that we owe so unexpected a visit?—Goldsmith.

Our wanton accidents take root, and grow
To vaunt themselves God's laws.
—Charles Kingsley.

Sometimes there are accidents in our lives the skillful extrication from which demands a little folly.—La Rochefoucauld.

There are no accidents so unfortunate from which skillful men will not draw some advantage, nor so fortunate that foolish men will not turn them to their hurt.—La Rochefoucauld.

Accommodated

That is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated: or where a man is—being—whereby—he may be thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing.—Shakespeare.

Accountability

Moral conduct includes every thing in which men are active and for which they are accountable. They are active in their desires, their affections, their designs, their intentions, and in every

thing they say and do of choice; and for all these things they are accountable to God.—Emmons.

When illusions are over, when the distractions of sense, the vagaries of fancy, and the tumults of passion have dissolved even before the body is cold, which once they so thronged and agitated, the soul merges into intellect, intellect into conscience, conscience into the unbroken, awful solitude of its own personal accountability; and though the inhabitants of the universe were within the spirit's ken, this personal accountability is as strictly alone and unshared, as if no being were throughout immensity but the spirit and its God.—Henry Giles.

Accusation

Give me good proofs of what you have alleged:
'Tis not enough to say—in such a bush
There lies a thief—in such a cave a beast;
But you must show him to me ere I shoot,
Else I may kill one of my straggling sheep.
—Shakespeare.

To vouch this is no proof
Without more certain and more overt tests
Than these thin habits and poor likelihoods
Of modern seeming do prefer against him.
—Shakespeare.

Aces

On the four aces doom'd to roll.—Churchill.

We gentlemen, whose chariots roll only upon the four aces, are apt to have a wheel out of order.—Sir John Vanbrugh.

Aches

Up start as many aches in his bones, as there are ouches in his skin.—George Chapman.

Can by their pangs and aches find
All turns and changes of the wind.
—Butler.

If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;
Fill all thy bones with aches; make thee roar
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.
—Shakespeare.

Acknowledgments

What makes false reckoning, as regards gratitude, is that the pride of the giver and the receiver cannot agree as to the value of the benefit.—La Rochefoucauld.

Acquaintances

Make few acquaintances.—Rothschild.

Acquaintance softens prejudice.—Æsop.

Slight acquaintance breeds distrust.—Viera.

A long novitiate of acquaintance should precede the vows of friendship.—Bolingbroke.

It is good discretion not to make too much of any man at the first; because one cannot hold out that proportion.—Bacon.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' auld lang syne?
—Burns.

If a man does not make new acquaintances, as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man should keep his friendship in constant repair.—Johnson.

Make the most of the day, by determining to spend it on two sorts of acquaintances only—those by whom something may be got, and those from whom something may be learned.—Colton.

There is a wide difference between general acquaintance and companionship. You may salute a man and exchange compliments with him daily, yet know nothing of his character, his inmost tastes and feelings.—Wm. Matthews.

Acquirements

That good sense which nature affords us is preferable to most of the knowledge that we can acquire.—Comines.

We shall at all times chance upon men of recondite acquirements, but whose qualifications, from the incommunicative and inactive habits of their

owners, are as utterly useless to others as though the possessors had them not.—Colton.

That which we acquire with the most difficulty we retain the longest; as those who have earned a fortune are usually more careful of it than those who have inherited one.—Colton.

Acting

All the world's a stage.—Shakespeare.

All the world practices the art of acting.—Petronius Arbiter.

Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. —Shakespeare.

Lo, where the Stage, the poor, degraded Stage,
Holds its warped mirror to a gaping age!
—Charles Sprague.

Who teach the mind its proper face to scan,
And hold the faithful mirror up to man.
—Robert Lloyd.

The play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king. —Shakespeare.

A fool cannot be an actor, though an actor may act a fool's part.—Sophocles.

The part was aptly fitted and naturally performed.—Shakespeare.

An actor should take lessons from a painter and a sculptor.—Goethe.

Where they do agree on the stage, then unanimity is wonderful.—Sheridan.

They wear the livery of other men's fortunes; their very thoughts are not their own.—Hazlitt.

The concealment of art by the actor is as great a mark of genius as it is in the painter.—François Delsarte.

Let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them.—Shakespeare.

To see Kean act was like reading Shakespeare by flashes of lightning.—Coleridge.

Let gorgeous Tragedy, in sceptred pall, come sweeping by.—Milton.

Comedians are not actors; they are only imitators of actors.—Zimmerman.

On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting,
'Twas only that when he was off, he was acting. —Goldsmith.

The world's a theatre, the earth a stage,
Which God and Nature do with actors fill.
—Thomas Heywood.

The drama's laws, the drama's patrons give.
For we that live to please, must please to live. —Samuel Johnson.

And what the actor could effect,
The scholar could presage.
—Thomas Campbell.

Even kings but play; and when their part is done, some other, worse or better, mounts the throne.—Dryden.

See, how these rascals use me! They will not let my play run; and yet they steal my thunder.—John Dennis.

To-day kings, to-morrow beggars, it is only when they are themselves that they are nothing.—Hazlitt.

The most difficult character in comedy is that of the fool, and he must be no simpleton that plays that part. —Cervantes.

God is the author, men are only the players. These grand pieces which are played upon earth have been composed in heaven.—Balzac.

A long, exact, and serious comedy;
In every scene some moral let it teach,
And, if it can, at once both please and preach. —Pope.

The play bill which is said to have announced the tragedy of Hamlet, the character of the Prince of Denmark being left out.—Scott.

The stage is a supplement to the pulpit, where virtue, according to Pla-

to's sublime idea, moves our love and affection when made visible to the eye. —Disraeli.

In really good acting we should be able to believe that what we hear and see is of our own imagining; it should seem to us as a charming dream.—Joubert.

I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;
Speak and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion. —Shakespeare.

Is it not a noble farce wherein kings, republics, and emperors have for so many ages played their parts, and to which the vast universe serves for a theatre?—Montaigne.

Everybody has his own theatre, in which he is manager, actor, prompter, playwright, sceneshifter, boxkeeper, doorkeeper, all in one, and audience into the bargain.—J. C. and A. W. Hare.

As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious.
—Shakespeare.

In other things the knowing artist may
Judge better than the people; but a play,
(Made for delight, and for no other use)
If you approve it not, has no excuse.
—Edmund Waller.

I have seen no men in life loving their profession so much as painters, except, perhaps, actors, who, when not engaged themselves, always go to the play.—Thackeray.

It is their province to make the public weep and smile, tremble and resent, and to light all the passions of the human breast in their enthusiastic audiences.—G. A. Sala.

Who rant by note, and through the gamut rage; in songs and airs express their martial fire; combat in trills, and in a fugue expire.—Addison.

Notwithstanding all that Rousseau has advanced so very ingeniously upon plays and players, their profession is, like that of a painter, one of the imitative arts, whose means are pleasure, and whose end is virtue.—Shenstone.

Johnson told Garrick that he and his profession were mutually indebted to each other. "Your profession," said the doctor, "has made you rich; and you have made your profession respectable."—Colton.

It is with some violence to the imagination that we conceive of an actor belonging to the relations of private life, so closely do we identify these persons in our mind with the characters which they assume upon the stage. —Lamb.

The actor is in the capacity of a steward to every living muse, and of an executor to every departed one: the poet digs up the ore; he sifts it from the dross, refines and purifies it for the mint; the actor sets the stamp upon it, and makes it current in the world.—Cumberland.

Few men of any modern nation have a proper sense of an æsthetical whole: they praise and blame by parts; they are charmed by passages. And who has greater reason to rejoice in this than actors, since the stage is ever but a patched and piecemeal matter?—Goethe.

Players, sir! I look upon them as no better than creatures set upon tables and joint-stools to make faces and produce laughter, like dancing dogs.—But, sir, you will allow that some players are better than others?—Yes, sir; as some dogs dance better than others.—Dr. Johnson.

Remember that you are but an actor, acting whatever part the Master has ordained. It may be short or it may be long. If he wishes you to represent a poor man, do so heartily; if a cripple, or a magistrate, or a private man, in each case act your part with honor. —Epictetus.

Victor Hugo makes one of his heroines—an actress—say, "My art endows me with a searching eye, a knowledge of the soul and the soul's workings;

and, spite of all your skill, I read you to the depths." This is a truth more or less powerful, as one is more or less gifted by the good God.—Charlotte Cushman.

And, like a strutting player, whose conceit
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage —Shakespeare.

Is it not monstrous that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit
That from her working all his visage wann'd. —Shakespeare.

A play there is, my lord, some ten words long,
Which is as brief as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,
Which makes it tedious. —Shakespeare.

There is one way by which a strolling player may be ever secure of success; that is, in our theatrical way of expressing it, to make a great deal of the character. To speak and act as in common life is not playing, nor is it what people come to see; natural speaking, like sweet wine, runs glibly over the palate, and scarcely leaves any taste behind it; but being high in a part resembles vinegar, which grates upon the taste, and one feels it while he is drinking.—Goldsmith.

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears. —Shakespeare.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;
To make mankind, in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold—
For this the tragic Muse first trod the stage.
—Pope.

It's very hard! Oh, Dick, my boy,
It's very hard one can't enjoy
A little private spouting;
But sure as Lear or Hamlet lives,
Up comes our master, Bounce! and gives
The tragic Muse a routing,
—Hood.

Good, my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be well used; for they are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time: after your death you were better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live.—Shakespeare.

I have heard
That guilty creatures sitting at a play,
Have, by the very cunning of the scene,
Been struck so to the soul that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ.
—Shakespeare.

O, there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.—Shakespeare.

The play is done; the curtain drops,
Slow falling to the prompter's bell:
A moment yet the actor stops,
And looks around, to say farewell.
It is an irksome word and task:
And, when he's laughed and said his say,
He shows, as he removes the mask,
A face that's anything but gay.
—Thackeray.

Like hungry guests, a sitting audience looks:
Plays are like suppers; poets are the cooks.
The founder's you: the table is this place:
The carvers we: the prologue is the grace.
Each act, a course, each scene, a different dish,
Though we're in Lent, I doubt you're still for flesh.
Satire's the sauce, high-season'd, sharp and rough,
Kind masks and beaux, I hope you're pepper-proof?
Wit is the wine; but 'tis so scarce the true
Poets, like vintners, balderdash and brew.
Your surly scenes, where rant and bloodshed join,
Are butcher's meat, a battle's a sirloin:
Your scenes of love, so flowing, soft and chaste,
Are water-gruel without salt or taste.
—George Farquhar.

I think I love and reverence all arts equally, only putting my own just above the others; because in it I recognize the union and culmination of my own. To me it seems as if when

God conceived the world, that was Poetry; He formed it, and that was Sculpture; He colored it, and that was Painting; He peopled it with living beings, and that was the grand, divine, eternal Drama.—Charlotte Cushman.

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness.—Shakespeare.

Action

Let us do or die.—Campbell.

Push on,—keep moving.—Thomas Morton.

There is only one proof of ability,—action.—Marie Ebner-Eschenbach.

To the valiant actions speak alone.—Smollett.

Action, so to speak, is the genius of nature.—Blair.

We cannot all do all things.—Virgil.

The food of hope is meditative action.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Strong reasons make strong actions.—Shakespeare.

Time is short; your obligations are infinite.—Massillon.

Put his shoulder to the wheel.—Burton.

A bold onset is half the battle.—Garibaldi.

The act of God injures no one.—Juvenal.

Be great in act, as you have been in thought.—Shakespeare.

What the Puritans gave the world was not thought, but action.—Wendell Phillips.

And all may do what has by man been done.—Young.

Awake, arise, or be forever fall'n!—Milton.

Gentle in method, resolute in action.—From the Latin.

It is well to think well: it is divine to act well.—Horace Mann.

It is better to wear out than to rust out.—Bishop Cumberland.

Do well and right, and let the world sink.—Herbert.

It is praiseworthy even to attempt a great action.—La Rochefoucauld.

Do not do what is already done.—Terence.

Heaven ne'er helps the men who will not act.—Sophocles.

The thing done avails, and not what is said about it.—Emerson.

The Lord is a God of knowledge, and by Him actions are weighed.—I Samuel ii. 3

Never do an act of which you doubt the justice or propriety.—Latin.

Our actions are our own; their consequences belong to Heaven.—Francis.

Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.
—James Shirley.

How much easier do we find it to commend a good action than to imitate it.—Anon.

Of every noble action the intent
Is to give worth reward—vice punishment
—Beaumont and Fletcher.

I profess not talking: only this,
Let each man do his best.
—Shakespeare

The end of man is an action, and

not a thought, though it were the noblest.—Carlyle.

Activity is the presence of function, —character is the record of function. —Greenough.

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook unless the deed go with it.—Shakespeare.

All power appears only in transition. Permanent power is stuff.—Novalis.

Remember that in all miseries lamenting becomes fools, and action, wise folk.—Sir P. Sidney.

Our acts make or mar us,—we are the children of our own deeds.—Victor Hugo.

A stirring dwarf we do allowance give before a sleeping giant.—Shakespeare.

The only true method of action in this world is to be in it, but not of it. —Madame Swetchine.

Our actions are like the terminations of verses, which we rhyme as we please.—Rochefoucauld.

Speak out in acts; the time for words has passed, and deeds alone suffice.—Whittier.

When we cannot act as we wish, we must act as we can.—Terrence.

To be active is the primary vocation of man.—Goethe.

Our actions must clothe us with an immortality loathsome or glorious.—Colton.

Be slow in considering, but resolute in action.—Bias.

Nothing is more terrible than to see ignorance in action.—Goethe.

'T is human actions paint the chart of time.—Montgomery.

Men do less than they ought unless they do all that they can.—Carlyle.

Action is the parent of results; dormancy, the brooding mother of discontent.—Miss Mulock.

Action is happiness here; and without action there can be no heaven.—Voss.

The life of action is nobler than the life of thought.—Miss Mulock.

Living requires but little life; doing requires much.—Joubert.

The best way to keep good acts in memory is to refresh them with new. —Cato.

Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant are more learned than their ears.—Shakespeare.

The manly part is to do with might and main what you can do.—Emerson.

Active natures are rarely melancholy. Activity and melancholy are incompatible.—Bovee.

Our acts, our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.
—John Fletcher.

So much one man can do,
That does both act and know.
—Andrew Marvell.

Think that day lost whose (low) descending Sun
Views from thy hand no noble action done.
—Jacob Bobart.

A great mind is a good sailor, as a great heart is.—Emerson.

For good or evil must in our actions meet;
Wicked is not much worse than indiscreet.
—Donne.

How my achievements mock me!
I will go meet them.
—Shakespeare.

Not always actions show the man; we find
Who does a kindness is not therefore kind.
—Pope.

Action is transitory, a step, a blow,
The motion of a muscle—this way or that.
—Wordsworth.

Action may not always bring happi-

ness; but there is no happiness without action.—Beaconsfield.

So smile the Heavens upon this holy act
That after hours with sorrow chide us not!
—Shakespeare.

He is at no end of his actions blest
Whose ends will make him greatest and not best. —George Chapman.

If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly. —Shakespeare.

Celerity is never more admired than by the negligent.—Shakespeare.

Act well at the moment, and you have performed a good action to all eternity.—Lavater.

Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt:
Nothing's so hard but search will find it out.
—Herrick.

That action which appears most conducive to the happiness and virtue of mankind.—Frances Hutcheson.

When desperate ills demand a speedy cure,
Distrust is cowardice, and prudence folly.
—Samuel Johnson.

Attack is the reaction: I never think I have hit hard unless it rebounds.—Sam'l Johnson.

I have always thought the actions of men the best interpreters of their thoughts.—Locke.

Deliberate with caution, but act with decision; and yield with graciousness, or oppose with firmness.—Colton.

The firefly only shines when on the wing; so is it with the mind; when once we rest, we darken.—Bailey.

Men's actions to futurity appear but as the events to which they are conjoined do give them consequence.—Joanna Baillie.

It is vain to expect any advantage from our profession of the truth, if we be not sincerely just and honest in our actions.—Archbishop Sharpe.

Thought and theory must precede all action that moves to salutary purposes. Yet action is nobler in itself than either thought or theory.—Wordsworth.

Hast thou not Greek enough to understand thus much: the end of man is an action and not a thought, though it were of the noblest.—Carlyle.

Toil, feel, think, hope. A man is sure to dream enough before he dies without making arrangements for the purpose.—Sterling.

Action is the highest perfection and drawing forth of the utmost power, vigor, and activity of man's nature.—South.

Advise well before you begin, and when you have maturely considered, then act with promptitude.—Sallust.

With devotion's visage,
And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself. —Shakespeare.

Idlers cannot even find time to be idle, or the industrious to be at leisure. We must always be doing or suffering. —Zimmermann.

We must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers.
—Shakespeare.

Those graceful acts,
Those thousand decencies that daily flow
From all her words and actions.
—Milton.

Our grand business undoubtedly is, not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.—Carlyle.

Prodigious actions may as well be done
By weaver's issue, as by prince's son.
—Dryden.

Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die.
—Tennyson.

Although men flatter themselves with their great actions, they are not so often the result of a great design as of chance.—La Rochefoucauld.

Every man feels instinctively that all the beautiful sentiments in the world weigh less than a single lovely action.—Lowell.

What is there that you enter upon so favorably as not to repent of the undertaking and the accomplishment of your wish?—Juvenal.

For strong souls
Live like fire-hearted suns; to spend their strength
In furthest striving action.
—George Eliot.

All our actions take
Their hues from the complexion of the heart,
As landscapes their variety from light.
—W. T. Bacon.

Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear;
Who broke no promise, served no private end.
—Pope.

How slow the time to the warm soul, that, in the very instant it forms, would execute a great design!—Thomson.

We should often be ashamed of our very best actions, if the world only saw the motives which caused them.—La Rochefoucauld.

A contemplative life has more the appearance of a life of piety than any other; but it is the Divine plan to bring faith into activity and exercise.—Cecil.

I have lived to know that the secret of happiness is never to allow your energies to stagnate.—Adam Clarke.

Life is a short day; but it is a working-day. Activity may lead to evil; but inactivity cannot be led to good.—Hannah More.

Man is an animal that cannot long be left in safety without occupation; the growth of his fallow nature is apt to run into weeds.—Hillard.

When our souls shall leave this dwelling, the glory of one fair and virtuous action is above all the 'scutcheons on our tomb, or silken banners over us.—J. Shirley.

Suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature.—Shakespeare.

This world is but the vestibule of an immortal life. Every action of our lives touches on some chord that will vibrate in eternity.—Chapin.

There is no secret of the heart which our actions do not disclose.—Molière.

There is no action so slight or so mean but it may be done to a great purpose, and ennobled thereby.—Ruskin.

Deeds always overbalance; and downright practice speaks more plainly than the fairest profession.—South.

No two things differ more than hurry and despatch. Hurry is the mark of a weak mind; despatch of a strong one.—Colton.

Press on! for in the grave there is no work and no device. Press on! while yet you may.—N. P. Willis.

Let thy mind still be bent, still plotting where,
And when, and how thy business may be done,
Slackness breeds worms; but the sure traveller,
Though he alights sometimes, still goeth on.
—Herbert.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.
—Longfellow.

Remember you have not a sinew whose law of strength is not action; you have not a faculty of body, mind, or soul whose law of improvement is not energy.—E. B. Hall.

There is no action of man in this life which is not the beginning of so long a chain of consequences, as that no human providence is high enough to give us a prospect to the end.—Thomas of Malmesbury.

To live is not merely to breathe: it is to act; it is to make use of our organs, senses, faculties,—of all those parts of ourselves which give us the feeling of existence.—Rousseau.

The life of man is made up of action and endurance; and life is fruitful in the ratio in which it is laid out in noble action or in patient perseverance.—H. P. Liddon.

Those who labor to make human actions harmonize, find great difficulty in piecing them together; for, in general, they contradict each other.—Montaigne.

It is hard to personate and act a part long; for where Truth is not at the bottom, Nature will always be endeavoring to return, and will peep out and betray herself one time or other.—Tillotson.

Man, being essentially active, must find in activity his joy, as well as his beauty and glory; and labor, like everything else that is good, is its own reward.—Whipple.

Judge not of actions by their mere effect;
Dive to the centre, and the cause detect;
Great deeds from meanest springs may take their course,
And smallest virtues from a mighty source.
—Pope.

Let's take the instant by the forward top; for we are old, and on our quickest decrees, the inaudible and noiseless foot of time steals, ere we can effect them.—Shakespeare.

That low man seeks a little thing to do,
Sees it and does it;
This high man, with a great thing to pursue,
Dies ere he knows it.
—Robert Browning.

Rightness expresses of actions, what straightness does of lines; and there can no more be two kinds of right action than there can be two kinds of straight line.—Herbert Spencer.

I do not say the mind gets informed by action, bodily action; but it does get earnestness and strength by it, and that nameless something that gives a man the mastership of his faculties.—Mountford.

Unselfish and noble acts are the most radiant epochs in the biography of souls. When wrought in earliest youth, they lie in the memory of age like the coral islands, green and sunny, amidst the melancholy waste of ocean.—Rev. Dr. Thomas.

It is not to taste sweet things, but to do noble and true things, and vindicate himself under God's heaven as a God-made man, that the poorest son of Adam dimly longs. Show him the way of doing that, the dullest day-drudge kindles into a hero.—Carlyle.

It is good policy to strike while the iron is hot; it is still better to adopt Cromwell's procedure, and make the iron hot by striking. The master-spirit who can rule the storm is great, but he is much greater who can both raise and rule it.—E. L. Magoon.

Do not be afraid because the community teems with excitement. Silence and death are dreadful. The rush of life, the vigor of earnest men, the conflict of realities, invigorate, cleanse, and establish the truth.—Beecher.

All the means of action—the shapeless masses, the materials—lie everywhere about us; what we need is the celestial fire to change the flint into transparent crystal, bright and clear.—Longfellow.

Let us, if we must have great actions, make our own so. All action is of infinite elasticity, and the least admits of being inflated with celestial air, until it eclipses the sun and moon.—Emerson.

What a man knows should find its expression in what he does. The value of superior knowledge is chiefly in that it leads to a performing manhood.—Bovee.

Actions rare and sudden do commonly proceed from fierce necessity, or else from some oblique design, which

is ashamed to show itself in the public road.—Sir W. Davenant.

With a double vigilance should we watch our actions, when we reflect that good and bad ones are never childless, and that in both cases the offspring goes beyond the parent,—every good begetting a better, every bad a worse.—Chatfield.

You had that action and counteraction which in the natural and in the political world, from the reciprocal struggle of discordant powers, draws out the harmony of the universe.—Edmund Burke.

Every event that a man would master must be mounted on the run, and no man ever caught the reins of a thought except as it galloped by him.—Holmes.

Indolence is a delightful but distressing state; we must be doing something to be happy. Action is no less necessary than thought to the instinctive tendencies of the human frame.—Hazlitt.

Better that we should err in action than wholly refuse to perform. The storm is so much better than the calm, as it declares the presence of a living principle. Stagnation is something worse than death. It is corruption also.—Simms.

To do an evil action is base; to do a good action, without incurring danger, is common enough; but it is the part of a good man to do great and noble deeds, though he risks everything.—Plutarch.

Action hangs, as it were, "dissolved" in speech, in thoughts whereof speech is the shadow; and precipitates itself therefrom. The kind of speech in a man betokens the kind of action you will get from him.—Carlyle.

If you think you can temper yourself into manliness by sitting there over your books, it is the very silliest fancy that ever tempted a young man to his ruin. You cannot dream yourself into a character: you must hammer and forge yourself one.—Froude.

The activity of the young is like that of rail cars in motion,—they tear along with noise and turmoil, and leave peace behind them. The quietest nooks, invaded by them, lose their quietude as they pass, and recover it only on their departure. Time's best gift to us is serenity.—Bovee.

"There is nothing so terrible as activity without insight," says Goethe "I would open every one of Argus' hundred eyes before I used one of Briareus' hundred hands," says Lord Bacon. "Look before you leap," says John Smith, all over the world.—Whipple.

Allowing the performance of an honorable action to be attended with labor, the labor is soon over, but the honor is immortal; whereas, should even pleasure wait on the commission of what is dishonorable, the pleasure is soon gone, but the dishonor is eternal.—John Stewart.

A slender acquaintance with the world must convince every man that actions, not words, are the true criterion of the attachment of friends; and that the most liberal professions of good-will are very far from being the surest marks of it.—George Washington.

Man is born for action; he ought to do something. Work, at each step, awakens a sleeping force and roots out error. Who does nothing, knows nothing. Rise! to work! If thy knowledge is real, employ it; wrestle with nature; test the strength of thy theories; see if they will support the trial; act!—Aloysius.

Not alone to know, but to act according to thy knowledge, is thy destination,—proclaims the voice of my inmost soul. Not for indolent contemplation and study of thyself, nor for brooding over emotions of piety,—no, for action was existence given thee; thy actions, and thy actions alone, determine thy worth.—Fichte.

Act! the wise are known by their actions; fame and immortality are ever their attendants. Mark with deeds the vanishing traces of swift-rolling time. Let us make happy the circle around us,—be useful as much as we may. For that fills up with soft rapture, that dissolves the dark clouds of the day!—Salis.

Words are good, but there is something better. The best is not to be explained by words. The spirit in which we act is the chief matter. Action can only be understood and represented by the spirit. No one knows what he is doing while he is acting rightly, but of what is wrong we are always conscious.—Goethe.

Newton's great generalization, which he called the "third law of motion," was that "Action and reaction are always equal to each other;" and that law has been one of the most pregnant of all truths about the mystery of force,—one of the brightest windows through which modern eyes have looked into the world of Nature.—Phillips Brooks.

Wouldst thou know the lawfulness of the action which thou desirest to undertake, let thy devotion recommend it to Divine blessing: if it be lawful, thou shalt perceive thy heart encouraged by thy prayer; if unlawful, thou shalt find thy prayer discouraged by thy heart. That action is not warrantable which either blushes to beg a blessing, or, having succeeded, dares not present a thanksgiving.—Quarles.

The only things in which we can be said to have any property are our actions. Our thoughts may be bad, yet produce no poison; they may be good, yet produce no fruit. Our riches may be taken away by misfortune, our reputation by malice, our spirits by calamity, our health by disease, our friends by death. But our actions must follow us beyond the grave; with respect to them alone, we cannot say that we shall carry nothing with us when we die, neither that we shall go naked out of the world.—Colton.

There are three sorts of actions: those that are good, those that are bad, and those that are doubtful; and we ought to be most cautious of those that are doubtful; for we are in most danger of these doubtful actions, because they do not alarm us; and yet they insensibly lead to greater transgressions, just as the shades of twilight gradually reconcile us to darkness.—A. Reed.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day.

* * * *

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act, act, in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!
—Longfellow.

There is no word or action but may be taken with two hands,—either with the right hand of charitable construction, or the sinister interpretation of malice and suspicion; and all things do succeed as they are taken. To construe an evil action well is but a pleasing and profitable deceit to myself; but to misconstrue a good thing is a treble wrong,—to myself, the action, and the author.—Bishop Hall.

Acuteness

The keen spirit
Seizes the prompt occasion—makes the thought
Start into instant action, and at once
Plans and performs, resolves and executes.
—Hannah More.

Adam

Adam, the goodliest man of men since born
His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve.
—Milton.

Adaptation

To wade in marshes and sea margins is the destiny of certain birds, and they are so accurately made for this that they are imprisoned in those places. Each animal out of its habitat would starve. To the physician, each man, each woman, is an amplification of one organ. A soldier, a locksmith, a bank-clerk, and a dancer could not exchange functions. And thus we are victims of adaptation.—Emerson.

Address

Address makes opportunities; the want of it gives them.—Bovee.

Brahmā once asked of Force, "Who is stronger than thou?" She replied, "Address."—Victor Hugo.

Give a boy address and accomplishments, and you give him the mastery of palaces and fortunes where he goes. He has not the trouble of earning or owning them; they solicit him to enter and possess.—Emerson.

A man who knows the world will not only make the most of everything he does know, but of many things that he does not know; and will gain more credit by his adroit mode of hiding his ignorance than the pedant by his awkward attempt to exhibit his erudition. —Colton.

There is a certain artificial polish, a commonplace vivacity acquired by perpetually mingling in the beau monde, which, in the commerce of the world, supplies the place of natural suavity and good-humor, but is purchased at the expense of all original and sterling traits of character.—Washington Irving.

Adieu

I take a long, last, lingering view;
Adieu! my native land, adieu!
—Logan.

Adieu, adieu! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue.
—Byron.

Admiration

Fools admire, but men of sense approve.—Pope.

Distance is a great promoter of admiration!—Diderot.

Few men are admired by their servants.—Montaigne.

Admiration is the basis of ignorance.—Balthasar Gracian.

Season your admiration for awhile. —Shakespeare.

Admiration and familiarity are strangers.—George Sand.

We live by admiration, hope, and love.—Wordsworth.

For her own person, it beggared all description.—Shakespeare.

Admiration begins where acquaintance ceases.—Dr. Johnson.

None knew thee but to love thee, nor named thee but to praise.—Fitz-Greene Halleck.

Admiration is a youthful fancy which scarcely ever survives to mature years.—H. W. Shaw.

All things are admired either because they are new or because they are great.—Bacon.

We always love those who admire us, and we do not always love those whom we admire.—La Rochefoucauld.

The king himself has follow'd her,
When she has walk'd before.
—Goldsmith.

There is a long and wearisome step between admiration and imitation.—Richter.

Those who are formed to win general admiration are seldom calculated to bestow individual happiness.—Lady Blessington.

When we view elevated ideas of Nature, the result of that view is admiration, which is always the cause of pleasure.—Dryden.

Amid the most mercenary ages it is but a secondary sort of admiration that is bestowed upon magnificence.—Shenstone.

That which astonishes, astonishes once; but whatever is admirable becomes more and more admired.—Joubert.

No nobler feeling than this of admiration for one higher than himself dwells in the breast of man.—Carlyle.

Not to be lost in idle admiration is the only sure means of making and of preserving happiness.—Horace.

Admiration is a forced tribute; and to extort it from mankind, envious and ignorant as they are, they must be taken unawares.—James Northcote.

The beauty that addresses itself to the eyes is only the spell of the moment: the eye of the body is not always that of the soul.—George Sand.

Admiration must be continued by that novelty which first produces it; and how much soever is given, there must always be reason to imagine that more remains.—Johnson.

To cultivate sympathy you must be among living creatures, and thinking about them; and to cultivate admiration, you must be among beautiful things and looking at them.—Ruskin.

It may be laid down as a general rule, that no woman who hath any great pretensions to admiration is ever well pleased in a company where she perceives herself to fill only the second place.—Fielding.

The love of admiration leads to fraud, much more than the love of commendation; but, on the other hand, the latter is much more likely to spoil our good actions by the substitution of an inferior motive.—Bishop Whately.

It is better in some respects to be admired by those with whom you live, than to be loved by them; and this not on account of any gratification of vanity, but because admiration is so much more tolerant than love.—Arthur Helps.

Admiration is a very short-lived passion, that immediately decays upon growing familiar with its object, unless it be still fed with such discoveries, and kept alive by a new perpetual succession of miracles rising up to its view.—Addison.

There is a wide difference between admiration and love. The sublime, which is the cause of the former, always dwells on great objects and terrible; the latter on small ones and pleasing; we submit to what we admire, but we love what submits to us: in one case we are forced, in the other we are flattered, into compliance.—Burke.

Admonition

It must descend, as the dew, upon the tender herb, or like melting flakes of snow; the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into the mind.—Seed.

Adoption

Faith unites us to Christ, and acquiesces in the redemption purchased by Him as the meritorious cause of our adoption.—Fisher's Catechism.

'Tis often seen
Adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign lands.
—Shakespeare.

Adoption is an act of God's free grace, whereby we are received into the number, and have a right to all the privileges of the sons of God.—Westminster Catechism.

We need a spirit of adoption to take us out of the foundling hospital of the world, and to put us into the celestial family.—G. D. Boardman.

Adore

Adored through fear, strong only to destroy. —Cowper.

We bear it calmly, though a ponderous woe,
And still adore the hand that gives the blow. —Pomfret.

Led like a victim, to my death I'll go,
And, dying, bless the hand that gave the blow. —Dryden.

Adorn

She came adorned hither like sweet May.
—Shakespeare.

Th' adorning thee with so much art
Is but a barbarous skill;
'Tis like the poisoning of a dart,
Too apt before to kill. —Cowley.

A poet, naturalist and historian, who scarcely left any style of writing untouched and touched nothing that he did not adorn.—Dr. Johnson.

Advent

The night is far spent, the day is at hand.—Bible.

Be ye therefore ready also: for the Son of man cometh at an hour when ye think not.—Bible.

I die in the faith of the speedy accomplishment of those glorious things which are spoken concerning the city of God and of the kingdom of Christ. "Amen. Even so, Lord Jesus! Come quickly."—Increase Mather.

What, then, is meant by the coming of the Lord Jesus? In answering it, the heart and mind must be exercised. First of all, the King of Zion is sometimes spoken of as coming in His grace, in His spirit, not in a visible way. He had promised "to come" to all believers in spirit to comfort them. —John Hall, D.D.

Great God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of mankind doth appear
On clouds of glory seated!
The trumpet sounds; the graves restore
The dead which they contained before;
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him!
—Martin Luther.

It is a very remarkable fact, that God's prophecies respecting the Advent of His Son seem to have spread athwart the whole habitable globe, and in the shape of traditional echoes to have been dispersed over all the world. The great promise of a Messiah, which was the grand truth that the Jew clung to in his most desperate fortunes, found itself translated into heathen tongues, and accepted even by heathen men.—French.

If I were but sure that I should live to see the coming of the Lord, it would be the joyfulest tidings in the world. O that I might see His kingdom come! It is the characteristic of His saints to love His appearing, and to look for that blessed hope. "The Spirit and the bride say, Come.' "Even so, come, Lord Jesus."—Richard Baxter.

There is a time appointed in the history of our world, when that very Jesus who appeared on earth, "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," shall reappear with all the circumstances of majesty and power, "King of kings and Lord of lords." We are led to expect a day when Christ shall find a home in the remotest hearts and families, and the earth in all its circumference be covered with the knowledge and the power of the Lord.—H. Melville, D.D.

But though that great day is far away, the heart asserts, and truly, that when there is deepest night over nations and the world and men, a day of the Lord is at hand; that a dawn is coming—not the last day nor the final dawn, but the uprising of Christ in light, deliverance, knowledge and love. The belief is born not only out of our natural hatred of evil and suffering and the desire to be free, but out of actual experience.

Earth, thou grain of sand on the shore of the Universe of God; thou Bethlehem, amongst the princely cities of the heavens; thou art, and remainest, the Loved One amongst ten thousand suns and worlds, the Chosen of God! Thee will He again visit, and then thou wilt prepare a throne for Him, as thou gavest Him a manger cradle; in His radiant glory wilt thou rejoice, as thou didst once drink His blood and tears, and mourn His death! On thee has the Lord a great work to complete.—Pressel.

There is an account come of the arrival of King George II. and a great rejoicing for it in Edinburgh. I see the fires and illuminations of that city reflected on the skies. O, how will the heavens reflect and shine with illuminations, when the King of kings, and Lord of lords, shall erect His tribuna! in the clouds, and come in His own glory, and His Father's glory, and in the glory of the holy angels! O, what a heartsome day will that be! When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall we appear with Him in glory. We shall then lift up our heads with joy, because it shall be a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.—Ebenezer Erskine.

The last words of the pious Henry Holmes, of Boston, were, "Lord Jesus, come quickly." In their primary sense, as referring to Christ's personal and glorious advent, these words have often dropped from the lips and pens of earnest believers. In a somewhat desponding mood, Martin Luther broke out, "May the Lord Jesus come at once! Let Him cut the whole matter short with the Day of Judgment; for there is no amendment to be expected." The martyr Ridley wrote: "The world, without doubt—this I do believe, and therefore say it—draws toward an end. Let us with John, the servant of God, cry in our hearts unto our Savior, Christ, 'Come, Lord Jesus, come.'"—Dr. A. C. Thompson.

No man rightly desires Christ's coming, but he that hath assurance of benefit at His coming. To him the day of Christ is as the day of harvest to the husbandman; as the day of deliverance to the prisoner; as the day of coronation to the king; the day of wedlock to the bride; a day of triumph and exultation, a day of freedom and consolation, a day of rest and satisfaction. To him the Lord Jesus is all sweetness, as wine to the palate, and ointment to the nostrils, saith Solomon; honey to the mouth, saith St. Bernard; music in the ear, and a jubilee in the heart. Get assurance of Christ's coming, as a ransomer to redeem you, as a conqueror to subdue all your enemies under you, as a friend to comfort you, as a bridegroom to marry you, and then shall you with boldness and confidence, with joy and gladness, with vehement and holy longings, say, "Come, Lord Jesus."—Grosse.

Adventure

Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry.
—Gray.

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* * * and now expecting
Each hour their great adventurer, from the search
Of foreign worlds. —Milton.

Adversary

Oh that mine adversary had written a book.—Job.

And do as adversaries do in law:
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends. —Shakespeare.

Adversity

He that has no cross deserves no crown.—Quarles.

Adversity is the first path to truth.—Byron.

Remember to be calm in adversity.—Horace.

Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy.

There is healing in the bitter cup.—Southey.

There is no education like adversity.—Beaconsfield.

Adversity reminds men of religion.—Livy.

Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth.—Hebrews.

The fire of my adversity has purged the mass of my acquaintance.—Bolingbroke.

Afflictions are but conductors to immortal life and glory.—Aughey.

Brave men ought not to be cast down by adversity.—Silius Italicus.

Adversity makes men, and prosperity makes monsters.—Victor Hugo.

If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small.—Proverbs.

Adversity borrows its sharpest sting from our impatience.—Bishop Horne.

In adversity and difficulties arm yourself with firmness and fortitude.—From the Latin.

Great men rejoice in adversity just as brave soldiers triumph in war.—Seneca.

God's corrections are our instructions; His lashes our lessons, and His scourges our schoolmasters.—Aughey

As adversity leads us to think properly of our state, it is most beneficial to us.—Johnson.

It is not affliction itself, but affliction rightly borne, that does us good.—Aughey.

God brings men into deep waters, not to drown them, but to cleanse them.—Aughey.

God strikes not as an enemy, to destroy; but as a father, to correct.—Aughey.

He that has never known adversity is but half acquainted with others or himself.—Aughey.

In the adversity of our best friends we often find something which does not displease us.—Rochefoucauld.

Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortunes; but great minds rise above them.—Washington Irving.

Adversity, which makes us indulgent to others, renders them severe towards us.—J. Petit-Senn.

The Good are better made by Ill,
As odors crushed are sweeter still.
—Sam'l Rogers.

Then know, that I have little wealth to lose;
A man I am cross'd with adversity.
—Shakespeare.

'Tis good for men to love their present pains
Upon example; so the spirit is eased.
—Shakespeare.

In this wild world the fondest and the best
Are the most tried, most troubled and distress'd. —Crabbe.

In all cases of heart-ache, the application of another man's disappointment draws out the pain and allays the irritation.—Lytton.

Heaven oft in mercy smites, even when the blow severest is.—Joanna Baillie.

Know how sublime a thing it is to suffer and be strong.—Longfellow.

Much dearer be the things which come through hard distress.—Spenser.

Prosperity is no just scale; adversity is the only balance to weigh friends.—Plutarch.

Through danger safety comes—through trouble rest.—John Marston.

In the wounds our sufferings plough immortal love sows sovereign seed.—Massey.

Half the ills we hoard within our hearts are ills because we hoard them.—Barry Cornwall.

A noble heart, like the sun, showeth its greatest countenance in its lowest estate.—Sir P. Sidney.

Let me embrace these sour adversities, for wise men say it is the wisest course.—Shakespeare.

He that has never known adversity is but half acquainted with others, or with himself.—Colton.

Clouds are the veil behind which the face of day coquettishly hides itself, to enhance its beauty.—Richter.

Prosperity is a great teacher; adversity is a greater. Possession pampers the mind; privation trains and strengthens it.—Hazlitt.

The winter's frost must rend the burr of the nut before the fruit is seen. So adversity tempers the human heart, to discover its real worth.—Balzac.

The most affluent may be stripped of all, and find his worldly comforts, like so many withered leaves, dropping from him.—Sterne.

Those who have suffered much are like those who know many languages; they have learned to understand and be understood by all.—Madame Swetchine.

Adversity is the trial of principle. Without it a man hardly knows whether he is honest or not.—Fielding.

Mr. Bettenham said that virtuous men were like some herbs and spices, that give not out their sweet smell till they be broken or crushed.—Bacon.

On every thorn delightful wisdom grows;
In every rill a sweet instruction flows.
—Dr. Young.

Heaven is not always angry when he strikes,
But most chastises those whom most he likes. —Pomfret.

In the day of prosperity we have many refuges to resort to; in the day of adversity only one.—Horatius Bonar.

Constant success shows us but one side of the world; adversity brings out the reverse of the picture.—Colton.

Adversity has the effect of eliciting talents, which, in prosperous circumstances, would have lain dormant.—Horace.

It is easy in adversity to despise death; he has real fortitude who dares to live and be wretched.—Martial.

When reduced by adversity, a man forgets the lofty tone and supercilious language of prosperity.

It is noble and so regarded both among nations and individuals to keep faith in adversity.—Silius Italicus.

Adversity is sometimes hard upon a man; but for one man who can stand prosperity, there are a hundred that will stand adversity.—Carlyle.

As every mercy is a drop obtained from the ocean of God's goodness, so every affliction is a drachm weighed out in the wisdom of God's providence. —Aughey.

Adversity tries men, and virtue strives for glory through adverse circumstances, undeterred by hard obstacles.—Silius Italicus.

The brightest crowns that are worn in heaven have been tried and smelted and polished and glorified through the furnace of tribulation.—Chapin.

As the ant does not wend her way to empty barns, so few friends will be found to haunt the place of departed wealth.

Adversity, sage useful guest,
Severe instructor, but the best,
It is from thee alone we know
Justly to value things below.
—Somerville.

Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.
—Shakespeare.

His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little.
—Shakespeare.

The firmest friendships have been formed in mutual adversity, as iron is most strongly welded by the fiercest fire.

Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour
The bad affright, afflict the best! —Gray.

Love is maintain'd by wealth: when all is spent,
Adversity then breeds the discontent.
—Herrick.

Remember that there is nothing stable in human affairs; therefore avoid undue elation in prosperity, or undue depression in adversity.—Isocrates.

By adversity are wrought the greatest works of admiration, and all the fair examples of renown, out of distress and misery are grown.—Daniel.

Affliction is the wholesome soil of virtue, where patience, honor, sweet humanity, calm fortitude, take root and strongly flourish.—Mallet.

In adversity be spirited and firm, and with equal prudence lessen your sail when filled with a too fortunate gale of prosperity.—Horace.

Affliction is the good man's shining scene; prosperity conceals his brightest rays; as night to stars, woe lustre gives to man.—Young.

Genuine morality is preserved only in the school of adversity, and a state

of continuous prosperity may easily prove a quicksand to virtue.—Schiller.

Adversity has ever been considered as the state in which a man most easily becomes acquainted with himself, particularly being free from flatterers.—Johnson.

Prosperity is too apt to prevent us from examining our conduct, but as adversity leads us to think properly of our state, it is most beneficial to us.—Johnson.

It is often better to have a great deal of harm happen to one than a little; a great deal may rouse you to remove what a little will only accustom you to endure.—Greville.

Our dependence upon God ought to be so entire and absolute that we should never think it necessary, in any kind of distress, to have recourse to human consolations.—Thomas à Kempis.

God kills thy comforts from no other design but to kill thy corruptions; wants are ordained to kill wantonness, poverty is appointed to kill pride, reproaches are permitted to destroy ambition.—John Flavel.

There is strength deep-bedded in our hearts, of which we reck but little till the shafts of heaven have pierced its fragile dwelling. Must not earth be rent before her gems are found?—Mrs. Hemans.

He that can heroically endure adversity will bear prosperity with equal greatness of soul; for the mind that cannot be dejected by the former is not likely to be transported with the latter.—Fielding.

The truly great and good, in affliction, bear a countenance more princely than they are wont; for it is the temper of the highest hearts, like the palm-tree, to strive most upwards when it is most burdened.—Sir P. Sidney.

Men think God is destroying them because he is tuning them. The violinist screws up the key till the tense cord sounds the concert pitch; but it is not to break it, but to use it tunefully, that he stretches the string upon the musical rack.—Beecher.

Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament, adversity is the blessing of the New, which carrieth the greater benediction, and the clearer revelation of God's favor.—Bacon.

Such a house broke!
So noble a master fallen! All gone and not
One friend to take his fortune by the arm
And go along with him. —Shakespeare.

Adversity, if for no other reason, is of benefit, since it is sure to bring a season of sober reflection. Men see clearer at such time. Storms purify the atmosphere.—Beecher.

Aromatic plants bestow
No spicy fragrance while they grow;
But crush'd or trodden to the ground,
Diffuse their balmy sweets around.
—Goldsmith.

When Providence, for secret ends,
Corroding cares, or sharp affliction, sends:
We must conclude it best it should be so,
And not desponding or impatient grow.
—Pomfret.

A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity
We bid be quiet when we hear it cry;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pair.,
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain. —Shakespeare.

All is well as long as the sun shines and the fair breath of heaven gently wafts us to our own purpose; but if you will try the excellency and feel the work of faith, place the man in a persecution.—Jeremy Taylor.

Bold adversity
Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
To beat assailing death from his weak legions.
And whiles the honorable captain there
Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs. —Shakespeare.

If adversity hath killed his thousands,, prosperity hath killed his ten thousands; therefore adversity is to be preferred. The one deceives, the other instructs; the one miserably

happy, the other happily miserable.—Burton.

Times of great calamity and confusion have ever been productive of the greatest minds. The purest ore is produced from the hottest furnace, and the brightest thunderbolt is elicited from the darkest storm.—Colton.

As the flint contains the spark, unknown to itself, which the steel alone can awaken to life, so adversity often reveals to us hidden gems, which prosperity or negligence would forever have hidden.—H. W. Shaw.

Adversity is a medicine which people are rather fond of recommending indiscriminately as a panacea for their neighbors. Like other medicines, it only agrees with certain constitutions. There are nerves which it braces, and nerves which it utterly shatters.—Justin McCarthy.

The gods in bounty work up storms about us, that give mankind occasion to exert their hidden strength, and throw out into practice virtues that shun the day, and lie concealed in the smooth seasons and the calms of life. —Addison.

One month in the school of affliction will teach thee more than the great precepts of Aristotle in seven years; for thou canst never judge rightly of human affairs, unless thou hast first felt the blows, and found out the deceits of fortune.—Fuller.

The willow which bends to the tempest often escapes better than the oak, which resists it; and so, in great calamities, it sometimes happens that light and frivolous spirits recover their elasticity and presence of mind sooner than those of a loftier character.—Walter Scott.

There are minerals called hydrophanous, which are not transparent till they are immersed in water, when they become so; as the hydrophane, a variety of opal. So it is with many a Christian. Till the floods of adversity have been poured over him, his character appears marred and clouded by selfishness and worldly influences. But trials clear away the obscurity, and give distinctness and beauty to his piety.—Professor Hitchcock.

The lessons of adversity are often the most benignant when they seem the most severe. The depression of vanity sometimes ennobles the feeling. The mind which does not wholly sink under misfortune rises above it more lofty than before, and is strengthened by affliction.—Chenevix.

And these vicissitudes come best in youth;
For when they happen at a riper age,
People are apt to blame the Fates, forsooth,
And wonder Providence is not more sage.
Adversity is the first path to truth:
He who hath proved war, storm or woman's rage,
Whether his winters be eighteen or eighty,
Has won the experience which is deem'd so weighty. —Byron.

The wisdom of God appears in afflictions. By these He separates the sin which He hates, from the son whom He loves. By these thorns He keeps him from breaking over into Satan's pleasant pastures, which would fatten him indeed, but only to the slaughter. —Aughey.

Present suffering is not enjoyable, but life would be worth little without it. The difference between iron and steel is fire, but steel is worth all it costs. Iron ore may think itself senselessly tortured in the furnace, but when the watch-spring looks back, it knows better. David enjoyed pain and trouble no more than we do, but the time came when he admitted that they had been good for him. Though the aspect of suffering is hard, the prospect is hopeful, and the retrospect will start a song, if we are "the called according to his purpose," in suffering.—Maltbie Babcock.

Advertisements

The great art in writing advertisements is the finding out a proper method to catch the reader's eye; without, a good thing may pass over unobserved, or be lost among commissions of bankrupt.—Addison.

The advertisements in a newspaper are more full of knowledge in respect to what is going on in a State or community than the editorial columns are. —Henry Ward Beecher.

Advice

The worst men often give the best advice.—Bailey.

Necessity is the only successful adviser.—Charles Reade.

Agreeable advice is seldom useful advice.—Massillon.

We ask advice, but we mean approbation.—Colton.

Good counsels observed are chains to grace.—Fuller.

Good counsel has no price.—Mazzini.

Many receive advice, only the wise profit by it.—Publius Syrus.

Men give away nothing so liberally as their advice.—Rochefoucauld.

We give advice, but we do not inspire conduct.—La Rochefoucauld.

Do not take a blind guide nor a bad adviser.

Bad advice is often most fatal to the adviser.—Flaccus.

A fop sometimes gives important advice.—Boileau.

Hazard not your wealth on a poor man's advice.—Manuel Conde Lucanor.

Whatever advice you give, be short. —Horace.

One can advise comfortably from a safe port.—Schiller.

Superfluous advice is not retained by the full mind.—Horace.

We give advice by the bucket, but take it by the grain.—W. R. Alger.

It is not advice, but approval, which we crave.—Boufflers.

The greatest trust between man and man is the trust of giving counsel.—Bacon.

He who was taught only by himself had a fool for a master.—Ben Jonson.

We all, when we are well, give good advice to the sick.—Terence.

To attempt to advise conceited people is like whistling against the wind. —Hood.

If you would convince a person of his mistake, accost him not when he is ruffled.—Dr. Watts.

Downright admonition, as a rule, is too blunt for the recipient.—Beecher.

I do not like giving advice: it is incurring an unnecessary responsibility.—Beaconsfield.

Advice is like kissing: it costs nothing and is a pleasant thing to do.— H. W. Shaw.

Before giving advice we must have secured its acceptance, or, rather, have made it desired.—Amiel.

Any one can give advice, such as it is, but only a wise man knows how to profit by it.—Colton.

When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again.—Shakespeare.

Begin nothing without considering what the end may be.—Lady M. W. Montague.

Advice is seldom welcome. Those who need it most like it least.—Johnson.

He who can take advice is sometimes superior to him who can give it.—Von Knebel.

Advice is seldom welcome: and those who want it the most always like it the least.—Chesterfield.

Even the ablest pilots are willing to receive advice from passengers in tempestuous weather.—Cicero.

Know when to speak, for many times it brings
Danger to give the best advice to kings.
—Herrick.

Do not give to thy friends the most agreeable counsels, but the most advantageous.—Tuckerman.

How is it that even castaways can give such good advice?—Ninon de Lenclos.

Admonish your friends privately, but praise them openly.—Publius Syrus.

The greatest trust between man and man is the trust of giving counsel.—Bacon.

Wait for the season when to cast good counsels upon subsiding passion. —Shakespeare.

Mishaps are mastered by advice discreet, and counsel mitigates the greatest smart.—Spenser.

Let no man value at a little price a virtuous woman's counsel.—George Chapman.

The pride of men will not often suffer reason to have any scope until it can be no longer of service.—Burke.

Let no man presume to give advice to others that has not first given good counsel to himself.—Seneca.

How is it possible to expect that mankind will take advice when they will not so much as take warning.—Swift.

Those who give bad advice to the prudent, both lose their pains and are laughed to scorn.—Phædrus.

Every man, however wise, requires the advice of some sagacious friend in the affairs of life.—Plautus.

Harsh counsels have no effect; they are like hammers which are always repulsed by the anvil.—Helvetius.

He had only one vanity; he thought he could give advice better than any other person.—Samuel L. Clemens.

And may you better reck the rede,
Than ever did th' adviser. —Burns.

'Twas good advice, and meant,
"My son, be good."
—George Crabbe.

Bosom up my counsel,
You'll find it wholesome.
—Shakespeare.

Be niggards of advice on no pretense;
For the worst avarice is that of sense.
—Pope.

For women with a mischief to their kind
Pervert with bad advice our better mind.
—Dryden.

Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent
—Shakespeare.

It is always safe to learn even from our enemies, seldom safe to instruct even our friends.—Colton.

Advice is like snow: the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into, the mind.—Coleridge.

I pray thee cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve. —Shakespeare.

Who will ever give counsel, if the counsel be judged by the event, and if it be not found wise, shall therefore be thought wicked?—Sir P. Sidney.

Remember this: they that will not be counselled cannot be helped. If you do not hear Reason, she will rap your knuckles.—Franklin.

There is nearly as much ability requisite to know how to profit by good advice as to know how to act for one's self.—Rochefoucauld.

It has been well observed that few are better qualified to give others advice than those who have taken the least of it themselves.—Goldsmith.

Counsel and conversation is a good second education, that improves all the virtue and corrects all the vice of the former, and of nature itself.—Clarendon.

Let no man value at a little price
A virtuous woman's counsel; her wing'd spirit
Is feather'd oftentimes with heavenly words. —George Chapman.

In order to convince it is necessary to speak with spirit and wit; to advise, it must come from the heart.—D'Aguesseau.

When we feel a strong desire to thrust our advice upon others, it is usually because we suspect their weakness; but we ought rather to suspect our own.—Colton.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,
To think how mony counsels sweet,
How mony lengthened, sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises.
—Burns.

Direct not him, whose way himself will choose;
'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose. —Shakespeare.

I forget whether advice be among the lost things which Ariosto says are to be found in the moon: that and time ought to have been there.—Swift.

She had a good opinion of advice,
Like all who give and eke receive it gratis,
For which small thanks are still the market price,
Even when the article at highest rate is.
—Shakespeare.

Advice, as it always gives a temporary appearance of superiority, can never be very grateful, even when it is most necessary or most judicious; but, for the same reason, every one is eager to instruct his neighbors.—Johnson.

He who calls in the aid of an equal understanding doubles his own; and he who profits by a superior understanding raises his powers to a level with the height of the superior understanding he unites with.—Burke.

Vanity is so frequently the apparent motive of advice, that we, for the most part, summon our powers to oppose it without any very accurate inquiry whether it is right.—Dr. Johnson.

There is nothing of which men are more liberal than their good advice, be their stock of it ever so small; because it seems to carry in it an intimation of their own influence, importance, or worth.—Young.

He that gives good advice builds with one hand; he that gives good counsel and example builds with the other; but he that gives good admonition and bad example builds with one hand and pulls down with the other. —Bacon.

No man is so foolish but he may give another good counsel sometimes, and no man so wise but he may easily err, if he takes no other counsel than his own. He that was taught only by himself had a fool for a master.—Ben Jonson.

A man takes contradiction and advice much more easily than people think, only he will not bear it when violently given, even though it be well founded. Hearts are flowers; they remain open to the softly falling dew, but shut up in the violent downpour of rain.—Richter.

There is as much difference between the counsel that a friend giveth and that a man giveth himself, as there is between the counsel of a friend and of a flatterer; for there is no such flatterer as a man's self, and there is no such remedy against flattery of a man's self as the liberty of a friend.—Bacon.

No one was ever the better for advice: in general, what we called giving advice was properly taking an occasion to show our own wisdom at another's expense; and to receive advice was little better than tamely to afford another the occasion of raising himself a character from our defects. —Lord Shaftesbury.

If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages, princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching.—Shakespeare.

Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none; be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use; and keep thy friend
Under thine own life's key; be checked for silence,
But never taxed for speech.
—Shakespeare.

It was the maxim, I think, of Alphonsus of Aragon, that dead counsellors are safest. The grave puts an end to flattery and artifice, and the information we receive from books is pure from interest, fear, and ambition. Dead counsellors are likewise most instructive, because they are heard with patience and with reverence.—Johnson.

Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear it that the opposer may beware of thee;
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice.
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all: To thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day.
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
—Shakespeare.

It would truly be a fine thing if men suffered themselves to be guided by reason, that they should acquiesce in the true remonstrances addressed to them by the writings of the learned and the advice of friends. But the greater part are so disposed that the words which enter by one ear do incontinently go out of the other, and begin again by following the custom. The best teacher one can have is necessity.—Francois la None.

I lay very little stress either upon asking or giving advice. Generally speaking, they who ask advice know what they wish to do, and remain firm to their intentions. A man may allow himself to be enlightened on various points, even upon matters of expediency and duty; but, after all, he must determine his course of action for himself.—Wilhelm von Humboldt.

Advice is offensive, not because it lays us open to unexpected regret, or convicts us of any fault which has escaped our notice, but because it shows us that we are known to others as well as ourselves; and the officious monitor is persecuted with hatred, not because his accusation is false, but because he assumes the superiority which we are not willing to grant him, and has dared to detect what we desire to conceal.—Johnson

Affectation

Affectation is the product of falsehood.—Carlyle.

There is a pleasure in affecting affectation.—Lamb.

Die of a rose in aromatic pain.—Pope.

Affectation hides three times as many virtues as charity does sins.—Horace Mann.

Affectation is a greater enemy to the face than the small-pox.—St. Evremond.

All affectation is the vain and ridiculous attempt of poverty to appear rich.—Lavater.

Affectation is as necessary to the mind as dress is to the body.—Hazlitt

Great affectation and great absence of it are at first sight very similar.—Whately.

On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,
Wrapt in a gown, for sickness and for show. —Pope.

We are never so ridiculous from the habits we have as from those we affect to have.—La Rochefoucauld.

There affectation, with a sickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen. —Pope.

By giving sixty-five's pale wither'd mien,
The blooming roses of sixteen.—Wolcot.

All affectation; 'tis my perfect scorn;
Object of my implacable disgust.—Cowper.

Affectation discovers sooner what one is than it makes known what one would fain appear to be.—Stanislaus.

Affectation is the wisdom of fools, and the folly of many a comparatively wise man.

'T is too much proved that with devotion's visage and pious action we do sugar o'er the devil himself.—Shakespeare.

Hearts may be attracted by assumed qualities, but the affections are only to be fixed by those that are real. —De Moy.

Affectation endeavors to correct natural defects, and has always the laudable aim of pleasing, though it always misses it.—Locke.

It is remarkable that great affectation and great absence of it (unconsciousness) are at first sight very similar; they are both apt to produce singularity.—Bishop Whately.

Affectation is certain deformity; by forming themselves on fantastic models, the young begin with being ridiculous, and often end in being vicious. —Blair.

Great vices are the proper objects of our detestation, smaller faults of our pity, but affectation appears to be the only true source of the ridiculous. —Fielding.

Affectation in any part of our carriage is lighting up a candle to see our defects, and never fails to make us taken notice of, either as wanting sense or sincerity.—Locke.

Avoid all affectation and singularity. What is according to nature is best, and what is contrary to it is always distasteful. Nothing is graceful that is not our own.—Jeremy Collier.

In all the professions every one affects a particular look and exterior, in order to appear what he wishes to be thought; so that it may be said the world is made up of appearances.—Rochefoucauld.

Affectation is an awkward and forced Imitation of what should be genuine and easy, wanting the Beauty that accompanies what is natural.—Locke.

Among the numerous stratagems by which pride endeavors to recommend folly to regard, there is scarcely one that meets with less success than affectation, or a perpetual disguise of the real character by fictitious appearances.—Johnson.

Paltry affectation, strained allusions, and disgusting finery are easily attained by those who choose to wear them; they are but too frequently the badges of ignorance or of stupidity, whenever it would endeavor to please. —Goldsmith.

Affectation naturally counterfeits those excellences which are placed at the greatest distance from possibility of attainment, because, knowing our own defects, we eagerly endeavor to supply them with artificial excellence. —Johnson.

When Cicero consulted the oracle at Delphos, concerning what course of studies he should pursue, the answer was, "Follow Nature." If every one

would do this, affectation would be almost unknown.—J. Beaumont.

Almost every man wastes part of his life in attempts to display qualities which he does not possess, and to gain applause which he cannot keep; so that scarcely can two persons meet but one is offended or diverted by the ostentation of the other.—Dr. Johnson.

There is a false gravity that is a very ill symptom; and it may be said that as rivers, which run very slowly, have always the most mud at the bottom, so a solid stiffness in the constant course of a man's life is a sign of a thick bed of mud at the bottom of his brain.—Saville.

Affectation is to be always distinguished from hypocrisy. as being the art of counterfeiting those qualities, which we might with innocence and safety, be known to want. Hypocrisy is the necessary burden of villany; affectation part of the chosen trappings of folly.—Johnson.

Affectation proceeds from one of these two causes,—vanity or hypocrisy; for as vanity puts us on affecting false characters, in order to purchase applause; so hypocrisy sets us on an endeavor to avoid censure, by concealing our vices under an appearance of their opposite virtues.—Fielding.

I will not call vanity and affectation twins, because, more properly, vanity is the mother, and affectation is the darling daughter. Vanity is the sin, and affectation is the punishment; the first may be called the root of self-love, the other the fruit. Vanity is never at its full growth till it spreadeth into affectation, and then it is complete.—Sir H. Saville.

Affection

Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth.—Colossians, chap. iii.

No decking sets forth anything so much as affection.—Sir P. Sidney.

Entire affection hateth nicer hands. —Spencer.

Affection is the broadest basis of good in life.—George Eliot.

A loving heart is the truest wisdom. —Dickens.

Loving souls are like paupers. They live on what is given them.—Madame Swetchine.

Alas! our young affections run to waste,
Or water but the desert.—Byron.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.—Shakespeare.

It is sweet to feel by what fine-spun threads our affections are drawn together.—Sterne.

Our happiness in this world depends on the affections we are enabled to inspire.—Duchesse de Praslin.

How cling we to a thing our hearts have nursed.—Mrs. C. H. W. Esling.

I have given suck, and know how tender it is to love the babe that milks me.—Shakespeare.

It is comparatively easy to leave a mistress, but very hard to be left by one.—Thackeray.

No affections and a great brain,—these are the men to command the world.—Beaconsfield.

Affection, mistress of passion, sways it to the mood of what it likes or loathes.—Shakespeare.

Such affection and unbroken faith as temper life's worst bitterness.—Shelley.

Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes;
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart. —Gray.

Affection is a coal that must be cool'd;
Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire.
—Shakespeare.

Of all earthly music, that which reaches the farthest into heaven is the beating of a loving heart.—Beecher.

O you much partial gods! why gave ye men affections, and not power to govern them?—Ludovic Barry.

Love is strong in its passion; affection is powerful in its gentleness.—Michelet.

Of all the tyrants the world affords, our own affections are the fiercest lords.—Earl of Sterling.

If there is anything that keeps the mind open to angel visits, and repels the ministry of ill, it is human love.—Willis.

Our sweetest experiences of affection are meant to be suggestions of that realm which is the home of the heart.—Beecher.

The affections are immortal! they are the sympathies which unite the ceaseless generations.—Bulwer-Lytton.

There are moments of mingled sorrow and tenderness, which hallow the caresses of affection.—Washington Irving.

Affections injured by tyranny, or rigor of compulsion, like tempest-threatened trees, unfirmly rooted, never spring to timely growth.—John Ford.

The poor wren, the most diminutive of birds, will fight, her young ones in her nest, against the owl.—Shakespeare.

The affection of young ladies is of as rapid growth as Jack's beanstalk, and reaches up to the sky in a night.—Thackeray

The affections are the children of ignorance; when the horizon of our experience expands, and models multiply, love and admiration imperceptibly vanish.—Beaconsfield.

There comes a time when the souls of human beings, women more even than men, begin to faint for the atmosphere of the affections they are made to breathe.—Holmes.

There are few mortals so insensible that their affections cannot be gained by mildness, their confidence by sincerity, their hatred by scorn or neglect.—Zimmermann.

Even children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile. —Goldsmith.

Generous as brave,
Affection, kindness, and the sweet offices
Of love and duty, were to him as needfu
As his daily bread. —Rogers.

If the deepest and best affections which God has given us sometimes brood over the heart like doves of peace,—they sometimes suck out our life-blood like vampires.—Mrs. Jameson.

Universal love is a glove without fingers, which fits all hands alike, and none closely; but true affection is like a glove with fingers, which fits one hand only, and sits close to that one.—Richter.

There is so little to redeem the dry mass of follies and errors from which the materials of this life are composed that anything to love or to reverence becomes, as it were, the Sabbath for the mind.—Bulwer-Lytton.

The objects that we have known in better days are the main props that sustain the weight of our affections, and give us strength to await our future lot.—Wm. Hazlitt.

Hearts may be attracted by assumed qualities, but the affections are only to be fixed by those that are real.—De Moy.

I may not to the world impart
The secret of its power,
But treasured in my inmost heart
I keep my faded flower.
—Ellen C. Howarth.

The heart will commonly govern the head, and it is certain that any strong passion, set the wrong way, will soon infatuate even the wisest of men; therefore the first part of wisdom is to watch the affections.—Dr. Waterland

Affection is a garden, and without it there would not be a verdant spot on the surface of the globe.

Fathers alone a father's heart can know
What secret tides of still enjoyment flow
When brothers love, but if their hate succeeds,
They wage the war, but 'tis the father bleeds. —Young.

Who have not saved some trifling thing
More prized than jewels rare,
A faded flower, a broken ring,
A tress of golden hair.
—Ellen C. Howarth.

Caresses, expressions of one sort or another, are necessary to the life of the affections as leaves are to the life of a tree. If they are wholly restrained love will die at the roots.—Hawthorne.

How often a new affection makes a new man! The sordid, cowering soul turns heroic. The frivolous girl becomes the steadfast martyr of patience and ministration, transfigured by deathless love. The career of bounding impulses turns into an anthem of sacred deeds.—Chapin.

How sacred, how beautiful, is the feeling of affection in pure and guileless bosoms! The proud may sneer at it, the fashionable may call it fable, the selfish and dissipated may affect to despise it; but the holy passion is surely of heaven, and is made evil by the corruptions of those whom it was sent to bless and to preserve.—Mordaunt.

A solitary blessing few can find,
Our joys with those we love are intertwined,
And he whose wakeful tenderness removes
The obstructing thorn that wounds the breast he loves,
Smooths not another's rugged path alone,
But scatters roses to adorn his own.

Let the foundation of thy affection be virtue, then make the building as rich and as glorious as thou canst; if the foundation be beauty or wealth, and the building virtue, the foundation is too weak for the building, and it will fall: happy is he, the palace of whose affection is founded upon virtue, walled with riches, glazed with beauty, and roofed with honor.—Quarles.

Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted;
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning
Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment;
That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain.
—Longfellow.

Why doth Fate, that often bestows thousands of souls on a conqueror or tyrant, to be the sport of his passions, so often deny to the tenderest and most feeling hearts one kindred one on which to lavish their affections? Why is it that Love must so often sigh in vain for an object, and Hate never?—Richter.

Affliction

Affliction is but the shadow of God's wing.—George Macdonald.

Man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward.—Job v. 7.

Afflictions clarify the soul.—Quarles.

Calamity is man's true touchstone.—Fletcher.

'T is a physic that is bitter to sweet end.—Shakespeare.

Sanctified afflictions are spiritual promotions.—Matthew Henry.

There is healing in the bitter cup.—Southey.

I am a feather for each wind that blows.—Shakespeare.

Afflictions are but as a dark entry into our Father's house.—Thomas Brooks.

Night brings out stars as sorrow shows us truths.—P. J. Bailey.

What region of the earth is not full of our calamities?—Virgil.

It is the best thing for a stricken heart to be helping others.—A. H. K.

We only see clearly when we have reached the depths of woe.—Ouida.

He who tenders doubtful safety to those in trouble refuses it.—Seneca.

The afflictions to which we are accustomed, do not disturb us.—Claudianus.

Distress is virtue's opportunity: we only live to teach us how to die.—Southern.

Affliction, like the iron-smith, shapes as it smites.—Bovee.

In time of affliction, a vow; in the time of prosperity, an increase of wickedness. —Hebrew Proverb.

Heaven gives us friends to bless the present scene;
Resumes them, to prepare us for the next.
—Young.

The Lord gets his best soldiers out of the highlands of affliction.—Spurgeon.

Corn is cleaned with wind, and the soul with chastening.—George Herbert.

Affliction's sons are brothers in distress;
A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss! —Burns.

Affliction is not sent in vain—
From that good God who chastens whom He loves! —Southey.

Heaven is not always angry when he strikes,
But most chastises those whom most he likes. —Pomfret.

If you would not have affliction visit you twice, listen at once to what it teaches.—Burgh.

Patience cannot remove, but it can always dignify and alleviate, misfortune.—Laurence Sterne.

As threshing separates the corn from the chaff, so does affliction purify virtue.—Bacon.

With the wind of tribulation God separates in the floor of the soul, the chaff from the corn.—Molinos.

Oft the cloud that wraps the present hour serves but to brighten all our future days.—Wm. Browne.

Affliction is enamor'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.
—Shakespeare.

It is from the remembrance of joys we have lost that the arrows of affliction are pointed.—Mackenzie.

We bleed, we tremble, we forget, we smile—
The mind turns fool, before the cheek is dry. —Young.

When sorrows come, they come not single spies, but in battalions.—Shakespeare.

How blunt are all the arrows of thy quiver in comparison with those of guilt!—Blair.

What seem to us but dim funereal tapers may be heaven's distant lamps. —Longfellow.

The good are better made by ill, as odors crushed are sweeter still!—Rogers.

Amid my list of blessings infinite stands this the foremost, "That my heart has bled."—Young.

Thy pleasure points the shaft, and bends the bow;
The cluster blasts, or bids it brightly glow.
—Dr. Young.

Affliction is a school of virtue: it corrects levity, and interrupts the confidence of sinning.—Atterbury.

The loss of a beloved connection awakens an interest in heaven before unfelt.—Bovee.

The eternal stars shine out as soon as it is dark enough.—Carlyle.

Affliction is the school in which great virtues are acquired, in which great characters are formed.—Hannah More.

As sure as God ever puts His children into the furnace, He will be in

the furnace with them.—C. H. Spurgeon.

We should be more anxious that our afflictions should benefit us than that they should be speedily removed from us.—Robert Hall.

Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before.
—Richard Baxter.

Grace will ever speak for itself and be fruitful in well-doing; the sanctified cross is a fruitful tree.—Rutherford.

Affliction of itself does not sanctify any body, but the reverse. I believe in sanctified afflictions, but not in sanctifying afflictions.—C. H. Spurgeon.

Extraordinary afflictions are not always the punishment of extraordinary sins, but sometimes the trial of extraordinary graces.—Matthew Henry.

Affliction is the wholesome soul of virtue;
Where patience, honor, sweet humanity,
Calm fortitude, take root, and strongly flourish.
—Mallet and Thomson.

Believe me, the gods spare the afflicted, and do not always oppress those who are unfortunate.—Ovid.

God afflicts with the mind of a father, and kills for no other purpose but that he may raise again.—South.

God sometimes washes the eyes of His children with tears in order that they may read aright His providence and His commandments.—T. L. Cuyler.

Alas by some degree of woe,
We every bliss must gain;
The heart can ne'er a transport know,
That never feels a pain.
—Lord Lyttleton.

Most of the grand truths of God have to be learned by trouble; they must be burned into us by the hot iron of affliction, otherwise we shall not truly receive them.—C. H. Spurgeon.

Thou art never at any time nearer to God than when under tribulation; which He permits for the purification and beautifying of thy soul.—Miguel Molinos.

Afflictions clarify the soul,
And like hard masters, give more hard directions,
Tutoring the non-age of uncurbed affections.
—Quarles.

With every anguish of our earthly part the spirit's sight grows clearer; this was meant when Jesus touched the blind man's lids with clay.—Lowell.

The cup which my Saviour giveth me, can it be anything but a cup of salvation?—Alexander Maclaren.

Affliction is the good man's shining scene;
Prosperity conceals his brightest ray,
As night to stars, woe lustre gives to man.
—Young.

The very afflictions of our earthly pilgrimage are presages of our future glory, as shadows indicate the sun.—Richter.

Perfumes, the more they are chafed, the more they render their pleasant scents; and so affliction expresseth virtue fully.—John Webster.

The furnace of affliction refines us from earthly drossiness, and softens us for the impression of God's own stamp.—Bayle.

Incessant falls teach men to reform, and distress rouses their strength. Life springs from calamity, and death from ease.—Mencius.

Nothing can occur beyond the strength of faith to sustain, or, transcending the resources of religion, to relieve.—Binney.

It is the crushed grape that gives out the blood-red wine: it is the suffering soul that breathes the sweetest melodies.—Gail Hamilton.

The mind which does not wholly sink under misfortune rises above it more lofty than before, and is strengthened by affliction.—Richard Chenevix.

Affliction is a sort of moral gymnasium in which the disciples of Christ are trained to robust exercise, hardy exertion, and severe conflict.—Hannah More.

Henceforth I'll bear
Affliction till it do cry out itself,
Enough, enough, and die.
—Shakespeare.

Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire; that mine own tears
Do scald' like molten lead.—Shakespeare.

With silence only as their benediction,
God's angels come
Where in the shadow of a great affliction,
The soul sits dumb! —Whittier.

Every man deems that he has precisely the trials and temptations which are the hardest of all for him to bear; but they are so, because they are the very ones he needs.—Richter.

And this is the course of Nature: there is nothing like suffering to enlighten the giddy brain, widen the narrow mind, improve the trivial heart.—Charles Reade.

If aught can teach us aught, Affliction's looks,
Making us pry into ourselves so near,
Teach us to know ourselves, beyond all books,
Or all the learned schools that ever were.
—John Davies.

Aromatic plants bestow
No spicy fragrance where they grow;
But crushed and trodden to the ground,
Diffuse their balmy sweets around.
—Goldsmith.

God is now spoiling us of what would otherwise have spoiled us. When God makes the world too hot for His people to hold, they will let it go.—T. Powell.

When Providence for secret ends,
Corroding cares, or sharp affliction, sends;
We must conclude it best it should be so,
And not despondent or impatient grow.
—Pomfret.

Are afflictions aught
But mercies in disguise? th' alternate cup,
Medicinal though bitter, and prepar'd
By love's own hand for salutary ends.
—Mallet.

The great, in affliction, bear a countenance more princely than they are wont; for it is the temper of the highest heart, like the palm-tree, to strive most upward when it is most burdened. —Sir P. Sidney.

Affliction appears to be the guide to reflection; the teacher of humility; the parent of repentance; the nurse of faith; the strengthener of patience, and the promoter of charity.

The truest help we can render an afflicted man is not to take his burden from him, but to call out his best energy, that he may be able to bear the burden.—Phillips Brooks.

No man ever stated his griefs as lightly as he might. For it is only the finite that has wrought and suffered; the infinite lies stretched in smiling repose.—Emerson.

Afflictions are the medicine of the mind. If they are not toothsome, let it suffice that they are wholesome. It is not required in physic that it should please, but heal.—Bishop Henshaw.

No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby.—Hebrews xii. 11.

There will be no Christian but what will have a Gethsemane, but every praying Christian will find that there is no Gethsemane without its angel!—Rev. T. Binney.

Now let us thank th' eternal power, convinc'd
That heaven but tries our virtue by affliction;
That oft the cloud which wraps the present hour,
Serves but to brighten all our future days!
—John Brown.

Every man will have his own criterion in forming his judgment of others. I depend very much on the effect of affliction. I consider how a man comes out of the furnace; gold will lie for a month in the furnace without losing a grain.—Richard Cecil.

Human character is never found "to enter into its glory," except through the ordeal of affliction. Its force cannot come forth without the offer of resistance, nor can the grandeur of its free will declare itself, except in the battle of fierce temptation.—James Martineau.

What He tells thee in the darkness,
Weary watcher for the day,
Grateful lip and heart should utter
When the shadows flee away.
—F. R. Havergal.

The damps of autumn sink into the leaves and prepare them for the necessity of their fall; and thus insensibly are we, as years close around us, detached from our tenacity of life by the gentle pressure of recorded sorrow.—W. S. Landor.

However bitter the cup we have to drink, we are sure it contains nothing unnecessary or unkind; and we should take it from His hand with as much meekness as we accept of eternal life with thankfulness.—William Goodell.

Tears and sorrows and losses are a part of what must be experienced in this present state of life: some for our manifest good, and all, therefore, it is trusted, for our good concealed;—for our final and greatest good.—Leigh Hunt.

It is a great thing, when our Gethsemane hours come, when the cup of bitterness is pressed to our lips, and when we pray that it may pass away, to feel that it is not fate, that it is not necessity, but divine love for good ends working upon us.—Chapin.

Fairer and more fruitful in spring the vine becomes from the skilful pruning of the husbandman; less pure had been the gums which the odorous balsam gives if it had not been cut by the knife of the Arabian shepherd.—Metastasio.

That which thou dost not understand when thou readest, thou shalt understand in the day of thy visitation; for many secrets of religion are not perceived till they be felt, and are not felt but in the day of a great calamity. —Jeremy Taylor.

As they lay copper in aquafortis before they begin to engrave it, so the Lord usually prepares us by the searching, softening discipline of affliction for making a deep, lasting impression of himself upon our hearts.—J. T. Nottidge.

The bread of bitterness is the food on which men grow to their fullest stature; the waters of bitterness are the debatable ford through which they reach the shores of wisdom; the ashes boldly grasped and eaten without faltering are the price that must be paid for the golden fruit of knowledge.—Ouida.

Afflictions sent by Providence melt the constancy of the noble-minded, but confirm the obduracy of the vile. The same furnace that hardens clay liquefies gold; and in the strong manifestations of divine power Pharaoh found his punishment, but David his pardon. —Colton.

Be still, sad heart, and cease repining,
Behind the clouds the sun is shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all;
Into each life some rain must fall,—
Some days must be dark and dreary.
—Longfellow.

God washes the eyes by tears until they can behold the invisible land where tears shall come no more. O love! O affliction! ye are the guides that show us the way through the great airy space where our loved ones walked; and, as hounds easily follow the scent before the dew be risen, so God teaches us, while yet our sorrow is wet, to follow on and find our dear ones in heaven.—Beecher.

As the most generous vine, if it is not pruned, runs out into many superfluous stems, and grows at last weak and fruitless; so doth the best man, if he be not cut short of his desires and pruned with afflictions. If it be painful to bleed, it is worse to wither. Let me be pruned, that I may grow, rather than be cut up to burn.—Bishop Hall.

In a great affliction there is no light either in the stars or in the sun; for when the inward light is fed with fragrant oil; there can be no darkness though the sun should go out. But when, like a sacred lamp in the temple, the inward light is quenched, there is no light outwardly, though a thousand suns should preside in the heavens.—Beecher.

The cloud which appeared to the prophet Ezekiel carried with it winds and storms, but it was environed with a golden circle, to teach us that the storms of afflictions, which happen to God's children, are encompassed with brightness and smiling felicity.—N. Caussin.

Had it pleased Heaven
To try me with affliction; had he rain'd
All kinds of sores and shames on my bare head;
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips;
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes;
I should have found in some place of my soul
A drop of patience. —Shakespeare.

There is an elasticity in the human mind, capable of bearing much, but which will not show itself until a certain weight of affliction be put upon it; its powers may be compared to those vehicles whose springs are so contrived that they get on smoothly enough when loaded, but jolt confoundedly when they have nothing to bear.—Colton.

In thy silent wishing, thy voiceless, unuttered prayer, let the desire be not cherished that afflictions may not visit thee; for well has it been said, "Such prayers never seem to have wings. I am willing to be purified through sorrow, and to accept it meekly as a blessing. I see that all the clouds are angels' faces, and their voices speak harmoniously of the everlasting chime."—Mrs. L. M. Child.

The truth is, when we are under any affliction we are generally troubled with a malicious kind of melancholy; we only dwell and pore upon the sad and dark occurrences of Providence, but never take notice of the more benign and bright ones. Our way in this world is like a walk under a row of trees, checkered with light and shade; and because we cannot all along walk in the sunshine, we therefore perversely fix only upon the darker passages, and so lose all the comfort of our comforts. We are like froward children who, if you take one of their playthings from them, throw away all the rest in spite.—Bishop Hopkins.

Oh, when we are journeying through the murky night and the dark woods of affliction and sorrow, it is something to find here and there a spray broken, or a leafy stem bent down with the tread of His foot and the brush of His hand as He passed; and to remember that the path He trod He has hallowed, and thus to find lingering fragrance and hidden strength in the remembrance of Him as "in all points tempted like as we are," bearing grief for us, bearing grief with us, bearing grief like us.—Alexander Maclaren.

Affront

Am I to set my life upon a throw,
Because a bear is rude and surly? No—
A moral, sensible, and well-bred man,
Will not affront me, and no other can.
—Cowper.

After

After me the deluge.—Madame de Pompadour.

After the war, aid.—Greek Proverb.

After death the doctor.—English Proverb.

When I am dead, may earth be mingled with fire! Ay, said Nero, and while I am living, too.—From a Greek Tragedian.

Age

Good old age.—Genesis xv. 15.

Slow, consuming age.—Gray.

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together.—Shakespeare.

Few people know how to be old.—La Rochefoucauld.

Age either transfigures or petrifies.—Marie Ebner-Eschenbach.

It is difficult to grow old gracefully. —Madame de Staël.

Begin to patch up thine old body for heaven.—Shakespeare.

The clock of his age had struck fifty-eight.—Cellini.

An old man is twice a child.—Shakespeare.

When the age is in, the wit is out.—Shakespeare.

Mellowed by the stealing hours of time.—Shakespeare.

No wise man ever wished to be younger.—Swift.

Old age is an incurable disease.—Seneca.

The evening of life brings with it its lamps.—Joubert.

'T is the sunset of life gives us mystical lore.—Campbell.

Age is suspicious, but is not itself often suspected.—Zimmermann.

Nor age so eat up my invention.—Shakespeare.

Men shut their doors against a setting sun.—Shakespeare.

O good gray head which all men knew.—Tennyson.

Age and want sit smiling at the gate. —Pope.

Thyself no more deceive, thy youth hath fled.—Petrarch.

The silver livery of advised age.—Shakespeare.

They say women and music should never be dated.—Goldsmith.

The Grecian ladies counted their age from their marriage, not their birth.—Homer.

As I approach a second childhood, I endeavor to enter into the pleasures of it.—Lady Montagu.

Age * * * is is a matter of feeling, not of years.—George William Curtis.

Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home.
—Edmund Waller,

His cheek the map of days outworn. —Shakespeare.

Time's chariot-wheels make their carriage-road in the fairest face.—Rochefoucauld.

Age too, shines out, and garrulous recounts the feats of youth.—Thomson.

Have a care lest the wrinkles in the face extend to the heart.—Marguerite de Valois.

White hairs are the crests of foam which cover the sea after the tempest. —Elizabeth, Queen of Roumania.

What makes old age so sad is, not that our joys, but that our hopes, cease.—Richter.

Old age is a tyrant, which forbids the pleasures of youth on pain of death—Rochefoucauld.

We are to seek wisdom and understanding only in the length of days.—Robert Hall.

The silver-leaved birch retains in its old age a soft bark; there are some such men.—Auerbach.

Some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltness of time.—Shakespeare.

Your date is better in your pie and your porridge than in your cheek.—Shakespeare.

The defects of the mind, like those of the face, grow worse as we grow old.—Rochefoucauld.

Every man desires to live long; but no man would be old.—Swift.

eminence of it in everything; in an old friend, in old wine, in an old pedigree. —Shakerly Marmion.

Most long lives resemble those threads of gossamer, the nearest approach to nothing unmeaningly prolonged, scarce visible pathways of some worm from his cradle to his grave.—Lowell.

Time has laid his hand upon my heart gently, not smiting it; but as a harper lays his open palm upon his harp, to deaden its vibrations.—Longfellow.

The tendency of old age, say the physiologists, is to form bone. It is as rare as it is pleasant, to meet with an old man whose opinions are not ossified.—J. F. Boyse.

There are three classes into which all the women past seventy years of age, that ever I knew, were to be divided: 1. That dear old soul; 2. That old woman; 3. That old witch.—Coleridge.

O sir, you are old; nature in you stands on the very verge of her confine; you should be ruled and led by some discretion, that discerns your fate better than you yourself.—Shakespeare.

Last scene of all, that ends this strange, eventful history, is second childishness, and mere oblivion; sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.—Shakespeare.

'Tis the sunset of life gives us mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
—Campbell.

Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like a shock of corn cometh in his season.—Job v. 26.

I feel I am growing old for want of somebody to tell me that I am looking as young as ever. Charming falsehood! There is a vast deal of vital air in loving words.—Landor.

The heart never grows better by age; I fear rather worse; always harder. A young liar will be an old one; and a young knave will only be a greater knave as he grows older.—Chesterfield.

On his bold visage middle age
Had slightly press'd its signet sage.
—Scott.

At your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment.
—Shakespeare.

We hope to grow old and we dread old age; that is to say, we love life and we flee from death.—La Bruyère.

The tree that bears no fruit deserves no name; the man of wisdom is the man of years.—Young.

We must not take the faults of our youth into our old age; for old age brings with it its own defects.—Goethe.

It is only necessary to grow old to become more indulgent. I see no fault committed that I have not committed myself.—Goethe.

Set is the sun of my years;
And over a few poor ashes,
I sit in my darkness and tears.
—Gerald Massey.

And his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound.
—Shakespeare.

How far the gulf-stream of our youth
May flow into the Arctic region of our lives,
Where little else than life itself survives.
—Longfellow.

Some one has said of a fine and honorable old age, that it was the childhood of immortality.—Pindar.

When a noble life has prepared old age, it is not the decline that it reveals, but the first days of immortality.—Madame de Staël.

The easiest thing for our friends to discover in us, and the hardest thing for us to discover in ourselves, is that we are growing old.—H. W. Shaw.

There is nothing against which an old man should be so much upon his guard as putting himself to nurse.—Dr. Johnson.

In an aged man appears ripeness of wisdom: it is the oldest sandal-tree which emits the most fragrance.—Sataka.

Old men's lives are lengthened shadows; their evening sun falls coldly on the earth, but the shadows all point to the morning.—Richter.

Age and youth look upon life from the opposite ends of the telescope; it is exceedingly long,—it is exceedingly short.—Beecher.

Old age was naturally more honored in times when people could not know much more than what they had seen. —Joubert.

Only when the sap is dried up, only when age comes on, does the sun shine in vain for man and for the tree.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Age is not all decay; it is the ripening, the swelling, of the fresh life within, that withers and bursts the husk.—George MacDonald.

The Disappointment of Manhood succeeds to the delusion of Youth; let us hope that the heritage of Old Age is not Despair.—Disraeli.

For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of Time
Steals ere we can effect them.
—Shakespeare.

That which is usually called dotage is not the weak point of all old men, but only of such as are distinguished by their levity.—Cicero.

Next to the very young, I suppose the very old are the most selfish. Alas! the heart hardens as the blood ceases to run.—Thackeray.

An aged Christian, with the snow of time on his head, may remind us that those points of earth are whitest which are nearest heaven.—Chapin.

If wrinkles must be written upon our brows, let them not be written upon the heart. The spirit should not grow old.—James A. Garfield.

In age to wish for youth is full as vain
As for a youth to turn a child again.
—Denham.

The surest sign of age is loneliness. While one finds company in himself and his pursuits, he cannot be old, whatever his years may be.—Alcott.

Old age takes from the man of intellect no qualities save those that are useless to wisdom.—Joubert.

Thus pleasures fade away;
Youth, talents, beauty, thus decay,
And leave us dark, forlorn, and gray.
—Scott.

Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage,
Till pitying Nature signs the last release,
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.
—Samuel Johnson.

* * * Years steal
Fire from the mind, as vigor from the limb;
And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim. —Byron.

Each departed friend is a magnet that attracts us to the next world, and the old man lives among graves.—Richter.

Up to forty a woman has only forty springs in her heart. After that age she has only forty winters.—Arsène Houssaye.

When men grow virtuous in their old age, they are merely making a sacrifice to God of the devil's leavings.—Swift.

We grizzle every day. I see no need of it. Whilst we converse with what is above us, we do not grow old, but grow young.—Emerson.

Down his neck his reverend lockes
In comelye curles did wave;
And on his aged temples grewe
The blossomes of the grave.
—Old Ballad.

Depend upon it, a man never experiences such pleasure or grief after

fourteen years as he does before, unless in some cases, in his first love-making, when the sensation is new to him.—Charles Kingsley.

To resist with success the frigidity of old age, one must combine the body, the mind, and the heart; to keep these in parallel vigor, one must exercise, study, and love.—Bonstetten.

As sailing into port is a happier thing than the voyage, so is age happier than youth; that is, when the voyage from youth is made with Christ at the helm.—Rev. J. Pulsford.

Thus fares it still in our decay,
And yet the wiser mind
Mourns less for what age takes away
Than what it leaves behind.
—Wordsworth.

The vine produces more grapes when it is young, but better grapes for wine when it is old, because its juices are more perfectly concocted.—Bacon.

My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone! —Byron.

Natures that have much heat, and great and violent desires and perturbations, are not ripe for action till they have passed the meridian of their years.—Bacon.

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years!
I am so weary of toil and of tears,—
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain—
Take them and give me my childhood again!
—Elizabeth Akers Allen.

The vices of old age have the stiffness of it, too; and as it is the unfittest time to learn in, so the unfitness of it to unlearn will be found much greater.—South.

I am much beholden to old age, which has increased my eagerness for conversation in proportion as it has lessened my appetites of hunger and thirst.—Tully.

Throughout the whole vegetable, sensible, and rational world, whatever makes progress towards maturity, as soon as it has passed that point, begins to verge towards decay.—Blair.

He who would pass the declining years of his life with honor and comfort, should when young, consider that he may one day become old, and remember, when he is old, that he has once been young.—Addison.

Age imprints more wrinkles in the mind, than it does in the face, and souls are never, or very rarely seen, that in growing old do not smell sour and musty. Man moves all together, both towards his perfection and decay. —Montaigne.

So life's year begins and closes;
Days, though short'ning, still can shine;
What though youth gave love and roses,
Age still leaves us friends and wine.
—Moore.

Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up,
Yet hath my night of life some memory.
—Shakespeare.

For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress,
And as the evening twilight fades away
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day.
—Longfellow.

Though sinking in decrepit age, he prematurely falls whose memory records no benefit conferred on him by man. They only have lived long who have lived virtuously.—Sheridan.

Old age is never honored among us, but only indulged, as childhood is; and old men lose one of the most precious rights of man,—that of being judged by their peers.—Goethe.

Remote from cities liv'd a Swain,
Unvex'd with all the cares of gain;
His head was silver'd o'er with age,
And long experience made him sage.
—Gay.

Our life much resembles wine: when there is only a little remaining, it becomes vinegar; for all the ills of human nature crowd to old age as if it were a workshop.—Antiphanes.

Life grows darker as we go on, till only one pure light is left shining on it; and that is faith. Old age, like solitude and sorrow, has its revelations.—Madame Swetchine.

O, roses for the flush of youth,
And laurel for the perfect prime;
But pluck an ivy branch for me
Grown old before my time.
—Christina G. Rossetti.

Thus aged men, full loth and slow,
The vanities of life forego,
And count their youthful follies o'er,
Till memory lends her light no more.
—Scott.

Venerable men! you have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives, that you might behold this joyous day.—Daniel Webster.

There cannot live a more unhappy creature than an ill-natured old man, who is neither capable of receiving pleasures nor sensible of doing them to others.—Sir W. Temple.

The mental powers acquire their full robustness when the cheek loses its ruddy hue, and the limbs their elastic step; and pale thought sits on manly brows, and the watchman, as he walks his rounds, sees the student's lamp burning far into the silent night.—Dr. Guthrie.

The damps of autumn sink into the leaves and prepare them for the necessity of their fall; and thus insensibly are we, as years close round us, detached from our tenacity of life by the gentle pressure of recorded sorrows.—Landor.

Like a morning dream, life becomes more and more bright the longer we live, and the reason of everything appears more clear. What has puzzled us before seems less mysterious, and the crooked paths look straighter as we approach the end.—Richter.

A comfortable old age is the reward of a well-spent youth; therefore instead of its introducing dismal and melancholy prospects of decay, it should give us hopes of eternal youth in a better world.—Palmer.

Age and sufferings had already marked out the first incisions for death, so that he required but little effort to cut her down; for it is with men as with trees, they are notched long before felling, that their life-sap may flow out.—Richter.

Old age is a lease nature only signs as a particular favor, and it may be, to one only in the space of two or three ages; and then with a pass to boot, to carry him through all the traverses and difficulties she has strewed in the way of his long career. —Montaigne.

What is it to grow old?
Is it to lose the glory of the form,
The lustre of the eye?
Is it for Beauty to forego her wreath?
Yes; but not this alone.
—Matthew Arnold.

Winter, which strips the leaves from around us, makes us see the distant regions they formerly concealed; so does old age rob us of our enjoyments, only to enlarge the prospect of eternity before us.—Richter.

We should provide for our age, in order that our age may have no urgent wants of this world to absorb it from the meditation of the next. It is awful to see the lean hands of dotage making a coffer of the grave!—Bulwer-Lytton.

Alike all ages; dames of ancient days
Have led their children thro' the mirthful maze.
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burthen of threescore.
—Goldsmith.

Fate seem'd to wind him up for fourscore years;
Yet freshly ran he on ten winters more;
Till like a clock worn out with eating time,
The wheels of weary life at last stood still.
—Dryden.

One's age should be tranquil, as one's childhood should be playful; hard work, at either extremity of human existence, seems to me out of place; the morning and the evening

should be alike cool and peaceful; at midday the sun may burn, and men may labor under it.—Dr. Arnold.

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Retreats from care, that never must be mine
How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease;
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Age, when it does not harden the heart and sour the temper, naturally returns to the milky disposition of infancy. Time has the same effect upon the mind as on the face. The predominant passion, the strongest feature, becomes more conspicuous from the others retiring.—Lady Montagu.

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And then they cry, "A cool one, indeed."
—Goethe.

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I'm growing dimmer in the eyes;
I'm growing fainter in my laugh;
I'm growing deeper in my sighs;
I'm growing careless of my dress;
I'm growing frugal of my gold;
I'm growing wise; I'm growing,—yes,—
I'm growing old. —Saxe.

The careful cold hath nipt my rugged rind,
And in my face deep furrows eld hath plight;
My head bespren with hoary frost I find,
And by mine eye the crow his claw doth bright;
Delight is laid abed, and pleasure past;
No sun now shines, clouds have all overcast. —Spenser.

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Old age doth in sharp pains abound;
We are belabored by the gout,
Our blindness is a dark profound,
Our deafness each one laughs about.
Then reason's light with falling ray
Doth but a trembling flicker cast.
Honor to age, ye children pay!
Alas! my fifty years are past!
—Beranger.

My way of life
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf
And that which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses not loud, but deep, mouth-honor, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not. —Shakespeare.

His silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds;
It shall be said his judgment rul'd our hands;
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.
—Shakespeare.

These old fellows have
Their ingratitude in them hereditary;
Their blood is caked, 'tis cold, it seldom flows;
'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind,
And nature, as it grows toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey—dull and heavy. —Shakespeare.

It is noticeable how intuitively in age we go back with strange fondness to all that is fresh in the earliest dawn of youth. If we never cared for little children before, we delight to see them roll in the grass over which we hobble on crutches. The grandsire turns wearily from his middle-aged, care-worn son, to listen with infant laugh to the prattle of an infant grandchild. It is the old who plant young trees; it is the old who are most saddened by the autumn, and feel most delight in the returning spring.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Agree

Agreeing to differ.—Ovid.

The character in conversation which commonly passes for agreeable is made up of civility and falsehood.—Swift.

Nature never says one thing, Wisdom another.—Juvenal.

Agreement exists in disagreement.—Lucan.

If you wish to appear agreeable in society you must consent to be taught many things which you know already. —Lavater.

Most arts require long study and application; but the most useful art of all, that of pleasing, requires only the desire.—Chesterfield.

We may say of agreeableness, as distinct from beauty, that it consists in a symmetry of which we know not the rules, and a secret conformity of the features to each other, and to the air and complexion of the person.—Rochefoucauld.

The art of being agreeable frequently miscarries through the ambition which accompanies it. Wit, learning, wisdom,—what can more effectually conduce to the profit and delight of society? Yet I am sensible that a man may be too invariably wise, learned, or witty to be agreeable; and I take the reason of this to be, that pleasure cannot be bestowed by the simple and unmixed exertion of any one faculty or accomplishment.—Cumberland.

Nature has left every man a capacity of being agreeable, though not of shining in company; and there are a hundred men sufficiently qualified for both who, by a very few faults, that they might correct in half an hour, are not so much as tolerable.—Swift.

Agriculture

The farmers are the founders of civilization.—Daniel Webster.

The divine chemistry works in the subsoil.—Hawthorne.

Time spent in the cultivation of the fields passes very pleasantly.—Ovid.

He who owns the soil, owns up to the sky.—Juvenal.

Here Ceres' gifts in waving prospect stand,
And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand.
—Pope.

Command large fields, but cultivate small ones.—Virgil.

A field becomes exhausted by constant tillage.—Ovid.

He that sows his grain upon marble will have many a hungry belly before his harvest.—Arbuthnot.

Earth is here so kind, that just tickle her with a hoe and she laughs with a harvest.—Douglas Jerrold.

Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.—Shakespeare.

In ancient times, the sacred plough employed the kings, and awful fathers of mankind.—Thomson.

Praise a large domain, cultivate a small state.—Virgil.

Smoothly and lightly the golden seed by the furrow is covered.—Goethe.

Agriculture engenders good sense, and good sense of an excellent kind.—Joubert.

The life of the husbandman,—a life fed by the bounty of earth and sweetened by the airs of heaven.—Douglas Jerrold.

When weary reapers quit the sultry field,
And, crown'd with corn, their thanks to Ceres yield.
—Pope.

And the maize-field grew and ripened,
Till it stood in all the splendor
Of its garments green and yellow.
—Longfellow.

An agricultural life is one eminently calculated for human happiness and human virtue.—Josiah Quincy.

The first farmer was the first man, and all historic nobility rests on possession and use of land.—Emerson.

Let the farmer forevermore be honored in his calling; for they who labor in the earth are the chosen people of God.—Thomas Jefferson.

He who would look with contempt upon the farmer's pursuit is not worthy the name of a man.—Beecher.

The sun, which ripens the corn and fills the succulent herb with nutriment, also pencils with beauty the violet and the rose.—J. C. Abbott.

The frost is God's plough, which He drives through every inch of ground in the world, opening each clod, and pulverizing the whole.—Fuller.

If we estimate dignity by immediate usefulness, agriculture is undoubtedly the first and noblest science.—Dr. Johnson.

The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising:
There are forty feeding like one!
—Wordsworth.

Adam, well may we labor, still to dress
This garden, still to tend plant, herb, and flower.
—Milton.

Where grows?—where grows it not? If vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the soil.
—Pope.

Trade increases the wealth and glory of a country; but its real strength and stamina are to be looked for among the cultivators of the land.—Lord Chatham.

Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard!
Heap high the golden corn!
No richer gift has Autumn poured
From out her lavish horn!
—Whittier.

But let the good old corn adorn
The hills our fathers trod;
Still let us, for His golden corn,
Send up our thanks to God!
—Whittier.

The first three men in the world were a gardener, a ploughman, and a grazier: and if any man object that the second of these was a murderer, I desire he would consider that as soon

as he was so, he quitted our profession and turned builder.—Cowley.

"Agriculture, for an honorable and high-minded man," says Xenophon, "is the best of all occupations and arts by which men procure the means of living."—Alcott.

God Almighty first planted a garden; and indeed it is the purest of human pleasures: it is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man.—Bacon.

Ye rigid ploughmen! bear in mind
Your labor is for future hours.
Advance! spare not! nor look behind!
Plough deep and straight with all your
Powers! —Richard Hengist Horne.

Agriculture is the noblest of all alchemy; for it turns earth, and even manure, into gold, conferring upon its cultivator the additional reward of health.—Chatfield.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield:
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:
How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke! —Gray.

Look up! the wide extended plain
Is billowy with its ripened grain,
And on the summer winds are rolled
Its waves of emerald and gold.
—Wm. Henry Burleigh.

In the age of acorns, antecedent to Ceres and the royal ploughman Triptolemus, a single barley-corn had been of more value to mankind than all the diamonds that glowed in the mines of India.—H. Brooke.

Our rural ancestors, with little blest,
Patient of labor when the end was rest,
Indulg'd the day that hous'd their annual grain,
With feasts, and off'rings, and a thankful strain. —Pope.

And he gave it for his opinion, that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together.—Swift.

It is not known where he that invented the plough was born nor where he died; yet he has effected more for the happiness of the world than the whole race of heroes and of conquerors who have drenched it with tears and manured it with blood, and whose birth, parentage, and education have been handed down to us with a precision precisely proportionate to the mischief they have done.—Colton.

E'en in mid-harvest, while the jocund swain
Pluck'd from the brittle stalk the golden grain,
Oft have I seen the war of winds contend,
And prone on earth th' infuriate storm descend,
Waste far and wide, and by the roots uptorn,
The heavy harvest sweep through ether borne,
As the light straw and rapid stubble fly
In dark'ning whirlwinds round the wintry sky. —Virgil.

In ancient times, the sacred Plough employ'd
The Kings and awful Fathers of mankind:
And some, with whom compared your insect-tribes
Are but the beings of a summer's day,
Have held the Scale of Empire, ruled the Storm
Of mighty War; then, with victorious hand,
Disdaining little delicacies, seized
The Plough, and, greatly independent scorned
All the vile stores corruption can bestow.
—Thomson.

In a moral point of view, the life of the agriculturist is the most pure and holy of any class of men; pure, because it is the most healthful, and vice can hardly find time to contaminate it; and holy, because it brings the Deity perpetually before his view, giving him thereby the most exalted notions of supreme power, and the most fascinating and endearing view of moral benignity.—Lord John Russell.

Alchemy

I have always looked upon alchemy in natural philosophy to be like enthusiasm in divinity, and to have troubled the world much to the same purpose.—Sir W. Temple.

It is an art without art, which has its beginning in falsehood, its middle in toil, and its end in poverty.—From the Latin.

If by fire
Of sooty coal th' empiric alchymist
Can turn, or holds it possible to turn,
Metals of drossest ore to perfect gold.
—Milton.

The glorious sun
Stays in his course and plays the alchemist,
Turning with splendor of his precious eye
The meager cloddy earth to glittering gold.
—Shakespeare.

Alchemy may be compared to the man who told his sons he had left them gold buried somewhere in his vineyard; where they by digging found no gold, but by turning up the mould, about the roots of their vines, procured a plentiful vintage. So the search and endeavors to make gold have brought many useful inventions and instructive experiments to light. —Bacon.

Alienation, Evils of

Nothing presents a more mournful aspect than a family divided by anger and animosity. Unhappily, however, this is not a very rare occurrence. We even behold at times, brothers themselves so indifferent towards each other, so wanting in affection, or even in a state of such hostility among themselves that they appear as if they had been cherished by the same fond heart only to be divided by their tastes and manner of thinking. Often they are less obliging to one another than they are to persons whom they know not.—Zachokke.

Allegory

Allegory dwells in a transparent palace.—Le Mierre.

A man conversing in earnest, if he watch his intellectual processes, will find that a material image, more or less luminous, arises in his mind, contemporaneous with every thought, which furnishes the vestment of the thought. Hence, good writing and brilliant discourse are perpetual allegories.—Emerson.

Allegories, when well chosen, are like so many tracks of light in a discourse, that make everything about them clear and beautiful.—Addison.

Almond

With a bee in every bell,
Almond bloom, we greet thee well.
—Edwin Arnold.

Blossom of the almond trees,
April's gift to April's bees.
—Edwin Arnold.

White as the blossoms which the almond tree,
Above its bald and leafless branches bears.
—Margaret J. Preston.

Like to an almond tree ymounted hye
On top of greene Selinis all alone,
With blossoms brave bedecked daintily;
Whose tender locks do tremble every one,
At everie little breath, that under heaven
is blowne. —Spenser.

Almond blossom, sent to teach us
That the spring days soon will reach us.
—Edwin Arnold.

Alms

Charity is the perfection and ornament of religion.—Addison.

Where there is plenty, charity is a duty, not a courtesy.—Feltham.

We may cover a multitude of sins with the white robe of charity.—Beecher.

Are we not to pity and supply the poor, though they have no relation to us? No relation? That cannot be. The Gospel styles them all our brethren.—Thomas Sprat.

Those good men who take such pleasure in relieving the miserable for Christ's sake, would not have been less forward to minister unto Christ Himself.—Atterbury.

Shall we repine at a little misplaced charity, we who could no way foresee the effect, when an all-knowing, allwise Being showers down every day His benefits on the unthankful and undeserving?—Atterbury.

Alone

It is not good that man should be alone.—Genesis ii. 18.

They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.—Sir Philip Sidney.

The time never lies heavy upon him; it is impossible for him to be alone.—Addison.

When musing on companions gone,
We doubly feel ourselves alone.
—Scott.

Alone!—that worn-out word,
So idly spoken, and so coldly heard;
Yet all that poets sing, and grief hath known,
Of hopes laid waste, knells in that word—
Alone. —Lytton.

Amaranth

Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies. —Milton.

Nosegays! leave them for the waking,
Throw them earthward where they grew
Dim are such, beside the breaking
Amaranths he looks unto.
Folded eyes see brighter colors than the open ever do. —E. B. Browning.

Amaranths such as crown the maids
That wander through Zamara's shades.
—Moore.

Immortal amaranth, a flower which once
In Paradise, fast by the Tree of Life,
Began to bloom, but soon for Man's offence,
To heav'n remov'd, where first it grew, there grows,
And flow'rs aloft shading the fount of life.
—Milton.

Ambassador

An ambassador is an honest man sent to lie abroad for the commonwealth.—Sir H. Wotton.

Ambition

Ambition is the mind's immodesty.—Davenant.

Ambition's cradle oftenest is its grave.—Longfellow.

By that sin angels fell.—Shakespeare.

The glorious frailty of the noble mind.—Hoole.

The noblest spirit is most strongly attracted by the love of glory.—Cicero.

Ambition has no rest!—Bulwer-Lytton.

Men would be angels, angels would be gods.—Pope.

The path of glory leads but to the grave.— Gray.

Ambition, like a torrent, never looks back.—Ben Jonson.

Vaulting ambition, which overleaps itself.—Shakespeare.

Ambition is not a vice of little people.—Montaigne.

I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels.
—Shakespeare.

No man is born without ambitious worldly desires.—Carlyle.

All may have, if they dare try, a glorious life or grave.—Herbert.

Ambition is like love, impatient both of delays and rivals.—Denham.

Though ambition in itself is a vice, yet it is often the parent of virtues.—Quintilian.

If you wish to reach the highest, begin at the lowest.—Syrus.

Fatal ambition! say what wondrous charms
Delude mankind to toil for thee in arms?
—Rowe.

Ambition is but the evil shadow of aspiration.—George Macdonald.

You have greatly ventured, but all must do so who would greatly win.—Byron.

When once ambition has passed its natural limits, its progress is boundless.—Seneca.

Nothing is too high for the daring of mortals: we storm heaven itself in our folly.—Horace.

Ambition is like hunger; it obeys no law but its appetite.—H. W. Shaw.

He who surpasses or subdues mankind must look down on the hate of those below.—Byron.

The highest and most lofty trees have the most reason to dread the thunder.—Rollin.

Ambition hath one heel nail'd in hell,
Though she stretch her fingers to touch the heavens. —Lilly.

They that stand high, have many blasts to shake them;
And if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces. —Shakespeare.

Ambition breaks the ties of blood, and forgets the obligations of gratitude.—Sir W. Scott.

Think not ambition wise, because 't is brave.—Sir W. Davenant.

Too low they build who build beneath the stars.—Young.

What is ambition but desire of greatness?
And what is greatness but extent of power?
—Higgons.

Beware ambition; heaven is not reached with pride, but with submission.—Middleton.

Who soars too near the sun, with golden wings, melts them.—Shakespeare.

How like a mounting devil in the heart
Rules the unreined ambition!
—Willis.

Take away ambition and vanity, and where will be your heroes and patriots?—Seneca.

It is the constant fault and inseparable ill quality of ambition never to look behind it.—Seneca.

Ah! curst ambition! to thy lures we owe
All the great ills that mortals bear below.
—Teckell.

Blood only serves to wash Ambition's hands.—Byron.

Remarkable places are like the summits of rocks; eagles and reptiles only can get there.—Madame Necker.

Ambition hath but two steps; the lowest, blood; the highest, envy.—Lilly.

We frequently pass from love to ambition, but one seldom returns from ambition to love.—Rochefoucauld.

——there is a fire and motion of the soul,
But once kindled, quenchless evermore.
—Byron.

Most people would succeed in small things if they were not troubled with great ambitions.—Longfellow.

Proud-crested fiend, the world's worst foe, ambition.—Bloomfield.

Ambition thinks no face so beautiful as that which looks from under a crown.—Sir P. Sidney.

Ambition is the germ from which all growth of nobleness proceeds.—T. D. English.

It is by attempting to reach the top at a single leap that so much misery is produced in the world.—Cobbett.

Ambition often puts men upon doing the meanest offices; so climbing is performed in the same posture with creeping.—Swift.

The tallest trees are most in the power of the winds, and ambitious men of the blasts of fortune.—William Penn.

One may easily enough guard against ambition till five-and-twenty. It is not ambition's day.—Shenstone.

Ambition, like love, can abide no lingering; and ever urgeth on his own successes, hating nothing but what may stop them.—Sir P. Sidney.

Neither love nor ambition, as it has often been shown, can brook a division of its empire in the heart.—Bovee.

It is observed by Cicero, that men of the greatest and most shining parts are most actuated by ambition.—Addison.

The cheat ambition, eager to espouse

dominion, courts it with a lying show, and shines in borrowed pomp to serve a turn.—Jeffrey.

The ambitious deceive themselves when they propose an end to their ambition; for that end, when attained, becomes a means.—Rochefoucauld.

Ambition is an idol, on whose wings great minds are carried only to extreme,—to be sublimely great, or to be nothing.—Southern.

What is ambition? It is a glorious cheat! Angels of light walk not so dazzlingly the sapphire walls of heaven. —Willis.

Our natures are like oil; compound us with anything,
Yet will we strive to swim to the top.
—Beaumont and Fletcher.

Ambition is a lust that's never quenched,
Grows more inflamed, and madder by enjoyment. —Otway.

Ambition has but one reward for all:
A little power, a little transient fame,
A grave to rest in, and a fading name!
—William Winter.

Uncurbed ambition, unresisting sloth,
And base dependence, are the fiends accurst. —Mason.

Ambition sufficiently plagues her proselytes, by keeping themselves always in show, like the statue of a public place.—Montaigne.

In the world there are only two ways of raising one's self, either by one's own industry or by the weakness of others.—Bruyère.

Unruly ambition is deaf, not only to the advice of friends, but to the counsels and monitions of reason itself.—L'Estrange.

To wish is of little account; to succeed you must earnestly desire; and this desire must shorten thy sleep.—Ovid.

When you are aspiring to the highest place, it is honorable to reach the second or even the third rank.—Cicero.

The object of ambition, unlike that of love, never being wholly possessed, ambition is the more durable passion of the two.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Ambition is an idol, on whose wings
Great minds are carried only to extreme;
To be sublimely great or to be nothing.
—Southey.

For my part, I had rather be the first man among these fellows than the second man in Rome.—Cæsar.

Dream after dream ensues,
And still they dream that they shall still succeed,
And still are disappointed. —Cowper.

A slave has but one master; the ambitious man has as many masters as there are persons whose aid may contribute to the advancement of his fortune.—Bruyère.

Like dogs in a wheel, birds in a cage, or squirrels in a chain, ambitious men still climb and climb, with great labor, and incessant anxiety, but never reach the top.—Burton.

Be always displeased at what thou art, if thou desire to attain to what thou art not: for where thou hast pleased thyself, there thou abidest.—Quarles.

Every one has before his eyes an end which he pursues till death; but for many that end is a feather which they blow before them in the air.—Nicoll.

Ambition is a rebel both to the soul and reason, and enforces all laws, all conscience; treads upon religion, and offers violence to nature's self.—Ben Jonson.

But what will not ambition and revenge
Descend to? who aspires must down as low
As high he soar'd, obnoxious first or last
To basest things. —Milton.

There is a native baseness in the ambition which seeks beyond its desert, that never shows more conspicuously than when, no matter how, it temporarily gains its object.—Simms.

The modesty of certain ambitious persons consists in becoming great without making too much noise; it may be said that they advance in the world on tiptoe.—Voltaire.

Wisdom is corrupted by ambition, even when the quality of the ambition is intellectual. For ambition, even of this quality, is but a form of self-love. —Henry Taylor.

I begin where most people end, with a full conviction of the emptiness of all sorts of ambition, and the unsatisfactory nature of all human pleasures. —Pope.

Ambition's like a circle on the water,
Which never ceases to enlarge itself,
'Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought. —Shakespeare.

Talents angel-bright,
If wanting worth are shining instruments
In false ambition's hand, to finish faults
Illustrious, and give infamy renown.
—Young.

We should be careful to deserve a good reputation by doing well; and when that care is once taken, not to be over anxious about the success.—Rochester.

O cursed ambition, thou devouring bird,
How dost thou from the field of honesty
Pick every grain of profit or delight,
And mock the reaper's toil! —Havard

All my ambition is, I own,
To profit and to please unknown;
Like streams supplied from springs below,
Which scatter blessings as they go.
—Dr. Cotton.

If love and ambition should be in equal balance, and come to jostle with equal force, I make no doubt but that the last would win the prize.—Montaigne.

Where ambition can be so happy as to cover its enterprises even to the person himself, under the appearance of principle, it is the most incurable and inflexible of all human passions.—Hume.

Most natures are insolvent; cannot satisfy their own wants, have an ambition out of all proportion to their practical force, and so do lean and beg day and night continually.—Emerson.

Ambition! deadly tyrant! inexorable master! what alarms, what anxious hours, what agonies of heart, are the sure portion of thy gaudy slaves?—Mallet.

A hop and skip shall raise the son of a cobbler, well underlaid with pieces, to the government of a prince, till overmuch ambitious cutting wears him to his last.—Nabbes.

It is not for man to rest in absolute contentment. He is born to hopes and aspirations, as the sparks fly upward, unless he has brutified his nature, and quenched the spirit of immortality, which is his portion.—Southey.

Ambition makes the same mistake concerning power that avarice makes concerning wealth. She begins by accumulating power as a mean to happiness, and she finishes by continuing to accumulate it as an end.—Colton.

Moderation cannot have the credit of combating and subduing ambition,—they are never found together. Moderation is the languor and indolence of the soul, as ambition is its activity and ardor.—Rochefoucauld.

Ambition is but avarice on stilts, and masked. God sometimes sends a famine, sometimes a pestilence, and sometimes a hero, for the chastisement of mankind; none of them surely for our admiration.—Landor.

Who knows but He, whose hand the lightning forms,
Who heaves old ocean, and who wings the storms,
Pours fierce ambition in a Cæsar's mind.
—Pope.

Dreams, indeed, are ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream. And I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.—Shakespeare.

Ambition is like choler, which is a

humor that maketh men active, earnest, full of alacrity, and stirring, if it be not stopped, but if it be stopped, and cannot have its way, it becometh fiery, and thereby malign and venomous.—Bacon.

We should reflect that whatever tempts the pride and vanity of ambitious persons is not so big as the smallest star which we see scattered in disorder and unregarded on the pavement of heaven.—Jeremy Taylor.

Ambition is a spirit in the world
That causes all the ebbs and flows of nations,
Keeps mankind sweet by action; without that,
The world would be a filthy, settled mud.
—Crown.

Aspiring to nothing but humility, the wise man will make it the height of his ambition to be unambitious. As he cannot effect all that he wishes, he will only wish for that which he can effect.—Chatfield.

Ambition is to the mind what the cap is to the falcon; it blinds us first, and then compels us to tower, by reason of our blindness. But alas! when we are at the summit of a vain ambition, we are also at the depth of misery.—Colton.

Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk! when that this body did contain a spirit, a kingdom for it was too small a bound; but now, two paces of the vilest earth is room enough.—Shakespeare.

When ambitious men find an open passage, they are rather busy than dangerous; and if well watched in their proceedings, they will catch themselves in their own snare, and prepare a way for their own destruction.—Quarles.

If not for that of conscience, yet at least for ambition's sake, let us reject ambition, let us disdain that thirst of honor and renown, so low and mendicant, that it makes us beg it of all sorts of people.—Montaigne.

Nothing can be more destructive to ambition, and the passion for conquest, than the true system of astronomy. What a poor thing is even the whole globe in comparison of the infinite extent of nature!—Fontenelle.

Don Quixote thought he could have made beautiful bird-cages and toothpicks if his brain had not been so full of ideas of chivalry. Most people would succeed in small things if they were not troubled with great ambitions.—Longfellow.

Be not with honor's gilded baits beguil'd,
Nor think ambition wise, because 'tis brave;
For though we like it, as a forward child,
'Tis so unsound, her cradle is the grave.
—Davenant.

Ambition's monstrous stomach does increase
By eating, and it fears to starve, unless
It still may feed, and all it sees devour;
Ambition is not tir'd with toil nor cloy'd with power.
—Davenant.

Oh, sons of earth! attempt ye still to rise,
By mountains pil'd on mountains to the skies?
Heav'n still with laughter the vain toil surveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.
—Pope.

Ambition is a gilded misery, a secret poison, a hidden plague, the engineer of deceit, the mother of hypocrisy, the parent of envy, the original of vices, the moth of holiness, the blinder of hearts, turning medicines into maladies, and remedies into diseases.—Thomas Brooks.

Hard, withering toil only can achieve a name; and long days and months and years must be passed in the chase of that bubble, reputation, which, when once grasped, breaks in your eager clutch into a hundred lesser bubbles, that soar above you still.—Mitchell.

Ambition is frequently the only refuge which life has left to the denied or mortified affections. We chide at the grasping eye, the daring wing, the soul that seems to thirst for sovereignty only, and know not that the flight of this ambitious bird has been

from a bosom or home that is filled with ashes.—Simms.

We must distinguish between felicity and prosperity; for prosperity leads often to ambition, and ambition to disappointment; the course is then over, the wheel turns round but once, while the reaction of goodness and happiness is perpetual.—Landor.

What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown?
What but the glaring meteor of ambition,
That leads the wretch benighted in his errors,
Points to the gulf and shines upon destruction. —Brooke.

Ambition is torment enough for an enemy; for it affords as much discontentment in enjoying as in want, making men like poisoned rats, which, when they have tasted of their bane, cannot rest till they drink, and then can much less rest till they die.—Bishop Hall.

Ambition becomes displeasing when it is once satiated; there is a reaction; and as our spirit, till our last sigh, is always aiming toward some object, it falls back on itself, having nothing else on which to rest; and having reached the summit, it longs to descend.—Corneille.

To be ambitious of true honor, of the true glory and perfection of our natures, is the very principle and incentive of virtue; but to be ambitious of titles, of place, of ceremonial respects and civil pageantry, is as vain and little as the things are which we court.—Sir. P. Sidney.

Lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
And when he once obtains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend. —Shakespeare.

Lives there the man with soul so dead as to disown the wish to merit the people's applause, and having uttered words worthy to be kept by cedar oil to latest times, to leave behind him rhymes that dread neither herrings nor frankincense.—Persius.

A noble man compares and estimates himself by an idea which is higher than himself, and a mean man by one which is lower than himself. The one produces aspiration; the other, ambition. Ambition is the way in which a vulgar man aspires.—Beecher.

Ambition, that high and glorious passion, which makes such havoc among the sons of men, arises from a proud desire of honor and distinction; and when the splendid trappings in which it is usually caparisoned are removed, will be found to consist of the mean materials of envy, pride, and covetousness.—Burton.

It is the nature of ambition to make men liars and cheats, and hide the truth in their breasts, and show, like jugglers, another thing in their mouths; to cut all friendships and enmities to the measure of their interest, and to make a good countenance without the help of a good will.—Sallust.

If at great things thou would'st arrive,
Get riches first, get wealth, and treasure heap,
Not difficult, if thou hearken to me;
Riches are mine, fortune is in my hand,
They whom I favor thrive in wealth amain,
While virtue, valor, wisdom, sit in want.
—Milton.

The man who seeks one thing in life, and but one,
May hope to achieve it before life be done;
But he who seeks all things, wherever he goes,
Only reaps from the hopes which around him he sows
A harvest of barren regrets.
—Owen Meredith.

Man was mark'd
A friend in his creation to himself,
And may, with fit ambition, conceive
The greatest blessings, and the highest honors
Appointed for him, if he can achieve them
The right and noble way. —Massinger.

If we look abroad upon the great multitude of mankind, and endeavor to trace out the principles of action in every individual, it will, I think, seem

highly probable that ambition runs through the whole species, and that every man, in proportion to the vigor of his complexion, is more or less actuated by it.—Thomas Hughes.

Those that were up themselves, kept others low;
Those that were low themselves, held others hard;
He suffered them to ryse or greater grow;
But every one did strive his fellow down to throw. —Spenser.

I am as one
Who doth attempt some lofty mountain's height,
And having gained what to the upcast eye
The summit's point appear'd, astonish'd sees
Its cloudy top, majestic and enlarged,
Towering aloft, as distant as before.
—Joanna Baillie.

Say what we will, you may be sure that ambition is an error; its wear and tear of heart are never recompensed —it steals away the freshness of life,—it deadens its vivid and social enjoyments,—it shuts our souls to our own youth,—and we are old ere we remember that we have made a fever and a labor of our raciest years.—Bulwer-Lytton.

There is no greater unreasonableness in the world than in the designs of ambition; for it makes the present certainly miserable, unsatisfactory, troublesome, and discontented, for the uncertain acquisition of an honor which nothing can secure; and, besides a thousand possibilities of miscarrying, it relies upon no greater certainty than our life; and when we are dead all the world sees who was the fool. —Jeremy Taylor.

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man. To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost.
—Shakespeare.

It is a true observation of ancient writers, that as men are apt to be cast down by adversity, so they are easily satiated with prosperity, and that joy and grief produce the same effects. For whenever men are not obliged by necessity to fight they fight from ambition, which is so powerful a passion in the human breast that however high we reach we are never satisfied.—Machiavelli.

The cheat ambition, eager to espouse
Dominion, courts it with a lying show,
And shines in borrow'd pomp to serve a turn;
But the match made, the farce is at an end;
And all the hireling equipage of virtues,
Faith, honor, justice, gratitude and friendship,
Discharg'd at once. —Jeffreys.

The wondrous architecture of the world,
And measure every wandering planet's course,
Still climbing after knowledge infinite,
And always moving as the restless spheres,
Will us to wear ourselves, and never rest
Until we reach the ripest fruit of all,
That perfect bliss and sole felicity,
The sweet fruition of a heavenly crown.
—Marlowe.

The shadow, wheresoever it passes, leaves no track behind it; and of the greatest personages of the world, when they are once dead, then there remains no more than if they had never lived. How many preceding emperors of the Assyrian monarchy were lords of the world as well as Alexander! and now we remain not only ignorant of their monuments, but know not so much as their names. And of the same great Alexander, what have we at this day except the vain noise of his fame?—Jeremy Taylor.

On the summit see,
The seals of office glitter in his eyes;
He climbs, he pants, he grasps them! At his heels,
Close at his heels, a demagogue ascends,
And with a dexterous jerk soon twists him down,
And wins them, but to lose them in his turn.
—Cowper.

Ambition is, of all other, the most contrary humor to solitude; and glory and repose are so inconsistent that they cannot possibly inhabit one and the same place; and for so much as I understand, those have only their arms and legs disengaged from the crowd,

their mind and intention remain engaged behind more than ever.—Montaigne.

There is a kind of grandeur and respect which the meanest and most insignificant part of mankind endeavor to procure in the little circle of their friends and acquaintance. The poorest mechanic, nay, the man who lives upon common alms, gets him his set of admirers, and delights in that superiority which he enjoys over those who are in some respects beneath him. This ambition, which is natural to the soul of man, might, methinks, receive a very happy turn; and, if it were rightly directed, contribute as much to a person's advantage, as it generally does to his uneasiness and disquiet.—Addison.

This raging, vehement desire,
Of sovereignty no satisfaction finds;
But in the breasts of men doth ever roll
The restless stone of Sisyph, to torment them,
And as his heart, who stole the heav'nly fire,
The vulture gnaws, so doth that monster rent them;
Had they the world, the world would not content them. —Earl of Sterling.

America

Child of the earth's old age.—Miss Langdon.

The home of the homeless all over the earth.—Street.

America, — half-brother of the world!—Bailey.

America is rising with a giant's strength. Its bones are yet but cartilages.—Fisher Ames.

I was born an American; I live an American; I shall die an American.—Daniel Webster.

America is a fortunate country. She grows by the follies of our European nations.—Napoleon.

Sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great.
—Longfellow.

The enterprise of America precedes that of Europe, as the industry of England precedes that of the rest of Europe.—Beaconsfield.

America has begun her career at the culminating point of life, as Adam did at the age of thirty.—Mme. Swetchine.

Earth's biggest country's gut her soul
An' risen up earth's greatest nation.
—Lowell.

Down to the Plymouth Rock, that had been to their feet as a doorstep
Into a world unknown—the corner-stone of a nation! —Longfellow.

America has furnished to the world the character of Washington! And if our American institutions had done nothing else, that alone would have entitled them to the respect of mankind.—Daniel Webster.

Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world and the child of the skies!
Thy genius commands thee; with rapture behold,
While ages on ages thy splendors unfold.
—Timothy Dwight.

England, our mother's mother! Come and see
A greater England here! O come and be
At home with us, your children, for there runs
The same blood in our veins as in your sons;
The same deep-seated love of liberty
Beats in our hearts. We speak the same good tongue;
Familiar with all songs your bards have sung,
Those large men, Milton, Shakespeare, both are ours. —Stoddard.

Cease to brag to me of America, and its model institutions and constitutions. America, too, will have to strain its energies, crack its sinews, and all but break its heart, as the rest of us have had to do, in thousand-fold wrestle with the Pythons and mud-demons, before it can become a habitation for the gods.—Carlyle.

Young man, there is America—which at this day serves for little more than to amuse you with stories of savage men and uncouth manners; yet

shall, before you taste of death, show itself equal to the whole of that commerce which now attracts the envy of the world.—Burke.

Lo! body and soul!—this land!
Mighty Manhattan, with spires, and
The sparkling and hurrying tides, and the ships;
The varied and ample land—the South
And the North in the light—Ohio's shores, and flashing Missouri,
And ever the far-spreading prairies, covered with grass and corn.
—Walt Whitman.

Our country, whether bounded by the St. John's and the Sabine, or however otherwise bounded or described, and be the measurement more or less, —still our country, to be cherished in all our hearts, to be defended by all our hands.—Robert C. Winthrop.

Amiability

Amiability shines by its own light. —Horace.

Amiability is the redeeming quality of fools.—Miss Braddon.

How easy it is to be amiable in the midst of happiness and success!—Madame Swetchine.

We ought to regard amiability as the quality of woman, dignity that of man.—Cicero.

Amiability is very often a weakness, but the most unobjectionable one as a rule.—Lady Morgan.

Amiable people, while they are more liable to imposition in casual contact with the world, yet radiate so much of mental sunshine that they are reflected in all appreciative hearts.—Madame Deluzy.

That constant desire of pleasing, which is the peculiar quality of some, may be called the happiest of all desires in this, that it scarcely ever fails of attaining its ends, when not disgraced by affectation.—Fielding.

The amiable is a duty most certainly, but must not be exercised at the expense of any of the virtues. He who seeks to do the amiable always, can only be successful at the frequent expense of his manhood.—Simms.

Amnesty

Amnesty, that noble word, the genuine dictate of wisdom.—Æschines.

Amusement

No man is a hypocrite in his pleasures.—Dr. Johnson.

Encourage innocent amusement.—Addison.

The real character of a man is found out by his amusements.—Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Pastime passing excellent, if it be husbanded with modesty. — Shakespeare.

Amusement, to an observing mind, is study.—Beaconsfield.

A clear fire, a clean hearth, and the rigor of the game.—Lamb.

I am a great friend to public amusements; for they keep people from vice.—Samuel Johnson.

There is no such sport as sport by sport o'erthrown.—Shakespeare.

Any pleasure which takes and keeps the heart from God is sinful, and unless forsaken, will be fatal to the soul. —Richard Fuller.

Recreation is not the highest kind of enjoyment; but in its time and place it is quite as proper as prayer.—S. Irenæus Prime.

Cards were at first for benefits designed,
Sent to amuse, not to enslave the mind.
—Garrick.

People should be guarded against temptation to unlawful pleasures by furnishing them means of innocent ones.—Channing.

The mind ought sometimes to be amused, that it may the better return to thought, and to itself.—Phædrus.

Amusement allures and deceives us, and leads us down imperceptibly in thoughtlessness to the grave.—Pascal.

You can't live on amusement. It is the froth on water,—an inch deep, and then the mud!—George Macdonald.

When I play with my cat, who knows whether I do not make her more sport than she makes me?—Montaigne.

With spots quadrangular of diamond form,
Ensanguined hearts, clubs typical of strife,
And spades, the emblems of untimely graves.
—Cowper.

They are to religion like breezes of air to the flame,—gentle ones will fan it, but strong ones will put it out.—Rev. Dr. Thomas.

By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd,
The sports of children satisfy the child.
—Goldsmith.

So good things may be abused, and that which was first invented to refresh men's weary spirits.—Burton.

If those who are the enemies of innocent amusements had the direction of the world, they would take away the spring, and youth, the former from the year, the latter from human life.—Balzac.

The Eastern monarch who proclaimed a reward to him who should discover a new pleasure, would have deserved well of mankind had he stipulated that it should be blameless.—Whately.

Locke, whom there is no reason to suspect of being a favorer of idleness or libertinism, has advanced that whoever hopes to employ any part of his time with efficacy and vigor must allow some of it to pass in trifles.—Dr. Johnson.

We have all our playthings. Happy are they who are contented with those they can obtain; those hours are spent in the wisest manner that can easiest shade the ills of life, and are the least productive of ill consequences.—Lady Montagu.

Hail, blest Confusion! here are met
All tongues, and times, and faces;
The Lancers flirt with Juliet,
The Brahmin talks of races.
—Praed.

It is exceedingly deleterious to withdraw the sanction of religion from amusement. If we feel that it is all injurious we should strip the earth of its flowers and blot out its pleasant sunshine.—Chapin.

Let the world have their Maygames, wakes, whetsunales, their dancings and concerts; their puppet-shows, hobby horses, tabors, bagpipes, balls, barley-breaks, and whatever sports and recreations please them best, provided they be followed with discretion.—Burton.

To find recreation in amusements is not happiness; for this joy springs from alien and extrinsic sources, and is therefore dependent upon and subject to interruption by a thousand accidents, which may minister inevitable affliction.—Pascal.

The habit of dissipating every serious thought by a succession of agreeable sensations is as fatal to happiness as to virtue; for when amusement is uniformly substituted for objects of moral and mental interest, we lose all that elevates our enjoyments above the scale of childish pleasures.—Anna Maria Porter.

Whatever amuses, serves to kill time, to lull the faculties, and to banish reflection. Whatever entertains, usually awakens the understanding or gratifies the fancy. Whatever diverts, is lively in its nature, and sometimes tumultuous in its effects.—Crabbe.

Analogy

The instincts of the ant are very unimportant, considered as the ant's; but the moment a ray of relation is seen to extend from it to man, and the little drudge is seen to be a monitor, a little body with a mighty heart, then all its

habits, even that said to be recently observed, that it never sleeps, become sublime.—Emerson.

Anarchy

In a state of anarchy power is the measure of right.—Lucan.

Anarchy is the sure consequence of tyranny; for no power that is not limited by laws can ever be protected by them.—Milton.

The choking, sweltering, deadly, and killing rule of no rule; the consecration of cupidity and braying of folly, and dim stupidity and baseness, in most of the affairs of men. Slopshirts attainable three-halfpence cheaper by the ruin of living bodies and immortal souls.—Carlyle.

Bad as any government may be, it is seldom worse than anarchy.—Æsop.

Anatomy

It is shameful for man to rest in ignorance of the structure of his own body, especially when the knowledge of it mainly conduces to his welfare, and directs his application of his own powers.—Melancthon.

Ancestry

By blood a king, in heart a clown.—Tennyson.

Breed is stronger than pasture.—George Eliot.

Some men by ancestry are only the shadow of a mighty name.—Lucan.

He who boasts of his lineage boasts of that which does not properly belong to him.—Seneca.

Whoever serves his country well has no need of ancestors.—Voltaire.

I am no herald to inquire of men's pedigrees; it sufficeth me if I know their virtues.—Sir P. Sidney.

Pride, in boasting of family antiquity, makes duration stand for merit.—Zimmermann.

People will not look forward to posterity, who never look backward to their ancestors.—Burke.

He who boasts of his descent, praises the deeds of another.—Seneca.

What is birth to a man if it shall be a stain to his dead ancestors to have left such an offspring?—Sir P. Sidney.

It is, indeed, a blessing, when the virtues of noble races are hereditary; and do derive themselves from the imitation of virtuous ancestors.—Nabb.

Philosophy does not regard pedigree; she did not receive Plato as a noble, but she made him so.—Seneca.

It is of no consequence of what parents any man is born, so that he be a man of merit.—Horace.

The man who has nothing to boast of but his illustrious ancestry is like a potato,—the only good belonging to him is underground.—Sir Thomas Overbury.

Great families of yesterday we show,
And lords whose parents were the Lord knows who. —Daniel De Foe.

From yon blue heaven above us bent, the grand old gardener and his wife smile at the claims of long descent.—Tennyson.

Our ancestors are very good kind of folks; but they are the last people I should choose to have a visiting acquaintance with.—Sheridan.

What can they see in the longest kingly line in Europe, save that it runs back to a successful soldier?—Walter Scott.

When real nobleness accompanies that imaginary one of birth, the imaginary seems to mix with real, and becomes real too.—Lord Greville.

It is better to be the builder of our own name than to be indebted by descent for the proudest gifts known to the books of heraldry.—Hosea Ballou

He that boasts of his ancestors, the founders and raisers of a family, doth confess that he hath less virtue.—Jeremy Taylor.

The pride of ancestry is a superstructure of the most imposing height, but resting on the most flimsy foundation.—Colton.

They that on glorious ancestors enlarge,
Produce their debt, instead of their discharge. —Young.

Pedigrees seldom improve by age; the grandson is too often a weak infringement on the grandsire's patent. —H. W. Shaw.

If it is fortunate to be of noble ancestry, it is not less so to be such as that people do not care to be informed whether you are noble or ignoble.—Bruyère.

It is a shame for a man to desire honor because of his noble progenitors, and not to deserve it by his own virtue.—St. Chrysostom.

Nobility of birth is like a cipher; it has no power in itself, like wealth or talent; but it tells with all the power of a cipher when added to either of the other two.—J. F. Boyes.

We are very fond of some families because they can be traced beyond the Conquest, whereas indeed the farther back, the worse, as being the nearer allied to a race of robbers and thieves. —De Foe.

The happiest lot for a man as far as birth is concerned, is that it should be such as to give him but little occasion to think much about it.—Whately.

I am one who finds within me a nobility that spurns the idle pratings of the great, and their mean boasts of what their fathers were, while they themselves are fools effeminate.—Percival.

Birth and ancestry, and that which we have not ourselves achieved, we can scarcely call our own.—Ovid.

Some decent, regulated pre-eminence, some preference (not exclusive appropriation) given to birth, is neither unnatural nor unjust nor impolitic.—Burke.

Those who depend on the merits of their ancestors may be said to search in the roots of the tree for those fruits which the branches ought to produce. —Barrow.

He that to ancient wreaths can bring no more
From his own worth, dies bankrupt on the score. —Cleveland.

I have no urns, no dusty monuments;
No broken images of ancestors,
Wanting an ear, or nose; no forged tales
Of long descents, to boast false honors from.
—Ben Jonson.

It is a revered thing to see an ancient castle not in decay; how much more to behold an ancient family which have stood against the waves and weathers of time!—Bacon.

High birth is a thing which I never knew any one to disparage except those who had it not; and I never knew any one to make a boast of it who had anything else to be proud of.—Bishop Warburton.

The origin of all mankind was the same; it is only a clear and good conscience that makes a man noble, for that is derived from heaven itself.—Seneca.

I make little account of genealogical trees. Mere family never made a man great. Thought and deed, not pedigree, are the passports to enduring fate.—General Skobeleff.

It has long seemed to me that it would be more honorable to our ancestors to praise them in words less, but in deeds to imitate them more.—Horace Mann.

Title and ancestry render a good man more illustrious, but an ill one more contemptible. Vice is infamous, though in a prince, and virtue honorable, though in a peasant.—Addison.

Pride of origin, whether high or low, springs from the same principle in human nature; one is but the positive, the other the negative, pole of a single weakness.—Lowell.

People who take no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered with pride by remote descendants.—Macaulay.

The nobility of the Spencers has been illustrated and enriched by the trophies of Marlborough; but I exhort them to consider the "Faerie Queene," as the most priceless jewel of their coronet.—Gibbon.

It is with antiquity as with ancestry, nations are proud of the one, and individuals of the other; but if they are nothing in themselves, that which is their pride ought to be their humiliation.—Colton.

Of all vanities of fopperies, the vanity of high birth is the greatest. True nobility is derived from virtue, not from birth. Titles, indeed, may be purchased, but virtue is the only coin that makes the bargain valid.—Burton.

The generality of princes, if they were stripped of their purple and cast naked on the world, would immediately sink to the lowest rank of society, without a hope of emerging from their obscurity.—Gibbon.

The glory of ancestors sheds a light around posterity; it allows neither their good nor bad qualities to remain in obscurity.—Sallust.

Let him speak of his own deeds, and not of those of his forefathers. High birth is mere accident, and not virtue; for if reason had controlled birth, and given empire only to the worthy, perhaps Arbaces would have been Xerxes, and Xerxes Arbaces.—Metastasio.

Those who have nothing else to recommend them to the respect of others but only their blood, cry it up at a great rate, and have their mouths perpetually full of it. They swell and vapor, and you are sure to hear of their families and relations every third word.—Charron.

Being well satisfied that, for a man who thinks himself to be somebody, there is nothing more disgraceful than to hold himself up as honored, not on his own account, but for the sake of his forefathers. Yet hereditary honors are a noble and splendid treasure to descendants.—Plato.

He that boasts of his ancestors confesses that he has no virtue of his own. No person ever lived for our honor; nor ought that to be reputed ours, which was long before we had a being; for what advantage can it be to a blind man to know that his parents had good eyes? Does he see one whit the better?—Charron.

Though you be sprung in direct line from Hercules, if you show a low-born meanness, that long succession of ancestors whom you disgrace are so many witnesses against you; and this grand display of their tarnished glory but serves to make your ignominy more evident.—Boileau.

In the founders of great families, titles or attributes of honor are generally correspondent with the virtues of the person to whom they are applied; but in their descendants they are too often the marks rather of grandeur than of merit. The stamp and denomination still continue, but the intrinsic value is frequently lost. —Addison.

The character of the reputed ancestors of some men has made it possible for their descendants to be vicious in the extreme, without being degenerate; and there are some hereditary strokes of character by which a family may be as clearly distinguished as by the blackest features of the human face.—Junius.

It is only shallow-minded pretenders who either make distinguished origin a matter of personal merit, or obscure origin a matter of personal reproach. Taunt and scoffing at the humble condition of early life affect nobody in

America but those who are foolish enough to indulge in them, and they are generally sufficiently punished by the published rebuke. A man who is not ashamed of himself need not be ashamed of his early condition.—Daniel Webster.

It was the saying of a great man, that if we could trace our descents, we should find all slaves to come from princes, and all princes from slaves; and fortune has turned all things topsy-turvy in a long series of revolutions; beside, for a man to spend his life in pursuit of a title, that serves only when he dies to furnish out an epitaph, is below a wise man's business.—Seneca.

Take the title of nobility which thou hast received by birth, but endeavor to add to it another, that both may form a true nobility. There is between the nobility of thy father and thine own the same difference which exists between the nourishment of the evening and of the morrow. The food of yesterday will not serve three for to-day, and will not give thee strength for the next.—Jamakchari.

There may be, and there often is, indeed, a regard for ancestry which nourishes only a weak pride; as there is also a care for posterity, which only disguises an habitual avarice, or hides the workings of a low and groveling vanity. But there is also a moral and philosophical respect for our ancestors, which elevates the character and improves the heart.—Daniel Webster.

If there be no nobility of descent, all the more indispensable is it that there should be nobility of ascent,—a character in them that bear rule so fine and high and pure that as men come within the circle of its influence they involuntarily pay homage to that which is the one pre-eminent distinction,—the royalty of virtue.—Bishop Henry C. Potter.

The pride of ancestry is a superstructure of the most imposing height, but resting on the most flimsy foundation. It is ridiculous enough to observe the hauteur with which the old nobility look down on the new. The reason of this puzzled me a little, until I began to reflect that most titles are respectable only because they are old; if new, they would be despised, because all those who now admire the grandeur of the stream would see nothing but the impurity of the source.—Colton.

No man is nobler born than another, unless he is born with better abilities and a more amiable disposition. They who make such a parade with their family pictures and pedigrees, are, properly speaking, rather to be called noted or notorious than noble persons. I thought it right to say this much, in order to repel the insolence of men who depend entirely upon chance and accidental circumstances for distinction, and not at all on public services and personal merit.—Seneca.

The power of perpetuating our property in our families is one of the most valuable and interesting circumstances belonging to it, and that which tends the most to the perpetuation of society itself. It makes our weakness subservient to our virtue; it grafts benevolence even upon avarice. The possession of family wealth and of the distinction which attends hereditary possessions (as most concerned in it), are the natural securities for this transmission.—Burke.

We sometimes see a change of expression in our companion, and say, his father or his mother comes to the windows of his eyes, and sometimes a remote relative. In different hours, a man represents each of several of his ancestors, as if there were seven or eight of us rolled up in each man's skin,—seven or eight ancestors at least,—and they constitute the variety of notes for that new piece of music which his life is.—Emerson.

Ancients

We derive all that is pardonable in us from ancient fountains.—Dryden.

The sages of old live again in us, and

in opinions there is a metempsychosis. —Glanvill.

The moderns cannot reach their beauties, but can avoid their imperfections.—Addison.

Those whom we call the ancients were in truth novices in all things, and properly constituted the infancy of mankind.—Prescott.

In taste and imagination, in the graces of style, in the arts of persuasion, in the magnificence of public works, the ancients were at least our equals.—Macaulay.

They left a great deal for the industry and sagacity of after ages.—Locke.

Anemone

Anemone, so well
Named of the wind, to which thou art all free. —George MacDonald.

From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,
Anemones, auriculas, enriched
With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves. —Thomson.

Anemones and seas of gold,
And new-blown lilies of the river,
And those sweet flow'rets that unfold
Their buds on Camadera's quiver.
—Moore.

Thy subtle charm is strangely given,
My fancy will not let thee be—
Then poise not thus 'twixt earth and heaven,
O white anemone! —Elaine Goodale.

Within the woods,
Whose young and half transparent leaves scarce cast
A shade, gray circles of anemones
Danced on their stalks. —Bryant.

Angels

Angels and ministers of grace defend us!—Shakespeare.

Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.—Pope.

Like angel visits, few and far between.—Campbell.

We are never like angels till our passion dies.—Thomas Decker.

And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!—Shakespeare.

Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell.—Shakespeare.

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth unseen, both when we sleep and when we wake.—Milton.

Angels boast ethereal vigor, and are formed from seeds of heavenly birth. —Virgil.

White wing'd angels meet the child
On the vestibule of life.
—Mrs. E. Oakes Smith.

Angels contented with their face in heaven.
Seek not the praise of men. —Milton.

A guardian angel o'er his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasures, and his cares dividing. —Samuel Rogers.

So dear to heaven is saintly chastity,
That when a soul is found sincerely so
A thousand liveried angels lackey her.
—Milton.

If you woo the company of the angels in your waking hours, they will be sure to come to you in your sleep. —G. D. Prentice.

We cannot let our angels go; we do not see that they only go out that archangels may come in.—Emerson.

The helmed Cherubim,
And sworded Seraphim,
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd. —Milton.

In this dim world of clouding cares,
We rarely know, till 'wildered eyes
See white wings lessening up the skies,
The angels with us unawares.
—Gerald Massey.

How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence through the empty-vaulted night,
At every fall smoothing the raven down
Of darkness till it smiled! —Milton.

The angels may have wider spheres of action, may have nobler forms of duty; but right with them and with us is one and the same thing.—Chapin.

The guardian angel of life sometimes flies so high that man cannot see

it; but he always is looking down upon us, and will soon hover nearer to us. —Richter.

O, though oft oppressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died!
—Longfellow.

Sweet souls around us watch us still,
Press nearer to our side;
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
With gentle helpings glide.
—Harriet Beecher Stowe.

For God will deign
To visit oft the dwellings of just men
Delighted, and with frequent intercourse
Thither will send his winged messengers
On errands of supernal grace. —Milton.

But all God's angels come to us disguised:
Sorrow and sickness, poverty and death,
One after other lift their frowning masks,
And we behold the Seraph's face beneath,
All radiant with the glory and the calm
Of having looked upon the front of God.
—Lowell.

Around our pillows golden ladders rise,
And up and down the skies,
With winged sandals shod,
The angels come, and go, the messengers of God!
Nor, though they fade from us, do they depart—
It is the childly heart:
We walk as heretofore,
Adown their shining ranks, but see them nevermore. —R. H. Stoddard.

Compare a Solomon, an Aristotle, or an Archimedes, to a child that newly begins to speak, and they do not more transcend such a one than the angelical understanding exceeds theirs, even in its most sublime improvements and acquisitions.—South.

Man hath two attendant angels,
Ever waiting by his side,
With him wheresoe'er he wanders,
Wheresoe'er his feet abide;
One to warn him when he darkleth,
And rebuke him if he stray;
One to leave him to his nature,
And so let him go his way.
—Prince.

The accusing spirit, which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in; and the recording angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word and blotted it out forever.—Sterne.

There are two angels that attend unseen
Each one of us, and in great books record
Our good and evil deeds. He who writes down
The good ones, after every action closes
His volume, and ascends with it to God.
The other keeps his dreadful day-book open
Till sunset, that we may repent; which doing,
The record of the action fades away,
And leaves a line of white across the page.
Now if my act be good, as I believe it,
It cannot be recalled. It is already
Sealed up in heaven, as a good deed accomplished.
The rest is yours. —Longfellow.

Anger

Let not the sun go down upon your wrath.—Bible.

Temperate anger well becomes the wise.—Philemon.

Anger is practical awkwardness.—Colton.

Anger is a short madness.—Horace.

A temperate anger has virtue in it.—Haliburton.

Men in rage strike those that wish them best.—Shakespeare.

Abused patience turns to fury.—Quarles.

Anger manages everything badly.—Stadius.

Never anger made good guard for itself.—Shakespeare.

Anger is self-immolation.—Phillips Brooks.

Keep cool, and you command everybody.—St. Just.

Their rage supplies them with weapons.—Virgil.

Like fragile ice anger passes away in time.—Ovid.

He that will be angry for anything will be angry for nothing.—Sallust.

Nursing her wrath to keep it warm. —Burns.

When anger rushes, unrestrained, to action.—Savage.

He that would be angry and sin not must not be angry with anything but sin.—Secker.

Men often make up in wrath what they want in reason.—W. R. Alger.

People hardly ever do anything in anger, of which they do not repent.—Richardson.

To be in anger is impiety, but who is man that is not angry?—Shakespeare.

Anger is like a ruin, which, in falling upon its victim, breaks itself to pieces.—Seneca.

Whatsoever is worthy of their love is worth their anger.—Sir J. Denham.

There is no affectation in passion, for that putteth a man out of his precepts.—Bacon.

Anger is a transient hatred; or at least very like it.—South.

You may forgive, and so will I; but I will not forget, though I control my anger.—Colton.

Anger begins with folly, and ends with repentance.—Pythagoras.

When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, a hundred.—Jefferson.

Anger is like a full hot horse; who, being allowed his way, self-mettle tires him.—Shakespeare.

Anger is like rain which breaks itself whereon it falls.—Seneca.

And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain.
—Coleridge.

An angry woman is vindictive beyond measure, and hesitates at nothing in her bitterness.—J. Petit-Senn.

Anger causes us often to condemn in one what we approve of in another.—Pasquier Quesnel.

Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself
And so shall starve with feeding.
—Shakespeare.

When a man is wrong and won't admit it, he always gets angry.—Haliburton.

He is a fool who cannot be angry; but he is a wise man who will not.—Seneca.

He best keeps from anger who remembers that God is always looking upon him.—Plato.

A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.—Shakespeare.

Heaven hath no rage like love to hatred turned, nor hell a fury like a woman scorned.—Congreve.

To be angry, is to revenge the fault of others upon ourselves.—Pope.

An angry man opens his mouth and shuts up his eyes.—Cato.

To abandon yourself to rage is often to bring upon yourself the fault of another.—Agapet.

To rule one's anger is well; to prevent it is better.—Edwards.

When anger rises, think of the consequences.—Confucius.

Violence in the voice is often only the death-rattle of reason in the throat.—J. F. Boyes.

Anger is one of the sinews of the soul.—Fuller.

The angriest person in a controversy is the one most liable to be in the wrong.—Tillotson.

Anger is not only the prevailing sin of argument, but its greatest stumbling-block.—Gladstone.

Anger has some claim to indulgence, and railing is usually a relief to the mind.—Junius.

An angry man is again angry with himself when he returns to reason.—Publius Syrus.

When one is in a good sound rage, it is astonishing how calm one can be. —Bulwer-Lytton.

It is he who is in the wrong who first gets angry.—William Penn.

A fit of anger is as fatal to dignity as a dose of arsenic is to life.—J. G. Holland.

A man deep-wounded may feel too much pain to feel much anger.—George Eliot.

Anger is blood, poured and perplexed into froth; but malice is the wisdom of our wrath.—Sir W. Davenant.

What most increases anger is the feeling that one is in the wrong.—Richter.

Anger turns the mind out of doors and bolts the entrance.—Plutarch.

Weak men are easily put out of humor. Oil freezes quicker than water.—Auerbach.

A woman moved is like a fountain troubled, muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty.—Shakespeare.

Convulsive anger storms at large; or pale
And silent, settles into full revenge.
—Thomson.

He submits himself to be seen through a microscope, who suffers himself to be caught in a fit of passion.—Lavater.

Our passions are like convulsion fits, which make us stronger for the time, but leave us weaker forever after.—Dean Swift.

The proud man hath no God; the envious man hath no neighbor; the angry man hath not himself.—Bishop Hall.

Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great. Oh! I could hew up rocks, and fight with flint.—Shakespeare.

He that contemns a shrew to the degree of not descending to words with her dŏes worse than beat her.—L'Estrange.

Check and restrain anger. Never make any determination until you find it has entirely subsided.—Lord Collingwood.

If anger is not restrained, it is frequently more hurtful to us, than the injury that provokes it.—Seneca.

The elephant is never won by anger; nor must that man who would reclaim a lion take him by the teeth.—Dryden.

Have you not love enough to bear with me, when that rash humor which my mother gave me makes me forgetful.—Shakespeare.

Lamentation is the only musician that always, like a screech-owl, alights and sits on the roof of any angry man. —Plutarch.

He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city. —Bible.

Anger is a noble infirmity, the generous failing of the just, the one degree that riseth above zeal, asserting the prerogative of virtue.—Tupper.

Anger is uneasiness or discomposure of the mind upon the receipt of any injury, with a present purpose of revenge.—Locke.

Give not reins to your inflamed passions; take time and a little delay; impetuosity manages all things badly. —Statius.

Anger is the most impotent passion that accompanies the mind of man; it effects nothing it goes about; and

hurts the man who is possessed by it more than any other against whom it is directed.—Clarendon.

The most phlegmatic dispositions often contain the most inflammable spirits, as fire is struck from the hardest flints.—Hazlitt.

Anger ventilated often hurries towards forgiveness; anger concealed often hardens into revenge.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler? Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?—Shakespeare.

In the same degree in which a man's mind is nearer to freedom from all passion, in the same degree also is it nearer to strength.—Marcus Antoninus.

Bad temper is its own scourge. Few things are bitterer than to feel bitter. A man's venom poisons himself more than his victim.—Charles Buxton.

My rage is not malicious; like a spark
Of fire by steel inforced out of a flint
It is no sooner kindled, but extinct.
—Goffe.

Anger wishes all mankind had only one neck; love, that it had only one heart; grief, two tear-garlands; pride, two bent knees.—Richter.

If anger proceeds from a great cause, it turns to fury; if from a small cause, it is peevishness; and so is always either terrible or ridiculous. —Jeremy Taylor.

There is not in nature
A thing that makes a man so deform'd, so beastly,
As doth intemperate anger. —Webster.

O that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!
Then with a passion would I shake the world. —Shakespeare.

Those passionate persons who carry their heart in their mouth are rather to be pitied than feared; their threatenings serving no other purpose than to forearm him that is threatened.—Fuller.

I was angry with my friend:
I told my wrath, my wrath did end.
I was angry with my foe;
I told it not, my wrath did grow.
—Wm. Blake.

Anger requires that the offender should not only be made to grieve in his turn, but to grieve for that particular wrong which has been done by him.—Whately.

You are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.—Shakespeare.

An angry man who suppresses his passions thinks worse than he speaks; and an angry man that will chide speaks worse than he thinks.—Bacon.

Anger blows out the lamp of the mind. In the examination of a great and important question, every one should be serene, slow-pulsed, and calm.—R. G. Ingersoll.

When anger rushes unrestrained to action, like a hot steed, it stumbles on its way. The man of thought strikes deepest and strikes safely.—Savage.

To be angry about trifles is mean and childish; to rage and be furious is brutish; and to maintain perpetual wrath is akin to the practice and temper of devils.—Dr. Watts.

Are you angry? Look at the child who has erred, he suspects no trouble, he dreams of no harm; you will borrow something of that innocence, you will feel appeased.—Chateaubriand.

There is no way but to meditate and ruminate well upon the effects of anger,—how it troubles man's life; and the best time to do this is to look back upon anger when the fit is thoroughly over.—Bacon.

The "last word" is the most dangerous of infernal machines; and the husband and wife should no more fight to get it than they would struggle for the

possession of a lighted bomb-shell.—Douglas Jerrold.

The intoxication of anger, like that of the grape, shows us to others, but hides us from ourselves, and we injure our own cause, in the opinion of the world, when we too passionately and eagerly defend it.—Colton.

Angry and choleric men are as ungrateful and unsociable as thunder and lightning, being in themselves all storm and tempest; but quiet and easy natures are like fair weather, welcome to all.—Clarendon

As a conquered rebellion strengthens a government, or as health is more perfectly established by recovery from some diseases; so anger, when removed, often gives new life to affection.—Fielding.

Anger is like the waves of a troubled sea; when it is corrected with a soft reply, as with a little strand, it retires, and leaves nothing behind but froth and shells,—no permanent mischief.—Jeremy Taylor.

Anger is the most impotent passion that accompanies the mind of man. It effects nothing it goes about; and hurts the man who is possessed by it more than any other against whom it is directed.—Clarendon.

If a man meets with injustice, it is not required that he shall not be roused to meet it; but if he is angry after he has had time to think upon it, that is sinful. The flame is not wrong, but the coals are.—Beecher.

The round of a passionate man's life is in contracting debts in his passion, which his virtue obliges him to pay. He spends his time in outrage and acknowledgment, injury and reparation. —Johnson.

Never forget what a man has said to you when he was angry. If he has charged you with anything, you had better look it up. Anger is a bow that will shoot sometimes where another feeling will not.—Beecher.

Had I a careful and pleasant companion that should show me my angry face in a glass, I should not at all take it ill; to behold man's self so unnaturally disguised and dishonored will conduce not a little to the impeachment of anger.—Plutarch.

Anger and the thirst of revenge are a kind of fever; fighting and lawsuits, bleeding,—at least, an evacuation. The latter occasions a dissipation of money; the former, of those fiery spirits which cause a preternatural fermentation.—Shenstone.

For pale and trembling anger rushes in
With faltering speech, and eyes that wildly stare,
Fierce as the tiger, madder than the seas,
Desperate and armed with more than human strength. —Armstrong.

I never work better than when I am inspired by anger. When I am angry I can write, pray, and preach well; for then my whole temperament is quickened, my understanding sharpened, and all mundane vexations and temptations depart.—Luther.

Anger is implanted in us as sort of sting, to make us gnash with our teeth against the devil, to make us vehement against him, not to set us in array against each other.—Savage.

But curb thou the high spirit in thy breast,
For gentle ways are best.
—Homer.

Anger is an affected madness, compounded of pride and folly, and an intention to do commonly more mischief than it can bring to pass; and, without doubt, of all passions which actually disturb the mind of man, it is most in our power to extinguish, at least, to suppress and correct, our anger.—Clarendon.

Full many mischiefs follow cruel wrath;
Abhorred bloodshed and tumultuous strife
Unmanly murder and unthrifty scath,
Bitter despite, with rancor's rusty knife,
And fretting grief the enemy of life;
All these and many evils more, haunt ire.
—Spenser.

Be ye angry, and sin not; therefore all anger is not sinful; I suppose be-

cause some degree of it, and upon some occasions, is inevitable. It becomes sinful, or contradicts, however, the rule of Scripture, when it is conceived upon slight and inadequate provocation, and when it continues long.—Paley.

Alas! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth,
And constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny, and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain.
—Coleridge.

There is no passion that so much transports men from their right judgments as anger. No one would demur upon punishing a judge with death who should condemn a criminal upon the account of his own choler; why then should fathers and pedants be any more allowed to whip and chastise children in their anger? It is then no longer correction but revenge. Chastisement is instead of physic to children; and should we suffer a physician who should be animated against and enraged at his patient?—Montaigne.

When I myself had twice or thrice made a resolute resistance unto anger, the like befell me that did the Thebans; who, having once foiled the Lacedæmonians (who before that time had held themselves invincible), never after lost so much as one battle which they fought against them.—Plutarch.

Angling

Angling is an innocent cruelty.—George Parker.

Idle time not idly spent.—Sir Henry Wotton.

Angling is somewhat like poetry; men are to be born so.—Izaak Walton.

Everything appertaining to the angler's art is cowardly, cruel, treacherous, and cat-like.—Chatfield.

The pleasantest angling is to see the fish cut with her golden oars the silver stream, and greedily devour the treacherous bait.—Shakespeare.

Doubt not but angling will prove to be so pleasant, that it will prove to be, like virtue, a reward to itself.—Izaak Walton.

I have known a very good fisher angle diligently four or six hours for a river carp, and not have a bite.—Izaak Walton.

We really cannot see what equanimity there is in jerking a lacerated carp out of the water by the jaws, merely because it has not the power of making a noise; for we presume that the most philosophic of anglers would hardly delight in catching shrieking fish.—Leigh Hunt.

But should you lure
From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots
Of pendent trees, the monarch of the brook,
Behooves you then to ply your finest art.
—Thomson.

The first men that our Saviour dear
Did choose to wait upon Him here,
Blest fishers were; and fish the last
Food was, that He on earth did taste:
I therefore strive to follow those,
Whom He to follow Him hath chose.
—Izaak Walton.

O! the gallant fisher's life,
It is the best of any:
'Tis full of pleasure, void of strife
And 'tis beloved by many.
Other joys
Are but toys;
Only this,
Lawful is;
For our skill
Breeds no ill,
But content and pleasure.
—Izaak Walton.

Though no participator in the joys of more vehement sport, I have a pleasure that I cannot reconcile to my abstract notions of the tenderness due to dumb creatures, in the tranquil cruelty of angling. I can only palliate the wanton destructiveness of my amusement by trying to assure myself that my pleasure does not spring from the success of the treachery I practise toward a poor little fish, but rather from that innocent revelry in the luxuriance of summer life which only

anglers enjoy to the utmost.—Bulwer-Lytton.

In genial spring, beneath the quiv'ring shade,
Where cooling vapors breathe along the mead,
The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand;
With looks unmoved, he hopes the scaly breed,
And eyes the dancing cork and bending reed. —Pope.

We may say of angling as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries, "Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did;" and so, if I might be judge, God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling.—Izaak Walton.

Animal

Animals are such agreeable friends; they ask no questions, pass no criticisms.—George Eliot.

If 't were not for my cat and dog, I think I could not live.—Ebenezer Elliott.

They rejoice each with their kind, lion with lioness, so fitly them in pairs thou hast combined.—Milton.

Let cavillers deny
That brutes have reason; sure 'tis something more,
'Tis heaven directs, and stratagems inspires
Beyond the short extent of human thought.
—Somerville.

There is in every animal's eye a dim image and gleam of humanity, a flash of strange light through which their life looks out and up to our great mystery of command over them, and claims the fellowship of the creature if not of the soul.—Ruskin.

Annihilation

Annihilation, as regards matter, is simply impossible.—Hosea Ballou.

Annihilation is an absurdity in terms.—Palissy.

Nothing whatever is annihilated; matter, like an eternal, still rolls on without any diminution.—Roucher.

Anticipation

Anticipation and Hope are born twins.—Rousseau.

The anticipation of evil courts evil. —Mme. Deluzy.

Nothing is so good as it seems beforehand.—George Eliot.

Troubles forereckoned are doubly suffered.—Bovee.

It is worse to apprehend than to suffer.—Bruyère.

Experience finds few of the scenes that lively hope designs.—Crabbe.

Oft expectation fails, and most oft there where most it promises.—Shakespeare.

We expect everything, and are prepared for nothing.—Madame Swetchine.

Thou tremblest before anticipated ills, and still bemoanest what thou never losest.—Goethe.

He who foresees calamities suffers them twice over.—Porteus.

All things that are, are with more spirit chased than enjoyed.—Shakespeare.

It is a great obstacle to happiness to expect too much.—Fontenelle.

Anticipate the difficult by managing the easy.—Lao-Tze.

The craving for a delicate fruit is pleasanter than the fruit itself.—Herder.

Suffering itself does less afflict the senses than the apprehension of suffering.—Quintilian.

What need a man forestall his date of grief, and run to meet what he would most avoid?—Milton.

I know that we often tremble at an empty terror; yet the false fancy brings a real misery.—Schiller.

Nothing is so great an adversary to those who make it their business to please as expectation.—Cicero.

All earthly delights are sweeter in expectation than enjoyment; but all spiritual pleasures more in fruition than expectation.—Feltham.

We can but ill endure, among so many sad realities, to rob anticipation of its pleasant visions.—Henry Giles.

It is expectation makes a blessing dear; heaven were not heaven if we knew what it were.—John Suckling.

There is nothing so wretched or foolish as to anticipate misfortunes. What madness is it in expecting evil before it arrives?—Seneca.

I would not anticipate the relish of any happiness, nor feel the weight of any misery, before it actually arrives. —Spectator.

I am giddy; expectation whirls me 'round.
The imaginary relish is so sweet
That it enchants my sense.
—Shakespeare.

We part more easily with what we possess, than with our expectations of what we wish for; because expectation always goes beyond enjoyment.—Henry Home.

Whatever advantage we snatch beyond a certain portion allotted us by nature, is like money spent before it is due, which, at the time of regular payment, will be missed and regretted.—Johnson.

To despond is to be ungrateful beforehand. Be not looking for evil. Often thou drainest the gall of fear while evil is passing by thy dwelling. —Tupper.

With every one, the expectation of a misfortune constitutes a dreadful punishment. Suffering then assumes the proportions of the unknown, which is the soul's infinite.—Balzac.

The events we most desire do not happen; or, if they do, it is neither in the time nor in the circumstances when they would have given us extreme pleasure.—Bruyère.

The problem is, whether a man constantly and strongly believing that such a thing shall be, it don't help anything to the effecting of the thing. —Bacon.

There are many things that are thorns to our hopes until we have attained them, and envenomed arrows to our hearts when we have.—Mirabeau.

There would be few enterprises of great labor or hazard undertaken, if we had not the power of magnifying the advantages which we persuade ourselves to expect from them.—Johnson.

Drawing near her death, she sent most pious thoughts as harbingers to heaven, and her soul saw a glimpse of happiness through the chinks of her sickness-broken body.—Thomas Fuller.

Things temporal are sweeter in the expectation, things eternal are sweeter in the fruition; the first shames thy hope, the second crowns it: it is a vain journey, whose end affords less pleasure than the way.—Quarles.

A man's desires always disappoint him; for though he meets with something that gives him satisfaction, yet it never thoroughly answers his expectation.—Rochefoucauld.

All fear is in itself painful, and when it conduces not to safety, is painful without use. Every consideration, therefore, by which groundless terrors may be removed adds something to human happiness.—Dr. Johnson.

The hours we pass with happy prospects in view are more pleasing than those crowned with fruition. In the first instance, we cook the dish to our own appetite; in the latter, Nature cooks it for us.—Goldsmith.

Such is the uncertainty of human affairs, that security and despair are equal follies; and as it is presumption and arrogance to anticipate triumphs,

it is weakness and cowardice to prognosticate miscarriages.—Dr. Johnson.

It has been well said that no man ever sank under the burden of the day. It is when to-morrow's burden is added to the burden of to-day that the weight is more than a man can bear.—George Macdonald.

Men spend their lives in anticipations, in determining to be vastly happy at some period or other, when they have time. But the present time has one advantage over every other, it is our own.—Colton.

The pilot who is always dreading a rock or a tempest must not complain if he remain a poor fisherman. We must at times trust something to fortune, for fortune has often some share in what happens.—Metastasio.

In all worldly things that a man pursues with the greatest eagerness and intention of mind imaginable, he finds not half the pleasure in the actual possession of them, as he proposed to himself in the expectation.—South.

By anticipation we suffer misery and enjoy happiness before they are in being. We can set the sun and stars forward, or lose sight of them by wandering into those retired parts of eternity when the heavens and earth shall be no more.—Addison.

In proportion as our cares are employed upon the future, they are abstracted from the present, from the only time which we can call our own, and of which, if we neglect the apparent duties to make provision against visionary attacks, we shall certainly counteract our own purpose.—Dr. Johnson.

We are apt to rely upon future prospects, and become really expensive while we are only rich in possibility. We live up to our expectations, not to our possessions, and make a figure proportionable to what we may be, not what we are.—Addison.

Whichever way we look the prospect is disagreeable. Behind, we have left pleasures we shall never enjoy, and therefore regret; and before, we see pleasures which we languish to possess, and are consequently uneasy till we possess them.—Goldsmith.

Antiquity

Rich with the spoils of time.—Gray.

The rubbish of the past.—Mme. Louise Colet.

Antiquity is the aristocracy of history.—Dumas, Père.

The great men of antiquity were poor.—Lacordaire.

Antiquity! I like its ruins better than its reconstructions.—Joubert.

The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years.—Pope.

It is one proof of a good education, and of true refinement of feeling, to respect antiquity.—Mrs. Sigourney.

Time consecrates; and what is gray with age becomes religion.—Schiller.

Those we call the ancients were really new in everything.—Pascal.

Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares gray Marathon.—Byron.

Antiquity is a species of aristocracy with which it is not easy to be on visiting terms.—Madame Swetchine.

Nor rough, nor barren, are the winding ways
Of hoar Antiquity, but strewn with flowers.
—Thomas Warton.

The pyramids, doting with age, have forgotten the names of their founders. Fuller.

Cities, unlike human creatures, may grow to be so old that at last they will become new.—William Winter.

Those old ages are like the landscape that shows best in purple distance, al-

verdant and smooth, and bathed in mellow light.—Chapin.

How cunningly Nature hides every wrinkle of her inconceivable antiquity under roses and violets and morning dew!—Emerson.

We have a mistaken notion of antiquity, calling that so which in truth is the world's nonage.—Glanvill.

Some persons can never relish the full moon, out of respect for that venerable institution, the old one.—Douglas Jerrold.

It is with antiquity as with ancestry; nations are proud of the one, and individuals of the other.—Colton.

It is looked upon as insolence for a man to adhere to his own opinion against the current stream of antiquity.—Locke.

Time's gradual touch has mouldered into beauty many a tower, which when it frowned with all its battlements was only terrible.—Mason.

All those things that are now held to be of the greatest antiquity were at one time new; what we to-day hold up by example will rank hereafter as precedent.—Tacitus.

We have a maxim in the House of Commons, and written on the walls of our houses, that old ways are the safest and surest ways.—Sir E. Coke.

If the seal of time were to be the signet of truth, there is no absurdity, oppression, or falsehood that might not be revived as gospel; while the gospel itself would want the more ancient warrant of paganism.—Chatfield.

A thorough-paced antiquary not only remembers what all other people have thought proper to forget, but he also forgets what all other people think is proper to remember.—Colton.

When ancient opinions and rules of life are taken away, the loss cannot possibly be estimated. From that moment we have no compass to govern us; nor can we know distinctly to what port to steer.—Burke.

What subsists to-day by violence continues to-morrow by acquiescence, and is perpetuated by tradition; till at last the hoary abuse shakes the gray hairs of antiquity at us, and gives itself out as the wisdom of ages.—Edward Everett.

The volumes of antiquity, like medals, may very well serve to amuse the curious; but the works of the moderns, like the current coin of a kingdom, are much better for immediate use.—Goldsmith.

I do by no means advise you to throw away your time in ransacking, like a dull antiquarian, the minute and unimportant parts of remote and fabulous times. Let blockheads read what blockheads wrote.—Chesterfield.

History fades into fable; fact becomes clouded with doubt and controversy; the inscription moulders from the tablet; the statue falls from the pedestal. Columns, arches, pyramids, —what are they but heaps of sand; and their epitaphs but characters written in the dust?—Washington Irving.

Consider, for example, and you will find that almost all the transactions in the time of Vespasian differed little from those of the present day. You there find marrying and giving in marriage, educating children, sickness, death, war, joyous holidays, traffic, agriculture, flatterers, insolent pride, suspicions, laying of plots, longing for the death of others, newsmongers, lovers, misers, men canvassing for the consulship and for the kingdom; yet all these passed away, and are nowhere.—Marcus Antoninus.

Those were good old times, it may be thought, when baron and peasant feasted together. But the one could not read, and made his mark with a sword-pommel, and the other was held as dear as a favorite dog. Pure and simple times were those of our grand-

fathers, it may be. Possibly not so pure as we may think, however, and with a simplicity ingrained with some bigotry and a good deal of conceit.—Chapin.

Antiquity, what is it else (God only excepted) but man's authority born some ages before us? Now for the truth of things time makes no alteration; things are still the same they are, let the time be past, present, or to come.

Those things which we reverence for antiquity what were they at their first birth? Were they false?—time cannot make them true. Were they true?—time cannot make them more true. The circumstances therefore of time in respect of truth and error is merely impertinent.—John Hales.

Antiquity! thou wondrous charm, what art thou? that, being nothing, art everything! When thou wert, thou wert not antiquity,—then thou wert nothing, but hadst a remoter antiquity, as thou calledst it to look back to with blind veneration; thou thyself being to thyself flat, jejune, modern! What mystery lurks in this retroversion? or what half Januses are we, that cannot look forward with the same idolatry with which we forever revert! The mighty future is as nothing, being everything! The past is everything, being nothing!—Lamb.

Anxiety

Over-confidence is as evil as undue anxiety.—Haliburton.

Anxiety never yet successfully bridged over any chasm.—Ruffini.

Nobody should ever look anxious except those who have no anxiety.—Beaconsfield.

Generally we obtain very surely and very speedily what we are not too anxious to obtain.—Rousseau.

Among those evils which befall us, there are many which have been more painful to us in the prospect than by their actual pressure.—Addison.

Better to be despised for too anxious apprehensions than ruined by too confident a security.—Burke.

Nothing in life is more remarkable than the unnecessary anxiety which we endure and generally occasion ourselves.—Beaconsfield.

O foolish anxiety of wretched man, how inconclusive are the arguments which make thee beat thy wings below!—Dante.

Anxiety is the poison of human life. It is the parent of many sins, and of more miseries. In a world where everything is doubtful, where you may be disappointed, and be blessed in disappointment, what means this restless stir and commotion of mind? Can your solicitude alter the cause or unravel the intricacy of human events?—Blair.

Almost all men are over-anxious. No sooner do they enter the world than they lose that taste for natural and simple pleasures so remarkable in early life. Every hour do they ask themselves what progress they have made in the pursuit of wealth or honor; and on they go as their fathers went before them, till, weary and sick at heart, they look back with a sigh of regret to the golden time of their childhood.—Rogers.

Anxiety has no place in the life of one of God's children. Christ's serenity was one of the most unmistakable signs of His filial trust. He was tired and hungry and thirsty and in pain; but we cannot imagine Him anxious or fretful. His mind was kept in perfect peace because it was stayed on God. The life lived by the faith of the Son of God will find His word kept: "My peace give I unto you."—Maltbie Babcock.

It is not work that kills men; it is worry. Work is healthy; you can hardly put more upon a man than he can bear. Worry is rust upon the blade. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but the friction. Fear secretes acids; but love and trust are sweet juices.—Beecher.

Apathy

A sort of living oblivion.—Horace Greeley.

In this sullen apathy neither true wisdom nor true happiness can be found.—Hume.

According to the Stoics, apathy meant the extinction of the passions by the ascendency of reason.—William Fleming.

There are some men formed with feelings so blunt that they can hardly be said to be awake during the whole course of their lives.—Burke.

Aphorism

Collect as pearls the words of the wise and virtuous.—Abd-el-Kader.

An epigram often flashes light into regions where reason shines but dimly.—Whipple.

Books are the beehives of thought; laconics the honey taken from them.—James Ellis.

Exclusively of the abstract sciences, the largest and worthiest portion of our knowledge consists of aphorisms; and the greatest and best of men is but an aphorism.—Coleridge.

I fancy mankind may come in time to write all aphoristically, except in narration; grow weary of preparation and connection and illustration, and all those arts by which a big book is made. —Dr. Johnson.

If these little sparks of holy fire which I have thus heaped up together do not give life to your prepared and already enkindled spirit, yet they will sometimes help to entertain a thought, to actuate a passion, to employ and hallow a fancy.—Jeremy Taylor.

Apology

No sensible person ever made an apology.—Emerson.

A very desperate habit; one that is rarely cured. Apology is only egotism wrong side out. Nine times out of ten, the first thing a man's companion knows of his short-comings is from his apology.—Holmes.

Apology is only egotism wrong side out.—O. W. Holmes.

There are occasions on which all apology is rudeness.—Dr. Johnson.

Apologies only account for the evil which they cannot alter.—Disraeli.

Apostacy

The kiss of the apostate was the most bitter earthly ingredient in the agonies which Christ endured.—E. L. Magoon.

Apostate, still thou err'st, nor end wilt find
Offering, from the paths of truth remote.
—Milton.

Apothegm

Proverbs are potted wisdom.—Charles Buxton.

Apothegms form a short cut to much knowledge.—Hood.

All generalizations are dangerous, even this one.—Dumas, Fils.

The Sibyl, speaking with inspired mouth, sends her voice to remotest ages.—Heraclitus.

Quotations are best brought in to confirm some opinion controverted.—Swift.

Proverbs are, for the most part, rules of morals, and as such are often effective.—Rev. Dr. Sharp.

Aphorisms are portable wisdom, the quintessential extracts of thought and feeling.—W. R. Alger.

Apothegms are the most infallible mirror to represent a man truly what he is.—Plutarch.

The genius, wit, and spirit of a nation are discovered by their proverbs. —Bacon.

Short, isolated sentences were the mode in which ancient wisdom delighted to convey its precepts for the

regulation of human conduct.—Bishop Warburton.

Apothegms are, in history, the same as the pearls in the sand, or the gold in the mine.—Erasmus.

What gems of painting or statuary are in the world of art, or what flowers are in the world of Nature, are gems of thought to the cultivated and thinking.—O. W. Holmes.

It is astonishing the influence foolish apothegms have upon the mass of mankind, though they are not unfrequently fallacies.—Sydney Smith.

Aphorisms, representing a knowledge broken, do invite men to inquire further; whereas methods carrying the show of a total do secure men, as if they were at furthest.—Bacon.

Out of monuments, names, words, proverbs, traditions, private records and evidences, fragments of stories, passages of books, and the like, we do save and recover somewhat from the deluge of time.—Bacon.

The little and short sayings of nice and excellent men are of great value, like the dust of gold, or the least sparks of diamonds.—Tillotson.

A man of maxims only is like a Cyclops with one eye, and that eye placed in the back of his head.—Coleridge.

He that lays down precepts for the governing of our lives, and moderating our passions, obliges humanity not only in the present, but in all future generations.—Seneca.

Thoughts take up no room. When they are right, they afford a portable pleasure, which one may travel with, without any trouble or encumbrance. —Jeremy Collier.

I am of opinion that there are no proverbial sayings which are not true, because they are all sentences drawn from experience itself, who is the mother of all sciences.—Cervantes.

We content ourselves to present to thinking minds the original seeds from whence spring vast fields of new thought, that may be further cultivated, beautified, and enlarged.—Chevalier Ramsay.

Few of the many wise apothegms which have been uttered, from the time of the seven sages of Greece to that of poor Richard, have prevented a single foolish action.—Macaulay.

The excellence of aphorisms consists not so much in the expression of some rare or abstruse sentiment, as in the comprehension of some useful truth in few words.—Johnson.

Under the veil of these curious sentences are hid those germs of morals which the masters of philosophy have afterwards developed into so many volumes.—Plutarch.

Ethical maxims are bandied about as a sort of current coin of discourse, and, being never melted down for use, those that are of base metal are never detected.—Bishop Whately.

A maxim is the exact and noble expression of an important and indisputable truth. Sound maxims are the germs of good; strongly imprinted in the memory, they nourish the will.—Joubert.

Abstracts, abridgments, summaries, etc., have the same use with burning-glasses,—to collect the diffused rays of wit and learning in authors, and make them point with warmth and quickness upon the reader's imagination.—Swift.

An epigram often flashes light into regions where reason shines but dimly. Holmes disposed of a bigot at once, when he compared his mind to the pupil of the eye,—the more light you let into it the more it contracts.—Whipple.

He may justly be numbered among the benefactors of mankind who contracts the great rules of life into short sentences, that may be easily impressed

on the memory, and taught by frequent recollection to recur habitually to the mind.—Johnson.

A few words worthy to be remembered suffice to give an idea of a great mind. There are single thoughts that contain the essence of a whole volume, single sentences that have the beauties of a large work, a simplicity so finished and so perfect that it equals in merit and in excellence a large and glorious composition.—Joubert.

The wise men of old have sent most of their morality down to the stream of time in the light skiff of apothegm or epigram; and the proverbs of nations, which embody the common sense of nations, have the brisk concussion of the most sparkling wit.—Whipple.

Apparel

Let thy attyre bee comely, but not costly.—Lyly.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.
—Shakespeare.

She's adorned
Amply, that in her husband's eye looks lovely—
The truest mirror that an honest wife
Can see her beauty in! —John Tobin.

Dress drains our cellar dry,
And keeps our larder lean; puts out our fires.
And introduces hunger, frost, and woe,
Where peace and hospitality might reign.
—Cowper.

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it. —Shakespeare.

Her polish'd limbs,
Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire;
Beyond the pomp of dress; for Loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.
—Thomson.

He that is proud of the rustling of his silks, like a madman, laughs at the rattling of his fetters. For indeed, Clothes ought to be our remembrancers of our lost innocency.—Fuller.

So for thy spirit did devise
Its maker seemly garniture,
Of its own essence parcel pure—
From grave simplicities a dress,
And reticent demureness,
And love encinctured with reserve;
Which the woven vesture would subserve.
For outward robes in their ostents
Should show the soul's habiliments.
Therefore I say—thou'rt fairer even so,
But better Fair I use to know.
—Francis Thompson.

Apparitions

A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
—Shakespeare.

So many ghosts, and forms of fright,
Have started from their graves to-night,
They have driven sleep from mine eyes away;
I will go down to the chapel and pray.
—Longfellow.

Who gather round, and wonder at the tale
Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,
That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand
O'er some new-open'd grave; and (strange to tell!)
Evanishes at crowing of the cock.
—Blair.

Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth its sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide.
—Shakespeare.

My people too were scared with eerie sounds,
A footstep, a low throbbing in the walls,
A noise of falling weights that never fell,
Weird whispers, bells that rang without a hand,
Door-handles turn'd when none was at the door,
And bolted doors that open'd of themselves;
And one betwixt the dark and light had seen
Her, bending by the cradle of her babe.
—Tennyson.

Appearance

We take less pains to be happy than to appear so.—Rochefoucauld.

There is in us more of the appearance of sense and virtue than of the reality.—Marguerite de Valois.

A man may smile, and smile, and be a villain.—Shakespeare.

A miser grows rich by seeming poor; an extravagant man grows poor by seeming rich.—Shenstone.

There is no vice so simple, but assumes some mark of virtue on its outward parts.—Shakespeare.

Polished brass will pass upon more people than rough gold.—Chesterfield.

A man of the world must seem to be that he wishes to be.—Bruyère.

Men are like Geneva watches with crystal faces, which expose the whole movement.—Emerson.

Tangible language, which often tells more falsehoods than truths.—Abraham Lincoln.

Thy plain and open nature sees mankind
But in appearance, not what they are.
—Froude.

Even when the bird walks one feels that it has wings.—Lemierre.

Behavior is a mirror in which every one shows his image.—Goethe.

To succeed in the world, we must be foolish in appearance, but really wise.—Montesquieu.

How little do they see what is, who frame their hasty judgments upon that which seems!—Southey.

She looks as if butter wouldn't melt in her mouth.—Swift.

That gloomy outside, like a rusty chest, contains the shining treasure of a soul resolved and brave.—Dryden.

He has, I know not what
Of greatness in his looks, and of high fate
That almost awes me. —Dryden.

O place! O form, how often dost thou with thy case, thy habit, wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls to thy false seeming!—Shakespeare.

There are no greater wretches in the world than many of those whom people in general take to be happy.—Seneca.

Appearances deceive
And this one maxim is a standing rule:
Men are not what they seem.—Havard.

An emperor in his nightcap will not meet with half the respect of an emperor with a crown.—Goldsmith.

Some men, like modern shops, hang everything in their show windows; when one goes inside, nothing is to be found.—Auerbach.

Men in general judge more from appearances than from reality. All men have eyes, but few have the gift of penetration.—Macchiavelli.

Weeds grow sometimes very much like flowers, and you can't tell the difference between true and false merely by the shape.—Paxton Hood.

He had a head which statuaries loved to copy, and a foot the deformity of which the beggars in the streets mimicked.—Macaulay.

We understood
Her by her sight; her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought.
That one might almost say her body thought. —Donne.

Within the oyster's shell uncouth
The purest pearl may hide,
Trust me you'll find a heart of truth
Within that rough outside.
—Mrs. Osgood.

'Tis not the fairest form that holds
The mildest, purest soul within;
'Tis not the richest plant that holds
The sweetest fragrance in. —Dawes.

A sweet attractive kinde of grace,
A full assurance given by lookes,
Continuall comfort in a face
The lineaments of gospell bookes.
—Matthew Royden.

By a kind of fashionable discipline, the eye is taught to brighten, the lip to smile, and the whole countenance to emanate with the semblance of friend-

ly welcome, while the bosom is unwarmed by a single spark of genuine kindness and good-will.—Washington Irving.

In all professions every one affects a particular look and exterior, in order to appear what he wishes to be thought; so that it may be said the world's made up of appearances.—La Rochefoucauld.

Why should the sacred character of virtue
Shine on a villain's countenance? Ye powers!
Why fix'd you not a brand on treason's front
That we might know t' avoid perfidious mortals. —Dennis.

In the condition of men, it frequently happens that grief and anxiety lie hid under the golden robes of prosperity; and the gloom of calamity is cheered by secret radiations of hope and comfort; as in the works of nature, the bog is sometimes covered with flowers, and the mine concealed in the barren crags.—Johnson.

Surely you will not calculate any essential difference from mere appearances; for the light laughter that bubbles on the lip often mantles over brackish depths of sadness, and the serious look may be the sober veil that covers a divine peace. You know that the bosom can ache beneath diamond brooches; and how many blithe hearts dance under coarse wool!—Chapin.

It is not every man that can afford to wear a shabby coat; and worldly wisdom dictates to her disciples the propriety of dressing somewhat beyond their means, but of living somewhat within them,—for every one sees how we dress, but none see how we live, except we choose to let them. But the truly great are, by universal suffrage, exempted from these trammels, and may live or dress as they please.—Colton.

In civilized society external advantages make us more respected. A man with a good coat upon his back meets with a better reception than he who has a bad one. You may analyze this and say, What is there in it? But that will avail you nothing, for it is a part of a general system.—Johnson.

Appetite

Hunger is never delicate.—Dr. Johnson.

Good cheer is no hindrance to a good life.—Aristippus.

Who can cloy the hungry edge of appetite?—Shakespeare.

A dinner lubricates business.—Lord Stowell.

Fat paunches have lean pates.—Shakespeare.

Reason should direct and appetite obey.—Cicero.

Turtle makes all men equal.—Beaconsfield.

Appetite comes with eating, says Angeston.—Rabelais.

If you are surprised at the number of our maladies, count our cooks.—Seneca.

It is difficult to speak to the belly because it has no ears.—Plutarch.

Hunger makes everything sweet except itself, for want is the teacher of habits.—Antiphanes.

Choose rather to punish your appetites than to be punished by them.—Tyrius Maximus.

Animals feed, man eats; the man of intellect alone knows how to eat.—Brillat-Savarin.

Who rises from a feast with that keen appetite that he sits down?—Shakespeare.

And gazed around them to the left and right
With the prophetic eye of appetite.
—Byron.

All philosophy in two words,—sustain and abstain.—Epictetus.

The table is the only place where we do not get weary during the first hour.—Brillat-Savarin.

Here is neither want of appetite nor mouths,
Pray heaven we be not scant of meat or mirth. —Scott.

Govern well thy appetite, lest Sin
Surprise thee, and her black attendant Death. —Milton.

Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both! —Shakespeare.

Some men are born to feast, and not to fight; whose sluggish minds, even in fair honor's field, still on their dinner turn.—Joanna Baillie.

Doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age.—Shakespeare.

The destiny of nations depends upon the manner in which they feed themselves.—Brillat-Savarin.

The chief pleasure in eating does not consist in costly seasoning or exquisite flavor, but in yourself. Seek you for sauce in sweating.—Horace.

The stomach is a slave that must accept everything that is given to it, but which avenges wrongs as slyly as does the slave.—Emile Souvestre.

There are men whose stomachs are the clamorous creditors that sooner or later throw them into bankruptcy.—J. L. Basford.

The pleasures of eating deal with us like Egyptian thieves, who strangle those whom they embrace.—Seneca.

Oh cookery, cookery! that kills more than weapons, guns, wars, or poisons, and would destroy all, but that physic helps to make away some.—Anthony Brewer.

The ancients had a significant and truthful saying, that hunger was the best sauce for supper.—Rowland Hill.

For the sake of health, medicines are taken by weight and measure; so ought food to be, or by some similar rule.—Skelton.

A relish bestowed upon the poorer classes, that they may like what they eat; while it is seldom enjoyed by the rich, because they may eat what they like.—Chatfield.

Hunger is a cloud out of which falls a rain of eloquence and knowledge; when the belly is empty, the body becomes spirit; when it is full, the spirit becomes body.—Saadi.

These appetites are very humiliating weaknesses. That our grace depends so largely upon animal condition is not quite flattering to those who are hyperspiritual.—Beecher.

No man's body is as strong as his appetites, but Heaven has corrected the boundlessness of his voluptuous desires by stinting his strength and contracting his capacities.—Tillotson.

Our appetites, of one or another kind, are excellent spurs to our reason, which might otherwise but feebly set about the great ends of preserving and continuing the species.—Lamb.

His thirst he slakes at some pure neighboring brook,
Nor seeks for sauce where Appetite stands cook. —Churchill.

Seest thou how pale the sated guest rises from supper, where the appetite is puzzled with varieties? The body, too, burdened with yesterday's excess, weighs down the soul, and fixes to the earth this particle of the divine essence.—Horace.

The youth who follows his appetites too soon seizes the cup, before it has received its best ingredients, and by anticipating his pleasures, robs the remaining parts of life of their share, so that his eagerness only produces a manhood of imbecility and an age of pain.—Goldsmith.

There are so few invalids who are invariably and conscientiously un-

temptable by those deadly domestic enemies, sweetmeats, pastry, and gravies, that the usual civilities at a meal are very like being politely assisted to the grave.—Willis.

Applause

I would applaud thee to the very echo, that should applaud again.—Shakespeare.

A slowness to applaud betrays a cold temper or an envious spirit.—Hannah More.

The applause of a single human being is of great consequence.—Johnson.

A universal applause is seldom less than two thirds of a scandal.—L'Estrange.

O popular applause! what heart of man is proof against thy sweet, seducing charms?—Cowper.

Applause is the spur of noble minds, the end and aim of weak ones.—C. C. Colton.

You may fail to shine, in the opinion of others, both in your conversation and actions, from being superior as well as inferior to them.—Greville.

The praise we give to new comers into the world arises from the envy we bear to those who are established.—La Rochefoucauld.

Praise from the common people is generally false, and rather follows vain persons than virtuous ones.—Bacon.

When the million applaud you, seriously ask yourself what harm you have done; when they censure you, what good!—Colton.

The silence that accepts merit as the most natural thing in the world, is the highest applause.—Emerson.

Neither human applause nor human censure is to be taken as the test of truth; but either should set us upon testing ourselves.—Bishop Whately.

Flattery of the verbal kind is gross. In short, applause is of too coarse a nature to be swallowed in the gross, though the extract or tincture be ever so agreeable.—Shenstone.

They threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,
Shouting their emulation. —Shakespeare.

Applause waits on success: the fickle multitude, like the light straw that floats along the street, glide with the current still, and follow fortune.—Franklin.

Such a noise arose as the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest, as loud and to as many tunes,—hats, cloaks, doublets, I think, flew up; and had their faces been loose, this day they had been lost.—Shakespeare.

Apple

The apple blossoms' shower of pearl,
Though blent with rosier hue,
As beautiful as woman's blush,
As evanescent, too. —L. E. Landon.

What plant we in this apple tree?
Sweets for a hundred flowery springs
To load the May-wind's restless wings,
When from the orchard-row, he pours
Its fragance though our open doors;
A world of blossoms for the bee,
Flowers for the sick girl's silent room,
For the glad infant sprigs of bloom,
We plant with the apple tree.
—Bryant.

And what is more melancholy than the old apple-trees that linger about the spot where once stood a homestead, but where there is now only a ruined chimney rising out of a grassy and weed-grown cellar? They offer their fruit to every wayfarer—apples that are bitter-sweet with the moral of time's vicissitude.—Nath. Hawthorne.

Appreciation

By appreciation we make excellence in others our own property.—Voltaire.

The applause of a single human being is of great consequence.—Dr. Johnson.

Were she perfect, one would admire her more, but love her less.—Grattan

Give tribute, but not oblation, to human wisdom.—Sir. P. Sidney.

It is only by loving a thing that you can make it yours.—George Macdonald.

Men should allow others' excellences, to preserve a modest opinion of their own.—Barrow.

To appreciate the noble is a gain which can never be torn from us.—Goethe.

To love her (Lady Elizabeth Hastings) was a liberal education.—Steele.

Men prize the thing ungained more than it is.—Shakespeare.

No man ever thought too highly of his nature or too meanly of himself.—Young.

It often happens that those of whom we speak least on earth are best known in heaven.—Caussin.

It is common, to esteem most what is most unknown.—Tacitus.

Neither the praise nor the blame is our own.—Cowley.

To praise great actions with sincerity may be said to be taking part in them.—Rochefoucauld.

It is a matter of the simplest demonstration, that no man can be really appreciated but by his equal or superior.—Ruskin.

He is a fool who is not for love and beauty. I speak unto the young, for I am of them and always shall be.—Bailey.

We are very much what others think of us. The reception our observations meet with gives us courage to proceed or damps our efforts.—Hazlitt.

You may fail to shine, in the opinion of others, both in your conversation and actions, from being superior, as well as inferior to them.—Greville.

It is with certain good qualities as with the senses; those who are entirely deprived of them can neither appreciate nor comprehend them.—Rochefoucauld.

Our companions please us less from the charms we find in their conversation than from those they find in ours.—Greville.

You think much too well of me as a man. No author can be as moral as his works, as no preacher is as pious as his sermons.—Richter.

Next to invention is the power of interpreting invention; next to beauty, the power of appreciating beauty.—Margaret Fuller Ossoli.

The silence that accepts merit as the most natural thing in the world is the highest applause.—Emerson.

There is no surer mark of the absence of the highest moral and intellectual qualities than a cold reception of excellence.—S. Bailey.

Contemporaries appreciate the man rather than the merit; posterity will regard the merit rather than the man.—Buxton.

We never know a greater character until something congenial to it has grown up within ourselves.—Channing.

He is incapable of a truly good action who knows not the pleasure in contemplating the good actions of others.—Lavater.

I do not know at first what it is that charms me. The men and things of to-day are wont to be fairer and truer in to-morrow's memory.—Thoreau.

Those who, from the desire of our perfection, have the keenest eye for our faults generally compensate for it by taking a higher view of our merits than we deserve.—J. F. Boyes.

In no time whatever can small critics entirely eradicate out of living men's hearts a certain altogether pe-

culiar reverence for Great Men—genuine admiration, loyalty, adoration.—Carlyle.

Men are seldom underrated; the mercury in a man finds its true level in the eyes of the world just as certainly as it does in the glass of a thermometer.—H. W. Shaw.

Were not the eye made to receive the rays of the sun, it could not behold the sun; if the peculiar power of God lay not in us, how could the godlike charm us?—Goethe.

In an audience of rough people a generous sentiment always brings down the house. In the tumult of war both sides applaud an heroic deed.—T. W. Higginson.

Whatever the benefits of fortune are, they yet require a palate fit to relish and taste them; it is fruition, and not possession, that renders us happy.—Montaigne.

We are accustomed to see men deride what they do not understand; and snarl at the good and beautiful because it lies beyond their sympathies. —Goethe.

We must never undervalue any person. The workman loves not that his work should be despised in his presence. Now God is present everywhere, and every person is His work.—De Sales.

Praise is a debt we owe unto the virtues of others, and due unto our own from all whom malice hath not made mutes or envy struck dumb.—Sir Thomas Browne.

No good writer was ever long neglected; no great man overlooked by men equally great. Impatience is a proof of inferior strength, and a destroyer of what little there may be.—Landor.

I pity the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba, and cry, "'T is all barren!" And so it is, and so is all the world to him who will not cultivate the fruits it offers.—Sterne.

The more enlarged is our own mind, the greater number we discover of men of originality. Your commonplace people see no difference between one man and another.—Pascal.

In this world there is one godlike thing, the essence of all that ever was or ever will be of godlike in this world,—the veneration done to human worth by the hearts of men.—Carlyle.

To guard the mind against the temptation of thinking that there are no good people, say to them: "Be such as you would like to see others, and you will find those who resemble you." —Bossuet.

People do not always understand the motives of sublime conduct, and when they are astonished they are very apt to think they ought to be alarmed. The truth is none are fit judges of greatness but those who are capable of it.—Jane Porter.

It is very singular how the fact of a man's death often seems to give people a truer idea of his character, whether for good or evil, than they have ever possessed while he was living and acting among them.—Hawthorne.

Every man stamps his value on himself. The price we challenge for ourselves is given us. There does not live on earth the man, be his station what it may, that I despise myself compared with him. Man is made great or little by his own will.—Schiller.

Sometimes a common scene in nature—one of the common relations of life—will open itself to us with a brightness and pregnancy of meaning unknown before. Sometimes a thought of this kind forms an era in life. It changes the whole future course. It is a new creation.—Channing.

The charming landscape which I saw this morning is indubitably made up of some twenty or thirty farms. Miller owns this field, Locke that, and Manning the woodland beyond. But none of them owns the landscape. There is a property in the horizon

which no man has but he whose eye can integrate all the parts, that is, the poet. This is the best part of these men's farms, yet to this their warranty-deeds give no title.—Emerson.

To feel, to feel exquisitely, is the lot of very many; it is the charm that lends a superstitious joy to fear. But to appreciate belongs to the few; to one or two alone, here and there, the blended passion and understanding that constitute in its essence worship. —Elizabeth Sheppard.

Nature and books belong to the eyes that see them. It depends on the mood of the man, whether he shall see the sunset or the fine poem. There are always sunsets, and there is always genius; but only a few hours so serene that we can relish nature or criticism. The more or less depends on structure or temperament. Temperament is the iron wire on which the beads are strung. Of what use is fortune or talent to a cold and defective nature?—Emerson.

We commend a horse for his strength, and sureness of foot, and not for his rich caparisons; a greyhound for his share of heels, not for his fine collar; a hawk for her wing, not for her jesses and bells. Why, in like manner, do we not value a man for what is properly his own? He has a great train, a beautiful palace, so much credit, so many thousand pounds a year, and all these are about him, but not in him.—Montaigne.

April

Oh, the lovely fickleness of an April day!
—W. H. Gibson.

Old April wanes, and her last dewy morn
Her death-bed steeps in tears; to hail the May
New blooming blossoms 'neath the sun are born,
And all poor April's charms are swept away.
—Clare.

The children with the streamlets sing,
When April stops at last her weeping;
And every happy growing thing
Laughs like a babe just roused from sleeping.
—Lucy Larcom.

There is no glory in star or blossom
Till looked upon by a loving eye;
There is no fragrance in April breezes
Till breathed with joy as they wander by.
—Bryant.

Again the blackbirds sing; the streams
Wake, laughing, from their winter dreams,
And tremble in the April showers
The tassels of the maple flowers.
—Whittier.

When April winds
Grew soft, the maple burst into a flush
Of scarlet flowers. The tulip tree, high up,
Opened in airs of June her multitude
Of golden chalices to humming birds
And silken-wing'd insects of the sky.
—Bryant.

Sweet April! many a thought
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are wed;
Nor shall they fail, till, to its autumn brought,
Life's golden fruit is shed.
—Longfellow.

Every tear is answered by a blossom,
Every sigh with songs and laughter blent,
Apple-blooms upon the breezes toss them,
April knows her own, and is content.
—Susan Coolidge.

Arbor Day (see Trees)

Arbor Day has fostered love of country.—B. G. Northrop.

It has been wisely suggested that each State should choose its own tree, which in every case should be one that will thrive best in its soil.—N. Y. Evangelist.

In all thickly peopled countries the forests no longer supply the necessities for wood by natural production.—Christian Work.

The opportunity should not be lost, which is afforded by the occasion, for illustrating and enforcing the thought that the universe, its creation, its arrangement, and all of its developing processes, are not due to human planning or oversight, but to the infinite wisdom and power of God.—A. S. Draper.

Arbor Day has brought about a revolution in American taste. From tree destroying we have come back to tree planting.—Johnhaird Wilson.

The tree of the field is man's life. "Then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice before the Lord." "The trees of the Lord are full of sap, the cedars of Lebanon which he hath planted; where the birds make their nests; as for the stork, the fir trees are her house."—Bible.

Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot,
There, woodman, let it stand;
Thy ax shall harm it not.
—George P. Morris.

What a noble gift to man are the Forests! What a debt of gratitude and admiration we owe to their beauty and their utility! How pleasantly the shadows of the wood fall upon our heads when we turn from the glitter and turmoil of the world of man!—Cooper.

The school children of New York State planted more than 200,000 trees within ten years from the time Arbor Day was recognized. Few similar efforts in years have been more thoroughly commendable than the effort to get our people practically to show their appreciation of the beauty and usefulness of trees.—A. S. Draper.

What earnest worker, with hand and brain for the benefit of his fellowmen, could desire a more pleasing recognition of his usefulness than the monument of a tree, ever growing, ever blooming, and ever bearing wholesome fruit?—Irving.

The great object to be attained through the observance of Arbor Day is the cultivation of a love for nature among children, with the confident expectation that thereby the needless destruction of the forests will be stayed, and the improvement of grounds about school buildings and residences will be promoted—A. S. Draper.

We know that our forests are in danger of being decimated by the ruthless strokes of the woodchopper's ax, and we know that to prevent that crisis, children, in the West especially, have been encouraged on this holiday to plant some tree or shrub to provide for future use and beauty.—Christian at Work.

Tree Planting on Arbor Day for economic purposes in the great West has given to the prairie States many thousand acres of new forests, and inspired the people with a sense of their great value, not only for economic purposes, but for climatic and meteorological purposes as well.—Warren Highley.

There is something nobly simple and pure in a taste for the cultivation of forest trees. It argues, I think, a sweet and generous nature to have this strong relish for the beauties of vegetation, and this friendship for the hardy and glorious sons of the forest. He who plants a tree looks forward to future ages, and plants for posterity. Nothing could be less selfish than this. —Irving.

The primary purpose of the Legislature in establishing "Arbor Day," was to develop and stimulate in the children of the Commonwealth a love and reverence for Nature as revealed in trees and shrubs and flowers. In the language of the statute, "to encourage the planting, protection and preservation of trees and shrubs" was believed to be the most effectual way in which to lead our children to love Nature and reverence Nature's God, and to see the uses to which these natural objects may be put in making our school grounds more healthful and attractive.—A. S. Draper.

So remarkable have been the results of Arbor Day in Nebraska, that its originator is gratefully recognized as the great benefactor of his State. Proofs of public appreciation of his grand work are found throughout the State. It glories in the old misnomer of the geographies, "The Great American Desert," since it has become so habitable and hospitable by cultivation and tree planting. Where, twenty years ago, the books said trees would

not grow, the settler who does not plant them is the exception.—B. G. Northrop.

The Bible is full of trees; from the time when Adam and Eve sat under their shadow in Eden, on to that splendid vision of the New Jerusalem, where the tree of life bears twelve manner of fruits and its leaves are for the healing of the nations. Absalom's oak, and Elijah's juniper, and Jonah's gourd, and the sycamore which hoisted little Zaccheus into notice, are all familiar to every Sunday school scholar. Our Lord hung one of His most solemn parables on the boughs of a barren fig tree, and drew one of His most apt illustrations of the growth of His kingdom from the mustard which becomes tall enough for the birds to nestle in its branches.—Dr. Cuyler.

An eminent educator says: "Any teacher who has no taste for trees, shrubs, or flowers is unfit to be placed in charge of children." Arbor Day has enforced the same idea, especially in those States in which the pupils have cast their ballots on Arbor Day in favor of a State tree and State flower. Habits of observation have thus been formed which have led youth in their walks, at work or play, to recognize and admire our noble trees, and to realize that they are the grandest products of nature and form the finest drapery that adorns the earth in all lands.—B. G. Northrop.

In the olden times trees were planted about the home to commemorate events in the family. Grandfather's and grandmother's maple trees still stand in front of the old homestead gate. They were planted on their wedding day, many years ago. Large, grand trees they are now, and they have been the homes of generations of birds who have been reared amid their branches and taught how to use their wings, and each summer time they seem to increase in number. A new tree was planted when each little child came to gladden the home. They were called birthday trees. Here and there on the homestead grounds stand the memorial trees, planted when some of the loved ones went away from the home on earth to the Father's home above.—New York Evangelist.

Arbor Day has taken its place, and will no doubt hold its own among the holidays of the American people. It has done a wonderful work among the children, not only in its influence as a practical factor in the beautifying of the yards and streets about the school buildings; but best of all has been the impetus given by it to the study of nature. The very fact that once every year the youth of our country may prepare for a day devoted to trees, has aroused them to observe and ask questions, and the coming generation will know more about them than did their fathers and mothers.—Churchman.

Let the people lay aside for a season the habitual activity of the day and devote sufficient time thereof to plant a forest, fruit or ornamental tree along the public highways and streams, in private and public parks, about the public schoolhouses and on the college grounds, in gardens and on the farms, thus promoting the pleasure, profit, and prosperity of the people of the State, providing protection against floods and storms, securing health and comfort, increasing that which is beautiful and pleasing to the eye, comforting to physical life, and elevating the mind and heart, and by associations and meetings excite public interest and give encouragement to this most commendable work.—Governor of Pennsylvania, Arbor Day Proclamation.

It appears that the woodland of the United States now covers 450,000,000 acres, or about twenty-six per cent of the whole area. Of this not less than 25,000,000 acres are cut over annually, a rate of destruction that will bring our forests to an end in eighteen years if there is no replanting. It is also stated that while the wood growing annually in the forests of the United States amounts to 12,000,000,000 cubic feet, the amount cut annually is 24,000,000,000 feet, and this does not include the amount destroyed by fire

The country's supply of timber, therefore, is being depleted at least twice as fast as it is being reproduced, and it is easy to see that unless this process is soon checked, it will not be many years before the country is suffering from a decrease in rainfall, and the consequent drying up of the streams.—Forestry Congress.

There's something in a noble tree—
What shall I say? a soul?
For 'tis not form, or aught we see
In leaf, or branch or bole.
Some presence, tho' not understood,
Dwells there always, and seems
To be acquainted with our mood,
And mingles in our dreams.
I would not say that trees at all
Were of our blood and race,
Yet, lingering where their shadows fall,
I sometimes think I trace
A kinship, whose far-reaching root
Grew when the world began,
And made them best of all things mute
To be the friends of man.

Children may not be able to understand the importance of trees in the aggregation as forests; however, they will, if allowed to assemble in a grove or park, be inspired with the idea that trees are one of the grandest products of God when they hear that without them the earth could never have produced the necessaries of life, and that with their destruction we could not keep up the sustained growth of the plants that feed man and animals. There is no more suitable subject for practical oral lessons, now common in most of our schools, than the nature of plants, and especially that of trees and the value of tree-planting.—Nicholas Jarchow.

It is encouraging to know that in so many places there is a growing tendency to purchase so-called waste lands and to hold them for the enjoyment of the people. We call to mind another region in Connecticut where the villagers are united in their interest to preserve all the rural charms of the neighborhood. Miles of highway have been purchased with no other purpose than to allow nature to frolic in her own free way by the roadside. Forests have been bought that they might be held for public enjoyment, and the feeling of the community is strong for the preservation of all wild spots which will help to satisfy the desire for beauty and repose.

Forest areas exercise a positive climatic influence upon the surrounding country. They modify the extremes of heat and cold, and render the temperature more equable throughout the year.

The deforesting of large areas of hilly and mountainous country affects to a very large extent the quantity of water that comes from springs and flows in rivers. The more apparent is this when the deforesting occurs on the head waters of important streams. Then the water power is destroyed or greatly impaired, navigation impeded, commerce interfered with, and droughts and floods are more frequent and more severe.

The interests of agriculture and horticulture are greatly subserved by the proper distribution of forest areas through their climatic and hydrographic influence.

A country, embracing within its borders the head waters of all the streams and rivers that interlace it, when stripped of its forest covering becomes a barren waste, incapable of supporting man or beast.—Warren Highley.

Arbor Day in the public schools is doing something toward the replenishing of treeless regions, restoring forest trees to their former habitation, and also toward the extermination of savagery toward all tree growth from the boys of this generation. Heredity from the slayers of trees in their fight with the primeval woods, will require heroic treatment. A boy with a hatchet is still a desolater, and with an axe he is a scourge second only to the forest burner; when he grows to manhood his greed is proof against all sentiment or suggestion of remoter consequences. For centuries now the matchless forests of this country have been faced with the cry of "Kill! Kill!" There has been no mercy and no recourse. Slaughter has waged un-

hindered and unrebuked. Timber forests, with unlimited supply under care and culture, have been ruined. The waste has been more than the product. For bark, for charcoal and firewood, for fence posts and railroad ties, for lumber and shingles, for spars and ship timbers, for wooden ware, matches, and even toothpicks, the woods have been flayed alive. We have wasted our inheritance until the resulting shame is beginning to show. Forest laws that are sharp and usable as axes are demanded. The ownership of woodland must not carry the right to abuse it. Lands that are important water preserves should be protected the same as public reservoirs. Private ownership which has proved detrimental to public interests should be suppressed by public purchases. All possible restraints must be put on the marauders and incendiaries of the woods. For toleration of this criminal treatment of trees has reached its limit. The sentiment of our people is ready to sustain the hand of justice in the defense of these true friends of man.—Christian Work.

Arbutus

Pure and perfect, sweet arbutus
Twines her rosy-tinted wreath.
—Elaine Goodale.

Now the tender, sweet arbutus,
Trails her blossom-clustered vines,
And the many-fingered cinquefoil
In the shadow hollow twines.
—Dora Read Goodale.

Darlings of the forest!
Blossoming alone
When Earth's grief is sorest
For her jewels gone—
Ere the last snow-drift melts your tender buds have blown. —Rose T. Cooke.

Archæology

Archæology is not only the handmaid of history, it is also the conservator of art.—Lord Lytton.

Architecture

Architecture is the work of nations.—Ruskin.

The architect must not only understand drawing, but music.—Vitruvius.

Architecture is frozen music!—Madame de Staël.

A Gothic church is a petrified religion.—Coleridge.

Histories in blazonry and poems in stone.—Ouida.

The poetry of bricks and mortar.—Horace Greeley.

The architect built his great heart into those sculptured stones.—Longfellow.

Spires whose "silent finger points to heaven."—Wordsworth.

Greek architecture is the flowering of geometry.—Emerson.

A fabric huge
Rose, like an exhalation. —Milton.

Earth proudly wears the Parthenon
As the best gem upon her zone.
—Emerson.

No workman steel, no pond'rous axes rung:
Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung. —Bishop Heber.

No person who is not a great sculptor or painter can be an architect. If he is not a painter or sculptor, he can only be a builder.—Ruskin.

Houses are built to live in, more than to look on; therefore let use be preferred before uniformity except where both may be had.—Bacon.

Thus when we view some well-proportion'd dome,
* * * * * *
No single parts unequally surprise,
All comes united to th' admiring eyes.
—Pope.

If cities were built by the sound of music, then some edifices would appear to be constructed by grave, solemn tones,—others to have danced forth to light fantastic airs.—Hawthorne.

We must note carefully what distinction there is between a healthy and a diseased love of change; for as it was in healthy love of change that the

Gothic architecture rose, it was partly in consequence of diseased love of change that it was destroyed.—Ruskin.

An instinctive taste teaches men to build their churches in flat countries with spire-steeples, which, as they cannot be referred to any other object, point as with silent finger to the sky and stars.—Coleridge.

Architecture is the art which so disposes and adorns the edifices raised by man, for whatsoever uses, that the sight of them may contribute to his mental health, power, and pleasure.—Ruskin.

It was stated * * * that the value of architecture depended on two distinct characters:—the one, the impression it receives from human power; the other, the image it bears of the natural creation.—Ruskin.

Better the rudest work that tells a story or records a fact, than the richest without meaning. There should not be a single ornament put upon great civic buildings, without some intellectual intention.—Ruskin.

I would have, then, our ordinary dwelling-houses built to last, and built to be lovely; as rich and full of pleasantness as may be within and without: * * * with such differences as might suit and express each man's character and occupation, and partly his history.—Ruskin.

The hasty multitude
Admiring enter'd, and the work some praise,
And some the architect: his hand was known
In heaven by many a tower'd structure high,
Where scepter'd angels held their residence,
And sat as princes. —Milton.

In designing a house and gardens, it is happy when there is an opportunity of maintaining a subordination of parts; the house so luckily placed as to exhibit a view of the whole design. I have sometimes thought that there was room for it to resemble an epic or dramatic poem.—Shenstone.

The Gothic cathedral is a blossoming in stone, subdued by the insatiable demand of harmony in man. The mountain of granite blooms into an eternal flower, with the lightness and delicate finish as well as the aerial proportions and perspective of vegetable beauty.—Emerson.

Architecture exhibits the greatest extent of the difference from nature which may exist in works of art. It involves all the powers of design, and is sculpture and painting inclusively. It shows the greatness of man, and should at the same time teach him humility.—Coleridge.

The hand that rounded Peter's dome
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
Wrought in a sad sincerity:
Himself from God he could not free;
He builded better than he knew;
The conscious stone to beauty grew.
—Emerson.

Möller, in his Essay on Architecture, taught that the building which was fitted accurately to answer its end would turn out to be beautiful, though beauty had not been intended. I find the like unity in human structures rather virulent and pervasive.—Emerson.

Grandeur * * * consists in form, and not in size: and to the eye of the philosopher, the curve drawn on a paper two inches long, is just as magnificent, just as symbolic of divine mysteries and melodies, as when embodied in the span of some cathedral roof.—Charles Kingsley.

Architecture is the printing-press of all ages, and gives a history of the state of the society in which it was erected, from the cromlech of the Druids to those toy-shops of royal bad taste,—Carlton House and the Brighton Pavilion. The Tower and Westminster Abbey are glorious pages in the history of time, and tell the story of an iron despotism, and the cowardice of unlimited power.—Lady Morgan.

Therefore when we build, let us think that we build (public edifices)

forever. Let it not be for present delight, nor for present use alone, let it be such work as our descendants will thank us for, and let us think, as we lay stone on stone, that a time is to come when those stones will be held sacred because our hands have touched them, and that men will say as they look upon the labor and wrought substance of them, "See! this our fathers did for us."—Ruskin.

Argument

Let argument bear no unmusical sound.—Ben Jonson.

Neither irony nor sarcasm is argument.—Rufus Choate.

Argument is not always truth.—Kossuth.

Strong and bitter words indicate a weak cause.—Victor Hugo.

Silence is less injurious than a weak reply.—Colton.

I always get the better when I argue alone.—Goldsmith.

Argument should be politic as well as logical.—Lamartine.

In excessive altercation truth is lost.—Publius Syrus.

Keep cool; anger is not argument.—Daniel Webster.

Many can argue; not many converse.—Alcott.

Arguments out of a pretty mouth are unanswerable.—Addison.

An argument similes are like songs in love; they much describe; they nothing prove.—Prior.

Affect not little shifts and subterfuges to avoid the force of an argument.—Dr. Watts.

We are pleased with one who instantly assents to our opinions, but we love a proselyte.—Arthur Helps.

His conduct still right with his argument wrong.—Goldsmith.

Wise men argue causes, and fools decide them.—Anacharsis.

No argument can be drawn from the abuse of a thing against its use.—Latin.

Be calm in arguing; for fierceness makes error a fault, and truth discourtesy.—Herbert.

A man convinced against his will
Is of the same opinion still.
—Butler.

Similes prove nothing, but yet greatly lighten and relieve the tedium of argument.—South.

Arguments, like children, should be like the subject that begets them.—Thomas Decker.

I have found you an argument; but I am not obliged to find you an understanding.—Samuel Johnson.

A knock-down argument; 'tis but a word and a blow.—Dryden.

He that is not open to conviction is not qualified for discussion.—Bishop Whately.

He who establishes his argument by noise and command shows that reason is weak.—Montaigne.

They that are more frequent to dispute be not always the best able to determine.—Hooker.

The devil can quote Scripture for his purpose.—Shakespeare.

One single positive weighs more,
You know, than negatives a score.
—Prior.

In argument with men a woman ever
Goes by the worse, whatever be her cause.
—Milton.

Never argue. In society nothing must be; give only results. If any person differs from you, bow, and turn the conversation.—Beaconsfield.

Insolence is not logic; epithets are the arguments of malice.—R. G. Ingersoll.

Who shall decide when doctors disagree,
And sound casuists doubt like you and me?
—Pope.

Nothing is more certain than that much of the force, as well as grace, of arguments or instructions depends on their conciseness.—Pope.

Gratuitous violence in argument betrays a conscious weakness of the cause, and is usually a signal of despair.—Junius.

In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For even tho' vanquish'd he could argue still.
—Goldsmith.

The first race of mankind used to dispute, as our ordinary people do now-a-days, in a kind of wild logic, uncultivated by rule of art.—Addison.

Academical disputation gives vigor and briskness to the mind thus exercised, and relieves the languor of private study and meditation.—Dr. Watts.

There is no arguing with Johnson; for if his pistol misses fire, he knocks you down with the butt end of it.—Goldsmith.

Argument, as usually managed, is the worst sort of conversation; as it is generally in books the worst sort of reading.—Swift.

She hath prosperous art
When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade.
—Shakespeare.

As the scale of the balance must give way to the weight that presses it down, so the mind must of necessity yield to demonstration.—Cicero.

The skilful disputant well knows that he never has his enemy at more advantage than when, by allowing the premises, he shows him arguing wrong from his own principles.—Warburton.

There is no good in arguing with the inevitable. The only argument available with an east wind is to put on your overcoat.—Lowell.

Like doctors thus, when much dispute has past,
We find our tenets just the same at last.
—Pope.

No deeply rooted tendency was ever extirpated by adverse judgment. Not having originally been founded on argument, it cannot be destroyed by logic.—G. H. Lewes.

The soundest argument will produce no more conviction in an empty head than the most superficial declamation, as a feather and a guinea fall with equal velocity in a vacuum.—Colton.

Passionate expression and vehement assertion are no arguments, unless it be of the weakness of the cause that is defended by them, or of the man that defends it.—Chillingworth.

Examples I could cite you more;
But be contented with these four;
For when one's proofs are aptly chosen
Four are as valid as four dozen.
—Prior.

Reproachful speech from either side
The want of argument supplied;
They rail, reviled; as often ends
The contests of disputing friends.
—Gay.

An academical education, sir, bids me tell you, that it is necessary to establish the truth of your first proposition before you presume to draw inferences from it.—Junius.

Weak arguments are often thrust before my path; but although they are most unsubstantial, it is not easy to destroy them. There is not a more difficult feat known than to cut through a cushion with a sword.—Whately.

It is an excellent rule to be observed in all disputes, that men should give soft words and hard arguments; that they should not so much strive to vex as to convince each other.—Wilkins.

In a debate, rather pull to pieces the argument of thy antagonists than offer him any of thy own; for thus thou wilt fight him in his own country.—Fielding.

With temper calm and mild,
And words of soften'd tone,
He overthrows his neighbor's cause,
And justifies his own.
—Vicksburg Whig.

There are some people as obtuse in recognizing an argument as they are in appreciating wit. You couldn't drive it into their heads with a hammer.—Douglas Jerrold.

If thou continuest to take delight in idle argumentation, thou mayest be qualified to combat with the sophists, but never know how to love with men. —Socrates.

It is in disputes as in armies; where the weaker side set up false lights, and make a great noise to make the enemy believe them more numerous and strong than they really are.—Swift.

Testimony is like an arrow shot from a long bow, the force of it depends on the strength of the hand that draws it. Argument is like an arrow from a cross-bow, which has equal force though drawn by a child.—Boyle.

Soon their crude notions with each other fought;
The adverse sect denied what this had taught;
And he at length the amplest triumph gain'd,
Who contradicted what the last maintain'd.
—Prior.

Whenever you argue with another wiser than yourself, in order that others may admire your wisdom, they will discover your ignorance. When one imagines a discourse better than yourself, although you may be fully informed, yet do not start objections. —Saadi.

The first the Retort Courteous; the second the Quip Modest; the third the Reply Churlish; the fourth the Reproof Valiant; the fifth the Countercheck Quarrelsome; the sixth the Lie with Circumstance; the seventh the Lie Direct.—Shakespeare.

He'd undertake to prove, by force
Of argument, a man's no horse.
He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a lord may be an owl,
A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,
And rooks, committeemen or trustees.
—Butler.

I never love those salamanders that are never well but when they are in the fire of contentions. I will rather suffer a thousand wrongs than offer one. I have always found that to strive with a superior is injurious; with an equal, doubtful; with an inferior, sordid and base; with any, full of unquietness.—Bishop Hall.

When we would show any one that he is mistaken, our best course is to observe on what side he considers the subject,—for his view of it is generally right on this side,—and admit to him that he is right so far. He will be satisfied with this acknowledgment, that he was not wrong in his judgment, but only inadvertent in not looking at the whole case.—Pascal.

Treating your adversary with respect is giving him an advantage to which he is not entitled. The greatest part of men cannot judge of reasoning, and are impressed by character; so that, if you allow your adversary a respectable character, they will think that, though you differ from him, you may be in the wrong. Treating your adversary with respect is striking soft in a battle.—Dr. Johnson.

Be calm in argument; for fierceness makes
Error a fault, and truth discourtesy.
Why should I feel another man's mistakes
More than his sicknesses or poverty?
In love I should: but anger is not love,
Nor wisdom neither; therefore gently move.
Calmness is great advantage; he that lets
Another chafe may warm him at his fire,
Mark all his wand'rings and enjoy his frets,
As cunning fencers suffer heat to tire.
—Herbert.

Where we desire to be informed 'tis good to contest with men above ourselves, but to confirm and establish our

opinions, 'tis best to argue with judgments below our own, that the frequent spoils and victories over their reasons may settle in ourselves an esteem and confirmed opinion of our own.—Sir Thos. Browne.

Some men at the approach of a dispute neigh like horses. Unless there be an argument, they think nothing is doing. Some talkers excel in the precision with which they formulate their thoughts, so that you get from them somewhat to remember; others lay criticism asleep by a charm. Especially women use words that are not words,—as steps in a dance are not steps,—but reproduce the genius of that they speak of; as the sound of some bells makes us think of the bell merely, whilst the church chimes in the distance bring the church and its serious memories before us.—Emerson.

Aristocracy

An aristocracy is the true support of a monarchy.—Napoleon I.

By blood a king, in heart a clown.—Tennyson.

And lords whose parents were the Lord knows who!—De Foe.

You may depend upon it that there are as good hearts to serve men in palaces as in cottages.—Robert Owen.

I do not understand how an aristocracy can exist, unless it be distinguished by some quality which no other class of the community possesses.—Beaconsfield.

Turbulent, discontented men of quality, in proportion as they are puffed up with personal pride and arrogance, generally despise their own order.—Burke.

Where some think, and others do not, there is developed aristocracy. Where all have come to think we have democracy,—the government of the people by themselves.—Beecher.

Aristocracy has three successive ages,—the age of superiorities, the age of privileges, and the age of vanities; having passed out of the first, it degenerates in the second, and dies away in the third.—Chateaubriand.

Amongst the masses—even in revolutions—aristocracy must ever exist; destroy it in nobility, and it becomes centred in the rich and powerful Houses of the Commons. Pull them down, and it still survives in the master and foreman of the workshop.—Guizot.

Army

For the army is a school in which the niggardly become generous, and the generous prodigal; and if there are some soldiers misers, they are a kind of monsters, but very rarely seen.—Cervantes.

The army is a good book to open to study human life. One learns there to put his hand to everything, to the lowest and highest things. The most delicate and rich are forced to see living nearly everywhere poverty, and to live with it, and to measure his morsel of bread and draught of water.—Alfred de Vigny.

Arrogance

Arrogance is the obstruction of wisdom.—Bion.

When men are most sure and arrogant, they are commonly the most mistaken, and have then given views to passion, without that proper deliberation and suspense which can alone secure them from the grossest absurdities.—Hume.

When Diogenes came to Olympia and perceived some Rhodian youths dressed with great splendor and magnificence, he said with a smile of contempt, "This is all arrogance." Afterwards some Lacedemonians came in his way, as mean and as sordid in their attire as the dress of the others was rich. "This," said he, "is also arrogance."—Ælian.

A man that loves to be peevish and paramount, and to play the sovereign at every turn, does but blast the blessings of life, and swagger away his own enjoyments; and not to enlarge upon

the folly, not to mention the injustice of such a behavior, it is always the sign of a little, unbenevolent temper. It is disease and discredit all over, and there is no more greatness in it, than in the swelling of a dropsy.—Jeremy Collier.

What is so hateful to a poor man as the purse-proud arrogance of a rich one? Let fortune shift the scene, and make the poor man rich, he runs at once into the vice that he declaimed against so feelingly; these are strange contradictions in the human character. —Cumberland.

Art

The perfection of art is to conceal art.—Quintilian.

Art needs no spur beyond itself.—Victor Hugo.

Art does not imitate, but interpret. —Mazzini.

He that sips of many arts drinks of none.—Fuller.

The great artist is the slave of his ideal.—Bovee.

Art, however innocent, looks like deceiving.—Aaron Hill.

The inglorious arts of peace.—Andrew Marvell.

An artist should have more than two eyes.—Lamartine.

What is art? Nature concentrated. —Balzac.

Art is power.—Longfellow.

Unless art deceives, it is not art.— W. L. Reiner.

Every artist was first an amateur.— Emerson.

A picture is a poem without words. —Horace.

Art is the gift of God, and must be used unto His glory—Longfellow.

Art is not imitation, but illusion.— Charles Reade.

The highest art is artlessness.—F. A. Durivage.

The true artist can only labor con amore.—Victor Hugo.

Art may err, but nature cannot miss. —Dryden.

Art still followed where Rome's eagles flew.—Pope.

It was Homer who gave laws to the artist.—Francis Wayland.

The artist belongs to his work, not the work to the artist.—Novalis.

The first essential to success in the art you practice is respect for the art itself.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Seraphs share with thee knowledge; but art, O man, is thine alone!—Schiller.

Painters and poets have equal license in regard to everything.— Horace.

I think sculpture and painting have an effect to teach us manners, and abolish hurry.—Emerson.

Many persons feel art, some understand it; but few both feel and understand it.—Hillard.

The counterfeit and counterpart
Of Nature reproduced in art.
—Longfellow.

Art must anchor in nature, or it is the sport of every breath of folly.— Hazlitt.

The conscious utterance of thought, by speech or action, to any end, is art.—Emerson.

Beauty is at once the ultimate principle and the highest aim of art.— Goethe.

It is the end of art to inoculate men with the love of nature.—Beecher.

Greater completion marks the progress of art, absolute completion usually its decline.—Ruskin.

For Art is Nature made by Man
To Man the interpreter of God.
—Owen Meredith.

Art is indeed not the bread but the wine of life.—Jean Paul Richter.

Dead he is not, but departed—for the artist never dies.—Longfellow.

An amateur may not be an artist, though an artist should be an amateur.—Disraeli.

The true work of art is but a shadow of the divine perfection.—Michael Angelo.

The highest problem of any art is to cause by appearance the illusion of a higher reality.—Goethe.

In art, to express the infinite one should suggest infinitely more than is expressed.—Goethe.

In the fine arts, as in many other things, we know well only what we have not learned.—Chamfort.

No man can thoroughly master more than one art or science.—Hazlitt.

This is an art which does mend nature,—change it rather; but the art itself is nature.—Shakespeare.

The learned understand the reason of the art, the unlearned feel the pleasure.—Quintilian.

The mission of art is to represent nature not to imitate her. — W. M. Hunt.

It is only the educated who can produce or appreciate high art.—Marguerite de Valois.

There are certain epochs in art when simplicity is audacious originality.—Achilles Poincelot.

All things are artificial; for nature is the art of God.—Sir Thos. Browne.

In the study of the fine arts, they mutually assist each other.—Beaconsfield.

The object of art is to crystallize emotion into thought, and then to fix it in form.—François Delsarte.

Art is more godlike than science. Science discovers; art creates.—John Opie.

True art is but the anti-type of nature,—the embodiment of discovered beauty in utility.—James A. Garfield.

Art is a jealous thing; it requires the whole and entire man.—Michael Angelo.

There is a great affinity between designing and art.—Addison.

It is not the defects but the beauties which should form our criterion of judgment in all matters of art.—Chapin.

The ordinary true, or purely real, cannot be the object of the arts. Illusion on a ground of truth,—that is the secret of the fine arts.—Joubert.

A true artist should put a generous deceit on the spectators, and effect the noblest designs by easy methods.—Burke.

Art is based on a strong sentiment of religion,—on a profound and mighty earnestness; hence it is so prone to co-operate with religion.—Goethe.

Of every noble work the silent part is best; of all expression, that which cannot be expressed.—W. W. Story.

Art is the child of Nature; yes, her darling child, in whom we trace the features of the mother's face.—Longfellow.

Art, as far as it has ability, follows nature, as a pupil imitates his master; thus your art must be, as it were, God's grandchild.—Dante.

Art needs solitude or misery or passion. Lukewarm zephyrs wilt it. It

is a rock-flower flourishing by stormy blasts and in stony soil.—Alex. Dumas.

In the art of design, color is to form what verse is to prose,—a more harmonious and luminous vehicle of the thought.—Mrs. Jameson.

The natural progress of the works of men is from rudeness to convenience, from convenience to elegance, and from elegance to nicety.—Dr. Johnson.

Art is the right hand of Nature. The latter has only given us being, the former has made us men.—Schiller.

Persons famous in the arts partake of the immortality of princes, and are upon a footing with them.—Francis I.

A work of art is said to be perfect in proportion as it does not remind the spectator of the process by which it was created.—Tuckerman.

It is only with the best judges that the highest works of art would lose none of their honor by being seen in their rudiments.—J. F. Boyes.

We speak of profane arts; but there are none properly such; every art is holy in itself; it is the son of Eternal Light.—Tegner.

That which exists in nature is a something purely individual and particular. Art, on the contrary, is essentially destined to manifest the general.—Schlegel.

Many young painters would never have taken their pencils in hand if they could have felt, known, and understood, early enough, what really produced a master like Raphael.—Goethe.

Ah! would that we could at once paint with the eyes! In the long way, from the eye, through the arm to the pencil, how much is lost!—Lessing.

From Egypt arts their progress made to Greece, wrapped in the fable of the golden fleece.—Sir J. Denham.

In old times men used their powers of painting to show the objects of faith; in later times they used the objects of faith that they might show their powers of painting.—Ruskin.

The enemy of art is the enemy of nature; art is nothing but the highest sagacity and exertions of human nature; and what nature will he honor who honors not the human?—Lavater.

Immortal art! where'er the rounded sky
Bends o'er the cradle where thy children lie,
Their home is earth, their herald every tongue.
—Holmes.

Artists may produce excellent designs, but they will avail little, unless the taste of the public is sufficiently cultivated to appreciate them.—George C. Mason.

The mother of useful arts is necessity; that of the fine arts is luxury. For father the former has intellect; the latter genius, which itself is a kind of luxury.—Schopenhauer.

All the arts, which have a tendency to raise man in the scale of being, have a certain common band of union and are connected, if I may be allowed to say so, by blood-relationship with one another.—Cicero.

The highest art is always the most religious; and the greatest artist is always a devout man. A scoffing Raphael or Michael Angelo is not conceivable.—Blackie.

Around the mighty master came
The marvels which his pencil wrought,
Those miracles of power whose fame
Is wide as human thought.
—Whittier.

Artists will sometimes speak of Rome with disparagement or indifference while it is before them; but no artist ever lived in Rome and then left it, without sighing to return.—Hillard.

Rules may teach us not to raise the arms above the head; but if passion carries them, it will be well done; passion knows more than art.—Baron.

The painter is, as to the execution of his work, a mechanic; but as to his conception, his spirit, and design, he is hardly below even the poet in liberal art.—Steele.

In art the Greeks were the children of the Egyptians. The day may yet come when we shall do justice to the nigh powers of that mysterious and imaginative people.—Beaconsfield.

One of the first principles of decorative art is that in all manufactures ornament must hold a place subordinate to that of utility; and when, by its exuberance, ornament interferes with utility, it is misplaced and vulgar. —G. C. Mason.

In art there is a point of perfection, as of goodness or maturity in nature; he who is able to perceive it, and who loves it, has perfect taste; he who does not feel it, or loves on this side or that, has an imperfect taste.—Bruyère.

The object of science is knowledge; the objects of art are works. In art, truth is the means to an end; in science, it is the only end. Hence the practical arts are not to be classed among the sciences.—Whewell.

The temple of art is built of words. Painting and sculpture and music are but the blazon of its windows, borrowing all their significance from the light, and suggestive only of the temple's use.—J. G. Holland.

The artist is the child in the popular fable, every one of whose tears was a pearl. Ah! the world, that cruel step-mother, beats the poor child the harder to make him shed more pearls. —Heinrich Heine.

Art itself, in all its methods, is the child of religion. The highest and best works in architecture, sculpture and painting, poetry and music, have been born out of the religion of Nature.—James Freeman Clarke.

The misfortune in the state is, that nobody can enjoy life in peace, but that everybody must govern; and in art, that nobody will enjoy what has been produced, but that every one wants to reproduce on his own account.—Goethe.

Art is a severe business; most serious when employed in grand and sacred objects. The artist stands higher than art, higher than the object. He uses art for his purposes, and deals with the object after his own fashion.—Goethe.

Winckelmann wished to live with a work of art as a friend. The saying is true of pen and pencil. Fresh lustre shoots from Lycidas in a twentieth perusal. The portraits of Clarendon are mellowed by every year of reflection.—Willmott.

When the painter wishes to represent an event, he cannot place before us too great a number of personages; but he cannot employ too few when he wishes to portray an emotion.—Joubert.

In sculpture did ever anybody call the Apollo a fancy piece? Or say of the Laocoön how it might be made different? A masterpiece of art has in the mind a fixed place in the chain of being, as much as a plant or a crystal. —Emerson.

All men are in some degree impressed by the face of the world; some men even to delight. This love of beauty is taste. Others have the same love in such excess that, not content with admiring, they seek to embody it in new forms. The creation of beauty is art.—Emerson.

Moral beauty is the basis of all true beauty. This foundation is somewhat covered and veiled in nature. Art brings it out, and gives it more transparent forms. It is here that art, when it knows well its power and resources, engages in a struggle with nature in which it may have the advantage.—Victor Cousin.

The study of art is a taste at once engrossing and unselfish, which may be indulged without effort, and yet has the power of exciting the deepest emo-

tions,—a taste able to exercise and to gratify both the nobler and softer parts of our nature.—Guizot.

The one thing that marks the true artist is a clear perception and a firm, bold hand, in distinction from that imperfect mental vision and uncertain touch which give us the feeble pictures and the lumpy statues of the mere artisans on canvas or in stone.—O. W. Holmes.

Art employs method for the symmetrical formation of beauty, as science employs it for the logical exposition of truth; but the mechanical process is, in the last, ever kept visibly distinct, while in the first it escapes from sight amid the shows of color and the curves of grace.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Art does not imitate nature, but it founds itself on the study of nature,—takes from nature the selections which best accord with its own intention, and then bestows on them that which nature does not possess, viz. the mind and the soul of man.—Bulwer-Lytton.

The only kind of sublimity which a painter or sculptor should aim at is to express by certain proportions and positions of limbs and features that strength and dignity of mind, and vigor and activity of body, which enables men to conceive and execute great actions.—Burke.

The power of painter or poet to describe rightly what he calls an ideal thing depends upon its being to him not an ideal, but a real thing. No man ever did or ever will work well but either from actual sight or sight of faith.—Ruskin.

Art is the effort of man to express the ideas which nature suggests to him of a power above nature, whether that power be within the recesses of his own being, or in the Great First Cause of which nature, like himself, is but the effect.—Bulwer-Lytton.

There are two kinds of artists in this world; those that work because the spirit is in them, and they cannot be silent if they would, and those that speak from a conscientious desire to make apparent to others the beauty that has awakened their own admiration.—Anna Katharine Green.

Whatever may be the means, or whatever the more immediate end of any kind of art, all of it that is good agrees in this, that it is the expression of one soul talking to another, and is precious according to the greatness of the soul that utters it.—Ruskin.

It is a great mortification to the vanity of man that his utmost art and industry can never equal the meanest of Nature's productions, either for beauty or value. Art is only the underworkman, and is employed to give a few strokes of embellishment to those pieces which come from the hand of the master.—Hume.

The summit charms us, the steps to it do not; with the heights before our eyes, we like to linger in the plain. It is only a part of art that can be taught; but the artist needs the whole. He who is only half instructed speaks much and is always wrong; who knows it wholly is content with acting and speaks seldom or late.—Goethe.

I once asked a distinguished artist what place he gave to labor in art. "Labor," he in effect said, "is the beginning, the middle, and the end of art." Turning then to another—"And you," I inquired, "what do you consider as the great force in art?" "Love," he replied. In their two answers I found but one truth.—Bovee.

Art is a jealous mistress, and, if a man have a genius for painting, poetry, music, architecture, or philosophy, he makes a bad husband, and an ill provider, and should be wise in season, and not fetter himself with duties which will imbitter his days, and spoil him for his proper work.—Emerson.

Remember always, in painting as in eloquence, the greater your strength, the quieter will be your manner, and the fewer your words; and in painting, as in all the arts and acts of life,

the secret of high success will be found, not in a fretful and various excellence, but in a quiet singleness of justly chosen aim.—Ruskin.

The flitting sunbeam has been grasped and made to do man's bidding in place of the painter's pencil. And although Franklin tamed the lightning, yet not until yesterday has its instantaneous flash been made the vehicle of language; thus in the transmission of thought annihilating space and time.—Professor Robinson.

Art neither belongs to religion, nor to ethics; but, like these, it brings us nearer to the Infinite, one of the forms of which it manifests to us. God is the source of all beauty, as of all truth, of all religion, of all morality. The most exalted object, therefore, of art is to reveal in its own manner the sentiment of the Infinite.—Victor Cousin.

Those critics who, in modern times, have the most thoughtfully analyzed the laws of æsthetic beauty concur in maintaining that the real truthfulness of all works of imagination—sculpture, painting, written fiction—is so purely in the imagination, that the artist never seeks to represent the positive turth, but the idealized image of a truth.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Excellence in art is to be attained only by active effort, and not by passive impressions; by the manly overcoming of difficulties, by patient struggle against adverse circumstance, by the thrifty use of moderate opportunities. The great artists were not rocked and dandled into eminence, but they attained to it by that course of labor and discipline which no man need go to Rome or Paris or London to enter upon.—Hillard.

What a conception of art must those theorists have who exclude portraits from the proper province of the fine arts! It is exactly as if we denied that to be poetry in which the poet celebrates the woman he really loves. Portraiture is the basis and the touchstone of historic painting.—Schlegel.

Art is the microscope of the mind, which sharpens the wit as the other does the sight; and converts every object into a little universe in itself. Art may be said to draw aside the veil from nature. To those who are perfectly unskilled in the practice, unimbued with the principles of art, most objects present only a confused mass.—Hazlitt.

Art, not less eloquently than literature, teaches her children to venerate the single eye. Remember Matsys. His representations of miser-life are breathing. A forfeited bond twinkles in the hard smile. But follow him to an altar-piece. His Apostle has caught a stray tint from his usurer. Features of exquisite beauty are seen and loved; but the old nature of avarice frets under the glow of devotion. Pathos staggers on the edge of farce.—Willmott.

The perfection of an art consists in the employment of a comprehensive system of laws, commensurate to every purpose within its scope, but concealed from the eye of the spectator; and in the production of effects that seem to flow forth spontaneously, as though uncontrolled by their influence, and which are equally excellent, whether regarded individually, or in reference to the proposed result.—John Mason Good.

Every common dauber writes rascal and villain under his pictures, because the pictures themselves have neither character nor resemblance. But the works of a master require no index. His features and coloring are taken from nature. The impression they make is immediate and uniform; nor is it possible to mistake his characters.—Junius.

It is not so much in buying pictures as in being pictures, that you can encourage a noble school. The best patronage of art is not that which seeks for the pleasures of sentiment in a vague ideality, nor for beauty of form in a marble image, but that which educates your children into living heroes, and binds down the flights and the fondnesses of the heart into practi-

cal duty and faithful devotion.—Ruskin.

Now nature is not at variance with art, nor art with nature; they being both the servants of his providence. Art is the perfection of nature. Were the world now as it was the sixth day, there were yet a chaos. Nature hath made one world, and art another. In brief, all things are artificial; for nature is the art of God.—Sir Thomas Browne.

There is no more potent antidote to low sensuality than the adoration of the beautiful. All the higher arts of design are essentially chaste without respect to the object. They purify the thoughts as tragedy purifies the passions. Their accidental effects are not worth consideration,—there are souls to whom even a vestal is not holy.—Schlegel.

The study of art possesses this great and peculiar charm, that it is absolutely unconnected with the struggles and contests of ordinary life. By private interests, by political questions, men are deeply divided, and set at variance; but beyond and above all such party strifes, they are attracted and united by a taste for the beautiful in art.—Guizot.

Since I have known God in a saving manner, painting, poetry, and music have had charms unknown to me before. I have received what I suppose is a taste for them, or religion has refined my mind and made it susceptible of impressions from the sublime and beautiful. O, how religion secures the heightened enjoyment of those pleasures which keep so many from God, by their becoming a source of pride!—Henry Martyn.

The refining influence is the study of art, which is the science of beauty; and I find that every man values every scrap of knowledge in art, every observation of his own in it, every hint he has caught from another. For the laws of beauty are the beauty of beauty, and give the mind the same or a higher joy than the sight of it gives the senses. The study of art is of high value to the growth of the intellect.—Emerson.

The names of great painters are like passing-bells: in the name of Velasquez you hear sounded the fall of Spain; in the name of Titian, that of Venice; in the name of Leonardo, that of Milan; in the name of Raphael, that of Rome. And there is profound justice in this, for in proportion to the nobleness of the power is the guilt of its use for purposes vain or vile; and hitherto the greater the art, the more surely has it been used, and used solely, for the decoration of pride or the provoking of sensuality.—Ruskin.

Artifice

To know to dissemble is the knowledge of kings.—Richelieu.

Artifice is allowed to deceive a rival; we may employ everything against our enemies.—Richelieu.

The ordinary employment of artifice is the mark of a petty mind; and it almost always happens that he who uses it to cover himself in one place uncovers himself in another.—Rochefoucauld.

Shallow artifice begets suspicion,
And like a cobweb veil, but thinly shades
The face of thy design, alone disguising
What should have ne'er been seen, imperfect mischief. —Congreve.

Nature is mighty. Art is mighty. Artifice is weak. For nature is the work of a mightier power than man. Art is the work of man under the guidance and inspiration of a mightier power. Artifice is the work of mere man, in the imbecility of his mimic understanding.—Hare.

It is sometimes necessary to play the fool to avoid being deceived by cunning men.—La Rochefoucauld.

Ascension Day

Jesus went away not only to prepare a place for us, so that it will be ready for us as one by one we go home, but to prepare us for the place, to fit us

for heavenly enjoyments and heavenly service.—Peloubet.

And it came to pass while He blessed them, He was parted from them, and carried up into heaven.—Bible.

So then after the Lord had spoken unto them, He was received up into heaven, and sat on the right hand of God.—Bible.

He is taken up, that He may fulfill His design in dying, and give the work of our salvation its last completing act.—John Flavel.

His ascension is not His separation from His people, but the ascension of His throne and the beginning of His reign as the head of the Church which "is His body, the fulness of Him that filleth all in all."—Rev. Com.

Christ "ascended," not to depart from earth, but to take the throne of His Kingdom on earth. "He sat down at the right hand of God." God's reign does not consist in sitting upon a distant throne! It consists in omnipresent power and authority. To sit at His right hand means to share His Authority and Omnipresence.—Talmadge Root.

Here was a magnificent triumph over the law of gravitation. Here was the royal ascent by which our Solomon went up to the house of the Lord. The everlasting gates lifted up their heads and the King of Glory entered in. It was all of a piece—His life, His death, His resurrection, His ascension, all were triumphs.—Rev. C. P. Eldridge.

The ascension of Elijah may be compared to the flight of a bird, which none can follow; the ascension of Christ is, as it were, a bridge between earth and heaven, laid down for all who are drawn to Him by His earthly existence.—Baumgarten.

When we see the only-begotten Son, clothed in a body like our own, exalted above all the heavens, in that sight we have before us the all-glorious and controlling center of all the spheres, the key which interprets the testimony of prophecy, the gathered first fruits of a new and redeemed world.—W. Pulsford.

Hail the day that sees Him rise,
Ravished from our wistful eyes!
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Re-ascends His native heaven.

There the glorious triumph waits,
Lift your heads, eternal gates!
Wide unfold the radiant scene,
Take the King of glory in!

—Wesley.

See, the Conqueror mounts in triumph,
See the King in royal state,
Riding on the clouds His chariot
To His heavenly palace-gate;
Hark, the choirs of angel voices
Joyful halleluiahs sing,
And the portals high are lifted,
To receive their heavenly King.

—Wordsworth.

He is gone; a cloud of light
Has received Him from our sight;
High in heaven, where eye of men
Follows not, nor angels' ken;
Through the veils of time and space,
Passed in to the holiest place;
All the toil, the sorrow done,
All the battle fought and won.

—Dean Stanley.

With the ascent of the Saviour into heaven, from which this anniversary day receives its name, He has entered upon the real and undisputed possession of His royal reign, in which from this time on He rules over all things that are in heaven and on earth.—H. Kern.

His Ascension marked a stage in His revelation, but it only brought Him nearer to us. To have lingered among the early disciples would have limited His mission and sequestered Him from the later Church. As the Resurrection opened the grave, the Ascension opened heaven.—Evangelist.

Our first impressions are to consider the Ascension of our Lord as the very greatest event connected with His appearance on earth. To our own mind, undoubtedly, nothing could be so solemn, so exalting, as the changing this life for another; the putting off mortality and putting on immortality; and

all this we connect with the thought of the removal from earth to heaven. —Thos. Arnold.

The Ascension was the appropriate bloom and culmination of the Resurrection. Had Christ, after the Resurrection, died a natural death, or had He simply disappeared from view into unknown obscurity, the Resurrection, as a proof of His divine power, and pledge of His undimmed and undiminished existence would have gone for nothing. And the Ascension of our Lord has some most precious lessons for us.—Homiletic Review.

In public, in the daylight, on holy Olivet, the Lord finished with glory the career which He began in obscurity. He finished His earthly career, but not His human life. His ascension perpetuated His incarnation. He did not evacuate His human body, but carried it with Him to the right hand of God—with its nail prints and its thorn scars. Touched with a feeling of our infirmities, our great High-priest has passed into the heavens. There He ever liveth to make intercession for us. With His pierced hands He is able to save to the uttermost them that come unto God by Him.—R. S. Barrett.

To ascend on high must have meant for Christ a large increase of His quickening influence, more power to act beneficially on human minds and hearts, to purify and energize, to inspire and elevate, as hitherto He had not been able. That was His supreme ambition, the height for which He sighed; and was it not even thus that He went up gloriously at last from the cross and the grave, mounting from thence to be a greater saving and subliming force than He had ever been before, to beget repentance and remission of sins beyond what He had ever done?—S. A. Tipple.

By the Ascension all the parts of life are brought together in the oneness of their common destination. By the Ascension Christ in His Humanity is brought close to every one of us, and the words "in Christ," the very charter of our faith, gain a present power. By the Ascension we are encouraged to work beneath the surface of things to that which makes all things capable of consecration. Then it is that the last element in our confession as to Christ's work speaks to our hearts. He is not only present with us as Ascended: He is active for us. We believe that He sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty.—Bishop Westcott.

The ascension of Christ added distance to definiteness in worship. Definiteness we must have, as ever craving for a theophany, every instinct of idolatry proves. "Lord, show us the Father and it sufficeth us" is prompted by this feeling. The Incarnation is God's response to this human need. But imagine Jesus living on indefinitely after the resurrection, even under the earthly conditions which obtained during those forty days!

Worship demands the far distances of God; it protests against the little, the near, the material. It must love but it must look up. It cannot live without the note of spirituality and universality, if not mystery. The ascension, the passing of Christ within the veil, answers this need. So does a full-robed Christianity add to definiteness of knowledge the outreach of imagination and home.—Maltbie Babcock.

We celebrate this day the Ascension of our great Judge into heaven, where He sits upon His throne and has all the world before Him; every human soul, with its desires and aims, its thoughts, words, and works, whether they be good or bad. Every man who is running now his mortal race is from first to last before the eye of Him who as on this day ascended with human nature into heaven. Shall we grieve that the Visible Presence is withdrawn, and that there is no longer on earth the mighty and mysterious Personage who put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself and discomfited through dying the enemies of God and man? Not so! There is no reason for sorrow

that He quits the earth on the wings of the wind. We could not detain Him below, we would have Him as our Mediator within the veil. This and this only, can secure to us those spiritual assistances through which we ourselves may climb the firmament.—H. Melvill.

Christ is already in that place of peace, which is all in all. He is on the right hand of God. He is hidden in the brightness of the radiance which issues from the everlasting throne. He is in the very abyss of peace, where there is no voice of tumult or distress, but a deep stillness—stillness, that greatest and most awful of all goods which we can fancy; that most perfect of joys, the utter profound, ineffable tranquillity of the Divine Essence. He has entered into His rest. That is our home; here we are on a pilgrimage, and Christ calls us to His many mansions which He has prepared.—J. H. Newman.

Aspiration

I have immortal longings in me.—Shakespeare.

The mere aspiration is partial realization.—Anna Cora Mowatt.

The movement of the species is upward.—Bancroft.

By steps we may ascend to God.—Milton.

O that I had wings like a dove!—Bible.

It is but a base, ignoble mind that mounts no higher than a bird can soar.—Shakespeare.

The heavens are as deep as our aspirations are high.—Thoreau.

No man can ever rise above that at which he aims.—Rev. A. A. Hodge.

A man—be the heavens ever praised!—is sufficient for himself.—Carlyle.

There is not a single heart but has its moments of longing.—Beecher.

Too low they build who build beneath the stars.—Young.

We cannot of ourselves estimate the degree of our success in what we strive for.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Oh for a muse of fire that would ascend the highest heaven of invention!—Shakespeare.

Aspirations after the holy,—the only aspiration in which the human soul can be assured that it will never meet with disappointment.—Maria M'Intosh.

Man ought always to have something which he prefers to life; otherwise life itself will appear to him tiresome and void.—Seume.

There is no sorrow I have thought more about than that,—to love what is great, and try to reach it, and yet to fail.—George Eliot.

O God, Thou art my God; early will I seek Thee; my soul thirsteth for Thee; my flesh longeth for Thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is.—Psalms.

It is not to taste sweet things, but to do noble and true things, and vindicate himself under God's heaven as a God-made man, that the poorest son of Adam dimly longs.—Carlyle.

The heart is a small thing, but desireth great matters. It is not sufficient for a kite's dinner, yet the whole world is not sufficient for it.—Quarles.

We learn to treasure what is above this earth; we long for revelation, which nowhere burns more purely and more beautifully than in the New Testament.—Goethe.

Father! forgive the heart that clings
Thus trembling to the things of time,
And bid my soul, on angel's wings
Ascend into a purer clime.
—Jane Roscoe.

It seems to me we can never give up longing and wishing while we are thoroughly alive. There are certain

things we feel to be beautiful and good, and we must hunger after them. —George Eliot.

What we truly and earnestly aspire to be, that in some sense we are. The mere aspiration, by changing the frame of the mind, for the moment realizes itself.—Mrs. Jameson.

The negro king desired to be portrayed as white. But do not laugh at the poor African; for every man is but another negro king, and would like to appear in a color different from that with which Fate has bedaubed him.—Heinrich Heine.

There must be something beyond man in this world. Even on attaining to his highest possibilities, he is like a bird beating against his cage. There is something beyond, O deathless soul, like a sea-shell, moaning for the bosom of the ocean to which you belong!—Chapin.

Did you ever hear of a man who had striven all his life faithfully and singly towards an object, and in no measure obtained it? If a man constantly aspires, is he not elevated? Did ever a man try heroism, magnanimity, truth, sincerity, and find that there was no advantage in them,—that it was a vain endeavor?—Thoreau.

Aspiration, worthy ambition, desires for higher good for good ends,—all these indicate a soul that recognizes the beckoning hand of the good Father, who would call us homeward toward Himself.—J. G. Holland.

Assassination

Assassination is not argument.—Castelar.

There are moral as well as physical assassinations.—Voltaire.

Assassination makes only martyrs, not converts.—Lamartine.

If the assassination could trammel up the consequence, and catch, with his surcease, success; that but this blow might be the be-all and the end-all here,—but here, upon this bank and shoal of time, we'd jump the life to come.—Shakespeare.

Murder, like talent, seems occasionally to run in families.—G. H. Lewes.

Assassination has never changed the history of the world.—Beaconsfield.

Assertion

It is an impudent kind of sorcery to attempt to blind us with the smoke without convincing us that the fire has existed.—Junius.

Assertion, unsupported by fact, is nugatory; surmise and general abuse, in however elegant language, ought not to pass for proofs.—Junius.

Associates

A companion of fools shall be destroyed.—Proverbs xiii. 20.

He that walketh with wise men shall be wise.—Solomon.

Frequent the company of your betters.—Thackeray.

Friends are good,—good, if well chosen.—De Foe.

My friends! There are no friends. —Aristotle.

We encourage one another in mediocrity.—Lamb.

For my own part, I shall be glad to learn of noble men.—Shakespeare.

Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me.—Shakespeare.

It is a true proverb that if you live with a lame man you will learn to halt.—Plutarch.

It is best to be with those in time that we hope to be with in eternity.—Fuller.

Keep good company, and you shall be of the number.—George Herbert.

A man—be the heavens ever praised!—is sufficient for himself.—Carlyle.

He that walketh with wise men shall be wise.—Solomon.

We are far more liable to catch the vices than the virtues of our associates.—Diderot.

The company in which you will improve most will be least expensive to you.—Washington.

There are like to be short graces where the devil plays host.—Lamb.

Choose the company of your superiors whenever you can have it.—Lord Chesterfield.

Be not deceived; evil communications corrupt good manners.—Bible.

No man can be provident of his time, who is not prudent in the choice of his company.—Jeremy Taylor.

You may depend upon it that he is a good man whose intimate friends are all good.—Lavater.

We make others' judgment our own by frequenting their society.—Thomas Fuller.

If you always live with those who are lame, you will yourself learn to limp.—From the Latin.

If men wish to be held in esteem, they must associate with those only who are estimable.—Bruyère.

I set it down as a maxim, that it is good for a man to live where he can meet his betters, intellectual and social.—Thackeray.

Costly followers are not to be liked; lest while a man maketh his train longer, he makes his wings shorter.—Bacon.

It is meet that noble minds keep ever with their likes; for who so firm, that cannot be seduced?—Shakespeare.

A man should live with his superiors as he does with his fire,—not too near, lest he burn; nor too far off, lest he freeze.—Diogenes.

Those who are unacquainted with the world take pleasure in the intimacy of great men; those who are wiser dread the consequences.—Horace.

It is good discretion not to make too much of any man at the first; because one cannot hold out that proportion.—Bacon.

No man can possibly improve in any company for which he has not respect enough to be under some degree of restraint.—Chesterfield.

What is companionship where nothing that improves the intellect is communicated, and where the larger heart contracts itself to the model and dimension of the smaller?—Landor.

No company is far preferable to bad, because we are more apt to catch the vices of others than their virtues, as disease is far more contagious than health.—Colton.

Nothing is more deeply punished than the neglect of the affinities by which alone society should be formed, and the insane levity of choosing associates by others' eyes.—Emerson.

Constant companionship is not enjoyable, any more than constant eating. We sit too long at the table of friendship, when we outsit our appetites for each other's thoughts.—Bovee.

We gain nothing by being with such as ourselves. We encourage one another in mediocrity. I am always longing to be with men more excellent than myself.—Lamb.

He who comes from the kitchen, smells of its smoke; and he who adheres to a sect, has something of its cant; the college air pursues the student; and dry inhumanity him who herds with literary pedants.—Lavater.

It is expedient to have an acquaintance with those who have looked into the world; who know men, understand business, and can give you good intelligence and good advice when they are wanted.—Bishop Horne.

Associate with men of judgment, for judgment is found in conversation, and we make another man's judgment ours by frequenting his company.—Thomas Fuller.

It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take disease, one of another; therefore let men take heed of their company.—Shakespeare.

A frequent intercourse and intimate connection between two persons make them so like, that not only their dispositions are moulded like each other, but their very face and tone of voice contract a certain analogy.—Lavater.

When we live habitually with the wicked, we become necessarily either their victim or their disciple; when we associate, on the contrary, with virtuous men, we form ourselves in imitation of their virtues, or, at least, lose every day something of our faults.—Agapet.

In all societies, it is advisable to associate if possible with the highest; not that the highest are always the best, but because, if disgusted there, we can at any time descend; but if we begin with the lowest, to ascend is impossible.—Colton.

A companion that feasts the company with wit and mirth, and leaves out the sin which is usually mixed with them, he is the man; and let me tell you, good company and good discourse are the very sinews of virtue.—Izaak Walton.

He that can enjoy the intimacy of the great, and on no occasion disgust them by familiarity, or disgrace himself by servility, proves that he is as perfect a gentleman by nature as his companions are by rank.—Colton.

It is hard to mesmerize ourselves, to whip our own top; but through sympathy we are capable of energy and endurance. Concert fires people to a certain fury of performance they can rarely reach alone.—Emerson.

Bad company is like a nail driven into a post, which, after the first and second blow, may be drawn out with little difficulty; but being once driven up to the head, the pincers cannot take hold to draw it out, but which can only be done by the destruction of the wood.—St. Augustine.

Be very circumspect in the choice of thy company. In the society of thine equals thou shalt enjoy more pleasure; in the society of thy superiors thou shalt find more profit. To be the best in the company is the way to grow worse; the best means to grow better is to be the worst there.—Quarles.

It is adverse to talent to be consorted and trained up with inferior minds and inferior companions, however high they may rank. The foal of the racer neither finds out his speed nor calls out his powers if pastured out with the common herd, that are destined for the collar and the yoke.—Colton.

Might I give counsel to any young hearer, I would say to him, try to frequent the company of your betters. In books and life is the most wholesome society; learn to admire rightly; the great pleasure of life is that. Note what the great men admire,—they admired great things; narrow spirits admire basely, and worship meanly.—Thackeray.

As there are some flowers which you should smell but slightly to extract all that is pleasant in them, and which, if you do otherwise, emit what is unpleasant and noxious, so there are some men with whom a slight acquaintance is quite sufficient to draw out all that is agreeable; a more intimate one would be unsatisfactory and unsafe.—Landor.

Association

There is no man who has not some interesting associations with particular scenes, or airs, or books, and who does not feel their beauty or sublimity enhanced to him by such connections.—Sir A. Alison.

There's not a wind but whispers of thy name;
And not a flow'r that grows beneath the moon,
But in its hues and fragrance tells a tale
Of thee, my love. —Barry Cornwall.

Association is the delight of the heart, not less than of poetry. Alison observes that an autumn sunset, with its crimson clouds, glimmering trunks of trees, and wavering tints upon the grass, seems scarcely capable of embellishment. But if in this calm and beautiful glow the chime of a distant bell steal over the fields, the bosom heaves with the sensation that Dante so tenderly describes.—Willmott.

He whose heart is not excited upon the spot which a martyr has sanctified by his sufferings, or at the grave of one who has largely benefited mankind, must be more inferior to the multitude in his moral, than he can possibly be raised above them in his intellectual nature.—Southey.

How we delight to build our recollections upon some basis of reality,—a place, a country, a local habitation! how the events of life, as we look back upon them, have grown into the well-remembered background of the places where they fell upon us! Here is some sunny garden or summer lane, beautified and canonized forever with the flood of a great joy; and here are dim and silent places,—rooms always shadowed and dark to us, whatever they may be to others,—where distress or death came once, and since then dwells forevermore.—Washington Irving.

Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses: whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me, and far from my friends be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Ionia.—Johnson

Assurance

Immoderate assurance is perfect licentiousness.—Shenstone.

Assurance never failed to get admission into the houses of the great. - Moore.

Assurance of hope is more than life, It is health, strength, power, vigor, activity, energy, manliness, beauty.—J. C. Ryle.

Assurance and intrepidity, under the white banner of seeming modesty, clear the way to merit that would otherwise be discouraged by difficulties.—Chesterfield.

True assurance makes a man more humble and self-denied, but presumptuous confidence puffs up with spiritual pride and self-conceit; the one excites to the practice of every commanded duty, but the other encourages sloth and indolence.—Fisher's Catechism.

There are believers who by God's grace, have climbed the mountains of full assurance and near communion, their place is with the eagle in his eyrie, high aloft; they are like the strong mountaineer, who has trodden the virgin snow, who has breathed the fresh, free air of the Alpine regions, and therefore his sinews are braced, and his limbs are vigorous; these are they who do great exploits, being mighty men, men of renown.—C. H. Spurgeon.

Let us rise into blest assurance that everywhere and forever we are enfolded, penetrated, guarded, guided, kept by the power of the Father and Friend, who can never forsake us;

and that all spirits who have begun to seek, know, love, and serve the All-Perfect One on earth shall be reunited in a celestial home, and be welcomed together into the freedom of the universe, and the perpetual light of His presence.—W. E. Channing.

Astrology

Astrologers that future fates foreshow.—Pope.

Our jovial star reigned at his birth. —Shakespeare.

Strange an astrologer should die without one wonder in the sky.—Swift.

No date prefixed directs me in the starry rubric set.—Milton.

Astrological prayers seem to me to be built on as good reason as the predictions.—Stillingfleet.

I will look on the stars and look on thee, and read the page of thy destiny.—L. E. Landon.

The astrologer who spells the stars, mistakes his globes, and in her bright eye interprets heaven's physiognomies. —John Cleaveland.

Do not Christians and Heathens, Jews and Gentiles, poets and philosophers, unite in allowing the starry influences?—Sir Walter Scott.

There's some ill planet reigns; I must be patient till the heavens look with an aspect favorable.—Shakespeare.

Figure-flingers and star-gazers pretend to foretell the fortunes of kingdoms, and have no foresight in what concerns themselves.—L'Estrange.

A wise man shall overrule his stars, and have a greater influence upon his own content than all the constellations and planets of the firmament.—Jeremy Taylor.

We speak of persons as jovial, as being born under the planet Jupiter or Jove, which was the joyfullest star and the happiest augury of all. A gloomy person was said to be saturnine, as being born under the planet Saturn, who was considered to make those who owned his influence, and were born when he was in the ascendant, grave and stern as himself.—Trench.

Astronomy

An undevout astronomer is mad.—Young.

Astronomy is the science of the harmony of infinite expanse.—Lord John Russell.

And teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night.
—Shakespeare.

Ye realms, yet unreveal'd to human sight,
Ye gods who rule the regions of the night,
Ye gliding ghosts permit me to relate
The mystic wonders of your silent state.
—Dryden.

The narrow sectarian cannot read astronomy with impunity. The creeds of his church shrivel like dried leaves at the door of the observatory.—Emerson.

The contemplation of celestial things will make a man both speak and think more sublimely and magnificently when he descends to human affairs.—Cicero.

These earthly god-fathers of heaven's lights
That give a name to every fixed star
Have no more profit of their shining nights
Than those that walk, and wot not what they are.
—Shakespeare.

The sun rejoicing round the earth, announced
Daily the wisdom, power and love of God.
The moon awoke, and from her maiden face,
Shedding her cloudy locks, looked meekly forth,
And with her virgin stars walked in the heavens—
Walked nightly there, conversing as she walked,
Of purity, and holiness, and God.
—Robert Pollok.

Astronomy is one of the sublimest fields of human investigation. The

mind that grasps its facts and principles receives something of the enlargement and grandeur belonging to the science itself. It is a quickener of devotion.—Horace Mann.

And God made two great lights, great for their use
To man, the greater to have rule by day,
The less by night, altern. —Milton.

I love to rove amidst the starry height,
To leave the little scenes of earth behind,
And let Imagination wing her flight
On eagle pinions swifter than the wind.
I love the planets in their course to trace;
To mark the comets speeding to the sun,
Then launch into immeasurable space,
Where, lost to human sight, remote they run.
I love to view the moon, when high she rides
Amidst the heav'ns, in borrowed lustre bright;
To fathom how she rules the subject tides,
And how she borrows from the sun her light.
O! these are wonders of th' Almighty hand,
Whose wisdom first the circling orbits planned. —T. Rodd.

It does at first appear that an astronomer rapt in abstraction, while he gazes on a star, must feel more exquisite delight than a farmer who is conducting his team.—Isaac Disraeli.

Atheism

The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God.—Psalm xiv. 1.

By night an atheist half believes a God.—Young.

No atheist, as such, can be a true friend.—Bentley.

Atheism is rather in the life than in the heart of man.—Francis Bacon.

No one is so much alone in the world as a denier of God.—Richter.

Though a man declares himself an atheist, it in no way alters his obligations.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Ingersoll's atheism can never become an institution; it can never be more than a destitution.—Robert Collyer.

Thank Heaven, the female heart is untenantable by atheism.—Horace Mann.

The thing formed says that nothing formed it; and that which is made is, while that which made it is not! The folly is infinite.—Jeremy Taylor.

An atheist-laugh's a poor exchange
For Deity offended! —Burns.

A little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion.—Francis Bacon.

It is a fine observation of Plato, in his Laws, that atheism is a disease of the soul before it becomes an error of the understanding.—Wm. Fleming.

God never wrought miracles to convince atheism, because His ordinary works convince it.—Bacon.

The statements of atheists ought to be perfectly clear of doubt. Now it is not perfectly clear that the soul is material.—Pascal.

Atheism is the result of ignorance and pride, of strong sense and feeble reasons, of good eating and ill living.—Jeremy Collier.

An atheist is one of the most daring beings in creation,—a contemner of God, who explodes His laws by denying His existence.—John Foster.

Men are atheistical because they are first vicious, and question the truth of Christianity because they hate the practice.—South.

As atheism is in all respects hateful, so in this, that it depriveth human nature of the means to exalt itself above human frailty.—Bacon.

There are few men so obstinate in their atheism whom a pressing danger will not reduce to an acknowledgment of the divine power.—Plato.

They that deny a God destroy man's nobility, for certainly man is of kin to the beasts by his body; and if he

be not of kin to God by his spirit, he is a base and ignoble creature.—Francis Bacon.

Nothing enlarges the gulf of atheism more than the wide passage that lies between the faith and lives of men pretending to teach Christianity.—Stillingfleet.

Eyes which the preacher could not school,
By wayside graves are raised;
And lips say, "God be pitiful,"
That ne'er said "God be praised."
—Mrs. Browning.

When men live as if there were no God, it becomes expedient for them that there should be none; and then they endeavor to persuade themselves so.—Tillotson.

Atheism is a system which can communicate neither warmth nor illumination, except from those fagots which your mistaken zeal has lighted up for its destruction.—Colton.

The three great apostles of practical atheism, that make converts without persecuting, and retain them without preaching, are wealth, health, and power.—Colton.

The great atheists are, indeed, the hypocrites, which are ever handling holy things, but without feeling; so as they must need be cauterized in the end.—Bacon.

There is no being eloquent for atheism. In that exhausted receiver the mind cannot use its wings,—the clearest proof that it is out of its element. —Hare.

The owlet atheism, sailing on obscene wings across the noon, drops his blue-fringed lids, and shuts them close, and, hooting at the glorious sun in heaven, cries out, "Where is it?"—Coleridge.

That the universe was formed by a fortuitous concourse of atoms, I will no more believe than that the accidental jumbling of the alphabet would fall into a most ingenious treatise of philosophy.—Dean Swift.

I should like to see a man sober in his habits, moderate, chaste, just in his dealings, assert that there is no God; he would speak at least without interested motives; but such a man is not to be found.—Bruyère.

The footprint of the savage traced in the sand is sufficient to attest the presence of man to the atheist who will not recognize God, whose hand is impressed upon the entire universe.—Hugh Miller.

Whoever considers the study of anatomy, I believe, will never be an atheist; the frame of man's body, and coherence of his parts, being so strange and paradoxical, that I hold it to be the greatest miracle of nature.—Lord Herbert.

These are they
That strove to pull Jehovah from His throne,
And in the place of heaven's Eternal King
Set up the phantom, Chance. —Glynn.

Religion assures us that our afflictions shall have an end; she comforts us, she dries our tears, she promises us another life. On the contrary, in the abominable worship of atheism, human woes are the incense, death is the priest, a coffin the altar, and annihilation the Deity.—Chateaubriand.

Supposing all the great points of atheism were formed into a kind of creed, I would fain ask whether it would not require an infinite greater measure of faith than any set of articles which they so violently oppose. —Addison.

Settle it, therefore, in your minds, as a maxim never to be effaced or forgotten, that atheism is an inhuman, bloody, ferocious system, equally hostile to every useful restraint, and to every virtuous affection; that leaving nothing above us to excite awe, nor round us to awaken tenderness, it wages war with heaven and earth: its first object is to dethrone God, its next to destroy man.—Robert Hall.

One would fancy that the zealots in atheism would be exempt from the single fault which seems to grow out of the imprudent fervor of religion. But so it is, that irreligion is propagated with as much fierceness and contention, wrath and indignation, as if the safety of mankind depended upon it.—Addison.

The truly great consider, first, how they may gain the approbation of God, and, secondly, that of their own conscience. Having done this, they would then willingly conciliate the good opinion of their fellow-men. But the truly little reverse the thing. The primary object with them is to secure the applause of their fellow-men; and having effected this, the approbation of God and their own conscience may follow on as they can.—Colton.

Atheism can benefit no class of people; neither the unfortunate, whom it bereaves of hope, nor the prosperous, whose joys it renders insipid, nor the soldier, of whom it makes a coward, nor the woman whose beauty and sensibility it mars, nor the mother, who has a son to lose, nor the rulers of men, who have no surer pledge of the fidelity of their subjects than religion. —Chateaubriand.

Kircher, the astronomer, having an acquaintance who denied the existence of a Supreme Being, took the following method to convince him of his error. Expecting him on a visit, he placed a handsome celestial globe in a part of the room where it could not escape the notice of his friend, who, on observing it, inquired whence it came, and who was the maker.

"It was not made by any person," said the astronomer.

"That is impossible," replied the skeptic; "you surely jest."

Kircher than took occasion to reason with his friend upon his own atheistical principles, explaining to him that he had adopted this plan with a design to show him the fallacy of his skepticism.

"You will not," said he, "admit that this small body originated in mere chance, and yet you contend that those heavenly bodies, to which it bears only a faint and diminutive resemblance, came into existence without author or design."

He pursued this chain of reasoning till his friend was totally confounded, and cordially acknowledged the absurdity of his notions.

Athens

Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence. —Milton.

Ancient of days! august Athena! where,
Where are thy men of might? thy grand in soul?
Gone—glimmering though the dream of things that were;
First in the race that led to glory's goal,
They won, and pass'd away—Is this the whole? —Byron.

Attention

I never knew any man cured of inattention.—Swift.

In the power of fixing the attention lies the most precious of the intellectual habits.—Robert Hall.

Attention is the stuff that memory is made of, and memory is accumulated genius.—Lowell.

It is a way of calling a man a fool when no attention is given to what he says.—L'Estrange.

Lend thy serious hearing to what I shall unfold. —Shakespeare.

It is difficult to instruct children because of their natural inattention; the true mode, of course, is to first make our modes interesting to them.—Locke.

Attention makes the genius; all learning, fancy, and science depend upon it. Newton traced back his discoveries to its unwearied employment. It builds bridges, opens new worlds, and heals diseases; without it taste is useless, and the beauties of literature are unobserved.—Willmott.

Attractiveness

The poetic element lying hidden in most women is the source of their magnetic attraction.—Victor Hugo.

The first duty of a woman is to be pretty.—Mme. de Girardin.

A poor beauty finds more lovers than husbands.—Geo. Herbert.

That hook of wiving, fairness which strikes the eye.—Shakespeare.

Her very frowns are fairer far than smiles of other maidens are.—Coleridge.

Nothing under heaven so strongly doth allure the sense of man, and all his mind possess, as beauty's love-bait.—Spenser.

Those who are formed to win general admiration are seldom calculated to bestow individual happiness.—Lady Blessington.

No woman can be handsome by the force of features alone, any more than she can be witty only by the help of speech.—Thomas Hughes.

I hold it to be the moral duty of women to make themselves beautiful in all lawful ways.—E. Lynn Linton.

The more sensible a woman is, supposing her not to be masculine, the more attractive she is in her proportionate power to entertain.—Leigh Hunt.

Women and flowers are made to be loved for their beauty and sweetness, rather than themselves to love.—Ninon de Lenclos.

On the attraction between man and woman society is based; but its refined is greater than its gross force, and its weight is like the gravitation of the globe.—Bartol.

A woman's natural quality is to attract, and having attracted to enchain; and how influential she may be for good or evil, the history of every age makes clear.—Mrs. H. R. Haweis.

There are other things besides beauty with which to captivate the hearts of men. The Italians have a saying: "Fair is not fair, but that which pleaseth."—Ninon de Lenclos.

To make the cunning artless, tame the rude, subdue the haughty, shake the undaunted soul; yea, put a bridle in the lion's mouth, and lead him forth as a domestic cur,—these are the triumphs of all-powerful beauty.—Joanna Baillie.

Rarity gives a charm: thus early fruits are most esteemed; thus winter roses obtain a higher price; thus coyness sets off an extravagant mistress: a door ever open attracts no young suitor.—Martial.

A pretty, silly, self-conceited woman will very often be far more courted, and seemingly far more liked and admired, than a woman of infinitely higher charms. All the while the men do not like her a tenth part as well.—Charles Buxton.

She carried about her an indefinable air of having been used to love, or admiration probably, of men as well as women, which the most exquisitely modest women will sometimes wear, and which is unmistakable as it is alluring to the eye.—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

Our poor eyes were so enriched as to behold, and our low hearts so exalted as to love, a maid who is such, that as the greatest thing the world can show is her beauty, so the least thing that may be praised in her is her beauty.—Sir P. Sidney.

August

In the parching August wind,
Cornfields bow the head,
Sheltered in round valley depths,
On low hills outspread.
—Christina G. Rossetti.

Dead is the air, and still! the leaves of the
locust and walnut
Lazily hang from the boughs, inlaying their
intricate outlines
Rather on space than the sky—on a tideless
expansion of slumber.
—Bayard Taylor.

Authority

Even reproof from authority ought to be grave, and not taunting.—Bacon.

There is no fettering of authority.—Shakespeare.

Self-possession is the backbone of authority.—Haliburton.

A dog is obeyed in office.—Shakespeare.

Nothing is more gratifying to the mind of man than power of dominion.—Addison.

Though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold.—Shakespeare.

The love of power and the love of liberty are in eternal antagonism.—J. Stuart Mill.

Every legitimate authority should respect its extent and its limits.—Joubert.

Authority, though it err like others, hath yet a kind of medicine in itself, that skins the vice of the top.—Shakespeare.

A man in authority is but as a candle in the wind, sooner wasted or blown out than under a bushel.—Beaumont and Fletcher.

The reason why the simpler sort are moved by authority is the consciousness of their own ignorance.—Hooker.

God, who prepares His work through ages, accomplishes it, when the hour is come, with the feeblest instruments.—Merle D'Aubigné.

Authority bears of a credent bulk
That no particular scandal once can touch;
But it confounds the breather.
—Shakespeare.

All authority must be out of a man's self, turned * * * either upon an art, or upon a man.—Bacon.

Authority is by nothing so much strengthened and confirmed as by custom; for no man easily distrusts the things which he and all men have been always bred up to.—Sir W. Temple.

There is nothing sooner overthrows a weak head than opinion of authority, like too strong a liquor for a frail glass.—Sir P. Sidney.

Authority forgets a dying king,
Laid widow'd of the power in his eye
That bow'd the will. —Tennyson.

Three means to fortify belief are experience, reason, and authority. Of these the more potent is authority; for belief upon reason or experience will stagger.—Bacon.

Mankind are apt to be strongly prejudiced in favor of whatever is countenanced by antiquity, enforced by authority, and recommended by custom.—Robert Hall.

Shall remain!
Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you
His absolute "shall"? —Shakespeare.

An argument from authority is but a weak kind of proof,—it being but a topical probation, and an inartificial argument depending on naked asseveration.—Sir T. Browne.

Man, proud man!
Dress'd in a little brief authority:
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd.
His glassy essence—like an angry ape
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep. —Shakespeare.

Meek young men grow up in libraries, believing it their duty to accept the views which Cicero, which Locke, which Bacon have given; forgetful that Cicero, Locke, and Bacon were only young men in libraries when they wrote these books.—Emerson.

Not from gray hairs authority doth flow,
Nor from bald heads, nor from a wrinkled brow;
But our past life, when virtuously spent,
Must to our age those happy fruits present.
—Denham.

Authority is properly the servant of justice, and political powers are arbitrary and illegitimate if not based upon qualification for that service. This is the doctrine of the ethical derivation of authority or public

power, as opposed to that of an unconditioned and inherent sovereignty. —D. A. Wasson.

Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar,
And the creature run from the cur: There,
There, thou might'st behold the great image of authority;
A dog's obeyed in office. —Shakespeare.

Authority intoxicates,
And makes mere sots of magistrates;
The fumes of it invade the brain,
And make men giddy, proud and vain;
By this the fool commands the wise;
The noble with the base complies;
The sot assumes the role of wit,
And cowards make the base submit.
—Butler.

Most of our fellow-subjects are guided either by the prejudice of education or by a deference to the judgment of those who perhaps in their own hearts disapprove the opinions which they industriously spread among the multitude.—Addison.

Authorship

And choose an author as you choose a friend.—Wentworth Dillon.

Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well.—Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham.

Look, then, into thine heart and write!—Longfellow.

All authors to their own defects are blind.—Dryden.

None but an author knows an author's cares.—Cowper.

All writing comes by the grace of God, and all doing and having.—Emerson.

Of all those arts in which the wise excel,
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well.
—John Sheffield.

The only happy author in this world is he who is below the care of reputation.—Washington Irving.

I believe that a man may write himself out of reputation when nobody else can do it.—Thomas Paine.

Twenty to one offend more in writing too much than too little.—Roger Ascham.

He who proposes to be an author should first be a student.—Dryden.

Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old.—Pope.

Young authors give their brains much exercise and little food.—Joubert.

Satire lies respecting literary men during their life, and eulogy does so after their death.—Voltaire.

No man but a blockhead ever wrote except for money.—Sam'l Johnson.

The chief glory of every people arises from its authors.—Sam'l Johnson.

One hates an author that is all author; fellows in foolscap uniform turned up with ink.—Byron.

Strength is not energy; some authors have more muscles than talent.—Joubert.

Let your literary compositions be kept from the public eye for nine years at least.—Horace.

None but an author knows an author's cares,
Or fancy's fondness for the child she bears.
—Cowper.

Who does not more admire Cicero as an author than as a consul of Rome?—Addison.

The familiar writer is apt to be his own satirist. Out of his own mouth is he judged.—Whipple.

A man may write at any time if he set himself doggedly to it.—Sam'l Johnson.

Sound judgment is the ground of writing well.—Roscommon.

In every author let us distinguish the man from his works.—Voltaire.

There are authors in whose hand the pen becomes a magic wand: but they are few.—Lady Montagu.

The ink of the scholar is more sacred than the blood of the martyr.—Mohammed.

Devise, wit; write, pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio.—Shakespeare.

Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,
But are not critics to their judgment, too?
—Pope.

Authors now find, as once Achilles found, the whole is mortal if a part's unsound.—Young.

No author ever drew a character, consistent to human nature, but what he was forced to ascribe to it many inconsistencies.—Bulwer-Lytton.

We write from aspiration and antagonism, as well as from experience. We paint those qualities which we do not possess.—Emerson.

The two most engaging powers of an author are to make new things familiar, and familiar things new.—Thackeray.

Those authors who appear sometimes to forget they are writers, and remember they are men, will be our favorites.—Disraeli.

It is commonly the personal character of a writer which gives him his public significance.—Goethe.

They who, by speech or writing, present to the ear or eye of modesty any of the indecencies, are pests of society. —Beattie.

A man of moderate Understanding, thinks he writes divinely: A man of good Understanding, thinks he writes reasonably.—De La Bruyère.

Authors must not, like Chinese soldiers, expect to win victories by turning somersets in the air.—Longfellow.

Never write on a subject without having first read yourself full on it: and never read on a subject till you have thought yourself hungry on it.—Richter.

Nothing is so beneficial to a young author as the advice of a man whose judgment stands constitutionally at the freezing-point.—Douglas Jerrold.

Every author, in some degree, portrays himself in his works even be it against his will.—Goethe.

Successful writers learn at last what they should learn at first,—to be intelligently simple.—H. W. Shaw.

To write much, and to write rapidly, are empty boasts. The world desires to know what you have done, and not how you did it.—George Henry Lewes.

In every work regard the writer's end,
Since none can compass more than they intend.
—Pope.

A woman who writes, commits two sins: she increases the number of books, and decreases the number of women.—Alphonse Karr.

The writer, like a priest, must be exempted from secular labor. His work needs a frolic health; he must be at the top of his condition.—Emerson.

Perhaps the greatest lesson which the lives of literary men teach us is told in a single word: Wait!—Longfellow.

Peaceable times are the best to live in, though not so proper to furnish materials for a writer.—Addison.

If you once understand an author's character, the comprehension of his writings becomes easy.—Longfellow.

To expect an author to talk as he writes is ridiculous: or even if he did you would find fault with him as a pedant.—Hazlitt.

A man of letters is often a man with two natures,—one a book nature,

the other a human nature. These often clash sadly.—Whipple.

Boileau's numbers are excellent, his expressions noble, his thoughts just, his language pure, and his sense close. —Dryden.

There is no author so poor who cannot be of some service, if only for a witness of his time.—Claude Fauchet.

The pen is the tongue of the hand: a silent utterer of words for the eye. —Henry Ward Beecher.

Sallust is indisputably one of the best historians among the Romans, both for the purity of his language and the elegance of his style.—Burke.

Of all unfortunate men one of the unhappiest is a middling author endowed with too lively a sensibility for criticism.—Disraeli.

Let authors write for glory or reward,
Truth is well paid, when she is sung and heard. —R. Corbet.

For no man can write anything who does not think that what he writes is, for the time, the history of the world. —Emerson.

He who writes prose builds his temple to Fame in rubble; he who writes verses builds it in granite.—Bulwer-Lytton.

The success of many works is found in the relation between the mediocrity of the authors' ideas and that of the ideas of the public.—Chamfort.

There seems to be a strange affectation in authors of appearing to have done everything by chance.—Johnson.

Subtract from many modern poets all that may be found in Shakespeare, and trash will remain.—Colton.

No fathers or mothers think their own children ugly; and this self-deceit is yet stronger with respect to the offspring of the mind.—Cervantes.

Modern writers are the moons of literature; they shine with reflected light,—with light borrowed from the ancients.—Dr. Johnson.

From the moment one sets up for an author, one must be treated as ceremoniously, that is as unfaithfully, "as a king's favorite or a king."—Pope.

One writer excels at a plan or a title-page; another works away at the body of the book; and a third is a dab hand at an index.—Goldsmith.

Friend, howsoever thou camest by this book, I will assure thee thou wert least in my thoughts when I writ it.—Bunyan.

To write well is to think well, to feel well, and to render well; it is to possess at once intellect, soul, and taste.—Buffon.

Never write anything that does not give you great pleasure; emotion is easily propagated from the writer to the reader.—Joubert.

I have got my spindle and my distaff ready—my pen and mind—never doubting for an instant that God will send me flax.—J. G. Holland.

There is infinite pathos in unsuccessful authorship. The book that perishes unread is the deaf mute of literature.—Holmes.

The memory of other authors is kept alive by their works, but the memory of Johnson keeps many of his works alive.—Macaulay.

It is quite as much of a trade to make a book as to make a clock. It requires more than mere genius to be an author.—Bruyère.

The authors who affect contempt for a name in the world put their names to the books which they invite the world to read.—Cicero.

So idle are dull readers, and so industrious are dull authors, that puffer

nonsense bids fair to blow unpuffed sense wholly out of the field.—Colton.

The author who speaks about his own books is almost as bad as a mother who talks about her own children.—Benj. Disraeli.

That writer does the most, who gives his reader the most knowledge, and takes from him the least time.—C. C. Colton.

Bacon is throughout, and especially in his essays, one of the most suggestive authors who ever wrote.—Whately.

People may be taken in once, who imagine that an author is greater in private life than other men.—Johnson.

Clear writers, like clear fountains, do not seem so deep as they are; the turbid looks most profound.—Landor.

A writer who attempts to live on the manufacture of his imagination is continually coquetting with starvation. —Whipple.

There are three difficulties in authorship—to write anything worth the publishing, to find honest men to publish it, and to get sensible men to read it.—Colton.

He that commeth in print because he woulde be knowen, is like the foole that commeth into the Market because he woulde be seen.—Lyly.

Whoever has set his whole heart upon book-making had better be sought in his works, for it is only the lees of his cup of life which he offers, in person, to the warm lips of his fellows.—Tuckerman.

And so I penned
It down, until at last it came to be
For length and breadth the bigness which you see. —Bunyan.

The little mind who loves itself, will write and think with the vulgar; but the great mind will be bravely eccentric, and scorn the beaten road, from universal benevolence.—Goldsmith.

Peace be with the soul of that charitable and courteous author, who, for the common benefit of his fellow-authors, introduced the ingenious way of miscellaneous writing!—Shaftesbury.

This is the highest miracle of genius, that things which are not should be as though they were, that the imaginations of one mind should become the personal recollections of another.—Macaulay.

It is in vain a daring author thinks of attaining to the heights of Parnassus if he does not feel the secret influence of heaven and if his natal star has not formed him to be a poet.—Boileau.

Authorship is, according to the spirit in which it is pursued, an infamy, a pastime, a day-labor, a handicraft, an art, a science, a virtue.—Schlegel.

Every fool describes in these bright days his wondrous journey to some foreign court, and spawns his quarto, and demands your praise.—Byron.

There are both dull correctness and piquant carelessness; it is needless to say which will command the most readers and have the most influence.—Colton.

It was among the ruins of the capitol that I first conceived the idea of a work which has amused and exercised nearly twenty years of my life. —Gibbon.

I have observed that vulgar readers almost always lose their veneration for the writings of the genius with whom they have had personal intercourse.—Sir Egerton Brydges.

Our writings are so many dishes, our readers guests, our books like beauty; that which one admires another rejects; so are we approved as men's fancies are inclined.—Burton.

The most original modern authors are not so because they advance what

is new, but simply because they know how to put what they have to say as if it had never been said before.—Goethe.

Herder and Schiller both in their youth intended to study as surgeons; but Destiny said, "No, there are deeper wounds than those of the body,—heal the deeper!" and they wrote.—Richter.

Would a writer know how to behave himself with relation to posterity? Let him consider in old books what he finds that he is glad to know, and what omissions he most laments.—Swift.

Whatever be the motives which induce men to write,—whether avarice or fame,—the country becomes more wise and happy in which they most serve for instructors.—Goldsmith.

Our favorites are few: since only what rises from the heart reaches it, being caught and carried on the tongues of men wheresoever love and letters journey.—Alcott.

The book that he has made renders its author this service in return, that so long as the book survives, its author remains immortal and cannot die. —Richard de Bury.

And, after all, it is style alone by which posterity will judge of a great work, for an author can have nothing truly his own but his style.—Isaac Disraeli.

The men, who labor and digest things most,
Will be much apter to despond than boast;
For if your author be profoundly good,
'Twill cost you dear before he's understood.
—Wentworth Dillon.

Oh! rather give me commentators plain,
Who with no deep researches vex the brain;
Who from the dark and doubtful love to run,
And hold their glimmering tapers to the sun. —Crabbe.

It is a doubt whether mankind are most indebted to those who, like Bacon and Butler, dig the gold from the mine of literature, or to those who, like Paley, purify it, stamp it, fix its real value, and give it currency and utility. —Colton.

The great and good do not die even in this world. Embalmed in books, their spirits walk abroad. The book is a living voice. It is an intellect to which one still listens.—Sam'l Smiles.

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance. —Pope.

The book that a person is beginning to create or design contains within itself half a life, and God only knows what an expanse of futurity also.—Richter.

'Tis hard to say if greater want of skill
Appear in writing or in judging ill;
But, of the two less dang'rous is th' offence
To tire our patience than mislead our sense.
—Pope.

His [Burke's] imperial fancy has laid all nature under tribute, and has collected riches from every scene of the creation and every walk of art.—Robert Hall.

Each change of many-colored life he drew,
Exhausted worlds and then imagined new;
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain.
—Samuel Johnson.

Authors are the vanguard in the march of mind, the intellectual backwoodsmen, reclaiming from the idle wilderness new territories for the thought and activity of their happier brethren.—Carlyle.

Dr. Johnson has said that the chief glory of a country arises from its authors. But then that is only as they are oracles of wisdom; unless they teach virtue, they are more worthy of a halter than of the laurel. —Jane Porter.

It is a fine simile in one of Mr. Congreve's prologues which compares a writer to a battering gamester that stakes all his winnings upon one cast,

so that if he loses the last throw he is sure to be undone.—Addison.

This is the magnanimity of authorship, when a writer having a topic presented to him, fruitful of beauties for common minds, waives his privilege, and trusts to the judicious few for understanding the reason of his abstinence.—Lamb.

If authors cannot be prevailed upon to keep close to truth and instruction, by unvaried terms, and plain, unsophisticated argument, yet it concerns readers not to be imposed on.—Locke.

That author, however, who has thought more than he has read, read more than he has written, and written more than he has published, if he does not command success, has at least deserved it.—Colton.

But words are things, and a small drop of ink,
Falling, like dew, upon a thought produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions think. —Byron.

Whatever an author puts between the two covers of his book is public property; whatever of himself he does not put there is his private property, as much as if he had never written a word.—Gail Hamilton.

It may be glorious to write
Thoughts that shall glad the two or three
High souls, like those far stars that come in sight
Once in a century. —Lowell.

Whatever hath been written shall remain,
Nor be erased nor written o'er again:
The unwritten only still belong to thee:
Take heed, and ponder well what that shall be. —Longfellow.

There are two things which I am confident I can do very well; one is an introduction to any literary work, stating what it is to contain, and how it should be executed in the most perfect manner.—Sam'l Johnson.

Nothing goes by luck in composition; it allows of no trick. The best you can write will be the best you are. Every sentence is the result of a long probation. The author's character is read from title-page to end.—Thoreau.

Genius now and then produces a lucky trifle. We still read the Dove of Anacreon, and Sparrow of Catullus; and a writer naturally pleases himself with a performance which owes nothing to the subject.—Dr. Johnson.

For works of the mind really great there is no old age, no decrepitude. It is inconceivable that a time should come when Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, should not ring in the ears of civilized man.—Gladstone.

Spero Speroni explains admirably how an author who writes very clearly for himself is often obscure to his readers. "It is," he says, "because the author proceeds from the thought to the expression, and the reader from the expression to the thought."—Chamfort.

O thou who art able to write a book which once in the two centuries or oftener there is a man gifted to do, envy not him whom they name city-builder, and inexpressibly pity him whom they name conqueror or city-burner.—Carlyle.

There is a natural disposition with us to judge an author's personal character by the character of his works. We find it difficult to understand the common antithesis of a good writer and a bad man.—Whipple.

Those authors into whose hands nature has placed a magic wand, with which they no sooner touch us than we forget the unhappiness in life, than the darkness leaves our soul, and we are reconciled to existence, should be placed among the benefactors of the human race.—Diderot.

Consult the acutest poets and speakers, and they will confess that their quickest and most admired conceptions were such as darted into their minds like sudden flashes of lightning, they know not how nor whence.—South.

There is infinite pathos in unsuccessful authorship. The book that perishes unread is the deaf-mute of literature. The great asylum of Oblivion is full of such, making inaudible signs to each other in leaky garrets and unattainable dusty upper shelves.—O. W. Holmes.

Indeed, unless a man can link his written thoughts with the everlasting wants of men, so that they shall draw from them as from wells, there is no more immortality to the thoughts and feelings of the soul than to the muscles and the bones.—Henry Ward Beecher.

He that writes
Or makes a feast, more certainly invites
His judges than his friends; there's not a guest
But will find something wanting or ill-drest. —Sir R. Howard.

An author! 'Tis a venerable name!
How few deserve it, and what numbers claim!
Unblest with sense above their peers refin'd,
Who shall stand up, dictators to mankind?
Nay, who dare shine, if not in virtue's cause?
That sole proprietor of just applause.
—Young.

There is nothing more dreadful to an author than neglect; compared with which, reproach, hatred, and opposition are names of happiness; yet this worst, this meanest fate, every one who dares to write has reason to fear.—Johnson.

That an author's work is the mirror of his mind is a position that has led to very false conclusions. If Satan himself were to write a book it would be in praise of virtue, because the good would purchase it for use, and the bad for ostentation.—Colton.

For all the practical purposes of life, truth might as well be in a prison as in the folio of a schoolman; and those who release her from her cow-webbed shelf and teach her to live with men have the merit of liberating, if not of discovering, her.—Colton.

Authors may be divided into falling stars, planets, and fixed stars: the first have a momentary effect; the second have a much longer duration; but the third are unchangeable, possess their own light, and work for all time. —Schopenhauer.

For popular purposes, at least, the aim of literary artists should be similar to that of Rubens in his landscapes, of which, without neglecting the minor traits or finishing, he was chiefly solicitous to present the leading effect, or what we may call the inspiration.—W. B. Clulow.

Dear authors! suit your topics to your strength,
And ponder well your subject, and its length;
Nor lift your load, before you're quite aware
What weight your shoulders will, or will not, bear. —Byron.

The faults of a brilliant writer are never dangerous on the long run; a thousand people read his work who would read no other; inquiry is directed to each of his doctrines; it is soon discovered what is sound and what is false; the sound become maxims, and the false beacons.—Bulwer-Lytton.

The motives and purposes of authors are not always so pure and hign, as, in the enthusiasm of youth, we sometimes imagine. To many the trumpet of fame is nothing but a tin horn to call them home, like laborers from the field, at dinner-time, and they think themselves lucky to get the dinner.—Longfellow.

The triumphs of the warrior are bounded by the narrow theatre of his own age; but those of a Scott or a Shakespeare will be renewed with greater and greater lustre in ages yet unborn, when the victorious chieftain shall be forgotten, or shall live only in the song of the minstrel and the page of the chronicler.—Prescott.

I believe that there is much less difference between the author and his works than is currently supposed; it

is usually in the physical appearance of the writer,—his manners, his mien, his exterior,—that he falls short of the ideal a reasonable man forms of him—rarely in his mind.—Bulwer-Lytton.

The wickedness of a loose or profane author, in his writings, is more atrocious than that of the giddy libertine or drunken ravisher; not only because it extends its effects wider (as a pestilence that taints the air is more destructive than poison infused in a draught), but because it is committed with cool deliberation.—Johnson.

It is commonly the personal character of a writer which gives him his public significance. It is not imparted by his genius. Napoleon said of Corneille, "Were he living I would make him a king;" but he did not read him. He read Racine, yet he said nothing of the kind of Racine.—Goethe.

How many great ones may remember'd be,
Which in their days most famously did flourish,
Of whom no word we hear, nor sign now see,
But as things wip'd out with a sponge do perish,
Because the living cared not to cherish
No gentle wits, through pride or covetize,
Which might their names forever memorize!
—Spenser.

Certain I am that every author who has written a book with earnest forethought and fondly cherished designs will bear testimony to the fact that much which he meant to convey has never been guessed at in any review of his work; and many a delicate beauty of thought, on which he principally valued himself, remains, like the statue of Isis, an image of truth from which no hand lifts the veil.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Every author, indeed, who really influences the mind, who plants in it thoughts and sentiments which take root and grow, communicates his character. Error and immorality—two words for one thing, for error is the immorality of the intellect, and immorality the error of the heart—these escape from him if they are in him, and pass into the recipient mind through subtle avenues invisible to consciousness.—Whipple.

Nature I believe in. True art aims to represent men and women, not as my little self would have them, but as they appear. My heroes and heroines I want not extreme types, all good or all bad; but human, mortal—partly good, partly bad. Realism I need. Pure mental abstractions have no significance for me.—Ouida.

The wonderful fortune of some writers deludes and leads to misery a great number of young people. It cannot be too often repeated that it is dangerous to enter upon a career of letters without some other means of living. An illustrious author has said in these times, "Literature must not be leant on as upon a crutch; it is little more than a stick."—J. Petit-Senn.

As for my labors, if they can but wear one impertinence out of human life, destroy a single vice, or give a morning's cheerfulness to an honest mind—in short, if the world can be but one virtue the better, or in any degree less vicious, or receive from them the smallest addition to their innocent diversions—I shall not think my pains, or indeed my life, to have been spent in vain.—Steele.

Living authors, therefore, are usually bad companions. If they have not gained character, they seek to do so by methods often ridiculous, always disgusting; and if they have established a character, they are silent for fear of losing by their tongue what they have acquired by their pen—for many authors converse much more foolishly than Goldsmith, who have never written half so well.—Colton.

Professed authors who overestimate their vocation are too full of themselves to be agreeable companions. The demands of their egotism are inveterate. They seem to be incapable of that abandon which is the requisite condidition of social pleasure; and bent upon winning a tribute of admiration,

or some hint which they can turn to the account of pen-craft, there is seldom in their company any of the delightful unconsciousness which harmonizes a circle.—Tuckerman.

We may observe in humorous authors that the faults they chiefly ridicule have often a likeness in themselves. Cervantes had much of the knight-errant in him; Sir George Etherege was unconsciously the Fopling Flutter of his own satire: Goldsmith was the same hero to chambermaids, and coward to ladies that he has immortalized in his charming comedy; and the antiquarian frivolities of Jonathan Oldbuck had their resemblance in Jonathan Oldbuck's creator. —Bulwer-Lytton.

Autumn

Autumn is the harvest of greedy death.—Juvenal.

The year's last, loveliest smile.—Bryant.

The Indian summer—the dead summer's soul!—Mary Clemmer.

Autumn, in his leafless bowers, is waiting for the winter's snow.—Whittier.

Behold congenial Autumn comes,
The Sabbath of the year! —Logan.

When bounteous autumn rears her head, he joys to pull the ripened pear. —Dryden.

Wild is the music of autumnal winds amongst the faded woods.—Wordsworth.

The misty earth below is wan and drear,
The baying winds chase all the leaves away,
As cruel hounds pursue the trembling deer;
It is a solemn time, the sunset of the year.
—R. H. Stoddard.

All-cheering plenty, with her flowing horn,
Led yellow Autumn, wreath'd with nodding corn. —Burns.

When summer gathers up her robes of glory, and like a dream of beauty glides away.—Sarah Helen Whitman.

The spring, the summer, the chill autumn, angry winter, change their wonted liveries.—Shakespeare.

The teeming autumn, big with rich increase, bearing the wanton burden of the prime.—Shakespeare.

Autumn wins you best by this, its mute
Appeal to sympathy for its decay.
—Robert Browning.

The tints of autumn—a mighty flower garden, blossoming under the spell of the enchanter, Frost.—Whittier.

The year growing ancient,
Nor yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter. —Shakespeare.

As fall the light autumnal leaves, one still the other following, till the bough strews all its honors.—Dante.

Crown'd with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf,
While Autumn, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
Comes jovial on. —Thomson.

The lands are lit with all the autumn blaze of golden-rod, and everywhere the purple asters nod and bend and wave and flit.—Helen Hunt.

To her bier comes the year, not with weeping and distress, as mortals do; but to guide her way to it, all the trees have torches lit.—Lucy Larcom

How strange and awful is the synthesis of life and death in the gusty winds and falling leaves of an autumnal day!—Coleridge.

Thrice happy time,
Best portion of the various year, in which
Nature rejoiceth, smiling on her works
Lovely, to full perfection wrought.
—Phillips.

It was Autumn, and incessant
Piped the quails from shocks and sheaves,
And, like living coals, the apples
Burned among the withering leaves.
—Longfellow.

However constant the visitations of sickness and bereavement, the fall of

the year is most thickly strewn with the fall of human life.—James Martineau.

Boughs are daily rifled
By the gusty thieves,
And the book of Nature
Getteth short of leaves.
—Hood.

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sear. —Bryant.

Every season hath its pleasures;
Spring may boast her flowery prime,
Yet the vineyard's ruby treasures
Brighten Autumn's sob'rer time.
—Moore.

The year's in the wane;
There is nothing adorning;
The night has no eve,
And the day has no morning;
Cold winter gives warning!
—Hood.

The pale descending year, yet pleasing still, a gentler mood inspires; for now the leaf incessant rustles from the mournful grove, oft startling such as, studious, walk below, and slowly circles through the waving air.—Thomson.

Divinest Autumn! who may paint thee best,
Forever changeful o'er the changeful globe?
Who guess thy certain crown, thy favorite crest,
The fashion of thy many-colored robe?
—R. H. Stoddard.

Autumn's earliest frost had given
To the woods below
Hues of beauty, such as heaven
Lendeth to its bow;
And the soft breeze from the west
Scarcely broke their dreamy rest.
—Whittier.

But see the fading, many color'd woods,
Shade deep'ning over shade, the country round
Imbrown; crowded umbrage, dusk and dun,
Of every hue, from wan declining green
To sooty dark. —Thomson.

Who is there who, at this season, does not feel his mind impressed with a sentiment of melancholy? or who is able to resist that current of thought, which, from such appearances of decay, so naturally leads him to the solemn imagination of that inevitable fate which is to bring on alike the decay of life, of empire, and of nature itself?—Sir A. Alison.

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness!
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core.
—Keats.

O Autumn, laden with fruit, and stained
With the blood of the grape, pass not, but sit
Beneath my shady roof; there thou mayst rest
And tune thy jolly voice to my fresh pipe,
And all the daughters of the year shall dance!
Sing now the lusty song of fruits and flowers. —William Blake.

The summer's throbbing chant is done
And mute the choral antiphon;
The birds have left the shivering pines
To flit among the trellised vines,
Or fan the air with scented plumes
Amid the love-sick orange blooms,
And thou art here alone—alone—
Sing, little bird! the rest have flown.
—O. W. Holmes.

Then came the autumne, all in yellow clad,
As though he joy'd in his plenteous store,
Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad
That he had banished hunger, which tofore
Had by the belly oft him pinched sore;
Upon his head a wreath that was enrol'd
With ears of corne of every sort, he bore,
And in his hand a sickle did he holde,
To reape the ripened fruit the which the earth had yold. —Spenser.

What visionary tints the year puts on,
When falling leaves falter through motionless air
Or numbly cling and shiver to be gone!
How shimmer the low flats and pastures bare,
As with her nectar Hebe Autumn fills
The bowl between me and those distant hills,
And smiles and shakes abroad her misty, tremulous hair! —Lowell.

A moral character is attached to autumnal scenes; the leaves falling like our years, the flowers fading like

our hours, the clouds fleeting like our illusions, the light diminishing like our intelligence, the sun growing colder like our affections, the rivers becoming frozen like our lives—all bear secret relations to our destinies.—Chateaubriand.

Yellow, mellow, ripened days,
Sheltered in a golden coating;
O'er the dreamy listless haze,
White and dainty cloudlets floating;
Winking at the blushing trees,
And the sombre, furrowed fallow;
Smiling at the airy ease
Of the southward flying swallow.
Sweet and smiling are thy ways,
Beauteous, golden Autumn days.
—Will Carleton.

However constant the visitations of sickness and bereavement, the fall of the year is most thickly strewn with the fall of human life. Everywhere the spirit of some sad power seems to direct the time; it hides from us the blue heavens, it makes the green wave turbid; it walks through the fields, and lays the damp ungathered harvest low; it cries out in the night wind and the shrill hail; it steals the summer bloom from the infant cheek; it makes old age shiver to the heart; it goes to the churchyard, and chooses many a grave.—James Martineau.

Avarice

The love of money is the root of all evil.—I Timothy vi. 10.

Avarice is the vice of declining years.—George Bancroft.

There is thy gold; worse poison to men's souls.—Shakespeare.

Avarice is always poor.—Dr. Johnson.

If you wish to remove avarice you must remove its mother, luxury.—Cicero.

Avarice, where it has full dominion, excludes every other passion.—Gladstone.

Avarice is insatiable, and is always pushing on for more.—L'Estrange.

A captive fettered at the oar of gain.—Falconer.

To be thankful for what we grasp exceeding our proportion, is to add hypocrisy to injustice.—Lamb.

Poverty is in want of much, but avarice of everything.—Publius Syrus.

Avarice increases with the increasing pile of gold.—Juvenal.

Wealth in the gross is death, but life diffus'd,
As poison heals, in just proportion us'd.
—Pope.

Avarice is the miser's dream, as fame is the poet's.—Hazlitt.

Those who covet much suffer from the want.—Horace.

It is surely very narrow policy that supposes money to be the chief good.—Johnson.

Avarice is more opposite to economy than liberality.—Rochefoucauld.

How quickly nature falls into revolt when gold becomes her object!—Shakespeare.

Some o'erenamor'd of their bags run mad,
Groan under gold, yet weep for want of bread.
—Young.

Avarice is to the intellect what sensuality is to the morals.—Mrs. Jameson.

The avaricious man is kind to no person, but he is most unkind to himself.—John Kyrle.

You despise a man for avarice; but you do not hate him.—Dr. Johnson.

It is natural to covet just what we have not.—Achilles Poincelot.

Poverty wants some, luxury many, and avarice all things.—Cowley.

In plain truth, it is not want, but rather abundance, that creates avarice.—Montaigne.

Avarice is only prudence and economy pushed to excess.—Chatfield.

When money is unreasonably coveted, it is a disease of the mind which is called avarice.—Cicero.

So for a good old-gentlemanly vice,
I think I must take up with avarice.
—Byron.

Avarice is always poor, but poor by her own fault.—Johnson.

The love of pelf increases with the pelf.—Juvenal.

To me avarice seems not so much a vice as a deplorable piece of madness. —Sir Thomas Browne.

There is no vice which mankind carries to such wild extremes as that of avarice.—Swift.

What must be the wealth that avarice, aided by power, cannot exhaust!—James Otis.

This avarice sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root than summer-seeding lust.—Shakespeare.

It is but shaping the bribe to the taste, and every one has his price.—Richardson.

Why Mammon sits before a million hearths
Where God is bolted out from every house.
—Bailey.

And in his lap a masse of coyne he told
And turned upside down, to feede his eye
And covetous desire with his huge treasury.
—Spenser.

When all the sins are old in us,
And go upon crutches, covetousness
Does but lie in her cradle. —Decker.

O cursed lust of gold; when for thy sake
The fool throws up his interest in both worlds,
First starved in this, then damn'd in that to come. —Blair.

Some men make fortunes, but not to enjoy them; for, blinded by avarice, they live to make fortunes.—Juvenal.

If, of all vices, avarice is the most generally detested, it is the effect of an avidity common to all men.—Helvetius.

'Tis strange the miser should his cares employ
To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy.
—Pope.

Expel avarice, the mother of all wickedness, who, always thirsty for more, opens wide her jaws for gold.—Claudianus.

A poor spirit is poorer than a poor purse. A very few pounds a year would ease a man of the scandal of avarice.—Swift.

Some men are called sagacious, merely on account of their avarice; whereas a child can clench its fist the moment it is born.—Shenstone.

Avarice starves its possessor to fatten those who come after, and who are eagerly awaiting the demise of the accumulator.—Greville.

Avarice is the most opposite of all characters to that of God Almighty, whose alone it is to give and not receive.—Shenstone.

The lust of avarice has so totally seized upon mankind that their wealth seems rather to possess them than they possess their wealth.—Pliny.

Many have been ruined by their fortunes; many have escaped ruin by the want of fortune. To obtain it, the great have become little, and the little great.—Zimmermann.

There are two considerations which always imbitter the heart of an avaricious man—the one is a perpetual thirst after more riches, the other the prospect of leaving what he has already acquired.—Fielding.

Because men believe not in Providence, therefore they do so greedily scrape and hoard. They do not believe in any reward for charity, therefore they will part with nothing.—Barrow.

Avarice in old age is foolish; for what can be more absurd than to increase our provisions for the road, the nearer we approach to our journey's end?—Cicero.

He sat amid his bags, and, with a look
Which hell might be ashamed of, drove the poor
Away unalmsed; and midst abundance died—
Sorest of evils!—died of utter want.
—Pollok.

All the good things of this world are no further good to us than as they are of use; and whatever we may heap up to give to others, we enjoy only as much as we can use, and no more.—De Foe.

We are at best but stewards of what we falsely call our own; yet avarice is so insatiable that it is not in the power of liberality to content it.—Seneca.

It is by bribing, not so often by being bribed, that wicked politicians bring ruin on mankind. Avarice is a rival to the pursuits of many.—Burke.

It is one of the worst effects of prosperity to make a man a vortex instead of a fountain; so that, instead of throwing out, he learns only to draw in.—Beecher.

Parsimony is enough to make the master of the golden mines as poor as he that has nothing; for a man may be brought to a morsel of bread by parsimony as well as profusion.—Henry Home.

He who is always in a hurry to be wealthy and immersed in the study of augmenting his fortune has lost the arms of reason and deserted the post of virtue.—Horace.

Study rather to fill your mind than your coffers; knowing that gold and silver were originally mingled with dirt, until avarice or ambition parted them.—Seneca.

The avaricious man is like the barren, sandy ground of the desert, which sucks in all the rain and dews with greediness, but yields no fruitful herbs or plants for the benefit of others.—Zeno.

There grows
In my most ill-compos'd affection such
A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands.
—Shakespeare.

The objects of avarice and ambition differ only in their greatness. A miser is as furious about a halfpenny as the man of ambition about the conquest of a kingdom.—Adam Smith.

Extreme avarice is nearly always mistaken; there is no passion which is oftener further away from its mark, nor upon which the present has so much power to the prejudice of the future.—La Rochefoucauld.

The character of covetousness is what a man generally acquires more through some niggardliness or ill grace in little and inconsiderable things, than in expenses of any consequence.—Pope.

The avarice of the miser may be termed the grand sepulchre of all his other passions, as they successively decay. But unlike other tombs, it is enlarged by repletion and strengthened by age.—Colton.

In all the world there is no vice
Less prone t' excess than avarice;
It neither cares for food nor clothing;
Nature's content with little—that with nothing.
—Butler.

Avarice has ruined more men than prodigality, and the blindest thoughtlessness of expenditure has not destroyed so many fortunes as the calculating but insatiable lust of accumulation.—Colton.

It may be remarked, for the comfort of honest poverty that avarice reigns most in those who have but few good qualities to recommend them. This is a weed that will grow in a barren soil.—Hughes.

Avarice often produces opposite effects; there is an infinite number of

people who sacrifice all their property to doubtful and distant expectations; others despise great future advantages to obtain present interests of a trifling nature.—Rochefoucauld.

Avarice begets more vices than Priam did children, and like Priam survives them all. It starves its keeper to surfeit those who wish him dead, and makes him submit to more mortifications to lose heaven than the martyr undergoes to gain it.—Colton.

Avarice is generally the last passion of those lives of which the first part has been squandered in pleasure, and the second devoted to ambition. He that sinks under the fatigue of getting wealth lulls his age with the milder business of saving it.—Dr. Johnson.

Objects close to the eye shut out much larger objects on the horizon; and splendors born only of the earth eclipse the stars. So a man sometimes covers up the entire disc of eternity with a dollar, and quenches transcendent glories with a little shining dust. —Chapin.

Avarice is a uniform and tractable vice; other intellectual distempers are different in different constitutions of mind. That which soothes the pride of one will offend the pride of another, but to the favor of the covetous bring money, and nothing is denied.—Johnson.

It would not be more unreasonable to transplant a favorite flower out of black earth into gold dust than it is for a person to let money-getting harden his heart into contempt, or into impatience, of the little attentions, the merriments and the caresses of domestic life.—Mountford.

The lust of gold succeeds the lust of conquest;
The lust of gold, unfeeling and remorseless!
The last corruption of degenerate man.
—Dr. Johnson.

It is not the nature of avarice to be satisfied with anything but money. Every passion that acts upon mankind has a peculiar mode of operation. Many of them are temporary and fluctuating; they admit of cessation and variety. But avarice is a fixed, uniform passion.—Thomas Paine.

It is a bitter thought to an avaricious spirit that by and by all these accumulations must be left behind. We can only carry away from this world the flavor of our good or evil deeds.—Beecher.

Riches, like insects, when conceal'd they lie,
Wait but for wings, and in their season fly.
Who sees pale Mammon pine amidst his store,
Sees but a backward steward for the poor;
This year a reservoir, to keep and spare;
The next a fountain, spouting thro' his heir
In lavish streams to quench a country's thirst,
And men and dogs shall drink him till they burst.
—Pope.

The love of gold that meanest rage,
And latest folly of man's sinking age,
Which, rarely venturing in the van of life,
While nobler passions wage their heated strife,
Comes skulking last with selfishness and fear
And dies collecting lumber in the rear!
—Moore.

When a miser contents himself with giving nothing, and saving what he has got, and is in other respects guilty of no injustice, he is, perhaps, of all bad men the least injurious to society: the evil he does is properly nothing more than the omission of the good he might do. If, of all the vices, avarice is the most generally detested, it is the effect of an avidity common to all men; it is because men hate those from whom they can expect nothing. The greedy misers rail at sordid misers.—Helvetius.

Had covetous men, as the fable goes of Briareus, each of them one hundred hands, they would all of them be employed in grasping and gathering, and hardly one of them in giving or laying out, but all in receiving, and none in restoring; a thing in itself so monstrous that nothing in nature besides is like it, except it be death and the grave—the only things I know which are always carrying off the spoils of

the world and never making restitution. For otherwise all the parts of the universe, as they borrow of one another, so they still pay what they borrow, and that by so just and well-balanced an equality that their payments always keep pace with their receipts.—Dryden.

It is impossible to conceive any contrast more entire and absolute than that which exists between a heart glowing with love to God, and a heart in which the love of money has cashiered all sense of God—His love, His presence, His glory; and which is no sooner relieved from the mockery of a tedious round of religious formalism than it reverts to the sanctuaries where its wealth is invested, with an intenseness of homage surpassing that of the most devout Israelite who ever, from a foreign land, turned his longing eyes toward Jerusalem. — Richard Fuller.

Aversion

I do not love thee, Doctor Fell,
The reason why, I cannot tell;
But this alone I know full well
I do not love thee, Doctor Fell.
—Tom Brown.

As well the noble savage of the field
Might tamely couple with the fearful ewe;
Tigers might engender with the timid deer;
Wild, muddy boars defile the cleanly ermine,
Or vultures sort with doves; as I with thee.
—Lee.

Awe

A heavenly awe overshadowed and encompassed, as it still ought, and must, all earthly business whatsoever. —Carlyle.

I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
—Shakespeare.

Awkwardness

Awkwardness is a more real disadvantage than it is generally thought to be; it often occasions ridicule, it always lessens dignity.—Chesterfield.

Not all the pumice of the polish'd town
Can smooth the roughness of the barnyard clown;
Rich, honor'd, titled, he betrays his race
By this one mark—he's awkward in his face.
—Holmes.

Awkward, embarrassed, stiff, without the skill
Of moving gracefully or standing still,
One leg, as if suspicious of his brother,
Desirous seems to run away from t'other.
—Churchill.

What's a fine person, or a beauteous face,
Unless deportment gives them decent grace?
Blessed with all other requisites to please,
Some want the striking elegance of ease;
The curious eye their awkward movement tires:
They seem like puppets led about by wires.
—Churchill.

B

Babbler

They always talk who never think.—Prior.

Who think too little, and who talk too much.—Dryden.

It is a shame for the tongue to cast itself upon the uncertain pardon of other's ears.—Bishop Hall.

Fie! what a spendthrift he is of his tongue!—Shakespeare.

Those who have few things to attend to are great babblers; for the less men think, the more they talk.—Montesquieu.

Tut! tut! my lord! we will not stand to prate;
Talkers are no good doers, be assured;
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues. —Shakespeare.

Babe — Babyhood

Fragile beginnings of a mighty end. —Mrs. Norton.

Incipient beings.—Carlyle.

A babe is a mother's anchor.—Beecher.

A link between angels and men.—Tupper.

Heaven lies about us in our infancy!—Wordsworth.

Of all the joys that brighten suffering earth, what joy is welcomed like a new-born child?—Mrs. Norton.

As living jewels dropped unstained from heaven.—Pollock.

A tight little bundle of wailing and flannel,
Perplex'd with the newly found fardel of life. —Fred. Locker.

A sweet new blossom of humanity, fresh fallen from God's own home to flower on earth.—Gerald Massey.

Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolved in dew;
The big drops, mingling with the milk he drew. —John Langhorne.

The little babe up in his arms he bent, who with sweet pleasure and bold blandishment 'gan smile.—Spenser.

Sweet babe, in thy face
Soft desires I can trace,
Secret joys and secret smiles,
Little pretty infant wiles.
—William Blake.

Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed!
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.
—Watts.

But what am I?
An infant crying in the night:
An infant crying for the light:
And with no language but a cry.
—Tennyson.

A babe in a house is a well-spring of pleasure, a messenger of peace and love, a resting-place for innocence on earth, a link between angels and men. —Tupper.

The coarsest father gains a new impulse to labor from the moment of his

baby's birth; he scarcely sees it when awake, and yet it is with him all the time. Every stroke he strikes is for his child. New social aims, new moral motives, come vaguely up to him.—T. W. Higginson.

Sweet sleep, with soft down
Weave thy brows an infant crown!
Sweet sleep, angel mild,
Hover o'er my happy child.
—William Blake.

It is curious to see how a self-willed, haughty girl, who sets her father and mother and all at defiance, and can't be managed by anybody, at once finds her master in a baby. Her sister's child will strike the rock and set all her affections flowing.—Charles Buxton.

Good Christian people, here lies for you an inestimable loan;—take all heed thereof, in all carefulness employ it;—with high recompense, or else with heavy penalty will it one day be required back.—Carlyle.

When you fold your hands, Baby Louise!
Your hands like a fairy's, so tiny and fair,
With a pretty, innocent, saintlike air,
Are you trying to think of some angel-taught prayer
You learned above, Baby Louise?
—Margaret Eytinge.

Beat upon mine, little heart! beat, beat!
Beat upon mine! you are mine, my sweet!
All mine from your pretty blue eyes to your feet,
My sweet! —Tennyson.

Suck, baby! suck! mother's love grows by giving:
Drain the sweet founts that only thrive by wasting!
Black manhood comes when riotous guilty living
Hands thee the cup that shall be death in tasting. —Charles Lamb.

Welcome to the parents the puny struggler, strong in his weakness, his little arms more irresistible than the soldier's, his lips touched with persuasion which Chatham and Pericles in manhood had not. His unaffected lamentations when he lifts up his voice on high, or, more beautiful, the sobbing child—the face all liquid grief, as he tries to swallow his vexation—soften all hearts to pity and to mirthful and clamorous compassion.—Emerson.

Her beads while she numbered,
The baby still slumbered,
And smiled in her face, as she bended her knee;
Oh! bless'd be that warning,
My child, thy sleep adorning,
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee. —Samuel Lover.

O child! O new-born denizen
Of life's great city! on thy head
The glory of the morn is shed,
Like a celestial benison!
Here at the portal thou dost stand,
And with thy little hand
Thou openest the mysterious gate
Into the future's undiscovered land.
—Longfellow.

How lovely he appears! his little cheeks
In their pure incarnation, vying with
The rose leaves strewn beneath them.
And his lips, too,
How beautifully parted! No; you shall not
Kiss him; at least not now; he will wake soon—
His hour of midday rest is nearly over.
—Byron.

What is the little one thinking about?
Very wonderful things, no doubt;
Unwritten history!
Unfathomed mystery!
Yet he laughs and cries, and eats and drinks,
And chuckles and crows, and nods and winks,
As if his head were as full of kinks
And curious riddles as any sphinx!
—J. G. Holland.

Look! how he laughs and stretches out his arms,
And opens wide his blue eyes upon thine,
To hail his father; while his little form
Flutters as winged with joy. Talk not of pain!
The childless cherubs well might envy thee
The pleasures of a parent. —Byron.

He smiles and sleeps!—sleep on
And smile, thou little, young inheritor
Of a world scarce less young: sleep on and smile!
Thine are the hours and days when both are cheering
And innocent! —Byron.

It is well for us that we are born babies in intellect. Could we understand half what mothers say and do to

their infants, we should be filled with a conceit of our own importance, which would render us insupportable through life. Happy the boy whose mother is tired of talking nonsense to him before he is old enough to know the sense of it.—Hare.

Babe (Death of)

And thou hast stolen a jewel, Death!
Shall light thy dark up like a star.
A beacon kindling from afar
Our light of love and fainting faith.
—Gerald Massey.

A little soul scarce fledged for earth
Takes wing with heaven again for goal,
Even while we hailed as fresh from birth
A little soul. —Swinburne.

You scarce could think so small a thing
Could leave a loss so large;
Her little light such shadow fling
From dawn to sunset's marge.
In other springs our life may be
In bannered bloom unfurled,
But never, never match our wee
White Rose of all the world.
—Gerald Massey.

When the baby died,
On every side
Rose strangers' voices, hard and harsh and loud.
The baby was not wrapped in any shroud.
The mother made no sound. Her head was bowed
That men's eyes might not see
Her misery. —Helen Hunt.

He seemed a cherub who had lost his way
And wandered hither, so his stay
With us was short, and 'twas most meet
That he should be no delver in earth's clod,
Nor need to pause and cleanse his feet
To stand before his God:
O blest word—Evermore! —Lowell.

When the baby died we said,
With a sudden secret dread;
"Death be merciful and pass;
Leave the other!"—but alas!
While we watched he waited there,
One foot on the golden stair,
One hand beckoning at the gate,
Till the home was desolate.
—Nora Perry.

Those who have lost an infant are never, as it were, without an infant child. Their other children grow up to manhood and womanhood, and suffer all the changes of mortality; but this one alone is rendered an immortal child; for death has arrested it with his kindly harshness, and blessed it into an eternal image of youth and innocence.—Leigh Hunt.

Bachelor

When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married.—Shakespeare.

I have no wife or children, good or bad, to provide for; a mere spectator of other men's fortunes and adventures, and how they play their parts; which, methinks, are diversely presented unto me, as from a common theatre or scene.—Burton.

A man unattached and without wife, if he have any genius at all, may raise himself above his original position, may mingle with the world of fashion, and hold himself on a level with the highest; this is less easy for him who is engaged; it seems as if marriage put the whole world in their proper rank.—Bruyère.

Backsliding

I never yet have heard of a good man having fallen when he was trying to do Christ's will and trusting on Christ's help. Every fall without one exception came from venturing upon sinful ground or from venturing upon self-support.—T. L. Cuyler.

When we read or hear how some professed Christian has turned defaulter, or lapsed into drunkenness, or slipped from the communion table into open disgrace, it simply means that a human arm has broken. The man has forsaken the everlasting arms.—T. L. Cuyler.

The Master will not keep His hand under our arms when we go on forbidden ground. Presumptuous Peter needed a sharp lesson, and he got it. That bitter cry at the foot of the stairs bespoke an awful fall. How many such are rising daily into God's listening ears.—T. L. Cuyler.

Ballads

I knew a very wise man that believed that * * * if a man were

permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation.—Andrew Fletcher.

Vocal portraits of the national mind. —Lamb.

Ballads are the gypsy children of song, born under green hedgerows, in the leafy lanes and by-paths of literature, in the genial summer-time.—Longfellow.

A well-composed song strikes the mind and softens the feelings, and produces a greater effect than a moral work, which convinces our reason, but does not warm our feelings, nor effect the slightest alteration in our habits. —Napoleon.

I love a ballad but even too well; if it be doleful matter, merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably.—Shakespeare.

Ballot

A weapon that comes down as still
As snow-flakes fall upon the sod;
But executes a freeman's will,
As lightning does the will of God;
And from its force, nor doors nor locks
Can shield you—'tis the ballot-box.
—J. Pierpont.

Baptism

Only what coronation is in an earthly way, baptism is in a heavenly way; God's authoritative declaration in material form of a spiritual reality. —F. W. Robertson.

What is baptism but a declaration of our misery by sin, our need of Christ, and a badge of our belonging to Him.—W. D. Paden.

Bargain

A dear bargain is always disagreeable, particularly as it is a reflection upon the buyer's judgment.—Pliny.

The modern craze for bargains has often inflicted great hardships upon a certain class of humble toilers.—Douglas.

What is the disposition which makes men rejoice in good bargains? There are few people who will not be benefited by pondering over the morals of shopping.—Beecher.

I'll give thrice so much land,
To any well deserving friend;
But in the way of bargain, mark me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
—Shakespeare.

Baseness

Some kinds of baseness are nobly undergone.—Shakespeare.

Every base occupation makes one sharp in its practice, and dull in every other.—Sir P. Sidney.

There is a law of neutralization of forces, which hinders bodies from sinking beyond a certain depth in the sea; but in the ocean of baseness, the deeper we get, the easier the sinking.—Lowell.

Bashfulness

The scarlet hue of modesty.—Laténa.

Awkwardness in full dress.—Ninon de Lenclos.

A shy face is better than a forward heart.—Cervantes.

Twin sister of awkwardness.—Mrs. Barbauld.

Bashfulness is an ornament to youth, but a reproach to old age.—Aristotle.

Diffidence and awkwardness are antidotes to love.—Hazlitt.

Mere bashfulness without merit is awkwardness.—Addison.

Conceit not so high a notion of any as to be bashful and impotent in their presence.—Fuller.

Modesty is the graceful, calm virtue of maturity; bashfulness the charm of vivacious youth.—Mary Wollstonecraft.

Bashfulness may sometimes exclude pleasure, but seldom opens any avenue to sorrow or remorse.—Dr. Johnson.

Bashfulness is not becoming to maidenhood, though modesty always is. —Marguerite de Valois.

The most curious offspring of shame is shyness.—Sydney Smith.

So sweet the blush of bashfulness
Even pity scarce can wish it less.
—Byron.

A tardiness in Nature, which often leaves the history unspoke, that it intends to do.—Shakespeare.

Bashfulness is more frequently connected with good sense than we find assurance; and impudence, on the other hand, is often the mere effect of downright stupidity.—Shenstone.

She felt his flame; but deep within her breast, in bashful coyness or in maiden pride, the soft return concealed.—Thomson.

We must prune it with care, so as only to remove the redundant branches, and not injure the stem, which has its root in the generous sensitiveness to shame.—Plutarch.

As those that pull down private houses adjoining to the temples of the gods, prop up such parts as are contiguous to them; so, in undermining bashfulness, due regard is to be had to adjacent modesty, good-nature and humanity.—Plutarch.

Bashfulness is a great hindrance to a man, both in uttering his sentiments and in understanding what is proposed to him; 't is therefore good to press forward with discretion, both in discourse and company of the better sort. —Bacon.

There are two distinct sorts of what we call bashfulness; this, the awkwardness of a booby, which a few steps into the world will convert into the pertness of a coxcomb; that, a consciousness, which the most delicate feelings produce, and the most extensive knowledge cannot always remove. —Mackenzie.

Nor do we accept as genuine the person not characterized by this blushing bashfulness, this youthfulness of heart, this sensibility to the sentiment of suavity and self-respect. Modesty is bred of self-reverence. Fine manners are the mantle of fair minds. None are truly great without this ornament.—Alcott.

Women who are the least bashful are not unfrequently the most modest; and we are never more deceived than when we would infer any laxity of principle from that freedom of demeanor which often arises from a total ignorance of vice.—Colton.

Battle — Battlefield

The next dreadful thing to a battle lost is a battle won.—Wellington.

Troops of heroes undistinguished die.—Addison.

As well the soldier dieth who standeth still, as he that gives the bravest onset.—Sir P. Sidney.

When Greeks join'd Greeks, then was the tug of war;
The labor'd battle sweat, and conquest bled.
—Lee.

Hand to hand and foot to foot,
Nothing there save death, was mute;
Stroke and thrust, and flash, and cry
For quarter or for victory,
Mingle there with the volleying thunder.
—Byron.

It was a goodly sight to see the embattled pomp, as with the step of stateliness the barbed steeds came on, to see the pennons rolling their long waves before the gale, and banners, broad and bright, tossing their blazonry.—Southey.

That awful pause, dividing life from death
Struck for an instant on the hearts of men,
Thousands of whom were drawing their last breath!
A moment all will be life again.
* * * one moment more,
The death-cry drowning in the battle's roar.
—Byron.

The cannons have their bowels full of wrath; and ready mounted are they to spit forth their iron indignation against your walls.—Shakespeare.

The fame of a battlefield grows with its years; Napoleon storming the Bridge of Lodi, and Wellington surveying the towers of Salamanca, affect us with fainter emotions than Brutus reading in his tent at Philippi, or Richard bearing down with the English chivalry upon the white armies of Saladin.—Willmott.

This day hath made
Much work for tears in many a English mother,
Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground;
Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,
Coldly embracing the discolor'd earth.
—Shakespeare.

Then after length of time, the labouring swains,
Who turn the turfs of those unhappy plains,
Shall rusty piles from the plough'd furrows take,
And over empty helmets pass the rake;
Amazed at antique titles on the stones,
And mighty relics of gigantic bones.
—Dryden.

Then more fierce
The conflict grew; the din of arms—the yell
Of savage rage—the shriek of agony—
The groan of death, commingled in one sound
Of undistinguish'd horrors; while the sun,
Retiring slow beneath the plain's far verge,
Shed o'er the quiet hills his fading light.
—Southey.

Hark! the death-denouncing trumpet sounds
The fatal charge, and shouts proclaim the onset;
Destruction rushes dreadful to the field,
And bathes itself in blood; havoc let loose
Now undistinguish'd rages all around,
While ruin, seated on her dreary throne,
Sees the plain strewed with subjects truly hers,
Breathless and cold. —Havard.

Therewith they gan, both furious and fell,
To thunder blowes, and fiercely to assaile
Each other, bent his enemy to quell,
That with their force they perst both plate and maile,
And made wide furrows in their fleshes fraile,
That it would pitv any living eie,
Large floods of blood adowne their sides did raile,
But floods of blood could not them satisfie:
Both hongred after death; both chose to win or die. —Spenser.

From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fixed sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch;
Fire answers fire; and through their paly flames,
Each battle sees the other's umbered face:
Steed threatens steed in high and boastful neighs,
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents,
The armourers accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
—Shakespeare.

Here you might see
Barons and peasants on th' embattled field,
Slain or half dead, in one huge ghastly heap
Promiscuously amass'd. With dismal groans,
And ejaculation, in the pangs of death,
Some call for aid, neglected; some o'erturn'd
In the fierce shock lie gasping, and expire,
Trampled by fiery coursers: Horror thus,
And wild uproar, and desolation reign'd
Unrespited. —Philips.

Beard

Beard was never the true standard of brains.—Fuller.

Beards, in olden times, were the emblems of wisdom and piety.—Macaulay.

He that hath a beard is more than a youth;
And he that hath none is less than a man.
—Shakespeare.

How many cowards wear yet upon their chins the beards of Hercules and frowning Mars!—Shakespeare.

There is great truth in Alphonse Karr's remark that modern men are ugly because they do not wear their beards.—G. A. Sala.

Beau

A beau is everything of a woman but the sex, and nothing of a man beside it.—Fielding.

Beauty

The fringe of the garment of the Lord.—Bailey.

The beautiful attracts the beautiful.—Leigh Hunt.

All the beauty of the world, 'tis but skin deep.—Ralph Venning.

Rare is the union of beauty and virtue.—Juvenal.

How goodness heightens beauty!—Hannah More.

Beauty draws us with a single hair.—Pope.

Beauty is a short-lived tyranny.—Socrates.

Trust not too much to an enchanting face.—Virgil.

All orators are dumb, when beauty pleadeth.—Shakespeare.

Beautiful coquettes are quacks of love.—Rochefoucauld.

Beauty can inspire miracles.—Beaconsfield.

Beauty is a possession not our own.—Bion.

The beauty seen is partly in him who sees it.—Bovee.

Beauty is a frail good.—Ovid.

Beauty,—the fading rainbow's pride.—Halleck.

Whatever is beautiful is also profitable.—Willmott.

Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.—Shakespeare.

Beauty is the purgation of superfluities.—Michael Angelo.

Beauty lives with kindness.—Shakespeare.

A flower that dies when first it begins to bud.—Shakespeare.

Beauty doth varnish age.—Shakespeare.

The body charms because the soul is seen.—Young.

Beauty's choicest mirror is an admiring eye.—J. L. Basford.

A heaven of charms divine Nausicaa lay.—Homer.

Beauty is Nature's brag.—Milton.

Too fair to worship, too divine to love.—Henry Hart Milman.

The beautiful is never plentiful.—Emerson.

Expression is the mystery of beauty.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Mortal beauty stings while it delights.—Bovee.

The beautiful is always severe.—Ségur.

Beauty is power; a smile is its sword.—Charles Reade.

A lovely girl is above all rank.—Charles Buxton.

Beauty is always queen.—Joseph II.

Beauty vanishes; virtue is lasting.—Goethe.

Beauty is a delightful prejudice.—Theocritus.

Accuracy is essential to beauty.—Emerson.

Beauty is an accidental and transient good.—Richardson.

Beauty is its own excuse for being.—Emerson.

Beauty and wisdom are rarely conjoined.—Petronius Arbiter.

Nature was here so lavish of her store,
That she bestow'd until she had no more.
—Brown.

Without the smile from partial beauty won,
O, what were man! a world without a sun!
—Campbell.

Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.
—Keats.

The mate for beauty should be a man and not a money chest.—Bulwer.

A handsome woman is a jewel; a good woman is a treasure.—Saadi.

I pray Thee, O God, that I may be beautiful within.—Socrates.

Exquisite beauty resides rather in the female form than face, where it is also more lasting.—Lamartine.

'Tis the eternal law,
That first in beauty should be first in might.
—Keats.

It is beauty that begins to please, and tenderness that completes the charm.—Fontenelle.

The essence of the beautiful is unity in variety.—Mendelssohn.

Beauty is the index of a larger fact than wisdom.—O. W. Holmes.

Her overpowering presence made you feel
It would not be idolatry to kneel.
—Byron.

That is the best part of beauty which a picture cannot express.—Bacon.

The criterion of true beauty is that it increases on examination; if false, that it lessens.—Greville.

In days of yore nothing was holy but the beautiful.—Schiller.

Beauty is worse than wine; it intoxicates both the holder and the beholder.—Zimmermann.

Beauty itself is but the sensible image of the Infinite.—Bancroft.

Oesser taught me that the ideal of beauty is simplicity and tranquillity.—Goethe.

Is beauty vain because it will fade? Then are earth's green robe and heaven's light vain.—Pierpont.

What's true beauty but fair virtue's face,—virtue made visible in outward grace?—Young.

Beauty is like an almanac; if it lasts a year, it is well.—Rev. T. Adam.

There is a self-evident axiom, that she who is born a beauty is half married.—Ouida.

It is seldom that beautiful persons are otherwise of great virtue.—Bacon.

Eyes raised toward heaven are always beautiful, whatever they be.—Joseph Joubert.

The good is always beautiful, the beautiful is good!—Whittier.

Beauty, without virtue, is like a flower without perfume.—From the French.

In the forming of female friendships beauty seldom recommends one woman to another.—Fielding.

Beauty can afford to laugh at distinctions; it is itself the greatest distinction.—Bovee.

Even virtue is more fair when it appears in a beautiful person.—Virgil.

There is no beauty on earth which exceeds the natural loveliness of woman.—J. Petit-Senn.

Beauty can give an edge to the bluntest sword.—Sir P. Sidney.

There is nothing that makes its way more directly to the soul than beauty.—Addison.

The most natural beauty in the world is honesty and moral truth.—Shaftesbury.

Beauty is no local deity, like the Greek and Roman gods, but omnipresent.—Bartol.

There is no more potent antidote to low sensuality than the adoration of beauty.—Schlegel.

Beauty comes, we scarce know how, as an emanation from sources deeper than itself.—Shairp.

Might but the sense of moral evil be as strong in me as is my delight in external beauty!—Dr. Arnold.

For beauty is the bait which with delight doth man allure, for to enlarge his kind.—Spenser.

O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem, by that sweet ornament which truth doth give!—Shakespeare.

To give pain is the tyranny,—to make happy the true empire of beauty.—Steele.

A lovely being, scarcely formed or moulded,
A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded.
—Byron.

In life, as in art, the beautiful moves in curves.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Few have borne unconsciously the spell of loveliness.—Whittier.

Beauty, without kindness, dies unenjoyed and undelighting.—Johnson.

Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.
—Addison.

There's nothing that allays an angry mind
So soon as a sweet beauty.
—Beaumont and Fletcher.

And all the carnal beauty of my wife
Is but skin-deep. —Sir Thomas Overbury.

Heat cannot be separated from fire, or beauty from the eternal.—Dante.

Thou who hast
The fatal gift of beauty.
—Byron.

If eyes were made for seeing,
Then beauty is its own excuse for being.
—Emerson.

Liking is not always the child of beauty; but whatsoever is liked, to the liker is beautiful.—Sir P. Sidney.

Beauty is an exquisite flower, and its perfume is virtue.—Ruffini.

A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair.
—Tennyson.

We call comeliness a mischance in the first respect, which belongs principally to the face.—Montaigne.

The soul, by an instinct stronger than reason, ever associates beauty with truth.—Tuckerman.

A queen devoid of beauty is not queen;
She needs the royalty of beauty's mien.
—Victor Hugo.

The beautiful rests on the foundations of the necessary.—Emerson.

In beauty, faults conspicuous grow;
The smallest speck is seen on snow.
—Gay.

'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.
—Shakespeare.

Beauty is a witch, against whose charms faith melteth into blood.—Shakespeare.

Beauty is such a fleeting blossom, how can wisdom rely upon its momentary delight?—Seneca.

Beauty's tears are lovelier than her smiles.—Campbell.

Whatever beauty may be, it has for its basis order, and for its essence unity.—Father André.

'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
But the joint force and full result of all.
—Pope.

Beauty is God's handwriting,—a wayside sacrament.—Milton.

Beauty is the first present Nature gives to women, and the first it takes away.—Méré.

We give our best affections to the beautiful, only our second best to the useful.—Bovee.

Half light, half shade, she stood a sight to make an old man young.—Tennyson.

All beauty does not inspire love. Some please the sight without captivating the affections.—Cervantes.

Unity and simplicity are the two true sources of beauty. Supreme beauty resides in God.—Winckelmann.

Even beauty may present a prism wearying to the eye.—Prince de Ligne.

Such another peerless queen only could her mirror show.—Emerson.

Beauty and health are the chief sources of happiness.—Beaconsfield.

Beauty is a beam from heaven that dazzles blind our reason.—Campbell.

Beauty is but a flower which wrinkles will devour.—Thomas Nash.

What delights us in visible beauty is the invisible.—Marie Ebner-Eschenbach.

True features make the beauty of a face, and true proportions the beauty of architecture.—Shaftesbury.

An appearance of delicacy, and even of fragility, is almost essential to beauty.—Burke.

Is beauty beautiful, or is it only our eyes that make it so?—Thackeray.

Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night, as a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear.—Shakespeare.

Beauty is at once the ultimate and the highest aim of art.—Goethe.

It is impossible that beauty should ever distinctly appreciate itself.—Goethe.

If there is a fruit that can be eaten raw, it is beauty.—Alphonse Karr.

Rarely do we meet in one combined, a beauteous body and a virtuous mind. —Juvenal.

Beauty itself doth itself persuade the eyes of men without an orator.—Shakespeare.

In the recognition of beauty, the eye takes the most delight in color.—Addison.

Lord Bacon makes beauty to consist of grace and motion.—Lady Montagu.

Venus, thy eternal sway all the race of men obey.—Euripides.

Beautiful works do not intoxicate, but they enchant.—Joubert.

Beauties, whether male or female, are generally the most untractable people of all others.—Steele.

Beauty intoxicates the eye, as wine does the body; both are morally fatal if indulged.—J. G. Saxe.

Good nature will always supply the absence of beauty; but beauty cannot supply the absence of good nature.—Addison.

'T is a powerful sex; they were too strong for the first, the strongest, and the wisest man that was.—Howell.

Beauty or unbecomingness is of more force to draw or deter invitation than any discourses which can be made to them.—Locke.

You may keep your beauty and your health, unless you destroy them yourself, or discourage them to stay with you, by using them ill.—Sir W. Temple.

Beauty is nothing else but a just accord and mutual harmony of the members, animated by a healthful constitution.—Dryden.

You may not, cannot, appropriate beauty. It is the wealth of the eye, and a cat may gaze upon a king.—Theodore Parker.

The beautiful is a manifestation of secret laws of Nature, which, but for this appearance, had been forever concealed from us.—Goethe.

The very first discovery of beauty strikes the mind with an inward joy, and spreads a cheerfulness and delight through all its faculties.—Addison.

Beauty and sadness always go together. Nature thought Beauty too rich to go forth upon the earth without a meet alloy.—George MacDonald

What is really beautiful needs no adorning. We do not grind down the pearl upon a polishing stone.—Sataka.

Man has still more desire for beauty than knowledge of it; hence the caprices of the world.—X. Doudan.

As amber attracts a straw, so does beauty admiration, which only lasts while the warmth continues.—Robert Burton.

Though color be the lowest of all the constituent parts of beauty, yet it is vulgarly the most striking.—Joseph Spence.

Beauty deceives women in making them establish on an ephemeral power the pretensions of a whole life.—Bignicourt.

Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us, or we find it not.—Emerson.

It is the saddest of all things that even one human soul should dimly perceive the beauty that is ever around us, a perpetual benediction.—Mrs. L. M. Child.

Expression is of more consequence than shape; it will light up features otherwise heavy.—Sir C. Bell.

Female beauties are as fickle in their faces as in their minds; though casualties should spare them, age brings in a necessity of decay.—Boyle.

Every trait of beauty may be traced to some virtue, as to innocence, candor, generosity, modesty, and heroism. —St. Pierre.

Do not idolatrize; beauty's a flower,
Which springs and withers almost in an hour. —Wm. Smith.

If thou marry beauty, thou bindest thyself all thy life for that which, perchance, will neither last nor please thee one year.—Raleigh.

If virtue accompany it, it is the heart's paradise; if vice associate it, it is the soul's purgatory.—Quarles.

We do love beauty at first sight; and we do cease to love it, if it is not accompanied by amiable qualities.—Lydia Maria Child.

Such harmony in motion, speech and air,
That without fairness, she was more than fair. —Crabbe.

Loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is when unadorn'd adorn'd the most.
—Thomson.

Beauty is an outward gift which is seldom despised except by those to whom it has been refused.—Gibbon.

Beauty is Nature's coin, must not be hoarded,
But must be current, and the good thereof
Consists in mutual and partaken bliss.
—Milton.

The beauty that addresses itself to the eyes is only the spell of the moment; the eye of the body is not always that of the soul.—Georges Sand.

Remember that the most beautiful things in the world are the most useless; peacocks and lilies, for instance. —Ruskin.

The beautiful seems right
By force of beauty, and the feeble wrong
Because of weakness.
—E. B. Browning.

There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.
—Shakespeare.

The first distinction among men, and the first consideration that gave one precedence over another, was doubtless the advantage of beauty.—Montaigne.

Naught under heaven so strongly doth allure the sense of man, and all his mind possess, as beauty's love-bait. —Spenser.

Love that has nothing but beauty to keep it in good health is short-lived, and apt to have ague fits.—Erasmus.

A beautiful woman is the hell of the soul, the purgatory of the purse, and the paradise of the eyes.—Fontenelle.

The dower of great beauty has always been misfortune, since happiness and beauty do not agree together.—Calderon.

Where the mouth is sweet and the eyes intelligent, there is always the look of beauty, with a right heart.—Leigh Hunt.

No woman can be handsome by the force of features alone, any more than she can be witty only by the help of speech.—Hughes.

The sense of beauty is intuitive, and beauty itself is all that inspires pleasure without, and aloof from, and even contrarily to interest.—Coleridge.

A beautiful form is better than a beautiful face; it gives a higher pleasure than statues or pictures; it is the finest of the fine arts.—Emerson.

The perception of the beautiful is gradual, and not a lightning revelation; it requires not only time, but some study.—Ruffini.

The very beautiful rarely love at all. Those precious images are placed above the reach of the passions.—Landor.

Beauty is a great gift of heaven; not for the purpose of female vanity, but a great gift for one who loves, and wishes to be beloved.—Miss Edgeworth.

Methinks a being that is beautiful becometh more so as it looks on beauty, the eternal beauty of undying things. —Byron.

Affect not to despise beauty, no one is freed from its dominion; but regard is not a pearl of price, it is fleeting as the bow in the clouds.—Tupper.

Where rivulets dance their wayward round, and beauty born of murmuring sound shall pass into her face.—Wordsworth.

The common foible of women who have been handsome is to forget that they are no longer so.—Rochefoucauld.

Beauty attracts us men, but if, like an armed magnet it is pointed with gold or silver beside, it attracts with tenfold power.—Richter.

What place is so rugged and so homely that there is no beauty, if you only have a sensibility to beauty?—Beecher.

Thus was beauty sent from heaven, the lovely ministress of truth and good in this dark world.—Akenside.

Beauty, like truth and justice, lives within us; like virtue, and like moral law, it is a companion of the soul.—Bancroft.

That is true beauty which has not only a substance, but a spirit; a beauty that we must intimately know, justly to appreciate.—Colton.

O human beauty, what a dream art thou, that we should cast our life and hopes away on thee!—Barry Cornwall.

Every good picture is the best of sermons and lectures. The sense informs the soul. Whatever you have, have beauty.—Sydney Smith.

Beautiful as sweet! and young as beautiful! and soft as young! and gay as soft! and innocent as gay!—Young.

Beauty hath no lustre save when it gleameth through the crystal web that purity's fine fingers weave for it.—Maturin.

By cultivating the beautiful, we scatter the seeds of heavenly flowers; by doing good, we foster those already belonging to humanity.—Howard.

Lovely sweetness is the noblest power of woman, and is far fitter to prevail by parley than by battle.—Sir P. Sidney.

That which is striking and beautiful is not always good, but that which is good is always beautiful.—Ninon de Lenclos.

To cultivate the sense of the beautiful is but one, and the most effectual,

of the ways of cultivating an appreciation of the Divine goodness.—Bovee.

Not more the rose, the queen of flowers,
Outblushes all the bloom of bower,
Than she unrivall'd grace discloses;
The sweetest rose, where all are roses.
—Moore.

Exalt your passion by directing and settling it upon an object the due contemplation of whose loveliness may cure perfectly all hurts received from mortal beauty.—Boyle.

A beautiful face fires our imagination, and we see higher virtue and intelligence in it than we can detect in its owner's head or heart when we descend to calm inspection.—Charles Reade.

There is more or less of pathos in all true beauty. The delight it awakens has an indefinable, and, as it were, luxurious sadness, which is perhaps one element of its might.—Tuckerman.

The greatest truths are wronged if not linked with beauty; and they win their way most surely and deeply into the soul when arrayed in this their natural and fit attire.—Channing.

Yet even this hath this inconvenience in it—that it makes its possessor neglect the furnishing of the mind with nobleness. Nay, it oftentimes is a cause that the mind is ill.—Feltham.

The sense of beauty enters into the highest philosophy, as in Plato. The highest poet must be a philosopher, accomplished like Dante, or intuitive like Shakespeare.—Gladstone.

O, if so much beauty doth reveal
Itself in every vein of life and nature,
How beautiful must be the Source itself,
The Ever Bright One. —Tegner.

Mark her majestic fabric; she's a temple
Sacred by birth, and built by hands divine;
Her soul's the Deity that lodges there;
Nor is the pile unworthy of the God.
—Dryden.

It is only through the morning gate of the beautiful that you can penetrate into the realm of knowledge. That which we feel here as beauty we shall one day know as truth.—Schiller.

A look of intelligence in men is what regularity of features is in women; it is a style of beauty to which the most vain may aspire.—La Bruyère.

There's beauty all around our paths, if but
our watchful eyes
Can trace it 'midst familiar things, and
through their lowly guise.
—Mrs. Hemans.

There should be, methinks, as little merit in loving a woman for her beauty as in loving a man for his prosperity; both being equally subject to change.—Pope.

Beauty in a modest woman is like fire at a distance, or like a sharp sword; neither doth the one burn, nor the other wound those that come not too near them.—Cervantes.

Every year of my life I grow more convinced that it is wisest and best to fix our attention on the beautiful and good and dwell as little as possible on the dark and the base.—Cecil.

In the true mythology, Love is an immortal child, and Beauty leads him as a guide; nor can we express a deeper sense than when we say, Beauty is the pilot of the young soul.—Emerson.

True beauty dwells in deep retreats,
Whose veil is unremoved
Till heart with heart in concord beats,
And the lover is beloved.
—Wordsworth.

The divine right of beauty is the only divine right a man can acknowledge, and a pretty woman the only tyrant he is not authorized to resist.—Junius.

The useful encourages itself; for the multitude produce it, and no one can dispense with it: the beautiful must be encouraged; for few can set it forth, and many need it.—Goethe.

He who cannot see the beautiful side is a bad painter, a bad friend, a bad lover; he cannot lift his mind and his heart so high as goodness.—Joubert.

Beauty is the mark God sets on virtue. Every natural action is graceful. Every heroic act is also decent; and causes the place and the bystanders to shine.—Emerson.

Something of the severe hath always been appertaining to order and to grace; and the beauty that is not too liberal is sought the most ardently, and loved the longest.—Landor.

Who doth not feel, until his failing sight
Faints into dimness with its own delight,
His changing cheek, his sinking heart confess,
The might—the majesty of Loveliness?
—Byron.

Beauty! thou pretty plaything! dear deceit,
That steals so softly o'er the stripling's heart
And gives it a new pulse unknown before!
—Blair.

He will always see the most beauty whose affections are warmest and most exercised, whose imagination is the most powerful, and who has most accustomed himself to attend to the objects by which he is surrounded.—Lord Jeffrey.

The essence of all beauty, I call love,
The attribute, the evidence, and end,
The consummation to the inward sense
Of beauty apprehended from without,
I still call love. —E. B. Browning.

An agreeable figure and winning manner, which inspire affection without love, are always new. Beauty loses its relish, the graces never, after the longest acquaintance, they are no less agreeable than at first.—Henry Home.

Beauty is as summer fruits, which are easy to corrupt and cannot last; and for the most part it makes a dissolute youth, and an age a little out of countenance; but if it light well, it makes virtues shine and vice blush.—Bacon.

The contemplation of beauty in nature, in art, in literature, in human character, diffuses through our being a soothing and subtle joy, by which the heart's anxious and aching cares are softly smiled away.—Whipple.

Beauty is the true prerogative of women, and so peculiarly their own, that our sex, though naturally requiring another sort of feature, is never in its lustre but when puerile and beardless, confused and mixed with theirs.—Montaigne.

Contrast increases the splendor of beauty, but it disturbs its influence; it adds to its attractiveness, but diminishes its power.—Ruskin.

Beauty is a fairy; sometimes she hides herself in a flower-cup, or under a leaf, or creeps into the old ivy, and plays hide-and-seek with the sunbeams, or haunts some ruined spot, or laughs out of a bright young face.—G. A. Sala.

To make the cunning artless, tame the rude, subdue the haughty, shake the undaunted soul; yea, put a bridle in the lion's mouth, and lead him forth as a domestic cur, these are the triumphs of all-powerful beauty.—Joanna Baillie.

How much wit, good-nature, indulgences, how many good offices and civilities, are required among friends to accomplish in some years what a lovely face or a fine hand does in a minute!—Bruyère.

An Indian philosopher, being asked what were, according to his opinion, the two most beautiful things in the universe, answered: The starry heavens above our heads, and the feeling of duty in our hearts.—Bossuet.

Happily there exists more than one kind of beauty. There is the beauty of infancy, the beauty of youth, the beauty of maturity, and, believe me, ladies and gentlemen, the beauty of age.—G. A. Sala.

No better cosmetics than a severe temperance and purity, modesty and humility, a gracious temper and calmness of spirit; no true beauty without the signature of these graces in the very countenance.—John Ray.

We may say of agreeableness, as distinct from beauty, that it consists in a

symmetry of which we know not the rules, and a secret conformity of the features to each other, as also to the air and complexion of the person. —Rochefoucauld.

The most natural beauty in the world is honesty and moral truth. For all beauty is truth. True features make the beauty of a face, and true proportions the beauty of architecture; as true measures that of harmony and music.—Shaftesbury.

In all things that live there are certain irregularities and deficiencies which are not only signs of life, but sources of beauty. No human face is exactly the same in its lines on each side, no leaf perfect in its lobes, no branch in its symmetry.—Ruskin.

How intoxicating is the triumph of beauty, and how right it is to name it queen of the universe! How many courtiers, how many slaves, have submitted to it! But, alas! why must it be that what flatters our senses almost always deceives our souls?—Madame de Surin.

There is no more potent antidote to low sensuality than the adoration of beauty. All the higher arts of design are essentially chaste, without respect of the object. They purify the thoughts, as tragedy, according to Aristotle, purifies the passions.—Schlegel.

Sometimes there are living beings in nature as beautiful as in romance. Reality surpasses imagination; and we see breathing, brightening, and moving before our eyes sights dearer to our hearts than any we ever beheld in the land of sleep.—Jane Austen.

Beauty is a dangerous property, tending to corrupt the mind of the wife, though it soon loses its influence over the husband. A figure agreeable and engaging, which inspires affection, without the ebriety of love, is a much safer choice.—Henry Home.

Beauty has been the delight and torment of the world ever since it began. The philosophers have felt its influence so sensibly that almost every one of them has left some saying or other which intimates that he knew too well the power of it.—Steele.

Beauty too often sacrifices to fashion. The spirit of fashion is not the beautiful, but the wilful; not the graceful, but the fantastic; not the superior in the abstract, but the superior in the worst of all concretes,—the vulgar.—Leigh Hunt.

One of the old philosophers calls beauty a silent fraud, because it imposes upon us without the help of language. But I think Carneades spoke as much like a philosopher as any of them, though more like a lover, when he called it "royalty without force."—Steele.

In ourselves, rather than in material nature, lie the true source and life of the beautiful. The human soul is the sun which diffuses light on every side, investing creation with its lovely hues, and calling forth the poetic element that lies hidden in every existing thing.—Mazzini.

For converse among men, beautiful persons have less need of the mind's commending qualities. Beauty in itself is such a silent orator, that it is ever pleading for respect and liking, and by the eyes of others is ever sending to their hearts for love.—Feltham.

The flower which blossoms to-day and is withered to-morrow,—is it at all more actual than the colors of the rainbow? Or rather are those less actual? Beauty is the most fleeting thing upon earth, yet immortal as the spirit from which it blooms.—De Wette.

Her cheek had the pale pearly pink
Of sea shells, the world's sweetest tint, as though
She lived, one-half might deem, on roses sopp'd
In pearly dew. —Bailey.

Truth is the foundation and the reason of the perfection of beauty, for of whatever stature a thing may be, it cannot be beautiful and perfect, un-

less it be truly what it should be, and possess truly all that it should have. —La Rochefoucauld.

Beauty, like ice, our footing does betray;
Who can tread sure on the smooth, slippery way?
Pleased with the surface, we glide swiftly on,
And see the dangers that we cannot shun.
—Dryden.

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free!
Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
Than all the adulteries of art;
That strike mine eyes, but not my heart.
—Ben Jonson.

Beauty, sweet love, is like the morning dew,
Whose short refresh upon tender green,
Cheers for a time, but till the sun doth show,
And straight is gone, as it had never been.
—Daniel.

Beauty is only truly irresistible when it shows us something less transitory than itself; when it makes us dream of that which charms life beyond the fugitive moment which seduces us. It is necessary for the soul to feel it when the senses have perceived it. The soul never wearies; the more it admires, the more it is exalted.—Mme. de Krudener.

Like other beautiful things in this world, its end (that of a shaft) is to be beautiful; and, in proportion to its beauty, it receives permission to be otherwise useless. We do not blame emeralds and rubies because we cannot make them into heads of hammers. —Ruskin.

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes;
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which Heaven to gaudy day denies.
—Byron.

It was a very proper answer to him who asked why any man should be delighted with beauty, that it was a question that none but a blind man could ask; since any beautiful object doth so much attract the sight of all men, that it is in no man's power not to be pleased with it.—Clarendon.

* * * for beauty stands
In the admiration only of weak minds
Led captive. Cease to admire, and all her plumes
Fall flat and shrink into a trivial toy,
At every sudden slighting quite abash'd.
—Milton.

'Twas not the fading charms of face
That riveted Love's golden chain;
It was the high celestial grace
Of goodness that doth never wane—
Whose are the sweets that never pall,
Delicious, pure, and crowning all.
—Abraham Coles.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever;
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.
—Keats.

Her glossy hair was cluster'd o'er a brow
Bright with intelligence, and fair and smooth;
Her eyebrow's shape was like the aërial bow,
Her cheek all purple with the beam of youth,
Mounting, at times, to a transparent glow,
As if her veins ran lightning. —Byron.

Exquisite beauty resides with God. Unity and simplicity, joined together in different organs, are the principal sources of beauty. It resides in the good, the honest, and in the useful to the highest physical and intellectual degree.—Winkelman.

There is scarcely a single joy or sorrow within the experience of our fellow-creatures which we have not tasted; yet the belief in the good and beautiful has never forsaken us. It has been medicine to us in sickness, richness in poverty, and the best part of all that ever delighted us in health and success.—Leigh Hunt.

What is beauty? Not the show
Of shapely limbs and features. No.
These are but flowers
That have their dated hours
To breathe their momentary sweets, then go.
'Tis the stainless soul within
That outshines the fairest skin.
—Sir A. Hunt.

I am of opinion that there is nothing so beautiful but that there is some

thing still more beautiful, of which this is the mere image and expression, —a something which can neither be perceived by the eyes, the ears, nor any of the senses; we comprehend it merely in the imagination.—Cicero.

O, it is the saddest of all things that even one human soul should dimly perceive the beauty that is ever around us, "a perpetual benediction!" Nature, that great missionary of the Most High, preaches to us forever in all tones of love, and writes truth in all colors, on manuscripts illuminated with stars and flowers.—Mrs. L. M. Child.

Take the whole sex together, and you find that those who have the strongest possession of men's hearts are not eminent for their beauty. You see it often happen that those who engage men to the greatest violence are such as those who are strangers to them would take to be remarkably defective for that end.—John Hughes.

Nothing is arbitrary, nothing is insulated in beauty. It depends forever on the necessary and the useful. The plumage of the bird, the mimic plumage of the insect, has a reason for its rich colors in the constitution of the animal. Fitness is so inseparable an accompaniment of beauty, that it has been taken for it.—Emerson.

The human heart yearns for the beautiful in all ranks of life. The beautiful things that God makes are His gift to all alike. I know there are many of the poor who have fine feeling and a keen sense of the beautiful, which rusts out and dies because they are too hard pressed to procure it any gratification.—Mrs. Stowe.

Who has not experienced how, on near acquaintance, plainness becomes beautified, and beauty loses its charm, exactly according to the quality of the heart and mind? And from this cause am I of opinion that the want of outward beauty never disquiets a noble nature or will be regarded as a misfortune. It never can prevent people from being amiable and beloved in the highest degree.—Fredrika Bremer.

Those critics who, in modern times, have the most thoughtfully analyzed the laws of æsthetic beauty, concur in maintaining that the real truthfulness of all works of imagination—sculpture, painting, written fiction—is so purely in the imagination, that the artist never seeks to represent the positive truth, but the idealized image of a truth.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Oh, talk as we may of beauty as a thing to be chiselled from marble or wrought out on canvas, speculate as we may upon its colors and outlines, what is it but an intellectual abstraction, after all? The heart feels a beauty of another kind; looking through the outward environment, it discovers a deeper and more real loveliness.—Whittier.

Gaze not on beauty too much, lest it blast thee; nor too long, lest it blind thee; nor too near, lest it burn thee. If thou like it, it deceives thee; if thou love it, it disturbs thee; if thou hunt after it, it destroys thee. If virtue accompany it, it is the heart's paradise; if vice associate it, it is the soul's purgatory. It is the wise man's bonfire, and the fool's furnace.—Quarles.

No man receives the true culture of a man in whom the sensibility to the beautiful is not cherished; and I know of no condition in life from which it should be excluded. Of all luxuries this is cheapest and the most at hand; and it seems to me to be the most important to those conditions where coarse labor tends to give a grossness to the mind.—Channing.

When I approach
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,
And in herself complete, so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say,
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discretest, best;
All higher knowledge in her presence falls
Degraded. Wisdom in discourse with her
Loses, discount'nanc'd, and like folly shows.
—Milton.

Beauty of form affects the mind, but then it must be understood that it is not the mere shell that we admire; we are attracted by the idea that this shell is only a beautiful case adjusted to the shape and value of a still more beautiful pearl within. The perfec-

tion of outward loveliness is the soul shining through its crystalline covering.—Jane Porter.

Beauty has so many charms, one knows not how to speak against it; and when it happens that a graceful figure is the habitation of a virtuous soul, when the beauty of the face speaks out the modesty and humility of the mind, and the justness of the proportion raises our thoughts up to the heart and wisdom of the great Creator, something may be allowed it, —and something to the embellishments which set it off; and yet, when the whole apology is read, it will be found at last that beauty, like truth, never is so glorious as when it goes the plainest.—Sterne.

Beauty is an all-pervading presence. It unfolds to the numberless flowers of the spring; it waves in the branches of the trees and the green blades of grass; it haunts the depths of the earth and the sea, and gleams out in the hues of the shell and the precious stone. And not only these minute objects, but the ocean, the mountains, the clouds, the heavens, the stars, the rising and setting sun, all overflow with beauty.—Channing.

Around her shone
The nameless charms unmark'd by her alone.
The light of love, the purity of grace,
The mind, the music breathing from her face,
The heart whose softness harmonized the whole,
And, oh! that eye was in itself a soul.
—Byron.

Not faster in the summer's ray,
The spring's frail beauty fades away,
Than anguish and decay consume,
The smiling virgin's rosy bloom.
Some beauty's snatch'd each day, each hour;
For beauty is a fleeting flower;
Then how can wisdom e'er confide
In beauty's momentary pride?
—Elphinstone.

There is a certain period of the soul-culture when it begins to interfere with some of the characters of typical beauty belonging to the bodily frame, the stirring of the intellect wearing down the flesh, and the moral enthusiasm burning its way out to heaven, through the emaciation of the earthen vessel; and there is, in this indication of subduing the mortal by the immortal part, an ideal glory of perhaps a purer and higher range than that of the more perfect material form. We conceive, I think, more nobly of the weak presence of Paul than of the fair and ruddy countenance of David. —Ruskin.

What's female beauty but an air divine,
Through which the mind's all gentle graces shine?
They, like the sun, irradiate all between;
The body charms because the soul is seen.
Hence men are often captives of a face—
They know not why—of no peculiar grace;
Some forms, though bright, no mortal man can bear;
Some none resist, though not exceeding fair.
—Young.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,
A shining glass, that fadeth suddenly;
A flower that dies, when first it 'gins to bud;
A brittle glass, that's broken presently;
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower
Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour.
And as good lost is seld or never found,
As fading gloss no rubbing will refresh,
As flowers dead lie wither'd on the ground,
As broken glass no cement can redress,
So beauty blemish'd once, for ever's lost,
In spite of physic, painting, pain and cost.
—Shakespeare.

Ye tradeful merchants! that with weary toil,
Do seek most precious things to make you gaine,
And both the Indies of their treasures spoil;
What needeth you to seek so far in vain?
For lo! my love doth in herself contain
All this world's riches that may far be found;
If saphyrs, lo! her eyes be saphyrs plain;
If rubies, lo! her lips be rubies sound;
If pearls, her teeth be pearls, both pure and round;
If ivory, her forehead's ivory I ween;
If gold, her locks are finest gold on ground;
If silver, her fair hands are silver sheen;
But that which fairest is, but few behold,
Her mind, adorn'd with virtues manifold.
—Spenser.

Socrates called beauty a short-lived tyranny; Plato, a privilege of nature; Theophrastus, a silent cheat; Theocritus, a delightful prejudice; Carneades, a solitary kingdom; Domitian said, that nothing was more grateful; Aristotle affirmed that beauty was better than all the letters of recommen

dation in the world; Homer, that 'twas a glorious gift of nature, and Ovid, alluding to him, calls it a favor bestowed by the gods.—From the Italian.

Beauty depends more upon the movement of the face, than upon the form of the features when at rest. Thus a countenance habitually under the influence of amiable feelings, acquires a beauty of the highest order, from the frequency with which such feelings are the origirating causes of the movement or expressions which stamp their character upon it.—Mrs. S. C. Hall.

Bed

The bed has become a place of luxury to me! I would not exchange it for all the thrones in the world.—Napoleon I.

O bed! O bed! delicious bed!
That heaven upon earth to the weary head.
—Hood.

Sweet pillows, sweetest bed;
A chamber deaf to noise, and blind to light;
A rosy garland, and a weary head.
—Sir Philip Sidney.

In bed we laugh, in bed we cry;
And born in bed, in bed we die;
The near approach a bed may show
Of human bliss to human woe.
—Isaac De Benserade.

Oh! thou gentle scene
Of sweet repose; where by th' oblivious draught
Of each sad toilsome day to peace restor'd,
Unhappy mortals lose their woes awhile.
—Thomson.

There should be hours for necessities, not for delights; times to repair our nature with comforting repose, and not for us to waste these times.—Shakespeare.

Night is the time for rest;
How sweet when labours close,
To gather round an aching breast
The curtain of repose;
Stretch the tir'd limbs, and lay the head
Down on our own delightful bed.
—James Montgomery.

It is a delicious moment, certainly, that of being well nestled in bed, and feeling that you shall drop gently to sleep. The good is to come, not past; the limbs have just been tired enough to render the remaining in one posture delightful; the labor of the day is gone.—Leigh Hunt.

Bed is a bundle of paradoxes; we go to it with reluctance, yet we quit it with regret; and we make up our minds every night to leave it early, but we make up our bodies every morning to keep it late.—Colton.

Bees

Many-colored, sunshine-loving, spring-betokening bee! yellow bee, so mad for love of early-blooming flowers!—Professor Wilson.

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day,
From every opening flower.
—Watts.

Even bees, the little alms-men of spring bowers,
Know there is richest juice in poison-flowers. —Keats.

Look on the bee upon the wing 'mong flowers;
How brave, how bright his life! then mark him hiv'd,
Cramp'd, cringing in his self-built, social cell,
Thus it is in the world-hive; most where men
Lie deep in cities as in drifts. —Bailey.

The pedigree of honey
Does not concern the bee;
A clover, any time, to him
Is aristocracy.
—Emily Dickinson.

His labor is a chant,
His idleness a tune;
Oh, for a bee's experience
Of clovers and of noon!
—Emily Dickinson.

Listen! O, listen!
Here ever hum the golden bees
Underneath full-blossomed trees,
At once with glowing fruit and flowers crowned. —Lowell.

The bee is enclosed, and shines preserved, in a tear of the sisters of Phaëton, so that it seems enshrined in its own nectar. It has obtained a worthy reward for its great toils; we may suppose that the bee itself would have desired such a death.—Martial.

"O bees, sweet bees!" I said; "that nearest field
Is shining white with fragrant immortelles.
Fly swiftly there and drain those honey wells."
—Helen Hunt.

The wild bee reels from bough to bough
With his furry coat and his gauzy wing,
Now in a lily cup, and now
Setting a jacinth bell a-swing,
In his wandering.
—Oscar Wilde.

Bees work for man, and yet they never bruise
Their Master's flower, but leave it having done,
As fair as ever and as fit to use;
So both the flower doth stay and honey run.
—Herbert.

The careful insect 'midst his works I view,
Now from the flowers exhaust the fragrant dew,
With golden treasures load his little thighs,
And steer his distant journey through the skies.
—Gay.

The little bee returns with evening's gloom,
To join her comrades in the braided hive,
Where, housed beside their mighty honeycomb,
They dream their polity shall long survive.
—Charles (Tennyson) Turner.

The honey-bee that wanders all day long
The field, the woodland, and the garden o'er,
To gather in his fragrant winter store,
Humming in calm content his winter song,
Seeks not alone the rose's glowing breast,
The lily's dainty cup, the violet's lips,
But from all rank and noxious weeds he sips
The single drop of sweetness closely pressed
Within the poison chalice.
—Anne C. Lynch Botta.

So work the honey-bees;
Creatures, that by a rule in nature teach
The art of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king and officers of sorts;
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home;
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;
Which pillage they, with merry march, bring home,
To the tent royal of their emperor;
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold;
The civil citizens kneading up the honey;
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate;
The sad-ey'd justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone. —Shakespeare.

Beggar

He who begs timidly courts a refusal.—Seneca.

Aspiring beggary is wretchedness itself.—Goldsmith.

Sturdy beggars can bear stout denials.—Colton.

The real beggar is indeed the true and only king.—Lessing.

Better a living beggar than a buried emperor.—La Fontaine.

To get thine ends, lay bashfulnesse aside;
Who feares to aske, doth teach to be deny'd.
—Herrick.

A beggar that is dumb, you know,
May challenge double pity.
—Sir Walter Raleigh.

The adage must be verified—
That beggars mounted, run their horse to death.
—Shakespeare.

Though our donations are made to please ourselves, we insist upon those who receive our alms being pleased with them.—Zimmermann.

Well, whiles I am a beggar I will rail
And say, there is no sin but to be rich;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be
To say, there is no vice but beggary.
—King John.

A beggar through the world am I,
From place to place I wander by.
Fill up my pilgrim's scrip for me,
For Christ's sweet sake and charity.
—Lowell.

He makes a beggar first that first relieves him;
Not us'rers make more beggars where they live
Than charitable men that use to give.
—Heywood.

His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings but reliev'd their pain;
The long remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast.
—Goldsmith.

He is never out of the fashion, or limpeth awkwardly behind it. He is not required to put on court mourning

He weareth all colors, fearing none. His costume hath undergone less change than the Quaker's. He is the only man in the universe who is not obliged to study appearances.—Lamb.

Beggar!—the only free men of our commonwealth,
Free above scot-free, that observe no laws,
Obey no governor, use no religion,
But what they draw from their own ancient custom,
Or constitute themselves, yet are no rebels.
—Broome.

Art thou a man, and shams't thou not to beg,
To practice such a servile kind of life?
Why, were thy education ne'er so mean,
Having thy limbs, a thousand fairer courses
Offer themselves to thy election.
Either the wars might still supply thy wants,
Or service of some virtuous gentleman,
Or honest labour; nay, what can I name
But would become thee better than to beg?
But men of thy condition feed on sloth,
As doth the beetle on the dung she breeds in;
Not caring how the metal of your minds
Is eaten with the rust of idleness.
Now, after me, what e'er he be, that should
Believe a person of thy quality,
While thou insist in this loose desp'rate course,
I would esteem the sin not thine, but his.
—Ben Jonson.

In every civilized society there is found a race of men who retain the instincts of the aboriginal cannibal and live upon their fellow-men as a natural food.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Beginnings

What's well begun, is half done.—Horace.

The principal part of everything is the beginning.—Law Maxim.

Whatever begins, also ends.—Seneca.

The distance is nothing; it is only the first step that costs.—Mme. du Deffand.

The beginnings of all things are small.—Cicero.

Still thou knowest that in the ardor of pursuit men lose sight of the goal from which they start.—Schiller.

Begin whatever you have to do: the beginning of a work stands for the whole.—Ausonius.

Thou beginnest better than thou endest. The last is inferior to the first.—Ovid.

Everything that has a beginning comes to an end.—Quintilian.

Resist beginnings: it is too late to employ medicine when the evil has grown strong by inveterate habit.—Ovid.

Begin; to begin is half the work. Let half still remain; again begin this, and thou wilt have finished.—Ausonius.

Behavior

Behavior is the theory of manners practically applied.—Mme. Necker.

Behavior is a mirror, in which everyone shows his image.—Goethe.

Levity of behavior is the bane of all that is good and virtuous.—Seneca.

Venus herself, if she were bold, would not be Venus.—Apuleius.

Women should be doubly careful of their conduct, since appearances often injure them as much as real faults.—Abbé Girard.

Wise men read very sharply all of your private history in your look and gait and behavior.—Emerson.

Oddities and singularities of behavior may attend genius; when they do, they are its misfortunes and its blemishes. The man of true genius will be ashamed of them; at least he will never affect to distinguish himself by whimsical peculiarities.—S. W. Temple.

Any man shall speak the better when he knows what others have said, and sometimes the consciousness of his inward knowledge gives a confidence to his outward behavior, which of all other is the best thing to grace a man in his carriage.—Feltham.

Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.

Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.

Never spend your money before you have it.

Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap.

Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst, and cold.

We seldom repent having eaten too little.

Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.

How much pain the evils have cost us that have never happened!

Take things always by the smooth handle.

When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, a hundred.—Jefferson.

Belief

What ardently we wish we soon believe.—Young.

He who knows most believes the least.—Buckle.

What ardently we wish, we soon believe.—Young.

Now God be praised, that to believing souls,
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!
—Shakespeare.

He that will believe only what he can fully comprehend, must have a very long head, or a very short creed.—C. C. Colton.

Nothing is so firmly believed as what we least know.—Montaigne.

The region of the senses is the unbelieving part of the human soul.—George MacDonald.

You believe that easily which you hope for earnestly.—Terence.

The practical effect of a belief is the real test of its soundness.—Froude.

Men believe that willingly which they wish to be true.—Cæsar.

Being alone when one's belief is firm, is not to be alone.—Auerbach.

Belief consists in accepting the affirmations of the soul; unbelief, in denying them.—Emerson.

When in God thou believest, near God thou wilt certainly be.—C. G. Leland.

All I have seen teaches me to trust the Creator for all I have not seen.—Emerson.

We are slow to believe that which if believed would hurt our feelings.—Ovid.

You do not believe, you only believe that you believe.—Coleridge.

The want of belief is a defect which ought to be concealed where it cannot be overcome.—Swift.

The more sincere we are in our belief, as a rule, the less demonstrative we are.—Beecher.

Belief is not a matter of choice, but of conviction.—R. G. Ingersoll.

Happy the man who sees a God employed in all the good and ills that checker life.—Cowper.

Till their own dreams at length deceive 'em,
And oft repeating, they believe 'em.
—Prior.

Begin by regarding every thing from a moral point of view, and you will end by believing in God.—Dr. Arnold.

And to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.
—Shakespeare.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches; none
Are just alike, yet each believes his own.
—Pope.

O thou, whose days are yet all spring,
Faith, blighted once, is past retrieving;
Experience is a dumb, dead thing;
The victory's in believing. —Lowell.

Intellectually the difficulties of unbelief are as great as those of belief, while morally the argument is wholly on the side of belief.—Dr. T. Arnold.

Men ascribe a great value in the sight of God to their barren belief. Why are we so anxious that our neighbor should have our faith and not our practice?—Richter.

For fools are stubborn in their way,
As coins are harden'd by th' allay;
And obstinacy's ne'er so stiff
As when 'tis in a wrong belief.
—Butler.

If you wish to be assured of the truth of Christianity, try it. Believe, and if thy belief be right, that insight which gradually transmutes faith into knowledge will be the reward of thy belief.—S. T. Coleridge.

It is a singular fact that most men of action incline to the theory of fatalism, while the greater part of men of thought believe in providence.—Balzac.

To believe is to be happy; to doubt is to be wretched. To believe is to be strong. Doubt cramps energy. Belief is power. Only so far as a man believes strongly, mightily, can he act cheerfully, or do any thing that is worth the doing.—F. W. Robertson.

There are three means of believing, —by inspiration, by reason, and by custom. Christianity, which is the only rational institution, does yet admit none for its sons who do not believe by inspiration.—Pascal.

They that deny a God destroy man's nobility; for certainly man is of kin to the beasts by his body; and, if he be not of kin to God by his spirit, he is a base and ignoble creature.—Bacon.

The great desire of this age is for a doctrine which may serve to condense our knowledge, guide our researches, and shape our lives, so that conduct may really be the consequence of belief.—G. H. Lewes.

The man who goes through life with an uncertain doctrine not knowing what he believes, what a poor, powerless creature he is! He goes around through the world as a man goes down through the street with a poor, wounded arm, forever dodging people he meets on the street for fear they may touch him.—Phillips Brooks.

A man may be a heretic in the truth; and if he believe things only because his pastor says so, or the assembly so determines, without knowing other reason, though his belief be true, yet the very truth he holds becomes his heresy.—Milton.

They believed—faith, I'm puzzled—I think I may call
Their belief a believing in nothing at all,
Or something of that sort; I know they all went
For a general union of total dissent.
—Lowell.

When, in your last hour (think of this), all faculty in the broken spirit shall fade away, and sink into inanity, —imagination, thought, effort, enjoyment,—then will the flower of belief, which blossoms even in the night, remain to refresh you with its fragrance in the last darkness.—Richter.

I am not afraid of those tender and scrupulous consciences, who are ever cautious of professing and believing too much; if they are sincerely in the wrong, I forgive their errors, and respect their integrity. The men I am afraid of are the men who believe everything, subscribe to everything, and vote for everything.—Bishop Shipley.

If that impression does not remain on this intrepid and powerful people, into whose veins all nations pour their mingling blood it will be our immense calamity. Public action, without it, will lose the dignity of consecration. Eloquence, without it, will miss what is loftiest, will give place to a careless and pulseless disquisition, or fall to the flatness of political slang. Life, without it, will lose its sacred and mystic charm. Society, without it, will fail of inspirations, and be drowned in an animalism whose rising tides will keep pace with its wealth.—R. S. Storrs.

Bells

For bells are the voice of the church;
They have tones that touch and search
The hearts of young and old.
—Longfellow.

The music nighest bordering upon heaven.—Lamb.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow.
—Tennyson.

Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.
—Tennyson.

That all-softening, overpowering knell,
The tocsin of the soul—the dinner bell.
—Byron.

When o'er the street the morning peal is flung
From yon tall belfry with the brazen tongue,
Its wide vibrations, wafted by the gale,
To each far listener tell a different tale.
—Holmes.

And the Sabbath bell,
That over wood and wild and mountain dell
Wanders so far, chasing all thoughts unholy
With sounds most musical, most melancholy.
—Samuel Rogers.

Those evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells,
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time,
When last I heard their soothing chime!
—Tom Moore.

There is in souls a sympathy with sounds;
How soft the music of those village bells,
Falling at intervals upon the ear
In cadence sweet, now dying all away.
—Cowper.

Bell, thou soundest merrily,
When the bridal party
To the church doth hie!
Bell, thou soundest solemnly,
When, on Sabbath morning,
Fields deserted lie!
—Longfellow.

The bells themselves are the best of preachers,
Their brazen lips are learned teachers,
From their pulpits of stone, in the upper air,
Sounding aloft, without crack or flaw,
Shriller than trumpets under the Law,
Now a sermon and now a prayer.
—Longfellow

The cheerful Sabbath bells, wherever heard,
Strike pleasant on the sense, most like the voice
Of one, who from the far-off hills proclaims
Tidings of good to Zion. —Charles Lamb.

And this be the vocation fit,
For which the founder fashioned it;
High, high above earth's life, earth's labor
E'en to the heaven's blue vault to soar.
To hover as the thunder's neighbor,
The very firmament explore.
To be a voice as from above
Like yonder stars so bright and clear,
That praise their Maker as they move,
And usher in the circling year.
Tun'd be its metal mouth alone
To things eternal and sublime.
And as the swift wing'd hours speed on
May it record the flight of time!—Schiller.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten golden notes,
And all in tune
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens while she gloats
On the moon! —Poe.

Benevolence

Rare benevolence, the minister of God.—Carlyle.

Giving is true having.—Spurgeon.

Learn the luxury of doing good.—Goldsmith.

Great minds, like heaven, are pleased in doing good.—Rowe.

Our opportunities to do good are our talents.—Dr. Mather.

A noble deed is a step towards heaven.—J. G. Holland.

Honor the Lord with thy substance.

Benevolent people are always cheerful.—Father Taylor.

Try to be of some use to others.—Bishop Hall.

Be charitable before wealth makes thee covetous.—Sir Thomas Browne.

A benefit is estimated according to the mind of the giver.—Seneca.

You will find people ready enough to do the Samaritan without the oil and twopence.—Sydney Smith.

Whatever we give to the wretched, we lend to fortune.—Seneca.

Carve your name on hearts, and not on marble.—Spurgeon.

When my friends are one-eyed, I look at their profile.—Joubert.

Genuine benevolence is not stationary, but peripatetic. It goeth about doing good.—Nevins.

How quickly a truly benevolent act is repaid by the consciousness of having done it!—Hosea Ballou.

Every charitable act is a stepping stone toward heaven.—Beecher.

The lower a man descends in his love, the higher he lifts his life.—W. R. Alger.

And chiefly for the weaker by the wall,
You bore that lamp of sane benevolence.
—Meredith.

Good, the more communicated, more abundant grows.—Milton.

Benevolence and feeling ennoble the most trifling actions.—Thackeray.

The more we give to others, the more are we increased.—Lao-Tze.

Our hands we open of our own free will, and the good flies, which we can never recall.—Goethe.

Liberality consists less in giving profusely than in giving judiciously.—Bruyère.

We should do good whenever we can and do kindness at all times, for at all times we can.—Joubert.

We should be careful that our benevolence does not exceed our means.—Cicero.

Doing good is the only certainly happy action of a man's life.—Sir P. Sidney.

The office of liberality consisteth in giving with judgment.—Cicero.

The secret pleasure of a generous act, is the great mind's great bribe.—Dryden.

As often as we do good, we offer sacrifice to God.—Aristotle.

A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich.—Mrs. Browning.

He who waits to do a great deal of good at once, will never do anything.—Samuel Johnson.

Men resemble the gods in nothing so much as in doing good to their fellow creatures.—Cicero.

While selfishness joins hands with no one of the virtues, benevolence is allied to them all.—Goldsmith.

The entire world shall be populous with that action which saves one soul from despair.—Omar Khayam.

Good deeds in this life are coals raked up in embers, to make a fire next day.—Sir T. Overbury.

Being myself no stranger to suffering, I have learned to relieve the sufferings of others.—Virgil.

It is in contemplating man at a distance that we become benevolent.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Better to expose ourselves to ingratitude than fail in assisting the unfortunate.—Du Cœur.

He believed that he was born, not for himself, but for the whole world.—Lucan.

The Romans assisted their allies and friends, and acquired friendships by giving rather than receiving kindness.—Sallust.

If you realize an incentive to do a good thing, an act of benevolence, do it at once; do not put it off until to-morrow.—Henry Horne.

For his bounty, there was no winter in 't; an autumn 't was that grew the more by reaping.—Shakespeare.

A benefit consists not in what is done or given, but in the intention of the giver or doer.—Seneca.

Be generous, and pleasant-tempered, and forgiving; even as God scatters favors over thee, do thou scatter over the people.—Saadi.

There is no use of money equal to that of beneficence; here the enjoyment grows upon reflection.—Mackenzie.

Doubtless that is the best charity which, Nilus-like, hath the several streams thereof seen, but the fountain concealed.—Rev. T. Gouge.

Nothing is so wholesome, nothing does so much for people's looks, as a little interchange of the small coin of benevolence.—Ruffini.

———amid life's quests
That seems but worthy one—to do men good. —Bailey.

The greatest pleasure I know is to do a good action by stealth, and to have it found out by accident.—Lamb.

The best portion of a good man's life,—his little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love.—Wordsworth.

That is fine benevolence, finely executed, which, like the Nile, comes from hidden sources.—Colton.

Every virtue carries with it its own reward, but none in so distinguished and pre-eminent a degree as benevolence.

There is no beautifier of complexion or form or behavior, like the wish to scatter joy and not pain around us.—Emerson.

Proportion thy charity to the strength of thy estate, lest God proportion thy estate to the weakness of thy charity.—Quarles.

True benevolence is to love all men. Recompense injury with justice, and kindness with kindness.—Confucius.

Every fresh act of benevolence is the herald of deeper satisfaction; every charitable act a stepping-stone towards heaven.—Beecher.

By doing good with his money, a man, as it were, stamps the image of God upon it, and makes it pass current for the merchandise of heaven.—Rutledge.

So quickly sometimes has the wheel turned round, that many a man has lived to enjoy the benefit of that charity which his own piety projected.—Laurence Sterne.

Time is short, your obligations are infinite. Are your houses regulated, your children instructed, the afflicted relieved, the poor visited, the work of piety accomplished?—Massillon.

It is another's fault if he be ungrateful, but is mine if I do not give. To find one thankful man I will oblige a great many that are not so.—Seneca.

When thou seest thine enemy in trouble, curl not thy whiskers in contempt; for in every bone there is marrow, and within every jacket there is a man.—Saadi.

The disposition to give a cup of cold water to a disciple is a far nobler property than the finest intellect. Satan has a fine intellect, but not the image of God.—Howells.

The lessons of prudence have charms,
And slighted, may lead to distress;
But the man whom benevolence warms
Is an angel who lives but to bless.
—Bloomfield.

The only way to be loved is to be and to appear lovely; to possess and display kindness, benevolence, tenderness; to be free from selfishness and to be alive to the welfare of others.—Jay.

God will excuse our prayers for ourselves whenever we are prevented from them by being occupied in such good works as to entitle us to the prayers of others.—Colton.

We know who is benevolent by quite other means than the amount of sub-

scription to soup societies. It is only low merits that can be enumerated.—Emerson.

The paternal and filial duties discipline the heart, and prepare it for the love of all mankind. The intensity of private attachment encourages, not prevents, universal benevolence.—Coleridge.

The benevolent affections owe much of their vigor to the frequency with which they are exercised, and to the pleasure by which they are attended.—Dr. Parr.

The conqueror is regarded with awe, the wise man commands our esteem, but it is the benevolent man who wins our affection.—From the French.

And 'tis not sure so full a benefit
Freely to give as freely to require.
A bounteous act hath glory following it,
They cause the glory that the act desire.
—Lady Carew.

A beneficent person is like a fountain watering the earth, and spreading fertility; it is, therefore, more delightful and more honorable to give than to receive.—Epicurus.

Beneficence is a duty. He who frequently practices it, and sees his benevolent intentions realized, at length comes really to love him to whom he has done good.—Kane.

He that does good to another does good also to himself, not only in the consequence, but in the very act; for the consciousness of well-doing is in itself ample reward.—Seneca.

There is scarcely a man who is not conscious of the benefits which his own mind has received from the performance of single acts of benevolence. How strange that so few of us try a course of the same medicine!—J. F. Boyes.

There cannot be a more glorious object in creation than a human being replete with benevolence, meditating in what manner he might render himself most acceptable to his Creator by doing most good to His creatures.—Fielding.

The poor must be wisely visited and liberally cared for, so that mendicity shall not be tempted into mendacity, nor want exasperated into crime.—Robert C. Winthrop.

The charities of life are scattered everywhere, enameling the vales of human beings as the flowers paint the meadows. They are not the fruit of study, nor the privilege of refinement, but a natural instinct.—Bancroft.

The great Howard was so fully engaged in works of active benevolence, that, unlike Baxter, whose knees were calcined by prayer, he left himself but little time to pray. Thousands were praying for him.—Colton.

Open your hands, ye whose hands are full! The world is waiting for you! The whole machinery of the Divine beneficence is clogged by your hard hearts and rigid fingers. Give and spend, and be sure that God will send; for only in giving and spending do you fulfill the object of His sending.—J. G. Holland.

Never did any soul do good but it came readier to do the same again, with more enjoyment. Never was love or gratitude or bounty practiced but with increasing joy, which made the practicer still more in love with the fair act.—Shaftesbury.

No sincere desire of doing good need make an enemy of a single human being; that philanthropy has surely a flaw in it which cannot sympathize with the oppressor equally as with the oppressed.—Lowell.

Poverty is the load of some, and wealth is the load of others, perhaps the greater load of the two. It may weigh them to perdition. Bear the load of thy neighbor's poverty, and let him bear with thee the load of thy wealth. Thou lightenest thy load by lightening his.—St. Augustine.

The opportunity of making happy is more scarce than we imagine; the punishment of missing it is, never to meet with it again; and the use we make of it leaves us an eternal sentiment of satisfaction or repentance.—Rousseau.

Never try to save out of God's cause; such money will canker the rest. Giving to God is no loss; it is putting your substance in the best bank. Giving is true having, as the old gravestone said of the dead man "What I spent I had, what I saved I lost, what I gave I have."—C. H. Spurgeon.

There is no bounty to be showed to such
As have real goodness: Bounty is
A spice of virtue; and what virtuous act
Can take effect on them that have no power
Of equal habitude to apprehend it?
—Ben Jonson.

As there are none so weak that we may venture to injure them with impunity, so there are none so low that they may not at some time be able to repay an obligation. Therefore, what benevolence would dictate, prudence would confirm.—Colton.

There is nothing that requires so strict an economy as our benevolence. We should husband our means as the agriculturist his manure, which, if he spread over too large a superficies, produces no crop,—if over too small a surface, exuberates in rankness and in weeds.—Colton.

Never lose a chance of saying a kind word. As Collingwood never saw a vacant place in his estate but he took an acorn out of his pocket and popped it in, so deal with your compliments through life. An acorn costs nothing; but it may sprout into a prodigious bit of timber.—Thackeray.

Animated by Christian motives and directed to Christian ends, it shall in no wise go unrewarded: here, by the testimony of an approving conscience: hereafter, by the benediction of our blessed Redeemer, and a brighter inheritance in His Father's house.—Bishop Mant.

The generous pride of virtue,
Disdains to weigh too nicely the returns
Her bounty meets with—like the liberal gods,
From her own gracious nature she bestows,
Nor stops to ask reward. —Thomson.

Men are not only prone to forget benefits; they even hate those who have obliged them, and cease to hate those who have injured them. The necessity of revenging an injury, or of recompensing a benefit seems a slavery to which they are unwilling to submit. —La Rochefoucauld.

The true source of cheerfulness is benevolence. The pursuits of mankind are commonly frigid and contemptible, and the mistake comes, at last, to be detected. But virtue is a charm that never fades. The soul that perpetually overflows with kindness and sympathy will always be cheerful.—Parke Godwin.

Rich people who are covetous are like the cypress-tree,—they may appear well, but are fruitless; so rich persons have the means to be generous, yet some are not so, but they should consider they are only trustees for what they possess, and should show their wealth to be more in doing good than merely in having it.—Bishop Hall.

There do remain dispersed in the soil of human nature divers seeds of goodness, of benignity, of ingenuity, which, being cherished, excited, and quickened by good culture, do, by common experience, thrust out flowers very lovely, and yield fruits very pleasant of virtue and goodness.—Barrow.

I have heard of a monk who in his cell had a glorious vision of Jesus revealed to him. Just then a bell rang, which called him away to distribute loaves of bread among the poor beggars at the gate. He was sorely tried as to whether he should lose a scene so inspiring. He went to his act of mercy; and when he came back the vision remained more glorious than ever.—T. L Cuyler.

Every man who becomes heartily and understandingly a channel of the Divine beneficence is enriched through every league of his life. Perennial satisfaction springs around and within him with perennial verdure. Flowers of gratitude and gladness bloom all along his pathway, and the melodious gurgle of the blessings he bears is echoed back by the melodious waves of the recipient stream.—J. G. Holland.

He is good that does good to others. If he suffers for the good he does, he is better still; and if he suffers from them to whom he did good, he is arrived to that height of goodness that nothing but an increase of his sufferings can add to it; if it proves his death, his virtue is at its summit—it is heroism complete.—Bruyère.

Thy love shall chant itself its own beatitudes, after its own life working. A child-kiss, set on thy sighing lips, shall make thee glad; a poor man, served, by thee, shall make thee rich; a rich man, helped by thee, shall make thee strong; thou shalt be served thyself by every sense of service which thou renderest.—E. B. Browning.

My God, grant that my bounty may be a clear and transparent river, flowing from pure charity, and uncontaminated by self-love, ambition, or interest. Thanks are due not to me, but Thee, from whom all I possess is derived. And what are the paltry gifts for which my neighbor forgets to thank me, compared with the immense blessings for which I have so often forgotten to be grateful to Thee!—Gotthold.

You are so to put forth the power that God has given you; you are so to give, and sacrifice to give, as to earn the eulogium pronounced on the woman, "She hath done what she could." Do it now. It is not a safe thing to leave a generous feeling to the cooling influences of a cold world. If you intend to do a mean thing, wait till tomorrow; if you are to do a noble thing, do it now,—now!—Rev. Dr. Guthrie.

Think not the good,
The gentle deeds of mercy thou hast done,
Shall die forgotten all; the poor, the prisoner,
The fatherless, the friendless, and the widow,
Who daily own the bounty of thy hand,
Shall cry to heav'n and pull a blessing on thee.
—Rowe.

A life of passionate gratification is not to be compared with a life of active benevolence. God has so constituted our nature that a man cannot be happy unless he is, or thinks he is, a means of good. Judging from our own experience, we cannot conceive of a picture of more unutterable wretchedness than is furnished by one who knows that he is wholly useless in the world.—Rev. Erskine Mason.

The difference of the degrees in which the individuals of a great community enjoy the good things of life has been a theme of declaration and discontent in all ages; and it is doubtless our paramount duty, in every state of society, to alleviate the pressure of the purely evil part of this distribution, as much as possible, and, by all the means we can devise, secure the lower links in the chain of society from dragging in dishonor and wretchedness.—Herschel.

Beneficence is a duty. He who frequently practices it, and sees his benevolent intentions realized, at length comes really to love him to whom he has done good. When, therefore, it is said, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," it is not meant, thou shalt love him first and do him good in consequence of that love, but thou shalt do good to thy neighbor; and this thy beneficence will engender in thee that love to mankind which is the fulness and consummation of the inclination to do good.—Kant.

Benevolence is not in word and in tongue, but in deed and in truth. It is a business with men as they are, and with human life as drawn by the rough hand of experience. It is a duty which you must perform at the call of principle; though there be no voice of eloquence to give splendor to your exertions, and no music of poetry to lead your willing footsteps through the bowers of enchantment. It is not the impulse of high and ecstatic emotion. It is an exertion of principle. You must go to the poor man's cottage, though no verdure flourish around it, and no rivulet be nigh to delight you by the gentleness of its murmurs. If you look for the romantic simplicity of fiction you will be disappointed; but it is your duty to persevere in spite of every discouragement. Benevolence is not merely a feeling but a principle; not a dream of rapture for the fancy to indulge in, but a business for the hand to execute.—Chalmers.

Bereavement

A genuine faith lifts us above the bitterness of grief; a sense of Christ's living presence takes away all unbearable loneliness even when we are most alone. In our darkest hours, to know that our lost friend is still living, still loving us, still ours, in the highest and best sense, must be unspeakably consoling.—A. H. K.

Believe me, it is no time for words when the wounds are fresh and bleeding; no time for homilies when the lightning's shaft has smitten, and the man lies stunned and stricken. Then let the comforter be silent; let him sustain by his presence, not by his preaching; by his sympathetic silence, not by his speech.—George C. Lorimer.

Bible

All Scripture is given by inspiration of God.—Bible.

It speaks no less than God in every line.—Dryden.

A noble book! all men's book!—Carlyle.

This book of stars lights to eternal bliss.—George Herbert.

The Bible is common-sense inspired.—R. Howells.

Bibles laid open, millions of surprises.—George Herbert.

What can be nobler than the idea it gives us of the Supreme Being?—Addison.

The Bible stands alone in human literature in its elevated conception of manhood, in character and conduct.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Good, the more communicated, more abundant grows.—Milton.

Out from the heart of Nature rolled the burdens of the Bible old.—Emerson.

Within that awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries. —Scott.

Like the needle to the north pole, the Bible points to heaven.—R. B. Nichol.

Other books we may read and criticise. To the Scriptures we must bow the entire soul, with all its faculties.—E. N. Kirk.

The Bible is to religion what the Iliad is to poetry.—Joubert.

The help, the guide, the balm of souls perplexed.—Arbuthnot.

The history of every man should be a Bible.—Novalis.

Even the style of the Scriptures is more than human.—Steele.

Nobody ever outgrows Scripture; the book widens and deepens with our years.—Spurgeon.

O may my understanding ever read
This glorious volume, which thy wisdom made. —Dr. Young.

If thou desire to profit, read with humility, simplicity, and faithfulness; nor even desire the repute of learning. —Thomas à Kempis.

The books of men have their day and grow obsolete. God's word is like Himself, "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever."—R. Payne Smith.

The Bible is the most thought-suggesting book in the world. No other deals with such grand themes.—Herrick Johnson.

If the Bible is God's word, and we believe it, let us handle it with reverence.—Jonn B. Gough.

A stream where alike the elephant may swim and the lamb may wade.—Gregory the Great.

The word of God tends to make large-minded, noble-minded men.—Henry Ward Beecher.

When you read the sacred Scriptures, or any other book, never think how you read, but what you read.—John Kemble.

The Bible is a window in this prison-world, through which we may look into eternity.—Timothy Dwight

With the history of Moses no book in the world, in point of antiquity, can contend.—Tillotson.

Every leaf is a spacious plain; every line a flowing brook; every period a lofty mountain.—Hervey.

The best evidence of the Bible's being the word of God is to be found between its covers. It proves itself. —Charles Hodge.

The Scriptures were written, not to make us astronomers, but to make us saints.—Matthew Henry.

The Bible abounds in plain truth, expressed in plain language; in this it surpasses all other books.—Whelpley.

Merely reading the Bible is no use at all without we study it thoroughly, and hunt it through, as it were, for some great truth.—D. L. Moody.

One gem from that ocean is worth all the pebbles from earthly streams. —Robert McCheyne.

Intense study of the Bible will keep any man from being vulgar in point of style.—Coleridge.

A loving trust in the Author of the Bible is the best preparation for a wise study of the Bible.—H. Clay Trumbull.

If God is a reality, and the soul is a reality, and you are an immortal being, what are you doing with your Bible shut?—Herrick Johnson.

And in that chapter reads with sparkling eyes,
Her title to a treasure in the skies.
—Cowper.

When you are reading a book in a dark room, and come to a difficult part, you take it to a window to get more light. So take your Bibles to Christ. —Robert McCheyne.

The reason why we find so many dark places in the Bible is, for the most part, because there are so many dark places in our hearts.—A. Tholuck.

The Scripture is to be its own interpreter, or rather the Spirit speaking in it; nothing can cut the diamond but the diamond; nothing can interpret Scripture but Scripture.—Richard Watson.

The grand old Book of God still stands; and this old earth, the more its leaves are turned over and pondered. the more it will sustain and illustrate the Sacred word.—James D. Dana.

The English Bible—a book which, if every thing else in our language should perish, would alone suffice to show the whole extent of its beauty and power. —T. B. Macaulay.

If there be any thing in my style of thought to be commended, the credit is due to my kind parents in instilling into my mind an early love of the Scriptures.—Daniel Webster.

The Old and New Testaments contain but one scheme of religion. Neither part of this scheme can be understood without the other.—Richard Cecil.

Let your daughter have first of all the book of Psalms for holiness of heart, and be instructed in the Proverbs of Solomon for her godly life. —St. Jerome.

What other book besides the Bible could be heard in public assemblies from year to year, with an attention that never tires, and an interest that never cloys?—Robert Hall.

There was plainly wanting a divine revelation to recover mankind out of their universal corruption and degeneracy.—Dr. Samuel Clarke.

Here there is milk for babes, whilst there is manna for Angels; truth level with the mind of a peasant, truth soaring beyond the reach of a Seraph. —Rev. Hugh Stowell.

The Bible alone of all the books in the world, instead of uttering the opinions of the successive ages that produced it, has been the antagonist of these opinions.—Stuart Robinson.

The Bible is God's chart for you to steer by, to keep you from the bottom of the sea, and to show you where the harbor is, and how to reach it without running on rocks or bars.—H. W. Beecher.

In the Bible the ignorant may learn all requisite knowledge, and the most knowing may learn to discern their ignorance.—Boyle.

The most learned, acute, and diligent student cannot, in the longest life, obtain an entire knowledge of this one volume.—Sir Walter Scott.

The Scriptures teach us the best way of living, the noblest way of suffering, and the most comfortable way of dying.—Flavel.

There never was found, in any age of the world, either religion or law that did so highly exalt the public good as the Bible.—Bacon.

I call the Book of Job, apart from all theories about it, one of the grandest things ever written with pen.—Carlyle.

It is not simply a theological treatise, a code of laws, a religious homily, but the Bible—the book—while the only book for the soul, the best book for the mind.—Herrick Johnson.

A Bible and a newspaper in every house, a good school in every district—all studied and appreciated as they merit—are the principal support of virtue, morality and civil liberty.—Franklin.

It has God for its author, salvation for its end, and truth, without any mixture of error, for its matter: it is all pure, all sincere, nothing too much, nothing wanting.—Locke.

There are no songs comparable to the songs of Zion, no orations equal to those of the prophets, and no politics like those which the Scriptures teach.—Milton.

Learn the Bible through the Bible, the Old through the New Testament; either can only be understood by the needs of thy own heart.—John von Müller.

Do you know a book that you are willing to put under your head for a pillow when you lie dying? Very well; that is the book you want to study while you are living. There is but one such book in the world.—Joseph Cook.

I never saw a useful Christian who was not a student of the Bible. If a man neglects his Bible, he may pray and ask God to use him in His work; but God cannot make much use of him, for there is not much for the Holy Ghost to work upon.—D. L. Moody.

Give the Bible the place in your families to which it is justly entitled, and then, through the unsearchable riches of Christ, many a household among you may hereafter realize that most blessed consummation, and appear a whole family in heaven.—H. A. Boardman.

The word of God is solid; it will stand a thousand readings; and the man who has gone over it the most frequently and the most carefully is the surest of finding new wonders there.—James Hamilton.

All that has been done to weaken the foundation of an implicit faith in the Bible, as a whole, has been at the expense of the sense of religious obligation, and at the cost of human happiness.—J. G. Holland.

God in tender indulgence to our different dispositions, has strewed the Bible with flowers, dignified it with wonders, and enriched it with delight.—James Hervey.

It is not hard for any man who hath a Bible in his hand to borrow good words and holy sayings in abundance; but to make them his own is a work of grace only from above.—Milton.

Does not the passage of Moses and the Israelites into the Holy Land

yield incomparably more poetic variety than the voyages of Ulysses or Æneas?—Cowley.

Then for the style, majestic and divine,
It speaks no less than God in every line;
Commanding words; whose force is still the same
As the first fiat that produced our frame.
—Dryden.

Whence but from Heaven, could men unskill'd in arts,
In several ages born, in several parts,
Weave such agreeing truths? or how, or why
Should all conspire to cheat us with a lie?
—Dryden.

The increasing influence of the Bible is marvelously great, penetrating everywhere. It carries with it a tremendous power of freedom and justice guided by a combined force of wisdom and goodness.—Mori.

A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun,
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.
—Cowper.

All human discoveries seem to be made only for the purpose of confirming more strongly the truths come from on high, and contained in the sacred writings.—Herschel.

There is no passion that is not finely expressed in those parts of the inspired writings which are proper for divine songs and anthems.—Addison.

As the telescope is not a substitute for, but an aid to, our sight, so revelation is not designed to supersede the use of reason, but to supply its deficiencies.—Whately.

I am heartily glad to witness your veneration for a book which to say nothing of its holiness or authority, contains more specimens of genius and taste than any other volume in existence.—W. S. Landor.

In Job and the Psalms we shall find more sublime ideas, more elevated language, than in any of the heathen versifiers of Greece or Rome.—Dr. Watts.

We glory most in the fact, that Scripture so commends itself to the conscience, and experience so bears out the Bible, that the gospel can go the round of the world, and carry with it, in all its travel, its own mighty credentials.—Henry Melvill.

Wherever public worship has been established and regularly maintained, idolatry has vanished from the face of the earth. There is not now a temple to a heathen god where the word of God is read.—Bishop Simpson.

It is impossible to look into the Bible with the most ordinary attention without feeling that we have got into a moral atmosphere quite different from that which we breathe in the world, and in the world's literature.—Thomas Erskine.

High above all earthly lower happiness the blessedness of the eight Beatitudes towers into the heaven itself. They are white with the snows of eternity; they give a space, a meaning, a dignity to all the rest of the earth over which they brood.—Dean Stanley.

Wherever God's word is circulated, it stirs the hearts of the people, it prepares for public morals. Circulate that word, and you find the tone of morals immediately changed. It is God speaking to man.—Bishop Simpson.

The Bible, as a revelation from God, was not designed to give us all the information we might desire, nor to solve all the questions about which the human soul is perplexed, but to impart enough to be a safe guide to the haven of eternal rest.—Albert Barnes.

A man may read the figure on the dial, but he cannot tell how the day goes unless the sun shines on the dial; we may read the Bible over, but we cannot learn to purpose till the Spirit of God shine into our hearts.—Rev. T. Watson.

As the profoundest philosophy of ancient Rome and Greece lighted her taper at Israel's altar, so the sweetest

strains of the pagan muse were swept from harps attuned on Zion's hill.—Bishop Thomson.

The Bible begins gloriously with Paradise, the symbol of youth, and ends with the everlasting kingdom, with the holy city. The history of every man should be a Bible.—Novalis.

Scholars may quote Plato in studies, but the hearts of millions shall quote the Bible at their daily toil, and draw strength from its inspiration, as the meadows draw it from the brook.—Conway.

O Word of God incarnate . . .
It is the golden casket
Where gems of truth are stored;
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of Thee, the Living Word.
—William W. How.

So far as I ever observed God's dealings with my soul, the flights of preachers sometimes entertained me, but it was Scripture expressions which did penetrate my heart, and in a way peculiar to themselves.—J. Brown of Haddington.

The Bible is the most betrashed book in the world. Coming to it through commentaries is much like looking at a landscape through garret windows, over which generations of unmolested spiders have spun their webs.—Beecher.

I will answer for it, the longer you read the Bible, the more you will like it: it will grow sweeter and sweeter; and the more you get into the spirit of it, the more you will get into the spirit of Christ.—Romaine.

The Bible is a precious storehouse, and the Magna Charta of a Christian. There he reads of his Heavenly Father's love, and of his dying Saviour's legacies. There he sees a map of his travels through the wilderness, and a landscape, too, of Canaan.—Berridge.

Christianity claims that the supernatural is as reasonable as the natural, that man himself is supernatural as truly as he is natural, and that the Bible is so clearly the word of God by proofs that are unanswerable, that it is unreasonable to disbelieve its divine truths.—A. E. Kittredge.

I have carefully and regularly perused the Holy Scriptures, and am of opinion that the volume contains more sublimity, purer morality, more important history, and finer strains of eloquence, than can be collected from all other books, in whatever language they may have been written.—Sir William Jones.

In the poorest cottage are books,—is one book, wherein for several thousands of years the spirit of man has found light and nourishment and an interpreting response to whatever is deepest in him.—Carlyle.

There are two books laid before us to study, to prevent our falling into error; first, the volume of the Scriptures, which reveal the will of God; then the volume of the Creatures, which express His power.—Bacon.

There is not a book on earth so favorable to all the kind and to all the sublime affections, or so unfriendly to hatred and persecution, to tyranny, injustice, and every sort of malevolence, as the Gospel.—Beattie.

They who are not induced to believe and live as they ought by those discoveries which God hath made in Scriptures would stand out against any evidence whatever, even that of a messenger sent express from the other world.—Atterbury.

Men cannot be well educated without the Bible. It ought, therefore, to hold the chief place in every situation of learning throughout Christendom; and I do not know of a higher service that could be rendered to this republic than the bringing about this desirable result.—Dr. Nott.

It is belief in the Bible, the fruits of deep meditation, which has served me as the guide of my moral and literary life. I have found capital safely invested and richly productive of interest, although I have sometimes made but a bad use of it.—Goethe.

The translators of the Bible were masters of an English style much fitter for that work than any we see in our present writings; the which is owing to the simplicity that runs through the whole.—Swift.

The life-boat may have a tasteful bend and beautiful decoration, but these are not the qualities for which I prize it; it was my salvation from the howling sea! So the interest which a regenerate soul takes in the Bible is founded on a personal application to the heart of the saving truth which it contains.—J. W. Alexander.

For more than a thousand years the Bible, collectively taken, has gone hand in hand with civilization, science, law; in short, with the moral and intellectual cultivation of the species, always supporting and often leading the way. —Coleridge.

The Bible is a book of faith, and a book of doctrine, and a book of morals, and a book of religion, of special revelation from God: but it is also a book which teaches man his own individual responsibility, his own dignity, and his equality with his fellow man. —Daniel Webster.

In morality there are books enough written both by ancient and modern philosophers, but the morality of the Gospel doth so exceed them all that to give a man a full knowledge of true morality I shall send him to no other book than the New Testament.—Locke.

The pure and noble, the graceful and dignified, simplicity of language is nowhere in such perfection as in the Scriptures and Homer. The whole book of Job, with regard both to sublimity of thought and morality, exceeds, beyond all comparison, the most noble parts of Homer.—Pope.

If you are ever tempted to speak lightly or think lightly of it, just sit down and imagine what this world would be without it. No Bible! A wound and no cure, a storm and no covert, a condemnation and no shrift, a lost eternity and no ransom! Alas for us if this were all; alas for us if the ladder of science were the only stair to lead us up to God!—R. R. Meredith.

The Bible is not only the revealer of the unknown God to man, but His grand interpreter as the God of nature. In revealing God it has given us the key that unlocks the profoundest mysteries of creation, the clew by which to thread the labyrinth of the universe, the glass through which to look from nature up to nature's God.—L. J. Halsey.

The Psalms are an everlasting manual to the soul; the book of its immortal wishes, its troubles, its aspirations, and its hopes; sung in every tongue, and in every age; destined to endure while the universe of God has light, harmony, or grandeur, while man has religion or sensibility, while language has sublimity or sweetness.—Henry Giles.

As the moon, though darkened with spots, gives us a much greater light than the stars that seem all-luminous, so do the Scriptures afford more light than the brightest human authors. In them the ignorant may learn all requisite knowledge, and the most knowing may learn to discern their ignorance.—Boyle.

I use the Scriptures, not as an arsenal to be resorted to only for arms and weapons, but as a matchless temple, where I delight to contemplate the beauty, the symmetry, and the magnificence of the structure, and to increase my awe and excite my devotion to the Deity there preached and adored.—Boyle.

My own experience is that the Bible is dull when I am dull. When I am really alive, and set in upon the text with a tidal pressure of living affinities, it opens, it multiplies discoveries, and reveals depths even faster than I can note them. The worldly spirit shuts the Bible; the Spirit of God makes it a fire, flaming out all meanings and glorious truths.—Horace Bushnell.

All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field: the grass withereth, the flower

fadeth; because the spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it; surely the people is grass. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of our God shall stand forever.—Isaiah xl. 6.

Within that awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries!
Happiest they of human race,
To whom God has granted grace
To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,
To lift the latch and force the way;
And better had they ne'er been born,
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn.
—Scott.

All systems of morality are fine. The Gospel alone has exhibited a complete assemblage of the principles of morality divested of all absurdity. It is not composed, like your creed, of a few commonplace sentences put in bad verse. Do you wish to see that which is really sublime? Repeat the Lord's Prayer.—Napoleon I.

At the time when that odious style which deforms the writings of Hall and of Lord Bacon was almost universal, had appeared that stupendous work, the English Bible,—a book which, if everything else in our language should perish, would alone suffice to show the whole extent of its beauty and power.—Macaulay.

If an uninterested spectator, after a careful perusal of the New Testament, were asked what he conceived to be its distinguishing characteristic, he would reply, without hesitation, "That wonderful spirit of philanthropy by which it is distinguished." It is a perpetual commentary on that sublime aphorism, "God is love."—Robert Hall.

The main condition is that the spiritual ear should be open to overhear and patiently take in, and the will ready to obey that testimony which, I believe, God bears in every human heart, however dull, to those great truths which the Bible reveals. This, and not logic, is the way to grow in religious knowledge, to know that the truths of religion are not shadows, but deep realities.—J. C. Shairp.

How admirable and beautiful is the simplicity of the Evangelists! They never speak injuriously of the enemies of Jesus Christ, of His judges, nor of His executioners. They report the facts without a single reflection. They comment neither on their Master's mildness when He was smitten, nor on His constancy in the hour of His ignominious death, which they thus describe: "And they crucified Jesus."—Racine.

What is the Bible in your house? It is not the Old Testament, it is not the New Testament, it is not the Gospel according to Matthew, or Mark, or Luke, or John; it is the Gospel according to William; it is the Gospel according to Henry and James; it is the Gospel according to Mary; it is the Gospel according to your name. You write your own Bible.—Beecher.

The Saviour who flitted before the patriarchs through the fog of the old dispensation, and who spake in time past to the fathers by the prophets, articulate but unseen, is the same Saviour who, on the open heights of the Gospel, and in the abundant daylight of this New Testament, speaks to us. Still all along it is the same Jesus, and that Bible is from beginning to end, all of it, the word of Christ.—James Hamilton.

The Bible is a treasure. It contains enough to make us rich for time and eternity. It contains the secret of happy living. It contains the key of heaven. It contains the title-deeds of an inheritance incorruptible, and that fadeth not away. It contains the pearl of great price. Nay, in so far as it reveals them as the portion of us sinful worms, it contains the Saviour and the living God Himself.—James Hamilton.

The Bible is a warm letter of affection from a parent to a child: and yet there are many who see chiefly the severer passages. As there may be fifty or sixty nights of gentle dews in one summer, that will not cause as much remark as one hailstorm of half an hour, so there are those who are more struck by those passages of the Bible that announce the indignation of God than by those that announce His affection.—T. DeWitt Talmage.

The parable of the prodigal son, the most beautiful fiction that ever was invented; our Saviour's speech to His disciples, with which He closed His earthly ministrations, full of the sublimest dignity and tenderest affection, surpass everything that I ever read; and like the spirit by which they were dictated, fly directly to the heart.—Cowper.

This Bible, then, has a mission, grander than any mere creation of God; for in this volume are infinite wisdom, and infinite love. Between its covers are the mind and heart of God; and they are for man's good, for his salvation, his guidance, his spiritual nourishment. If now I neglect my Bible, I do my soul a wrong; for the fact of this Divine message is evidence that I need it.—A. E. Kittredge.

The Bible is the treasure of the poor, the solace of the sick, and the support of the dying; and while other books may amuse and instruct in a leisure hour, it is the peculiar triumph of that book to create light in the midst of darkness, to alleviate the sorrow which admits of no other alleviation, to direct a beam of hope to the heart which no other topic of consolation can reach; while guilt, despair, and death vanish at the touch of its holy inspiration.—Robert Hall.

I cannot look around me without being struck with the analogy observable in the works of God. I find the Bible written in the style of His other books of Creation and Providence. The pen seems in the same hand. I see it, indeed, write at times mysteriously in each of these books; thus I know that mystery in the works of God is only another name for my ignorance. The moment, therefore, that I become humble, all becomes right.—Richard Cecil.

There are many persons of combative tendencies, who read for ammunition, and dig out of the Bible iron for balls. They read, and they find nitre and charcoal and sulphur for powder. They read, and they find cannon. They read, and they make portholes and embrasures. And if a man does not believe as they do, they look upon him as an enemy, and let fly the Bible at him to demolish him. So men turn the word of God into a vast arsenal, filled with all manner of weapons, offensive and defensive.—H. W. Beecher.

Many will say, "I can find God without the help of the Bible, or church, or minister." Very well. Do so if you can. The Ferry Company would feel no jealousy of a man who should prefer to swim to New York. Let him do so if he is able, and we will talk about it on the other shore; but probably trying to swim would be the thing that would bring him quickest to the boat. So God would have no jealousy of a man's going to heaven without the aid of the Bible, or church, or minister; but let him try to do so, and it will be the surest way to bring him back to them for assistance.—Beecher.

The Book, this Holy Book, on every line,
Mark'd with the seal of high divinity,
On every leaf bedew'd with drops of love
Divine, and with the eternal heraldry
And signature of God Almighty stamp'd
From first to last; this ray of sacred light,
This lamp, from off the everlasting throne,
Mercy took down, and in the night of time
Stood, casting on the dark her gracious bow;
And evermore beseeching men with tears
And earnest sighs, to read, believe and live.
—Pollok.

Eighteen centuries have passed since the Bible was finished. They have been centuries of great changes. In their course the world has been wrought over into newness at almost every point. But to-day the text of the Scriptures, after copyings almost innumerable and after having been tossed about through ages of ignorance and tumult, is found by exhaustive criticism to be unaltered in every important particular—there being not a single doctrine, nor duty, nor fact of any grade, that is brought into question by variations of readings—a fact that stands alone in the history of such ancient literature.—E. F. Burr.

We may persuade men that are infidels to receive the Scriptures as the word of God by rational arguments drawn from their antiquity; the heavenliness of the matter; the majesty of the style; the harmony of all the parts though written in different ages; the exact accomplishment of propheeies;

the sublimity of the mysteries and matters contained in the word; the efficacy and power of it, in the conviction and conversion of multitudes; the scope of the whole,—to guide men to attain their chief end,—the glory of God in their own salvation; and the many miracles wrought for the confirmation of the truth of the doctrines contained in them.—Fisher's Catechism.

A single book has saved me; but that book is not of human origin. Long had I despised it, long had I deemed it a class-book for the credulous and ignorant, until, having investigated the Gospel of Christ, with an ardent desire to ascertain its truth or falsity, its pages proffered to my inquiries the simplest knowledge of man and nature, and the simplest and at the same time the most exalted system of moral ethics. Faith, hope and charity were enkindled in my bosom; and every advancing step strengthened me in the conviction that the morals of this book are as infinitely superior to human morals as its oracles are superior to human opinions—M. L. Bautin.

Parents, I urge you to make the Bible the sweetest, the dearest book to your children; not by compelling them to read so many chapters each day, which will have the effect of making them hate the Bible, but by reading its pages with them, and by your tender parental love, so showing them the beauty of its wondrous incidents, from the story of Adam and Eve to the story of Bethlehem and Calvary, that no book in the home will be so dear to your children as the Bible; and thus you will be strengthening their minds with the sublimest truths, storing their hearts with the purest love, and sinking deep in their souls solid principles of righteousness, whose divine stones no waves of temptation can ever move. —A. E. Kittredge.

The Bible has been my guide in perplexity, and my comfort in trouble. It has roused me when declining, and animated me in languor. Other writings may be good, but they want certainty and force. The Bible carries its own credentials along with it, and proves spirit and life to the soul. In other writings I hear the words of a stranger or a servant. In the Bible I hear the language of my Father and my friend. Other books contain only the picture of bread. The Bible presents me with real manna, and feeds me with the bread of life.

You will want a book which contains not man's thoughts, but God's—not a book that may amuse you, but a book that can save you—not even a book that can instruct you, but a book on which you can venture an eternity—not only a book which can give relief to your spirit, but redemption to your soul—a book which contains salvation, and conveys it to you, one which shall at once be the Saviour's book and the sinner's.—John Selden.

Bigotry

Bigotry is chronic dogmatism.—Horace Greeley.

All looks yellow to the jaundiced eye. —Pope.

Bigotry dwarfs the soul by shutting out the truth.—Chapin.

Bigotry murders religion to frighten folks with her ghost.—Colton.

Every sect clamors for toleration when it is down.—Macaulay.

A man who stole the livery of the court of heaven to serve the devil in.—Pollok.

There is no tariff so injurious as that with which sectarian bigotry guards its commodities.—Chapin.

To follow foolish precedents, and wink
With both our eyes is easier than to think.
—Cowper.

The superstition in which we were brought up never loses its power over us, even after we understand it.—Lessing.

A proud bigot, who is vain enough to think that he can deceive even God by affected zeal, and throwing the veil of holiness over vices, damns all mankind by the word of his power.—Boileau.

A man must be excessively stupid, as well as uncharitable, who believes there is no virtue but on his own side. —Addison.

The bigot is like the pupil of the eye, the more light you put upon it, the more it will contract.—O. W. Holmes.

Show me the man who would go to heaven alone if he could, and in that man I will show you one who will never be admitted into heaven.—Feltham.

Unwillingness to acknowledge whatever is good in religion foreign to our own has always been a very common trait of human nature; but it seems to me neither generous nor just.—Mrs. L. M. Child.

Mr. T. sees religion, not as a sphere, but as a line, and it is the identical line in which he is moving. He is like an African buffalo,—sees right forward, but nothing on the right hand or on the left.—John Foster.

Persecuting bigots may be compared to those burning lenses which Lenhenhoeck and others composed from ice; by their chilling apathy they freeze the suppliant; by their fiery zeal they burn the sufferer.—Colton.

Soon their crude notions with each other fought,
The adverse sect deny'd what this had taught,
And he at length the amplest triumph gain'd,
Who contradicted what the last maintain'd.
—Prior.

She has no head, and cannot think; no heart, and cannot feel. When she moves, it is in wrath; when she pauses, it is amid ruin; her prayers are curses—her God is a demon—her communion is death—her vengeance is eternity—her decalogue written in the blood of her victims; and if she stops for a moment in her infernal flight, it is upon a kindred rock, to whet her vulture fang for a more sanguinary desolation.—Daniel O'Connell.

The doctrine which, from the very first origin of religious dissensions, has been held by bigots of all sects, when condensed into a few words and stripped of rhetorical disguise, is simply this: I am in the right, and you are in the wrong. When you are the stronger, you ought to tolerate me, for it is your duty to tolerate truth; but when I am the stronger, I shall persecute you, for it is my duty to persecute error.—Macaulay.

Biography

There is properly no history, only biography.—Emerson.

Biography is the best form of history.—H. W. Shaw.

Some one calls biography the home aspect of history.—Beecher.

A true delineation of the smallest man is capable of interesting the greatest man.—Carlyle.

One anecdote of a man is worth a volume of biography.—Channing.

A life that is worth writing at all is worth writing minutely.—Longfellow.

To be ignorant of the lives of the most celebrated men of antiquity is to continue in a state of childhood all our days.—Plutarch.

The great lesson of biography is to show what man can be and do at his best. A noble life put fairly on record acts like an inspiration to others.—Samuel Smiles.

The cabinets of the sick and the closets of the dead have been ransacked to publish private letters and divulge to all mankind the most secret sentiments of friendship.—Pope.

Our Grub-street biographers watch for the death of a great man like so many undertakers on purpose to make a penny of him.—Addison.

Occasionally a single anecdote opens a character; biography has its comparative anatomy, and a saying or a sentiment enables the skilful hand to construct the skeleton.—Willmott.

The lives of great men cannot be writ with any tolerable degre of ele-

gance or exactness within a short time after their decease.—Addison.

My advice is to consult the lives of other men as we would a looking-glass, and from thence fetch examples for our own imitation.—Terence.

Rich as we are in biography, a well-written life is almost as rare as a well-spent one; and there are certainly many more men whose history deserves to be recorded than persons willing and able to record it.—Carlyle.

Of all the species of literary composition, perhaps biography is the most delightful. The attention concentrated on one individual gives a unity to the materials of which it is composed, which is wanting in general history.—Robert Hall.

I should dread to disfigure the beautiful ideal of the memories of illustrious persons with incongruous features, and to sully the imaginative purity of classical works with gross and trivial recollections.—Wordsworth.

History can be formed from permanent monuments and records; but lives can only be written from personal knowledge, which is growing every day less, and in a short time is lost forever.—Dr. Johnson.

Biographies of great, but especially of good men are most instructive and useful as helps, guides, and incentives to others. Some of the best are almost equivalent to gospels,—teaching high living, high thinking, and energetic action, for their own and the world's good.—Samuel Smiles.

Biography, especially the biography of the great and good, who have risen by their own exertions from poverty and obscurity to eminence and usefulness, is an inspiring and ennobling study. Its direct tendency is to reproduce the excellence it records.—Horace Mann.

The parallel circumstances and kindred images to which we readily conform our minds are, above all other writings, to be found in the lives of particular persons, and therefore no species of writing seems more worthy of cultivation than biography.—Dr. Johnson.

As in the case of painters, who have undertaken to give us a beautiful and graceful figure, which may have some slight blemishes, we do not wish them to pass over such blemishes altogether, nor yet to mark them too prominently. The one would spoil the beauty, and the other destroy the likeness of the picture.—Plutarch.

The business of the biographer is often to pass slightly over those performances and incidents which produce vulgar greatness, to lead the thoughts into domestic privacies, and display the minute details of daily life, where exterior appendages are cast aside, and men excel each other only by prudence and virtue.—Dr. Johnson.

Of all studies, the most delightful and the most useful is biography. The seeds of great events lie near the surface; historians delve too deep for them. No history was ever true. Lives I have read which, if they were not, had the appearance, the interest, and the utility of truth.—Landor.

Much that is published as a novel is only anonymous biography. Many a man who is a bore in conversation may have qualities which give indescribable charms to narrative; and the egotist, if he only have the art to conceal his identity, can then hold the reader by the powerful grasp of sympathy.—R. S. Mackenzie.

As it often happens that the best men are but little known, and consequently cannot extend the usefulness of their examples a great way, the biographer is of great utility, as, by communicating such valuable patterns to the world, he may perhaps do a more extensive service to mankind than the person whose life originally afforded the pattern.—Fielding.

Birds

A bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter.—Ecclesiastes.

The little birds have God for their caterer.—Cervantes.

Was never secret history but birds tell it in the bowers.—Emerson.

I was always a lover of soft-winged things.—Victor Hugo.

Hear how the birds, on ev'ry blooming spray,
With joyous musick wake the dawning day!
—Pope.

And hark, how blithe the throstle sings! He, too, is no mean preacher.—Wordsworth.

Teach me, O lark! with thee to greatly rise, to exalt my soul and lift it to the skies. —Burke.

Fowls, by winter forced, forsake the floods, and wing their hasty flight to happier lands.—Dryden.

With sonorous notes
Of every tone, mix'd in confusion sweet,
Our forest rings. —Carlos Wilcox.

A light broke in upon my soul—
It was the carol of a bird;
It ceased—and then it came again
The sweetest song ear ever heard.
—Byron.

The birds, great Nature's happy commoners, that haunt in woods, in meads, and flowery gardens, rifle the sweets and taste the choicest fruits.—Rowe.

See the enfranchised bird, who wildly springs,
With a keen sparkle in his glowing eye
And a strong effort in his quivering wings,
Up to the blue vault of the happy sky.
—Mrs. Norton.

Do you ne'er think what wondrous beings these?
Do you ne'er think who made them, and who taught
The dialect they speak, where melodies
Alone are the interpreters of thought?
Whose household words are songs in many keys,
Sweeter than instrument of man e'er caught!
—Longfellow.

The nightingale, if he should sing by day, when every goose is cackling, would be thought no better a musician than the wren. How many things by season seasoned are to their right praise and true perfection!—Shakespeare.

Birds, the free tenants of earth, air, and ocean,
Their forms all symmetry, their motions grace,
In plumage delicate and beautiful,
Thick without burthen, close as fish's scales,
Or loose as full blown poppies on the gale;
With wings that seem as they'd a soul within them,
They bear their owners with such sweet enchantment. —James Montgomery.

Birth — Birthplace

Birth is a shadow. Courage, self-sustained, outlords succession's phlegm, and needs no ancestors.—Aaron Hill.

We forget the origin of a parvenu if he remembers it; we remember it if he forgets it.—J. Petit-Senn.

A noble birth and fortune, though they make not a bad man good, yet they are a real advantage to a worthy one, and place his virtues in a fairer light.—Lillo.

Called to the throne by the voice of the people, my maxim has always been, A career open to talent without distinction of birth. It is this system of equality for which the European oligarchy detests me.—Napoleon.

While man is growing, life is in decrease;
And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb.
Our birth is nothing but our death begun.
—Young.

No distinction is 'tween man and man,
But as his virtues add to him a glory
Or vices cloud him. —Habbington.

What is birth to a man if it shall be a stain to his dead ancestors to have left such an offspring?—Sir P. Sidney.

When real nobleness accompanies that imaginary one of birth, the imaginary seems to mix with real, and becomes real, too.—Greville.

High birth is a gift of fortune which should never challenge esteem towards those who receive it, since it costs them neither study nor labor.—Bruyère.

Custom forms us all; our thoughts, our morals, our most fixed belief, are consequences of our place of birth.—Aaron Hill.

Verily, I swear, it is better to be lowly born, and range with humble livers in content, than to be perked up in a glistering grief, and wear a golden sorrow.—Shakespeare.

I've learned to judge of men by their own deeds;
I do not make the accident of birth
The standard of their merit. —Mrs. Hale.

Whatever strengthens our local attachments is favorable both to individual and national character, our home, our birthplace, our native land. Think for a while what the virtues are which arise out of the feelings connected with these words, and if you have any intellectual eyes, you will then perceive the connection between topography and patriotism.—Southey.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory, do we come
From God, who is our home.
Heaven lies about us in our infancy.
* * * * * * *
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.
—Wordsworth.

Those who wish to forget painful thoughts do well to absent themselves for a while from the ties and objects that recall them; but we can be said only to fulfill our destiny in the place that gave us birth.—Hazlitt.

Birthday

Heaven give you many, many merry days!—Shakespeare.

And send him many years of sunshine days!—Shakespeare.

And more such days as these to us befall!—Shakespeare.

This day shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.—Shakespeare.

Oh! be thou blest with all that Heaven can send,
Long health, long youth, long pleasure—and a friend. —Pope.

Pleas'd to look forward, pleas'd to look behind,
And count each birthday with a grateful mind. —Pope.

The day
For whose returns, and many, all these pray;
And so do I. —B. Jonson.

The birth of a child is the imprisonment of a soul.—Simms.

Is that a birthday? 'tis, alas! too clear;
'Tis but the funeral of the former year. —Pope.

Yet all I've learnt from hours rife
With painful brooding here,
Is, that amid this mortal strife,
The lapse of every year
But takes away a hope from life,
And adds to death a fear.
—Hoffman.

My birthday!—what a different sound
That word had in my youthful ears;
And how each time the day comes round,
Less and less white its mark appears.
—Moore.

Believing hear, what you deserve to hear,
Your birthday as my own to me is dear.
Blest and distinguish'd days! which we should prize
The first, the kindest bounty of the skies.
But yours gives most; for mine did only lend
Me to the world; yours gave to me a friend.
—Martial.

As this auspicious day began the race
Of ev'ry virtue join'd with ev'ry grace;
May you, who own them, welcome its return,
Till excellence, like yours, again is born.
The years we wish, will half your charms impair;
The years we wish the better half will spare.
The victims of your eyes will bleed no more,
But all the beauties of your mind adore.
—Jeffrey.

Blackbird

The birds have ceased their songs,
All save the blackbird, that from yon tall ash,
'Mid Pinkie's greenery, from his mellow throat,
In adoration of the setting sun,
Chants forth his evening hymn. —Moir.

O Blackbird! sing me something well:
While all the neighbors shoot thee round,
I keep smooth plats of fruitful ground,
Where thou may'st warble, eat and dwell.
—Tennyson.

Golden Bill! Golden Bill!
Lo, the peep of day;
All the air is cool and still,
From the elm-tree on the hill,
Chant away:
* * * * * * *
Let thy loud and welcome lay
Pour alway
Few notes but strong.
—Montgomery.

How sweet the harmonies of the afternoon!
The Blackbird sings along the sunny breeze
His ancient song of leaves, and summer boon;
Rich breath of hayfields streams thro' whispering trees;
And birds of morning trim their bustling wings,
And listen fondly—while the Blackbird sings. —Frederick Tennyson.

Blacksmith

And he sang: "Hurra for my handiwork!"
And the red sparks lit the air;
Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made;
And he fashioned the first ploughshare.
—Chas. Mackay.

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.
—Longfellow.

And the smith his iron measures hammered
to the anvil's chime;
Thanking God, whose boundless wisdom
makes the flowers of poesy bloom
In the forge's dust and cinders, in the
tissues of the loom. —Longfellow.

Blame

Man only blames himself in order that he may be praised.—La Rochefoucauld.

A man takes contradiction and advice much more easily than people think, only he will not bear it when violently given, even though it be well founded. Hearts are flowers, they remain open to the soft-falling dew, but shut up in the violent downpour of rain.—Richter.

Blandishment

The maiden's blush lights the volcano in the lover's heart.—De Finod.

Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.—Pope.

One only needs to see a smile in a white crape bonnet in order to enter the palace of dreams.—Victor Hugo.

For beauty is the bait which, with delight, doth man allure for to enlarge his kind.—Spenser.

Expression alone can invest beauty with supreme and lasting command over the eye.—Fuseli.

Admiration and love are like being intoxicated with champagne; judgment and friendship are like being enlivened. —Dr. Johnson.

Her eyes, her lips, her cheeks, her shape, her features, seem to be drawn by Love's own hand; by Love himself in love.—Dryden.

Her face had a wonderful fascination in it. It was such a calm, quiet face, with the light of the rising soul shining so peacefully through it.—Longfellow.

The most fascinating women are those that can most enrich the everyday moments of existence. In a particular and attaching sense, they are those that can partake our pleasures and our pains in the liveliest and most devoted manner. Beauty is little without this; with it she is triumphant.—Leigh Hunt.

In the age of chivalry it was the beauty of woman alone that wrestled successfully against barbarism. She softened the rude manners of the warriors, and inspired the valorous knight with courage, generosity and honor, thus civilizing by the influence of her charms those whose hearts could not be touched by any other human power.—Alexander Walker.

Blessedness

True blessedness consisteth in a good life and a happy death.—Solon.

He alone is blessed who never was born.—Prior.

The harvest song of inward peace.—Mrs. Barbauld.

'T is not for mortals always to be blest.—Armstrong.

Blest is he whose heart is the home of the great dead and their great thoughts.—Bailey.

Blessedness is a whole eternity older than damnation.—Richter.

And let me tell you that every misery I miss is a new blessing.—Izaak Walton.

Blessedness consists in the accomplishment of our desires, and in our having only regular desires.—St. Augustine.

There is in man a higher than love of happiness; he can do without happiness, and instead thereof find blessedness.—Carlyle.

The beloved of the Almighty are the rich who have the humility of the poor, and the poor who have the magnanimity of the rich.—Saadi.

Blessings

Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.—Shakespeare.

Fall silently like dew on roses.—Dryden.

The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and He addeth no sorrow with it.—Proverbs x. 22.

I dimly guess, from blessings known, of greater out of sight.—Whittier.

Blessings star forth forever; but a curse is like a cloud, it passes.—Bailey.

The benediction of these covering heavens fall on their heads like dew.—Shakespeare.

Words are as they are taken, and things are as they are used. There are even cursed blessings.—Bishop Hall.

A man's best things are nearest him, lie close about his feet.—R. M. Milnes.

Our blessings are the least heeded, because the most common events of life.—Hosea Ballou.

We mistake the gratuitous blessings of heaven for the fruits of our own industry.—L'Estrange.

How blessings brighten as they take their flight!—Young.

For blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds,
And though a late, a sure reward succeeds.
—Congreve.

Blessings on him who invented sleep.—Cervantes.

Reflect upon your present blessings, of which every man has many; not on your past misfortunes, of which all men have some.—Dickens.

To heal divisions, to relieve the oppress'd,
In virtue rich; in blessing others, bless'd.
—Homer.

Men live best upon a little; Nature has given to all the privilege of being happy, if they but knew how to use their gifts.—Claudianus.

Amid my list of blessings infinite,
Stands this the foremost, "That my heart has bled." —Young.

Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament;
Adversity is the blessing of the New.
—Bacon.

Of many imagined blessings it may be doubted whether he that wants or possesses them had more reason to be satisfied with his lot.—Dr. Johnson.

Even the best things ill used become evils; and, contrarily, the worst things used well prove good.—Bishop Hall.

The blessings of fortune are the lowest; the next are the bodily advantages of strength and health; but the superlative blessings, in fine, are those of the mind.—L'Estrange.

The good things of life are not to be had singly, but come to us with a mix-

ture; like a school-boy's holiday, with a task affixed to the tail of it.—Charles Lamb.

Not to understand a treasure's worth,
Till time has stolen away the slightest good,
Is cause of half the poverty we feel,
And makes the world the wilderness it is.
—Cowper.

It is too generally true that all that is required to make men unmindful what they owe to God for any blessing is that they should receive that blessing often enough and regularly enough. —Bishop Whately.

Blessings we enjoy daily; and for most of them, because they be so common, most men forget to pay their praises; but let not us, because it is a sacrifice so pleasing to Him that made the sun and us, and still protects us, and gives us flowers and showers and meat and content.—Izaak Walton.

Blessings be with them, and eternal praise
Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares,
The poets, who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight, by heavenly lays.
—Wordsworth.

Nothing raises the price of a blessing like its removal; whereas it was its continuance which should have taught us its value. There are three requisitions to the proper enjoyment of earthly blessings,—a thankful reflection on the goodness of the Giver, a deep sense of our unworthiness, a recollection of the uncertainty of long possessing them. The first would make us grateful; the second, humble; and the third, moderate.—Hannah More.

Heaven may have happiness as utterly unknown to us as the gift of perfect vision would be to a man born blind. If we consider the inlets of pleasure from five senses only, we may be sure that the same Being who created us could have given us five hundred, if He had pleased.—Colton.

Blindness

O loss of sight, of thee I most complain!
Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,
Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age!
—Milton.

None so blind as those that will not see.—Mathew Henry.

He that is strucken blind cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost.
—Shakespeare.

But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit.
—Shakespeare.

O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark! total eclipse,
Without all hope of day. —Milton.

He whom nature thus bereaves,
Is ever fancy's favourite child;
For thee enchanted dreams she weaves
Of changeful beauty, bright and wild.
—Mrs. Osgood.

Oh, say! what is that thing called light,
Which I must ne'er enjoy?
What are the blessings of the sight?
Oh, tell your poor blind boy!
—Colley Cibber.

Ye have a world of light,
When love in the loved rejoices;
But the blind man's home is the house of night,
And its beings are empty voices.
—Bulwer.

These eyes tho' clear
To outward view of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot.
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,
Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor have a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward. —Milton.

O happiness of blindness! now no beauty
Inflames my lust; no other's goods my envy,
Or misery my pity; no man's wealth
Draws my respect; nor poverty my scorn,
Yet still I see enough! man to himself
Is a large prospect, raised above the level
Of his low creeping thoughts; if then I have
A world within myself, that world shall be
My empire; there I'll reign, commanding freely,
And willingly obey'd, secure from fear
Of foreign forces, or domestic treasons.
—Denham.

The blindness of men is the most dangerous effect of their pride: it seems to nourish and augment it; it deprives them of knowledge of remedies

which can solace their miseries and can cure their faults.—La Rochefoucauld.

This fellow must have a rare understanding;
For nature recompenseth the defects
Of one part with redundance in another;
Blind men have excellent memories, and the tongue
Thus indisposed, there's treasure in the intellect. —Shirley.

Bliss

The bliss that can be told is but half-bliss.—Bulwer-Lytton.

And for our country 'tis a bliss to die.—Homer.

Every one speaks of it,—who has known it?—Mme. Necker.

Pure felicity is reserved for the heavenly life; it grows not in an earthly soil.—Chapin.

Who falls from all he knows of bliss,
cares little into what abyss.—Byron.

The way to bliss lies not on beds of down,
And he that had no cross deserves no crown.
—Quarles.

Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,
Those call it pleasure, and contentment these. —Pope.

Though duller thoughts succeed, the bliss e'en of a moment still is bliss.—Joanna Baillie.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind.
—Goldsmith.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise, that has survived the fall!
—Cowper.

We may anticipate bliss, but who ever drank of that enchanted cup unalloyed?—Colton.

Condition, circumstance, is not the thing;
Bliss is the same in subject or in king.
—Pope.

Health is the vital principle of bliss,
And exercise of health. —Thomson.

The happiest woman sees not gladness alone reflected from her mirror; its surface will inevitably be sometimes dimmed with sighs.—Mme. Louise Colet.

Alas! by some degree of woe
We every bliss must gain;
The heart can ne'er a transport know,
That never feels a pain.
—Lord Lyttleton.

Bliss in possession will not last;
Remember'd joys are never past;
At once the fountain, stream, and sea,
They were,—they are,—they yet shall be.
—Montgomery.

Blockhead

Heaven and earth fight in vain against a dunce!—Schiller.

A blockhead cannot come in, nor go away, nor sit, nor rise, nor stand, like a man of sense.—Bruyère.

There never was any party, faction, sect, or cabal whatsoever, in which the most ignorant were not the most violent; for a bee is not a busier animal than a blockhead.—Pope.

Blood

Blood is a juice of rarest quality.—Goethe.

There is no caste in blood.—Edwin Arnold.

Blood follows blood.—De Foe.

Some kind of pace may be got out of the veriest jade by the near prospect of oats; but the thoroughbred has the spur in his blood.—Lowell.

Noble blood! bah! What blood is more noble or so pure as that of the lion? And yet he is only a brute. It is merit, education and virtue, not blood, that lift men above the level of the brutes.—Michael le Faucheur.

Bluebell

Oh! roses and lilies are fair to see;
But the wild bluebell is the flower for me.
—Louisa A. Meredith.

Hang-head Bluebell,
Bending like Moses' sister over Moses,
Full of a secret that thou dar'st not tell!
—George MacDonald.

Bluebird

Whither away, Bluebird,
Whither away?
The blast is chill, yet in the upper sky,
Thou still canst find the color of thy wing,
The hue of May.
Warbler, why speed thy southern flight? ah, why,
Thou too, whose song first told us of the Spring?
Whither away?
—E. C. Stedman.

Bluntness

I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Nor actions, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on.
—Shakespeare.

This is some fellow,
Who having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb,
Quite from his nature: he can't flatter, he!
An honest mind and plain,—he must speak truth!
And they will take it so; if not he's plain.
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness
Harbor more craft, and far corrupter ends,
Than twenty silly, ducking observants,
That stretch their duty nicely.
—Shakespeare.

Blushes

The heart's meteors tilting in the face.—Shakespeare.

Blushes are the rainbow of modesty.—Mme. Necker.

The sunset glow of self-possession.—Chamfort.

Young roses kindled into thought.—Moore.

Blushing is the livery of virtue.—Bacon.

Blushes are the echo of sensibility.—Mme. de Salm.

The glow of the angel in woman.—Mrs. Balfour.

Innocence is not accustomed to blush.—Molière.

The lily and the rose in her fair face striving for precedence.—N. P. Willis.

Blushes cannot be counterfeited.—Marguerite de Valois.

The man that blushes is not quite a brute.—Young.

Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.—Pope.

Such war of white and red within her cheeks.—Shakespeare.

The bloom of young desire and purple light of love.—Gay.

A blush is the sign which Nature hangs out to show where chastity and honor dwell.—Gotthold.

Men blush less for their crimes than for their weaknesses and vanity.—La Bruyère.

The lilies faintly to the roses yield,
As on thy lovely cheek, they struggling vie.
—Hoffman.

The rose was budded in her cheek, just opening to the view.—Mallet.

The inconvenience or the beauty of the blush, which is the greater?—Madame Necker.

One blushes oftener from the wounds of self-love than from modesty.—Mme. Guibert.

The blush is beautiful, but it is sometimes inconvenient.—Goldoni.

Like the last beam of evening thrown on a white cloud, just seen and gone.—Walter Scott.

They teach us to dance; O that they could teach us to blush, did it cost a guinea a glow!—Madame Deluzy.

Playful blushes, that seemed nought
But luminous escapes of thought.
—Moore.

The ambiguous livery worn alike by modesty and shame.—Mrs. Balfour.

A blush is no language; only a dubious flag-signal which may mean either of two contradictories.—George Eliot.

On her cheek blushes the richness of an autumn sky with ever-shifting beauty.—Longfellow.

Like the faint streaks of light broke loose from darkness, and dawning into blushes.—Dryden.

The rising blushes, which her cheek o'erspread,
Are opening roses in the lily's bed.
—Gay.

The eloquent blood spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought, you might have almost said her body thought.—Donne.

The blush is nature's alarm at the approach of sin, and her testimony to the dignity of virtue.—Fuller.

Troubled blood through his pale face was seen to come and go, with tidings from his heart, as it a running messenger had been.—Spenser.

Bid the cheek be ready with a blush, modest as Morning when she coldly eyes the youthful Phœbus.—Shakespeare.

A faint blush melting through the light of thy transparent cheek like a rose-leaf bathed in dew.—Whittier.

From every blush that kindles in thy cheeks,
Ten thousand little loves and graces spring
To revel in the roses. —Nicholas Rowe.

Once he saw a youth blushing, and addressed him, "Courage, my boy; that is the complexion of virtue."—Diogenes Lærtius.

Such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.
—Hood.

Her cheeks blushing, and withal, when she was spoken to, a little smiling, were like roses when their leaves are with a little breath stirred.—Sir P. Sidney.

Had he not long read the heart's hushed secret in the soft, dark eye, lighted at his approach, and on the cheek, coloring all crimson at his lightest look?—L. E. Landon.

The bold defiance of a woman is the certain sign of her shame,—when she has once ceased to blush, it is because she has too much to blush for.—Talleyrand.

An Arab, by his earnest gaze,
Has clothed a lovely maid with blushes;
A smile within his eyelids plays
And into words his longing gushes.
—Wm.R. Alger.

One day, a daughter of Aristotle, Pythias by name, was asked what color pleased her most. She replied, "The color with which modesty suffuses the face of simple, inoffensive men."—Joubert.

Give me the eloquent cheek,
When blushes burn and die
Like thine its changes speak,
The spirit's purity. —Mrs. Osgood.

Forgot the blush that virgin fears impart
To modest cheeks, and borrowed one from art
—Cowper.

I pity bashful men, who feel the pain
Of fancied scorn and undeserved disdain,
And bear the marks upon a blushing face
Of needless shame, and self-impos'd disgrace.
—Cowper.

The blushing cheek speaks modest mind,
The lips befitting words most kind,
The eye does tempt to love's desire,
And seems to say 'tis "Cupid's fire."
—Harrington.

———the blush is formed—and flies—
Nor owns reflection's calm control;
It comes, it deepens—fades and dies,
A gush of feeling from the soul.
—Mrs. Dinnies.

By noting of the lady I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions
To start into her face, a thousand innocent shames,
In angel whiteness bear away those blushes.
—Shakespeare.

Who has not seen that feeling born of flame
Crimson the cheek at mention of a name?
The rapturous touch of some divine surprise
Flash deep suffusion of celestial dyes:
When hands clasped hands, and lips to lips were pressed,
And the heart's secret was at once confessed? —Abraham Coles.

Girls blush, sometimes, because they are alive,
Half wishing they were dead to save the shame.
The sudden blush devours them, neck and brow;
They have drawn too near the fire of life, like gnats,
And flare up bodily, wings and all.
—E. B. Browning.

Though looks and words, by the strong mastery of his practiced will, are overruled, the mounting blood betrays an impulse in its secret spring too deep for his control.—Southey.

Blustering

A killing tongue and a quiet sword. —Shakespeare.

Splitting the air with noise.—Shakespeare.

The devil may be bullied, but not the Deity.—W. R. Alger.

Loudness is impotence.—Lavater.

Ever the characteristic manners of cowardice.—Edward Everett.

Bold at the council board, but cautious in the field.—Dryden.

The empty vessel makes the greatest sound.—Shakespeare.

They that have voice of lions and act of hares,—are they not monsters?—Shakespeare.

Without big words, how could many people say small things?—J. Petit-Senn.

A brave man is sometimes a desperado; a bully is always a coward.—Haliburton.

Wine and the sun will make vinegar without any shouting to help them.—George Eliot.

True courage scorns to vent her prowess in a storm of words; and to the valiant action speaks alone.—Smollett.

There are braying men in the world, as well as braying asses; for what is loud and senseless talking any other than a way of braying?—L'Estrange.

The insignificant, the empty, is usually the loud; and after the manner of a drum, is louder even because of its emptiness.—Carlyle.

It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles; the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring it out.—Pope.

That, of course, they are many in number, or that, after all, they are, other than the little, shriveled, meagre, hopping, though loud and troublesome, insects of the hour.—Burke.

What art thou? Have not I
An arm as big as thine? A heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger, for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. —Shakespeare.

For highest looks have not the highest mind,
Nor haughty words most full of highest thought;
But are like bladders blown up with the wind,
That being prick'd evanish into nought.
—Spenser.

Because half a dozen grasshoppers under a fern make the field ring with their importunate chink, whilst thousands of great cattle, reposing beneath the shadow of the British oak, chew the cud and are silent, pray do not imagine that those who make the noise are the only inhabitants of the field.—Burke.

Those that are the loudest in their threats are the weakest in the execution of them. In springing a mine, that which has done the most extensive mischief makes the smallest report: and again, if we consider the effect of lightning, it is probable that he that is killed by it hears no noise; but the thunderclap which follows, and which most alarms the ignorant, is the surest proof of their safety.—Colton.

Boasting

Where boasting ends, there dignity begins.—Young.

The less people speak of their greatness the more we think of it.—Bacon

No more delay, vain boaster, but begin.—Dryden.

Where there is much pretension, much has been borrowed; nature never pretends.—Lavater.

It will come to pass that every braggart shall be found an ass.—Shakespeare.

The honor is overpaid when he that did the act is commentator.—Shirley.

Commonly they use their feet for defense, whose tongue is their weapon.—Sir P. Sidney.

Fools carry their daggers in their open mouths.—H. W. Shaw.

A gentleman that loves to hear himself talk will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month.—Shakespeare.

With all his tumid boasts, he's like the sword-fish, who only wears his weapon in his mouth.—Madden.

Self-laudation abounds among the unpolished; but nothing can stamp a man more sharply as ill-bred.—Charles Buxton.

The man that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast lived, was killed with hunting him.—Shakespeare.

We wound our modesty, and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.—Shakespeare.

Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Brags of his substance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars that can count their worth. —Shakespeare.

Men of real merit, and whose noble and glorious deeds we are ready to acknowledge, are yet not to be endured when they vaunt their own actions.—Æschines.

Boasting and bravado may exist in the breast even of the coward, if he is successful through a mere lucky hit: but a just contempt of an enemy can alone arise in those who feel that they are superior to their opponent by the prudence of their measures.—Thucydides.

There is this benefit in brag, that the speaker is unconsciously expressing his own ideal. Humor him by all means, draw it all out, and hold him to it.—Emerson.

Lord Bacon told Sir Edward Coke when he boasted, "The less you speak of your greatness, the more I shall think of it." Mirrors are the accompaniments of dandies, not heroes. The men of history were not perpetually looking in the glass to make sure of their own size. Absorbed in their work they did it, and did it so well that the wondering world saw them to be great, and labeled them accordingly.—Rev. S. Coley.

I know them, yea,
And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple;
Scambling, out-facing, fashion-mong'ring boys,
That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave, and slander,
Go antickly, and show outward hideousness,
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst;
And this is all. —Shakespeare.

One man affirms that he has rode post a hundred miles in six hours: probably it is a lie; but supposing it to be true, what then? Why, he is a very good post-boy; that is all. Another asserts, and probably not without oaths, that he has drunk six or eight bottles of wine at a sitting; out of charity I will believe him a liar; for, if I do not, I must think him a beast.—Chesterfield.

Bobolink

Modest and shy as a nun is she;
One weak chirp is her only note;
Braggarts and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat.
—Bryant.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings. —Bryant.

When Nature had made all her birds,
With no more cares to think on,
She gave a rippling laugh and out
There flew a bobolink. —C. P. Cranch.

Bobolink! that in the meadow,
Or beneath the orchard's shadow,
Keepest up a constant rattle
Joyous as my children's prattle,
Welcome to the north again.
—Thos. Hill.

Out of the fragrant heart of bloom,
The bobolinks are singing;
Out of the fragrant heart of bloom
The apple-tree whispers to the room,
"Why art thou but a nest of gloom
While the bobolinks are singing?"
—W. D. Howells.

Body

What! know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God; and ye are not your own?—Cor. vi, 19.

For of the soul the body form doth take,
For soul is form, and doth the body make.
—Spenser.

Our body is a well-set clock, which keeps good time; but if it be too much or indiscreetly tampered with, the alarum runs out before the hour.—Bishop Hall.

Every physician knows, though metaphysicians know little about it, that the laws which govern the animal machine are as certain and invariable as those which guide the planetary system, and are as little within the control of the human being who is subject to them.—Priestley.

These limbs,—whence had we them; this stormy force; this life-blood, with its burning passion? They are dust and shadow—a shadow system gathered round our me; wherein through some moments or years, the divine essence is to be revealed in the flesh. —Carlyle.

God made the human body, and it is by far the most exquisite and wonderful organization which has come to us from the Divine hand. It is a study for one's whole life. If an undevout astronomer is mad, an undevout physiologist is still madder.—Beecher.

Boldness

Fortune befriends the bold.—Dryden.

Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.—Pope.

We make way for the man who boldly pushes past us.—Bovee.

Carried away by the irresistible influence which is always exercised over men's minds by a bold resolution in critical circumstances.—Guizot.

It deserves to be considered that boldness is ever blind, for it sees not dangers and inconveniences. Whence it is bad in council though good in execution. The right use of bold persons, therefore, is that they never command in chief, but serve as seconds, under the direction of others. For in council it is good to see dangers, and in execution not to see them unless they are very great.—Bacon.

Bondage

A bond is necessary to complete our being, only we must be careful that the bond does not become bondage.—Mrs. Jameson.

Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud.—Shakespeare.

Books

Books are embalmed minds.—Bovee.

A book is the only immortality.—Rufus Choate.

A true book is an inspiration.—Alexander H. Everett.

The medicine of the mind.—Diodorus.

Books wind into the heart.—Hazlitt.

Law dies; books never.—Bulwer-Lytton.

The virtue of books is to be readable.—Emerson.

Good books are true friends.—Bacon.

Medicine for the soul.—Inscription over the door of the library at Thebes.

The monument of vanished mindes. —Sir Wm. Davenant.

Books are not seldom talismans and spells.—Cowper.

Go, litel boke! go litel myn tregedie! —Chaucer.

Books which are no books.—Charles Lamb.

A book may be as great a thing as a battle.—Disraeli.

Not many but good books.—Bayard Taylor.

Books, the children of the brain.—Swift.

My library was dukedom large enough.—Shakespeare.

Begin by reading thyself rather than books.—Rumi.

Deep versed in books and shallow in himself.—Milton.

Books are a languid pleasure.—Montaigne.

Beware you be not swallowed up in books.—John Wesley.

A multitude of books distracts the mind.—Seneca.

Books are sepulchres of thought.—Longfellow.

The worth of a book is a matter of expressed juices.—Bovee.

There is no book so poor that it would not be a prodigy if wholly made by a single man.—Johnson.

Learning hath gained most by those books by which printers have lost.—Fuller.

The last thing that we discover in writing a book is to know what to put at the beginning.—Pascal.

Every man is a volume if you know how to read him.—Channing.

There is nothing so imperishable as a book.—James Hain Friswell.

A good book is the best of friends, —the same to-day and forever.—Tupper.

Books are the legacies that a great genius leaves to mankind.—Addison.

We prize books, and they prize them most who are themselves wise.—Emerson.

There is no past so long as books shall live.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Next to acquiring good friends, the best acquisition is that of good books. —Colton.

Great books, like large skulls, have often the least brains.—W. B. Clulow.

Those faithful mirrors, which reflect to our mind the minds of sages and heroes.—Gibbon.

We are as liable to be corrupted by books as by companions.—Fielding.

Books,—lighthouses erected in the great sea of time.—Whipple.

There was a time when the world acted upon books. Now books act upon the world.—Joubert.

It is always easy to shut a book, but not quite so easy to get rid of a lettered coxcomb.—Colton.

A small number of choice books are sufficient.—Voltaire.

Without grace no book can live, and with it the poorest may have its life prolonged.—Horace Walpole.

Books are true friends that will never flatter nor dissemble: be you but true to yourself, . . . and you shall need no other comfort.—Bacon.

Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man.—Bacon.

He hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book.—Shakespeare

No book can be so good, as to be profitable when negligently read.—Seneca.

Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print;
A book's a book, although there's nothing in 't. —Byron.

A taste for books, which is still the pleasure and glory of my life.—Gibbon.

The burning soul, the burden'd mind,
In books alone companions find.
—Mrs. Hale.

It is a sure evidence of a good book if it pleases us more and more as we grow older.—Lichtenberg.

Every great book is an action, and every great action is a book.—Martin Luther.

Books are the best things, well used; abused, among the worst.—Emerson.

Come, and take choice of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrow.
—Shakespeare.

'Tis in books the chief
Of all perfections to be plain and brief.
—Butler.

Books cannot always please, however good,
Minds are not ever craving for their food.
—Crabbe.

When a new book comes out, I read an old one.—Rogers.

How science dwindles, and how volumes swell!—Young.

A first book has some of the sweetness of a first love.—Willmott.

The true University of these days is a collection of books.—Carlyle.

A book should be luminous, but not voluminous.—Bovee.

Books must follow sciences, and not sciences books.—Bacon.

Wise books for half the truths they hold are honored tombs.—George Eliot.

Books are the ever-burning lamps of accumulated wisdom.—G. W. Curtis.

These hoards of wealth you can unlock at will.—Wordsworth.

Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested.—Bacon.

Let every man, if possible, gather some good books under his roof.—Channing.

Books think for me. I can read anything which I call a book.—Lamb.

It is not with the living that we should live, but with the dead.—Chamfort.

Let us digest them; otherwise they enter our memory, but not our minds.—Seneca.

A blessing on the printer's art!—
Books are the mentors of the heart.
—Mrs. Hale.

Books that you may carry to the fire, and hold readily in your hand, are the most useful after all.—Johnsoniana.

In proportion as society refines, new books must ever become more necessary.—Goldsmith.

"Books," says my lord Bacon, "should have no patrons but truth and reason."—Colton.

Some said, John, print it, others said, Not so;
Some said, it might do good, others said, No. —Bunyan

The pleasant books, that silently among our household treasures take familiar places.—Longfellow.

Old wood to burn, old wine to drink, old friends to trust, old books to read.—Alonzo of Arragon.

Books bear him up awhile, and make him try to swim with bladders of philosophy.—Rochester.

Come, my best friends, my books! and lead me on.—Cowley.

All the known world, excepting only savage nations, is governed by books. —Voltaire.

The great objection to new books is that they prevent our reading old ones.—Joubert.

I entrench myself in my books, equally against sorrow and the weather.—Leigh Hunt.

That is a good book which is opened with expectation and closed with profit.—Alcott.

Some books are only cursorily to be tasted of.—Fuller.

Books that are books are all that you want, and there are but half a dozen in any thousand.—Thoreau.

The writings of the wise are the only riches our posterity cannot squander.—Landor.

It is nearly an axiom that people will not be better than the books they read.—Dr. Potter.

All books grow homilies by time; they are
Temples, at once, and Landmarks.
—Bulwer-Lytton.

In the highest civilization the book is still the highest delight.—Emerson.

"There is no book so bad," said the bachelor, "but something good may be found in it."—Cervantes.

Thou art a plant sprung up to wither never
But- like a laurel, to grow green forever.
—Herrick.

A man will turn over half a library to make one book.—Samuel Johnson.

Books are the immortal sons deifying their sires.—Plato.

The love of books is a love which requires neither justification, apology, nor defence.—Langford.

Every book is, in an intimate sense, a circular-letter to the friends of him who writes it.—R. L Stevenson.

For books are as meats and viands are; some of good, some of evil substance.—Milton.

Leaving us heirs to amplest heritages
Of all the best thoughts of the greatest sages,
And giving tongues unto the silent dead!
—Longfellow.

No matter what his rank or position may be, the lover of books is the richest and the happiest of the children of men.—Langford.

We call some books immortal! Do they live?
If so, believe me, Time hath made them pure.
In Books, the veriest wicked rest in peace.
—Bulwer-Lytton.

As you grow ready for it, somewhere or other you will find what is needful for you in a book.—George MacDonald.

A good book is fruitful of other books; it perpetuates its fame from age to age, and makes eras in the lives of its readers.—Alcott.

Books, like proverbs, receive their chief value from the stamp and esteem of ages through which they have passed.—Sir W. Temple.

The quantity of books in a library is often a cloud of witnesses of the ignorance of the owner.—Oxenstiern.

Worthy books are not companions, they are solitudes; we lose ourselves in them, and all our cares.—Bailey.

If a book come from the heart, it will contrive to reach other hearts; all art and authorcraft are of small amount to that.—Carlyle.

A book may be compared to the life of your neighbor. If it be good, it cannot last too long; if bad, you cannot get rid of it too early.—H. Brooke.

He who loves not books before he comes to thirty years of age will hardly love them enough afterwards to understand them.—Clarendon.

That wonderful book, while it obtains admiration from the most fastidious critics, is loved by those who are too simple to admire it.—Macaulay.

Some books are drenched sands, on which a great soul's wealth lies all in heaps, like a wrecked argosy.—Alexander Smith.

That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story. —Shakespeare.

Employ your time in improving yourselves by other men's documents: so shall you come easily by what others have labored hard for.—Socrates.

Old books, as you well know, are books of the world's youth, and new books are the fruits of its age.—O. W. Holmes.

The images of men's wits and knowledge remain in books, exempted from the worry of time and capable of perpetual renovation.—Bacon.

All that mankind has done, thought, gained, or been,—it is lying as in magic preservation in the pages of books.—Carlyle.

Strong as man and tender as woman, they welcome you in every mood, and never turn from you in distress. —J. A. Langford.

Pray thee, take care, that tak'st my book in hand,
To read it well; that is to understand.
—Ben Jonson.

The foolishest book is a kind of leaky boat on a sea of wisdom: some of the wisdom will get in anyhow.—O. W. Holmes.

In every man's memory, with the hours when life culminated are usually associated certain books which met his views.—Emerson.

If time is precious, no book that will not improve by repeated readings deserves to be read at all.—Carlyle.

The greatest pleasure in life is that of reading while we are young. I have had as much of this pleasure perhaps as any one.—Hazlitt.

Books should to one of these four ends conduce,
For wisdom, piety, delight, or use.
—Sir John Denham.

How many books there are whose reputation is made that would not obtain it were it now to make!—Joubert.

Many books owe their success to the good memories of their authors and the bad memories of their readers.—Colton.

Books are the negative pictures of thought, and the more sensitive the mind that receives their images, the more nicely the finest lines are reproduced.—Holmes.

He that studies books alone, will know how things ought to be; and he that studies men will know how things are.—Colton.

We should have a glorious conflagration if all who cannot put fire into their works would only consent to put their works into the fire.—Colton.

In the best books great men talk to us, give us their most precious thoughts, and pour their souls into ours.—Channing.

Books are men of higher stature, and the only men that speak aloud for future times to hear.—Mrs. Browning.

A good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.—Milton.

God be thanked for books. They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages.—Channing.

Here, in the country, my books are my sole occupation; books my sure solace, and refuge from frivolous cares. Books the calmers, as well as the instruction of the mind.—Mrs. Inchbald.

As good almost kill a man as kill a good book; who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself.—Milton.

It is with books as with men: a very small number play a great part; the rest are confounded with the multitude.—Voltaire.

It is thought and digestion which makes books serviceable, and gives health and vigor to the mind.—Thomas Fuller.

If a book really wants the patronage of a great name, it is a bad book; and if it be a good book, it wants it not.—Colton.

Men often discover their affinity to each other by the mutual love they have for a book.—Samuel Smiles.

A book! oh, rare one! be not, as in this fangled world, a garment nobler than it covers.—Shakespeare.

He who loveth a book will never want a faithful friend, a wholesome counsellor, a cheerful companion, or an effectual comforter.—Barrow.

Books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good;
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.
—Wordsworth.

The scholar only knows how dear these silent yet eloquent companions of pure thoughts and innocent hours become in the season of adversity.—Washington Irving.

In books lies the soul of the whole Past Time; the articulate audible voice of the Past, when the body and material substance of it has altogether vanished like a dream.—Carlyle.

Books are the legacies that genius leaves to mankind, to be delivered down from generation to generation, as presents to the posterity of those that are yet unborn.—Addison.

It is books that teach us to refine our pleasures when young, and which, having so taught us, enable us to recall them with satisfaction when old.—Leigh Hunt.

Books are necessary to correct the vices of the polite; but those vices are ever changing, and the antidote should be changed accordingly—should still be new.—Goldsmith.

Many books require no thought from those who read them, and for a simple reason,—they made no such demand upon those who wrote them.—Colton.

It is chiefly through books that we enjoy intercourse with superior minds; and these invaluable communications are within the reach of all.—Mme. de Genlis.

If the crowns of all the kingdoms of Europe were laid down at my feet in exchange for my books and my love of reading, I would spurn them all.—Fénelon.

When a book raises your spirit, and inspires you with noble and courageous feelings, seek for no other rule to judge the work by; it is good, and made by a good workman.—Bruyère.

Our favorites are few; since only what rises from the heart reaches it, being caught and carried on the tongues of men wheresoever love and letters journey.—Alcott.

There is a kind of physiognomy in the titles of books no less than in the faces of men, by which a skilful observer will as well know what to expect from the one as the other.—Butler.

Books are the true levellers. They give to all who faithfully use them the society, the spiritual presence, of the best and greatest of our race.—Channing.

The profit of books is according to the sensibility of the reader. The profoundest thought or passion sleeps as in a mine, until an equal mind and heart finds and publishes it.—Emerson.

When self-interest inclines a man to print, he should consider that the purchaser expects a pennyworth for his penny, and has reason to asperse his honesty if he finds himself deceived.—Shenstone.

Do not believe that a book is good, if in reading it thou dost not become more contented with thy existence, if it does not rouse up in thee most generous feelings.—Lavater.

To buy books only because they were published by an eminent printer, is much as if a man should buy clothes that did not fit him, only because made by some famous tailor.—Pope.

The past but lives in words; a thousand ages were blank if books had not evoked their ghosts, and kept the pale, unbodied shades to warn us from fleshless lips.—Bulwer-Lytton.

If the secret history of books could be written, and the author's private thoughts and meanings noted down alongside of his story, how many insipid volumes would become interesting, and dull tales excite the reader.—Thackeray.

Books, to judicious compilers, are useful,—to particular arts and professions absolutely necessary,—to men of real science they are tools; but more are tools to them.—Johnson.

Many a man lives a burden upon the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose for a life beyond life.—Milton.

Homeliness is almost as great a merit in a book as in a house, if the reader would abide there. It is next to beauty, and a very high art.—Thoreau.

Plays and romances sell as well as books of devotion, but with this difference,—more people read the former than buy them, and more buy the latter than read them.—T. Hughes.

Men love better books which please them than those which instruct. Since their ennui troubles them more than their ignorance, they prefer being amused to being informed.—L'Abbé Dubois.

Most books fail, not so much from a want of ability in their authors, as from an absence in their productions of a thorough development of their ability.—Bovee.

Books are faithful repositories, which may be awhile neglected or forgotten, but when they are opened again, will again impart their instruction.—Jonson.

Without books God is silent, justice dormant, natural science at a stand, philosophy lame, letters dumb, and all things involved in Cimmerian darkness.—Bartholin.

Those who are conversant with books well know how often they mislead us when we have not a living monitor at hand to assist us in comparing practice with theory.—Junius.

I like books. I was born and bred among them, and have the easy feeling when I get in their presence, that a stable-boy has among horses.—O. W. Holmes.

Gentlemen use books as gentlewomen handle their flowers, who in the morning stick them in their heads, and at night strawe them at their heeles.—Lyly.

Oh, but books are such safe company! They keep your secrets well; they never boast that they made your eyes glisten, or your cheek flush, or your heart throb.—Mrs. S. P. Parton.

Properly speaking, we learn from those books only that we cannot judge. The author of a book that I am competent to criticise would have to learn from me.—Goethe.

Silent companions of the lonely hour,
Friends, who can alter or forsake,
Who for inconstant roving have no power,
And all neglect, perforce, must calmly take. —Mrs. Norton.

I have somewhere seen it observed that we should make the same use of

a book that the bee does of a flower: she steals sweets from it, but does not injure it.—Colton.

Nothing ought to be more weighed than the nature of books recommended by public authority. So recommended, they soon form the character of the age.—Burke.

No man writes a book without meaning something, though he may not have the faculty of writing consequentially and expressing his meaning.—Addison.

Of all the things which man can do or make here below, by far the most momentous, wonderful, and worthy are the things we call books.—Carlyle.

Be as careful of the books you read as of the company you keep, for your habits and character will be as much influenced by the former as the latter. —Paxton Hood.

I love to lose myself in other men's minds.
When I am not walking, I am reading;
I cannot sit and think. Books think for me.
—Charles Lamb.

The pleasant books, that silently among
Our household treasures take familiar places,
And are to us as if a living tongue
Spake from the printed leaves or pictured faces!
—Longfellow.

In the poorest cottage are Books: is one Book, wherein for several thousands of years the spirit of man has found light, and nourishment, and an interpreting response to whatever is Deepest in him.—Carlyle.

After the pleasure of possessing books there is hardly anything more pleasant than that of speaking of them, and of communicating to the public the innocent richness of thought which we have acquired by the culture of letters.—Nodier.

It is with books as with women, where a certain plainness of manner and of dress is more engaging than that glare of paint and airs and apparel which may dazzle the eye, but reaches not the affections.—Hume.

A book is a friend whose face is constantly changing. If you read it when you are recovering from an illness, and return to it years after, it is changed surely, with the change in yourself.—Andrew Lang.

Books are the true metempsychosis, —they are the symbol and presage of immortality. The dead men are scattered, and none shall find them. Behold they are here! they do but sleep. —Beecher.

He that will have no books but those that are scarce evinces about as correct a taste in literature as he would do in friendship who would have no friends but those whom all the rest of the world have sent to Coventry.—Colton.

There are persons who flatter themselves that the size of their works will make them immortal. They pile up reluctant quarto upon solid folio, as if their labors, because they are gigantic, could contend with truth and heaven! —Junius.

I armed her against the censures of the world; showed her that books were sweet unreproaching companions to the miserable, and that if they could not bring us to enjoy life, they would at least teach us to endure it.—Goldsmith.

To divert at any time a troublesome fancy, run to thy books; they presently fix thee to them, and drive the other out of thy thoughts. They always receive thee with the same kindness.—Fuller.

Mankind are creatures of books, as well as of other circumstances; and such they eternally remain,—proofs, that the race is a noble and believing race, and capable of whatever books can stimulate.—Leigh Hunt.

Some new books it is necessary to read,—part for the information they contain, and others in order to acquaint one's self with the state of literature in the age in which one lives; but I would rather read too few than too many.—Lord Dudley.

Nothing can supply the place of books. They are cheering or soothing companions in solitude, illness, affliction. The wealth of both continents would not compensate for the good they impart.—Channing.

The Wise
(Minstrel or Sage), out of their books are clay;
But in their books, as from their graves they rise,
Angels—that, side by side, upon our way,
Walk with and warn us!
—Bulwer-Lytton.

Many readers judge of the power of a book by the shock it gives their feelings,—as some savage tribes determine the power of their muskets by their recoil; that being considered best which fairly prostrates the purchaser. —Longfellow.

There is this value in books, that they enable us to converse with the dead. There is something in this beyond the mere intrinsic worth of what they have left us.—Brydges.

In looking round me seeking for miserable resources against the heaviness of time, I open a book, and I say to myself, as the cat to the fox: I have only one good turn, but I need no other.—Madame Necker.

A man ought to inquire and find out what he really and truly has an appetite for; what suits his constitution; and that, doctors tell him, is the very thing he ought to have in general. And so with books.—Carlyle.

Learning is more profound
When in few solid authors 't may be found;
A few good books, digested well, do feed
The mind; much cloys, and doth ill humors breed. —Robert Heath.

In science, read, by preference, the newest works; in literature, the oldest. The classic literature is always modern. New books revive and redecorate old ideas; old books suggest and invigorate new ideas.—Bulwer-Lytton.

What a joy is there in a good book, writ by some great master of thought, who breaks into beauty as in summer the meadow into grass and dandelions and violets, with geraniums and manifold sweetness.—Theodore Parker.

We ought to regard books as we do sweetmeats, not wholly to aim at the pleasantest, but chiefly to respect the wholesomest; not forbidding either, but approving the latter most.—Plutarch.

No man should consider so highly of himself as to think he can receive but little light from books, nor so meanly as to believe he can discover nothing but what is to be learned from them.—Dr. Johnson.

My favorite books have a personality and complexion as distinctly drawn as if the author's portrait were framed into the paragraphs and smiled upon me as I read his illustrated pages.—Alcott.

Books, dear books.
Have been, and are my comforts; morn and night,
Adversity, prosperity, at home,
Abroad, health, sickness—good or ill report,
The same firm friends; the same refreshment rich,
And source of consolation. —Dr. Dodd.

By cultivating an interest in a few good books which contain the result of the toil or the quintessence of the genius of some of the most gifted thinkers of the world, we need not live on the marsh and in the mists. The slopes and ridges invite us.—T. Starr King.

Some future strain, in which the muse shall tell
How science dwindles, and how volumes swell.
How commentators each dark passage shun,
And hold their farthing candle to the sun.
—Young.

Of many large volumes the index is the best portion and the usefullest. A glance through the casement gives whatever knowledge of the interior is needful. An epitome is only a book shortened; and as a general rule, the worth increases as the size lessens.—Willmott.

One must be rich in thought and character to owe nothing to books, though preparation is necessary to

profitable reading; and the less reading is better than more;—book-struck men are of all readers least wise, however knowing or learned.—Alcott.

The books which help you most are those which make you think the most. The hardest way of learning is by easy reading: but a great book that comes from a great thinker—it is a ship of thought, deep freighted with truth and with beauty.—Theodore Parker.

We ought to reverence books, to look at them as useful and mighty things. If they are good and true, whether they are about religion or politics, farming, trade, or medicine, they are the message of Christ, the maker of all things, the teacher of all truth.—Rev. C. Kingsley.

Books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a progeny of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them.—Milton.

Good books are to the young mind what the warming sun and the refreshing rain of spring are to the seeds which have lain dormant in the frosts of winter. They are more, for they may save from that which is worse than death, as well as bless with that which is better than life.—Horace Mann.

There are many virtues in books, but the essential value is the adding of knowledge to our stock by the record of new facts, and, better, by the record of intuitions which distribute facts, and are the formulas which supersede all histories.—Emerson.

In a well-written book we are presented with the maturest reflections, or the happiest flights of a mind of uncommon excellence. It is impossible that we can be much accustomed to such companions without attaining some resemblance to them.—William Godwin.

You, O Books, are the golden vessels of the temple, the arms of the clerical militia with which the missiles of the most wicked are destroyed; fruitful olives, vines of Engaddi, fig-trees knowing no sterility; burning lamps to be ever held in the hand.—Richard Aungervyle.

Books, like friends, should be few, and well chosen.

Thou mayst as well expect to grow strong by always eating as wiser by always reading. Too much overcharges nature, and turns more into disease than nourishment. 'Tis thought and digestion which makes books serviceable, and gives health and vigor to the mind.—Fuller.

There is no such thing as a worthless book, though there are some far worse than worthless; no book that is not worth preserving, if its existence may be tolerated: as there may be some men whom it may be proper to hang, but none who should be suffered to starve.—Coleridge.

Books are a part of man's prerogative
In formal ink, they thought and voices hold,
That we to them our solitude may give,
And make time present travel that of old,
Our life fame pieceth longer at the end,
And books it farther backward doth extend. —Sir Thomas Overbury.

They are for company the best friends, in Doubts Counsellors, in Damps Comforters, Time's Prospective, the Home Traveller's Ship or Horse, the busie Man's best Recreation, the Opiate of idle Weariness, the Mindes best Ordinary, Nature's Garden and Seed-plot of Immortality.—Bulstrode Whitelocke.

When I would know thee * * * my thought looks
Upon thy well-made choice of friends and books;
Then do I love thee, and behold thy ends
In making thy friends books, and thy books friends. —Ben Jonson.

If I were to pray for a taste which would stand by me under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading.—Herschel.

Many books belong to sunshine, and should be read out of doors. Clover, violets, and hedge roses breathe from their leaves; they are most lovable in cool lanes, along field paths, or upon stiles overhung by hawthorn, while the blackbird pipes, and the nightingale bathes its brown feathers in the twilight copse.—Willmott.

Books are the best of things, well used; abused, among the worst. What is the right use? What is the one end, which all means go to effect? They are for nothing but to inspire. I had better never see a book than to be warped by its attraction clean out of my own orbit, and made a satellite instead of a system.—Emerson.

In comparing men and books, one must always remember this important distinction,—that one can put the books down at any time. As Macaulay says, "Plato is never sullen, Cervantes is never petulant, Demosthenes never comes unseasonably, Dante never stays too long."—Willis.

The silent power of books is a great power in the world; and there is a joy in reading them which those alone can know who read them with desire and enthusiasm. Silent, passive, and noiseless though they be, they may yet set in action countless multitudes, and change the order of nations.—Henry Giles.

Books, as Dryden has aptly termed them, are spectacles to read nature. Æschylus and Aristotle, Shakespeare and Bacon, are priests who preach and expound the mysteries of man and the universe. They teach us to understand and feel what we see, to decipher and syllable the hieroglyphics of the senses. —Hare.

To divert myself from a troublesome fancy, it is but to run to my books; they presently fix me to them, and drive the other out of my thoughts, and do not mutiny to see that I have only recourse to them for want of other more real, natural, and lively conveniences; they always receive me with the same kindness.—Montaigne.

A book becomes a mirror, with the author's face shining over it. Talent only gives an imperfect image,—the broken glimmer of a countenance. But the features of genius remain unruffled. Time guards the shadow. Beauty, the spiritual Venus,—whose children are the Tassos, the Spensers, the Bacons,—breathes the magic of her love, and fixes the face forever.—Willmott.

In you are sent
The types of Truths whose life is The to Come;
In you soars up the Adam from the fall;
In you the Future as the Past is given—
Ev'n in our death ye bid us hail our birth—
Unfold these pages, and behold the Heaven,
Without one grave-stone left upon the Earth. —Bulwer-Lytton.

Books are delightful when prosperity happily smiles; when adversity threatens, they are inseparable comforters. They give strength to human compacts, nor are grave opinions brought forward without books. Arts and sciences, the benefits of which no mind can calculate, depend upon books. —Richard Aungervyle.

A wise man will select his books, for he would not wish to class them all under the sacred name of friends. Some can be accepted only as acquaintances. The best books of all kinds are taken to the heart, and cherished as his most precious possessions. Others to be chatted with for a time, to spend a few pleasant hours with, and laid aside, but not forgotten.—Langford.

Books are a guide in youth, and an entertainment for age. They support us under solitude, and keep us from becoming a burden to ourselves. They help us to forget the crossness of men and things, compose our cares and our passions, and lay our disappointments asleep. When we are weary of the living, we may repair to the dead, who have nothing of peevishness, pride or design in their conversation.—Jeremy Collier.

As friends and companions, as teachers and consolers, as recreators and amusers, books are always with us, and always ready to respond to our

wants. We can take them with us in our wanderings, or gather them around us at our firesides. In the lonely wilderness, and the crowded city, their spirit will be with us, giving a meaning to the seemingly confused movements of humanity, and peopling the desert with their own bright creations. —Langford.

Knowledge of books is like that sort of lantern which hides him who carries it, and serves only to pass through secret and gloomy paths of his own; but in the possession of a man of business it is as a torch in the hand of one who is willing and able to show those who are bewildered the way which leads to their prosperity and welfare.—Steele.

The diffusion of these silent teachers —books—through the whole community is to work greater effects than artillery, machinery, and legislation. Its peaceful agency is to supersede stormy revolutions. The culture which it is to spread, whilst an unspeakable good to the individual, is also to become the stability of nations.—Channing.

What is a great love of books? It is something like a personal introduction to the great and good men of all past time. Books, it is true, are silent as you see them on their shelves; but, silent as they are, when I enter a library I feel as if almost the dead were present, and I know if I put questions to these books they will answer me.—John Bright.

Books, of which the principles are diseased or deformed, must be kept on the shelf of the scholar, as the man of science preserves monsters in glasses. They belong to the study of the mind's morbid anatomy, and ought to be accurately labelled. Voltaire will still be a wit, notwithstanding he is a scoffer; and we may admire the brilliant spots and eyes of the viper, if we acknowledge its venom and call it a reptile.—Willmott.

I have ever gained the most profit, and the most pleasure also, from the books which have made me think the most: and, when the difficulties have once been overcome, these are the books which have struck the deepest root, not only in my memory and understanding, but likewise in my affections.—J. C. and A. W. Hare.

Books are faithful repositories, which may be awhile neglected or forgotten, but when they are opened again, will again impart their instruction. Memory, once interrupted, is not to be recalled; written learning is a fixed luminary, which, after the cloud that had hidden it has passed away, is again bright in its proper station. Tradition is but a meteor, which, if it once falls, cannot be rekindled.—Johnson.

Books, says Lord Bacon, can never teach us the use of books; the student must learn by commerce with mankind to reduce his speculations to practice. No man should think so highly of himself as to think he can receive but little light from books; no one so meanly, as to believe he can discover nothing but what is to be learned from them.—Johnson.

Let us consider how great a commodity of doctrine exists in books; how easily, how secretly, how safely they expose the nakedness of human ignorance without putting it to shame. These are the masters who instruct us without rods and ferules, without hard words and anger, without clothes or money. If you approach them, they are not asleep; if investigating you interrogate them, they conceal nothing; if you mistake them, they never grumble; if you are ignorant, they cannot laugh at you.—Richard de Bury.

Golden volumes! richest treasures,
Objects of delicious pleasures!
You my eyes rejoicing please,
You my hands in rapture seize!
Brilliant wits and musing sages,
Lights who beam'd through many ages!
Left to your conscious leaves their story,
And dared to trust you with their glory;
And now their hope of fame achiev'd,
Dear volumes! you have not deceived!
—Isaac Disraeli.

Great books are not in everybody's reach; and though it is better to know them thoroughly, than to know them only here and there; yet it is a

good work to give a little to those who have neither the time nor means to get more. Let every book-worm, when, in any fragrant scarce old tome, he discovers a sentence, a story, and illustration that does his heart good, hasten to give it.—Coleridge.

And as for me, though than I konne but lyte,
On bokes for to rede I me delyte,
And to hem yeve I feyth and ful credence,
And in myn herte have hem in reverence
So hertely, that ther is game noon,
That fro my bokes maketh me to goon,
But yt be seldome on the holy day.
Save, certeynly, when that the monthe of May
Is comen, and that I here the foules synge,
And that the floures gynnen for to sprynge,
Farwel my boke, and my devocion.
—Chaucer.

We get no good
By being ungenerous, even to a book,
And calculating profits—so much help
By so much reading. It is rather when
We gloriously forget ourselves, and plunge
Soul-forward, headlong, into a book's profound,
Impassioned for its beauty, and salt of truth—
'Tis then we get the right good from a book. —E. B. Browning.

Books have always a secret influence on the understanding; we cannot at pleasure obliterate ideas: he that reads books of science, though without any desire fixed of improvement, will grow more knowing; he that entertains himself with moral or religious treatises, will imperceptibly advance in goodness; the ideas which are often offered to the mind, will at last find a lucky moment when it is disposed to receive them.—Samuel Johnson.

———The place that does
Contain my books, the best companions, is
To me a glorious court, where hourly I
Converse with the old sages and philosophers;
And sometimes for variety, I confer
With kings and emperors, and weigh their counsels;
Calling their victories, if unjustly got,
Unto a strict account; and in my fancy,
Deface their ill-plac'd statutes.
—Fletcher.

It is saying less than the truth to affirm that an excellent book (and the remark holds almost equally good of a Raphael as of a Milton) is like a well-chosen and well-tended fruit tree. Its fruits are not of one season only. With the due and natural intervals, we may recur to it year after year, and it will supply the same nourishment and the same gratification, if only we ourselves return to it with the same healthful appetite.—Coleridge.

Bores

The smaller the calibre of mind, the greater the bore of a perpetually open mouth.—O. W. Holmes.

Society is now one polished horde,
Formed of two mighty tribes, the Bores and Bored. —Byron.

The secret of making one's self tiresome is not to know when to stop.—Voltaire.

Got the ill name of augurs because they were bores.—Lowell.

He says a thousand pleasant things—
But never says "Adieu."—J. G. Saxe.

A tedious person is one a man would leap a steeple from.—Ben Jonson.

The biggest bore of all is he who is overflowing with congratulations.—Hood.

Those wanting wit, affect gravity and go by the name of solid men.—Dryden.

Bores are not to be got rid of except by rough means. They are to be scraped off like scales from a fish.—Bovee.

The bore is the same eating dates under the cedars of Lebanon as over a plate of baked beans in Beacon Street.—O. W. Holmes.

We are almost always wearied in the company of persons with whom we are not permitted to be weary.—Rochefoucauld.

The bore is usually considered a harmless creature, or of that class of irrational bipeds who hurt only themselves.—Maria Edgeworth.

There are some kinds of men who cannot pass their time alone; they are the flails of occupied people.—M. de Bonald.

There are few wild beasts more to be dreaded than a communicative man having nothing to communicate.—Bovee.

It is one of the vexatious mortifications of a studious man to have his thoughts disordered by a tedious visit.—L'Estrange.

The symptoms of compassion and benevolence in some people are like those minute-guns which warn you that you are in deadly peril.—Mme. Swetchine.

He will steal himself into a man's favor and for a week escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after—Shakespeare.

Never hold any one by the button or the hand in order to be heard out; for if people are unwilling to hear you, you had better hold your tongue.—Chesterfield.

O, he's as tedious
As is a tired horse, a railing wife;
Worse than a smoky house; I had rather live
With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,
In any summer-house in Christendom.
—Shakespeare.

It is to be hoped that, with all the modern improvements, a mode will be discovered of getting rid of bores; for it is too bad that a poor wretch can be punished for stealing your pocket-handkerchief or gloves, and that no punishment can be inflicted on those who steal your time, and with it your temper and patience, as well as the bright thoughts that might have entered into your mind (like the Irishman who lost the fortune before he had got it), but were frightened away by the bore.—Byron.

Borrowing

No remedy against this consumption of the purse; borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable.—Shakespeare.

The borrower runs in his own debt.—Emerson.

Debt is a bottomless sea—Carlyle.

Borrowing from Peter to pay Paul.—Cicero.

Neither a borrower nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
—Shakespeare.

Who borrow much, then fairly make it known, and damn it with improvements not their own.—Young.

To forget, or pretend to do so, to return a borrowed article, is the meanest sort of petty theft.—Dr. Johnson.

The reason why borrowed books are so seldom returned to their owners is that it is much easier to retain the books than what is in them.—Montaigne.

If you lend a person any money, it becomes lost for any purpose as one's own. When you ask for it back again, you may find a friend made an enemy by your kindness. If you begin to press still further, either you must part with that which you have intrusted, or else you must lose that friend.—Plautus.

Few have borrowed more freely than Gray and Milton; but with a princely prodigality, they have repaid the obscure thoughts of others, with far brighter of their own—like the ocean, which drinks up the muddy water of the rivers from the flood, but replenishes them with the clearest from the shower.—Colton.

Charles Lamb, tired of lending his books, threatened to chain Wordsworth's poems to his shelves, adding: "For of those who borrow, some read slow; some mean to read, but don't read; and some neither read nor mean to read, but borrow, to leave you an opinion of their sagacity. I must do my money-borrowing friends the justice to say that there is nothing of this

caprice or wantonness of alienation in them. When they borrow my money, they never fail to make use of it."—Talfourd.

You should only attempt to borrow from those who have but few of this world's goods, as their chests are not of iron, and they are, besides, anxious to appear wealthier than they really are.—Heinrich Heine.

Boston

Boston State-house is the hub of the solar system. You couldn't pry that out of a Boston man if you had the tire of all creation straightened out for a crow-bar.—O. W. Holmes.

The sea returning day by day
Restores the world-wide mart.
So let each dweller on the Bay
Fold Boston in his heart
Till these echoes be choked with snows
Or over the town blue ocean flows.
—Emerson.

Bounty

From bounty issues power.—Akenside.

Our bounty, like a drop of water, disappears, when diffus'd too widely. Goldsmith.

The superfluous blossoms on a fruit tree are meant to symbolize the large way God loves to do pleasant things.—Beecher.

O blessed bounty, giving all content!
The only fautress of all noble arts
That lend'st success to every good intent.
A grace that rests in the most godlike hearts,
By heav'n to none but happy souls infus'd
Pity it is, that e'er thou wast abus'd.
—Drayton.

Boyhood

Ah! happy years! once more who would not be a boy! —Byron.

Ye tiny elves, that guiltless sport,
Like linnets in the bush,
Ye little know the ill ye court,
When manhood is your wish!
The losses, the crosses,
That active men engage;
The fears all, the tears all,
Of dim declining age. —Burns.

Brains

The human brain is the highest bloom of the whole organic metamorphosis of the earth.—Schelling.

When God endowed human beings with brains, He did not intend to guarantee them.—Montesquieu.

Stern men, with empires in their brains.—Lowell.

Oh, rare the headpiece, if but brains were there!—Phædrus.

Not Hercules could have knocked out his brains, for he had none.—Shakespeare.

With curious art the brain, too finely wrought,
Preys on herself, and is destroyed by thought. —Churchill.

An excellent scholar: One that hath a head fill'd with calves' brains without any sage in them.—Webster.

When a strong brain is weighed with a true heart, it seems to me like balancing a bubble against a wedge of gold.—O. W. Holmes.

There are brains so large that they unconsciously swamp all individualities which come in contact or too near, and brains so small that they cannot take in the conception of any other individuality as a whole, only in part or parts.—Mrs. Jameson.

The brain is the palest of all the internal organs, and the heart the reddest. Whatever comes from the brain carries the hue of the place it came from, and whatever comes from the heart carries the heat and color of its birthplace.—Holmes.

Individuals possessing moderate-sized brains easily find their proper sphere, and enjoy in it scope for all their energy. In ordinary circumstances they distinguish themselves, but they sink when difficulties accumulate around them. Persons with large brains, on the other hand, do not readily attain their appropriate place; common occurrences do not rouse or call them forth.—George Combe.

Bravery

God helps the brave.—Schiller.

Fortune favors the brave.—Terence.

A brave soul is a thing which all things serve.—Alex. Smith.

None but the brave deserves the fair.—Dryden.

A brave man may fall but cannot yield.

True bravery is quiet, undemonstrative.—Sir P. Sidney.

The brave man may yield to a braver man.

The brave find a home in every land.—Ovid.

Brave men are brave from the very first.—Corneille.

The brave are parsimonious of threats.—Kossuth.

'Tis late before the brave despair.—Thomson.

Bravery is often too sharp a spur.—Kossuth.

Brave deeds are most estimable when hidden.—Pascal.

General Taylor never surrenders.—Thos. L. Crittenden.

The bravest men are subject most to chance.—Dryden.

That's a valiant flea that dares eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.—Shakespeare.

A brave man is clear in his discourse, and keeps close to truth.—Aristotle.

A true knight is fuller of gay bravery in the midst than in the beginning of danger.—Sir P. Sidney.

We come to know best what men are, in their worse jeopardies.—Daniel.

Brave men do not boast nor bluster. Deeds, not words, speak for such.—Rivarol.

Women commiserate the brave, and men the beautiful.—Landor.

Who bravely dares must sometimes risk a fall.—Smollett.

He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer the worst that man can breathe.—Shakespeare.

The best hearts, Trim, are ever the bravest, replied my uncle Toby.—Sterne.

The brave
Love mercy, and delight to save.
—Gay.

Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I.
—Scott.

What will not woman, gentle woman, dare when strong affection stirs her spirit up?—Southey.

The truly brave are soft of heart and eyes, and feel for what their duty bids them do.—Byron.

It is besides necessary that whoever is brave should be a man of great soul.—Cicero.

'Tis more brave
To live, than to die.
—Lord Lytton.

What's brave, what's noble,
Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us.
—Shakespeare.

In adversity it is easy to despise life; he is truly brave who can endure a wretched life.—Martial.

Nature often enshrines gallant and noble hearts in weak bosoms—often-est, God bless her!—in female breasts.—Dickens.

True bravery is shown by performing, without witnesses, what one might be capable of doing before all the world.—Rochefoucauld.

Life may be given in many ways, and loyalty to truth be sealed as bravely in the closet as the field.—Lowell.

Who combats bravely is not therefore brave:
He dreads a death-bed like the meanest slave. —Pope.

Dare to do something worthy of transportation and a prison, if you mean to be anybody.—Juvenal.

He is not worthy of the honeycomb
That shuns the hive because the bees have stings. —Shakespeare.

Without a sign his sword the brave man draws,
And asks no omen but his country's cause.
—Homer.

The brave and bold persist even against fortune; the timid and cowardly rush to despair through fear alone.—Tacitus.

Physical bravery is an animal instinct; moral bravery is a much higher and truer courage.—Wendell Phillips.

No man can be brave who thinks pain the greatest evil; nor temperate, who considers pleasure the highest good.—Cicero.

Bravery is a cheap and vulgar quality, of which the brightest instances are frequently found in the lowest savage.—Chatfield.

Fight valiantly to-day; and yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it, for thou art framed of the firm truth of valor. —Shakespeare.

People glorify all sorts of bravery except the bravery they might show on behalf of their nearest neighbors. George Eliot.

There is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valor. —Shakespeare.

The brave man, indeed, calls himself lord of the land, through his iron, through his blood.—Arndt.

What valor were it, when a cur doth grin, for one to thrust his hand between his teeth, when he might spurn him with his foot away?—Shakespeare.

I know not how, but martial men are given to love. I think it is but as they are given to wine; for perils commonly ask to be paid in pleasures. Bacon.

Song of the brave, how thrills thy tone
As when the organ's music rolls;
No gold rewards, but song alone,
The deeds of great and noble souls.
—Bürger.

That courage which arises from the sense of our duty, and from the fear of offending Him that made us, acts always in a uniform manner, and according to the dictates of right reason.—Addison.

There's a brave fellow! There's a man of pluck!
A man who's not afraid to say his say,
Though a whole town's against him.
—Longfellow.

At the bottom of a good deal of the bravery that appears in the world there lurks a miserable cowardice. Men will face powder and steel because they cannot face public opinion. —Chapin.

The brave man is not he who feels no fear, for that were stupid and irrational; but he whose noble soul its fear subdues, and bravely dares the danger which it shrinks from.—Joanna Baillie.

The heroic example of other days is in great part the source of the courage of each generation; and men walk up composedly to the most perilous enterprises, beckoned onward by the shades of the brave that were.—Arthur Helps.

The bravery founded upon the hope of recompense, upon the fear of punishment, upon the experience of success, upon rage, upon ignorance of dangers, is common bravery, and does not merit the name. True bravery proposes a just end, measures the dan

gers, and, if it is necessary, the affront, with coldness.—Francis la Noue.

The brave man seeks not popular applause,
Nor, overpower'd with arms, deserts his cause,
Unsham'd, though foil'd, he does the best he can,
Force is of brutes, but honor is of man.
—Dryden.

Cato the elder, when somebody was praising a man for his foolhardy bravery, said "that there was an essential difference between a really brave man and one who had merely a contempt for life."—Plutarch.

O friends, be men; so act that none may feel
Ashamed to meet the eyes of other men.
Think each one of his children and his wife,
His home, his parents, living yet or dead.
For them, the absent ones, I supplicate,
And bid you rally here, and scorn to fly.
—Homer.

Intrepidity is an extraordinary strength of soul, which raises it above the troubles, disorders and emotions which the sight of great perils can arouse in it; by this strength heroes maintain a calm aspect and preserve their reason and liberty in the most surprising and terrible accidents.—La Rochefoucauld.

The truly brave,
When they behold the brave oppressed with odds,
Are touched with a desire to shield and save—
A mixture of wild beasts and demi-gods
Are they—now furious as the sweeping wave;
Now moved with pity; even as sometimes nods
The rugged tree unto the summer wind,
Compassion breathes along the savage mind.
—Byron.

Courage is incompatible with the fear of death; but every villain fears death; therefore, no villain can be brave. He may, indeed, possess the courage of the rat, and fight with desperation when driven into a corner, * * * * * yet the glare of a courage thus elicited by danger, where fear conquers fear, is not to be compared to that calm sunshine which constantly cheers and illuminates the breast of him, who builds his confidence on virtuous principles.—Colton.

Brevity

Brevity is the soul of wit.—Shakespeare.

Concentration alone conquers.—Charles Buxton.

A downright fact may be briefly told.—Ruskin.

I will be brief.—Shakespeare.

A verse may find him whom a sermon flies.—George Herbert.

Brevity is a great praise of eloquence.—Cicero.

The one prudence in life is concentration.—Emerson.

Whatever precepts you give, be short.—Horace.

Aiming at brevity, I become obscure.—Horace.

The fewer words, the better prayer.—Luther.

A parsimony of words prodigal of sense.—Disraeli.

Brevity is the child of silence, and is a credit to its parentage.—H. W. Shaw.

Brevity never fatigues; therefore brevity is always a welcome guest.—Théophile Gautier.

We must be brief when traitors brave the field.—Shakespeare.

Rather to excite your judgment briefly than to inform it tediously.—Bacon.

Great captains do never use long orations when it comes to the point of execution.—Sir P. Sidney.

Cervantes speaks of potted wisdom as "short sentences drawn from a long experience."—Charles Buxton.

It is safe to make a choice of your thoughts, scarcely ever safe to express them all.—Barrow.

Brevity is very good, when we are, or are not, understood.—Butler.

You may get a large amount of truth into a brief space.—Beecher.

The wisdom of nations lies in their proverbs, which are brief and pithy.—William Penn.

My tongue within my lips I rein,
For who talks much must talk in vain.
—Gay.

The more you say, the less people remember. The fewer the words, the greater the profit.—Fénelon.

The more an idea is developed, the more concise becomes its expression; the more a tree is pruned, the better is the fruit.—Alfred Bougeart.

Generally, downright fact may be told in a plain way; and we want downright facts, at the present, more than anything else.—Ruskin.

If you would be pungent, be brief; for it is with words as with sunbeams—the more they are condensed the deeper they burn.—Southey.

General observations drawn from particulars are the jewels of knowledge, comprehending great store in a little room.—Locke.

A little plot of ground thick sown is better than a great field which, for the most part of it, lies fallow.—Bishop Norris.

Brevity is the best recommendation of a speech, not only in the case of a senator, but in that, too, of an orator.—Cicero.

I saw one excellency was within my reach—it was brevity; and I determined to obtain it.—Jay.

Since brevity is the soul of wit, and tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes—I will be brief.—Shakespeare.

Brevity and conciseness are the parents of conviction. The leaden bullet is more fatal than when multiplied into shot.—Hosea Ballou.

Brevity in writing is what charity is to all other virtues—righteousness is nothing without the one, nor authorship without the other.—Sydney Smith.

I would fain coin wisdom—mould it, I mean, into maxims, proverbs, sentences, that can easily be retained and transmitted.—Joubert.

When a man has no design but to speak plain truth, he may say a great deal in a very narrow compass.—Steele.

It is not a great Xerxes army of words, but a compact Greek ten thousand that march safely down to posterity.—Lowell.

Brevity is the body and soul of wit. It is wit itself, for it alone isolates sufficiently for contrasts; because redundancy or diffuseness produces no distinctions.—Jean Paul Richter.

And there's one rare strange virtue in their speeches,
The secret of their mastery—they are short.
—Halleck.

A sentence well couched takes both the sense and understanding. I love not those cart-rope speeches that are longer than the memory of man can fathom.—Feltham.

Was there ever anything written by mere man that was wished longer by its readers, excepting Don Quixote, Robinson Crusoe and the Pilgrim's Progress?—Dr. Johnson.

With vivid words your just conceptions grace,
Much truth compressing in a narrow space;
Then many shall peruse, but few complain,
And envy frown, and critics snarl in vain.
—Pindar.

The seven wise men of Greece, so famous for their wisdom all the world over, acquired all that fame, each of them, by a single sentence consisting of two or three words.—South.

The Grecian's maxim would indeed be a sweeping clause in literature; it would reduce many a giant to a pygmy, many a speech to a sentence, and many a folio to a primer.—Colton.

It is the work of fancy to enlarge, but of judgment to shorten and contract; and therefore this must be as far above the other as judgment is a greater and nobler faculty than fancy or imagination.—South.

Talk to the point, and stop when you have reached it. The faculty some possess of making one idea cover a quire of paper is not good for much. Be comprehensive in all you say or write. To fill a volume upon nothing is a credit to nobody; though Lord Chesterfield wrote a very clever poem upon nothing.—John Neal.

It is excellent discipline for an author to feel that he must say all he has to say in the fewest possible words, or his reader is sure to skip them; and in the plainest possible words, or his reader will certainly misunderstand them. Generally, also, a downright fact may be told in a plain way; and we want downright facts at present more than anything else.—Ruskin.

Bribery

All men have their price.—Ascribed to Walpole.

Judges and senates have been bought for gold.—Pope.

The universe would not be rich enough to buy the vote of an honest man.—St. Gregory.

Who thinketh to buy villainy with gold,
Shall ever find such faith so bought—so sold. —Shakespeare.

Our supple tribes repress their patriot throat
And ask no questions but the price of vote.
—Samuel Johnson.

It is a great mistake to suppose that bribery and corruption, although they may be very convenient for gratifying the ambition or the vanity of individuals, have any great effect upon the fortunes or the power of parties. And it is a great mistake to suppose that bribery and corruption are means by which power can either be obtained or retained.—Beaconsfield.

'Tis pleasant purchasing our fellow-creatures;
And all are to be sold, if you consider
Their passions, and are dext'rous; some by features
Are bought up, others by a warlike leader;
Some by a place—as tend their years or natures;
The most by ready cash—but all have prices,
From crowns to kicks, according to their vices. —Byron.

Petitions, not sweetened with gold, are but unsavory and oft refused; or, if received, are pocketed, not read.—Massinger.

Silver, though white,
Yet it draws black lines; it shall not rule my palm
There to mark forth its base corruption.
—Middleton and Rowley.

Bride

New dressed and blooming as a bridal maid.—Walter Harte.

O, happy youth! for whom thy fate reserved so fair a bride.—Dryden.

Evasive of the bridal day, she gives fond hopes to all, and all with hope deceives.—Pope.

A thin aerial veil is drawn o'er beauty's face, seeming to hide, more sweetly shows the blushing bride.—Crashaw.

The man who builds and wants wherewith to pay, provides a home from which to run away.—Young.

The bride, lovely herself, and lovely by her side a bevy of bright nymphs, with sober grace came glittering like a star, and took her place.—Dryden.

In ancient Bœotia brides were carried home in vehicles whose wheels were burned at the door, in token that they would never again be needed. —T. W. Higginson.

He laid him down and slept, and from his side a woman in her magic beauty rose; dazzled and charmed, he

called that woman "bride," and his first sleep became his last repose.—Besser.

Up, up, fair bride! and call thy stars from out their several boxes; take thy rubies, pearls, and diamonds forth, and make thyself a constellation of them all.—Donne.

Brooks

Sweet are the little brooks that run
O'er pebbles glancing in the sun,
Singing in soothing tones.
—Hood.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever. —Tennyson.

Brook! whose society the poet seeks,
Intent his wasted spirits to renew;
And whom the curious painter doth pursue
Through rocky passes, among flowery creeks,
And tracks thee dancing down thy water-breaks. —Wordsworth.

Thou hastenest down between the hills to meet me at the road,
The secret scarcely lisping of thy beautiful abode
Among the pines and mosses of yonder shadowy height,
Where thou dost sparkle into song, and fill the woods with light.
—Lucy Larcom.

Brotherhood

Infinite is the help man can yield to man.—Carlyle.

Nature has inclined us to love men. —Cicero.

Man, man, is thy brother, and thy father is God.—Lamartine.

We must love men, ere to us they will seem worthy of our love.—Shakespeare.

To live is not to live for one's self alone; let us help one another.—Menander.

Kings and their subjects, masters and slaves find a common level in two places—at the foot of the cross and in the grave.—C. C. Colton.

However wretched a fellow-mortal may be, he is still a member of our common species.—Seneca.

The universe is but one great city, full of beloved ones, divine and human, by nature endeared to each other.—Epictetus.

If we love one another, nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mischances may happen.—Longfellow.

Give bread to a stranger, in the name of the universal brotherhood which binds together all men under the common father of nature.—Quintilian.

Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honor preferring one another.—Bible.

The era of Christianity—peace, brotherhood, the Golden Rule as applied to governmental matters—is yet to come, and when it comes, then, and then only, will the future of nations be sure.—Kossuth.

We are members of one great body. Nature planted in us a mutual love, and fitted us for a social life. We must consider that we were born for the good of the whole.—Seneca.

Enough of good there is in the lowest estate to sweeten life; enough of evil in the highest to check presumption; enough there is of both in all estates, to bind us in compassionate brotherhood, to teach us impressively that we are of one dying and one immortal family.—Henry Giles.

The race of mankind would perish, did they cease to aid each other. From the time that the mother binds the child's head till the moment that some kind assistant wipes the death-damp from the brow of the dying, we cannot exist without mutual help. All, therefore, that need aid have a right to ask it from their fellow-mortals; no one who holds the power of granting can refuse it without guilt.—Walter Scott.

My friends, let us try to follow the Saviour's steps; let us remember all day long what it is to be men; that it is to have every one whom we meet for our brother in the sight of God; that it is this, never to meet anyone

however bad he may be, for whom we cannot say: "Christ died for that man, and Christ cares for him still. He is precious in God's eyes, and he shall be precious in mine also."—Charles Kingsley.

God has taught in the Scriptures the lesson of a universal brotherhood, and man must not gainsay the teaching. Shivering in the ice-bound or scorching in the tropical regions; in the lap of luxury or in the wild hardihood of the primeval forest; belting the globe in a tired search for rest, or quieting through life in the heart of ancestral woods; gathering all the decencies around him like a garment, or battling in fierce raid of crime against a world which has disowned him, there is an inner humanness which binds me to that man by a primitive and indissoluble bond. He is my brother, and I cannot dissever the relationship. He is my brother, and I cannot release myself from the obligation to do him good.—Wm. M. Punshon.

Jesus throws down the dividing prejudices of nationality, and teaches universal love without distinction of race, merit or rank. A man's neighbor, henceforth, was every one who needed help, even an enemy. All men, from the slave to the highest, were sons of one Father in heaven, and should feel and act toward each other, as brethren. No human standard of virtue would suffice; no imitations of the loftiest examples among men. Moral perfection had been recognized alike by heathen and Jews, as found only in likeness to the Divine, and that Jesus proclaims as, henceforth, the one ideal for all humanity. With a sublime enthusiasm and brotherly love for the race, He rises above his age, and announces a common Father of all mankind, and one grand spiritual ideal in resemblance to Him.—J. C. Geikie.

Brute

A singular fact, that, when man is a brute, he is the most sensual and loathsome of all brutes.—Hawthorne.

Notwithstanding that natural love in brutes is much more violent and intense than in rational creatures, Providence has taken care that it should be no longer troublesome to the parent than it is useful to the young; for so soon as the wants of the latter cease, the mother withdraws her fondness, and leaves them to provide for themselves.—Addison.

Building

Too low they build who build beneath the stars.—Dr. Young.

Old houses mended cost little less than new before they're ended.—Cibber.

All below is strength, and all above is grace.—Dryden.

The building fitted accurately to answer its end will turn out to be admirable.—Möller.

Ah, to build, to build! that is the noblest art of all the arts.—Longfellow.

The man who builds, and wants wherewith to pay,
Provides a home from which to run away.
—Dr. Young.

The Gothic cathedral is a blossoming in stone, subdued by the insatiable demand of harmony in man.—Emerson.

Which of you, intending to build a tower, sitteth not down first and counteth the cost, whether he have sufficient to finish it?—Bible.

Never build after you are five and forty; have five years' income in hand before you lay a brick; and always calculate the expense at double the estimate.—Kett.

Like one who draws the model of a house beyond his power to build it, who, half through, gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost a naked subject to the weeping clouds.—Shakespeare.

In designing a house and gardens, it is happy when there is an opportunity of maintaining a subordination of

parts; the house so luckily placed as to exhibit a view of the whole design.—Shenstone.

When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model;
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection;
Which if we find outweighs ability,
What do we then, but draw anew the model
In fewer offices; or, at least, desist
To build at all? —Shakespeare.

Houses are built to live in more than to look on; therefore let use be preferred before uniformity, except where both may be had.—Bacon.

Burlesque

Satire is the right hand of burlesque.—Voltaire.

Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away.—Byron.

A burlesque word is often a powerful sermon.—Boileau.

It is a sin to be a mocker.—Shakespeare.

The guerilla weapon of political warfare.—Horace Greeley.

The keenest of political weapons.—Bryant.

Often most telling and often most unfair; stimulated by want of a juster argument.—W. R. Alger.

What caricature is in painting, burlesque is in writing; and in the same manner the comic writer and painter correlate to each other; as in the former, the painter seems to have the advantage, so it is in the latter infinitely on the side of the writer. For the monstrous is much easier to paint than describe, and the ridiculous to describe than paint.—Fielding.

Burns

And Burns—though brief the race he ran,
Though rough and dark the paths he trod,
Lived—died—in form and soul a man,
The image of his God.
—Fitz-Greene Halleck.

Business

Neither above nor below his business.—Tacitus.

Shoemaker, stick to your last.—Pliny.

Avoid as much as possible multiplicity of business.—Bishop Wilson.

Few people do business well who do nothing else.—Chesterfield.

I attend to the business of other people, having lost my own.—Horace.

To business that we love, we rise betimes and go to it with delight.—Shakespeare.

A man who cannot mind his own business is not fit to be trusted with the king's.—Saville.

Every man has business and desire, such as it is.—Shakespeare.

The master looks sharpest to his own business.—Phædrus.

Do you fear to trust the word of a man whose honesty you have seen in business?—Terence.

Hasty and adventurous schemes are at first view flattering, in execution difficult and in the issue disastrous.—Livy.

That which is everybody's business is nobody's business.—Izaak Walton.

Let every one engage in the business with which he is best acquainted.—Propertius.

The most important part of every business is to know what ought to be done.—Columella.

All inconsiderate enterprises are impetuous at first, but soon languish.—Tacitus.

It very seldom happens to a man that his business is his pleasure.—Dr. Johnson.

Business despatched is business well

done; but business hurried is business ill done.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Physicians attend to the business of physicians and workmen handle the tools of workmen.—Horace.

The old proverb about having too many irons in the fire is an abominable old lie. Have all in, shovel, tongs, and poker.—Adam Clarke.

Have you so much leisure from your own business that you can take care of other people's that does not at all belong to you?—Terence.

Not because of any extraordinary talents did he succeed, but because he had a capacity on a level for business and not above it.—Tacitus.

Success in business is seldom owing to uncommon talents or original power which is untractable and self-willed, but to the greatest degree of commonplace capacity.—Hazlitt.

Men of great parts are often unfortunate in the management of public business, because they are apt to go out of the common road by the quickness of their imagination.—Swift.

Formerly when great fortunes were only made in war, war was a business; but now, when great fortunes are only made by business, business is war.—Bovee.

Never shrink from doing anything which your business calls you to do. The man who is above his business may one day find his business above him.—Drew.

Call on a business man at business times only, and on business, transact your business and go about your business, in order to give him time to finish his business.—Duke of Wellington.

The great secret both of health and successful industry is the absolute yielding up of one's consciousness to the business and diversion of the hour—never permitting the one to infringe in the least degree upon the other.—Sismondi.

Business is the salt of life, which not only gives a grateful smack to it, but dries up those crudities that would offend, preserves from putrefaction and drives off all those blowing flies that would corrupt it.—Feltham.

To men addicted to delights, business is an interruption; to such as are cold to delights, business is an entertainment. For which reason it was said to one who commended a dull man for his application: "No thanks to him; if he had no business, he would have nothing to do."—Steele.

He that attends to his interior self,
That has a heart, and keeps it; has a mind
That hungers, and supplies it; and who seeks
A social, not a dissipated life,
Has business. —Cowper.

It is very sad for a man to make himself servant to a thing, his manhood all taken out of him by the hydraulic pressure of excessive business. I should not like to be merely a great doctor, a great lawyer, a great minister, a great politician—I should like to be also something of a man.—Theodore Parker.

Business in a certain sort of men is a mark of understanding, and they are honored for it. Their souls seek repose in agitation, as children do by being rocked in a cradle. They may pronounce themselves as serviceable to their friends as troublesome to themselves. No one distributes his money to others, but every one therein distributes his time and his life. There is nothing of which we are so prodigal as of those two things, of which to be thrifty would be both commendable and useful.—Montaigne.

Rare almost as great poets, rarer, perhaps, than veritable saints and martyrs, are consummate men of business. A man, to be excellent in this way, requires a great knowledge of character, with that exquisite tact which feels unerringly the right moment when to act. A discreet rapidity must pervade all the movements of his thought and action. He must be singularly free from vanity, and is generally found to be an enthusiast

who has the art to conceal his enthusiasm.—Helps.

Business is religion, and religion is business. The man who does not make a business of his religion has a religious life of no force, and the man who does not make a religion of his business has a business life of no character.

The world is God's workshop; the raw materials are His; the ideals and patterns are His; our hands are "the members of Christ," our reward His recognition. Blacksmith or banker, draughtsman or doctor, painter or preacher, servant or statesman, must work as unto the Lord, not merely making a living, but devoting a life. This makes life sacramental, turning its water into wine. This is twice blessed, blessing both the worker and the work.—Maltbie Babcock.

Busybodies

They learn to be idle, wandering about from house to house; and not only idle, but tattlers also, and busybodies, speaking things which they ought not.—Bible.

A person who is too nice an observer of the business of the crowd, like one who is too curious in observing the labor of the bees, will often be stung for his curiosity.—Pope.

He is a treacherous supplanter and underminer of the peace of all families and societies. This being a maxim of an unfailing truth, that nobody ever pries into another man's concerns but with a design to do, or to be able to do him a mischief.—South.

His tongue, like the tail of Samson's foxes, carries firebrands, and is enough to set the whole field of the world on a flame. Himself begins table-talk of his neighbor at another's board, to whom he bears the first news, and adjures him to conceal the reporter; whose choleric answer he returns to his first host, enlarged with a second edition; so as it used to be done in the fight of unwilling mastiffs, he claps each on the side apart, and provokes them to an eager conflict.—Bishop Hall.

Butcher

The butcher in his killing clothes.—Walt Whitman.

Whoe'er has gone thro' London street,
Has seen a butcher gazing at his meat,
And how he keeps
Gloating upon a sheep's
Or bullock's personals, as if his own;
How he admires his halves
And quarters—and his calves,
As if in truth upon his own legs grown.
—Hood.

Buttercup

The buttercups, bright-eyed and bold,
Held up their chalices of gold
To catch the sunshine and the dew.
—Julia C. R. Dorr.

The buttercups across the field
Made sunshine rifts of splendor.
—D. M. Mulock.

All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower.
—Robert Browning.

When buttercups are blossoming.
The poets sang, 'tis best to wed:
So all for love we paired in spring—
Blanche and I—ere youth had sped.
—E. C. Stedman.

And O the buttercups! that field
O' the cloth of gold, where pennons swam—
Where France set up his lilied shield,
His oriflamb,
And Henry's lion-standard rolled:
What was it to their matchless sheen,
Their million million drops of gold
Among the green! —Jean Ingelow.

Butterfly

I'd be a butterfly, born in a bower,
Where roses and lilies and violets meet.
—Thomas Haynes Bayly.

The gold-barr'd butterflies to and fro
And over the waterside wander'd and wove
As heedless and idle as clouds that rove
And rift by the peaks of perpetual snow.
—Joaquin Miller.

With the rose the butterfly's deep in love,
A thousand times hovering round;
But round himself, all tender like gold,
The sun's sweet ray is hovering found.
—Heine.

Much converse do I find in thee,
Historian of my infancy!
Float near me; do not yet depart!
Dead times revive in thee:
Thou bring'st, gay creature as thou art!
A solemn image to my heart.
—Wordsworth.

C

Calamities

Calamity was ordained for man.—Sir W. Davenant.

Calamity is man's true touchstone.—Beaumont and Fletcher.

Calamity is the test of integrity.—Richardson.

Bear calamities with meekness.—Euripides.

Of some calamity we can have no relief but from God alone; and what would men do, in such a case, if it were not for God?—Tillotson.

How wisely fate ordain'd for human kind
Calamity! which is the perfect glass,
Wherein we truly see and know ourselves.
—Davenant.

When any calamity has been suffered the first thing to be remembered is, how much has been escaped.—Johnson.

Know, he that foretells his own calamity, and makes events before they come, twice over doth endure the pains of evil destiny.—Sir W. Davenant.

It is from the level of calamities, not that of every-day life, that we learn impressive and useful lessons.—Thackeray.

Do not insult calamity:
It is a barb'rous grossness to lay on
The weight of scorn, where heavy misery
Too much already weighs men's fortunes down.
—Daniel.

'Tis only from the belief of the goodness and wisdom of a Supreme Being that our calamities can be borne in that manner which becomes a man.—Mackenzie.

Differences, we know, are never so effectually laid asleep as by some common calamity; an enemy unites all to whom he threatens danger.—Dr. Johnson.

A vulgar man, in any ill that happens to him, blames others; a novice in philosophy blames himself; and a philosopher blames neither the one nor the other.—Epictetus.

If you tell your troubles to God, you put them into the grave; they will never rise again when you have committed them to Him. If you roll your burden anywhere else, it will roll back again like the stone of Sisyphus.—Spurgeon.

Times of general calamity and confusion have ever been productive of the greatest minds. The purest ore is produced from the hottest furnace, and the brightest thunderbolt is elicited from the darkest storm.—Colton.

The willow which bends to the tempest, often escapes better than the oak which resists it: and so in great calamities, it sometimes happens that light and frivolous spirits recover their elasticity and presence of mind sooner than those of a loftier character.—Sir Walter Scott.

Calm

The holy calm that leads to heavenly musing.—Rogers.

The tempest is o'er-blown, the skies are clear,
And the sea charm'd into a calm so still
That not a wrinkle ruffles her smooth face.
—Dryden.

See me, how calm I am.
Ay, people are generally calm at the misfortunes of others. —Goldsmith.

How calm—how beautiful comes on
The stilly hour, when storms have gone,
When warring winds have died away
And clouds, beneath the dancing ray
Melt off and leave the land and sea,
Sleeping in bright tranquillity. —Moore.

'Tis noon—a calm, unbroken sleep
Is on the blue waves of the deep;
A soft haze, like a fairy dream,
Is floating over wood and stream;
And many a broad magnolia flower,
Within its shadowy woodland bower,
Is gleaming like a lovely star.
—George D. Prentice.

Gradual sinks the breeze,
Into a perfect calm; that not a breath
I heard to quiver thro' the closing woods,
Or rustling turn the many twinkling leaves,
Of aspen tall. The uncurling floods diffus'd
In glassy breadth, seen through delusive lapse
Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all,
And pleasing expectation. —Thomson.

Calumny

Cutting honest throats by whispers.
—Walter Scott.

Something of calumny always sticks.
—C. Boileau.

Calumny is only the noise of madmen.—Diogenes.

Virtue itself escapes not calumnious strokes.—Shakespeare.

There are calumnies against which even innocence loses courage.—Napoleon.

To persevere in one's duty and to be silent is the best answer to calumny.—Washington.

Back-wounding calumny the whitest virtue strikes.—Shakespeare.

Do you never look at yourself when you abuse another person?—Plautus.

Calumny will sear virtue itself; these shrugs, these hums and ha's.—Shakespeare.

Those who ought to be secure from calumny are generally those who avoid it least.—Stanislaus.

Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny.—Shakespeare.

One triumphs over calumny only by disdaining it.—Mme. de Maintenon.

There are persons always standing ready to believe a scandal.—Ovid.

Nothing is so swift as calumny; nothing is more easily uttered; nothing more readily received; nothing more widely dispersed.—Cicero.

I never think it necessary to repeat calumnies; they are sparks, which, if you do not blow them, will go out of themselves.—Boerhaave.

Neglected, calumny soon expires; show that you are hurt, and you give it the appearance of truth.—Tacitus.

False praise can please, and calumny affright
None but the vicious, and the hypocrite.
—Horace.

If the calumniator bespatters and belies me, I will endeavor to convince him by my life and manners, but not by being like him.—South.

Calumny is a vice of curious constitution; trying to kill it keeps it alive; leave it to itself and it will die a natural death.—Thomas Paine.

His calumny is not only the greatest benefit a rogue can confer on us, but the only service he will perform for nothing.—Lavater.

A single seed of fact will produce in a season or two a harvest of calumnies; but sensible men will pay no attention to them.—Froude.

The upright, if he suffer calumny to move him, fears the tongue of man more than the eye of God.—Colton.

He that lends an easy and credulous ear to calumny is either a man of very ill morals or has no more sense and understanding than a child.—Menander.

I am beholden to calumny, that she hath so endeavored and taken pains to belie me. It shall make me set a surer guard on myself, and keep a better watch upon my actions.—Ben Jonson.

A nickname a man may chance to wear out; but a system of calumny, pursued by a faction, may descend even to posterity. This principle has taken full effect on this state favorite.—Isaac Disraeli.

Calumny is like the wasp which worries you, and which it is not best to try to get rid of unless you are sure of slaying it; for otherwise it returns to the charge more furious than ever.—Chamfort.

The men who convey and those who listen to calumnies should, if I could have my way, all hang, the tale-bearers by their tongues, the listeners by their ears.—Plautus.

Calumny crosses oceans, scales mountains and traverses deserts, with greater ease than the Scythian Abaris, and like him, rides upon a poisoned arrow.—Colton.

No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes: what king so strong
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?
—Shakespeare.

The calumniator is like the dragon that pursued a woman, but, not being able to overtake her, opened his mouth and threw a flood after her to drown her.—Edward Blunt.

I never listen to calumnies, because if they are untrue I run the risk of being deceived, and if they be true, of hating persons not worth thinking about.—Montesquieu.

The pure in heart are slow to credit calumnies, because they hardly comprehend what motives can be inducements to the alleged crimes.—Jane Porter.

Close thine ear against him that shall open his mouth secretly against another; if thou receive not his words, they fly back and wound the reporter; if thou receive them, they flee forward and wound the receiver.—Quarles.

Calumniators are those who have neither good hearts nor good understandings. We ought not to think ill of any one till we have palpable proof; and even then we should not expose them to others.—Colton.

Like the tiger, that seldom desists from pursuing man after having once preyed upon human flesh, the reader who has once gratified his appetite with calumny makes ever after the most agreeable feast upon murdered reputations!—Goldsmith.

The celebrated Boerhaave, who had many enemies, used to say that he never thought it necessary to repeat their calumnies. "They are sparks," said he, "which, if you do not blow them, will go out of themselves."—Disraeli.

It is like the Greek fire used in ancient warfare, which burnt unquenched beneath the water; or like the weeds which, when you have extirpated them in one place, are sprouting forth vigorously in another spot, at the distance of many hundred yards; or, to use the metaphor of St. James, it is like the wheel which catches fire as it goes, and burns with fiercer confagration as its own speed increases.—F. W. Robertson.

Calumny is a monstrous vice: for, where parties indulge in it, there are always two that are actively engaged in doing wrong, and one who is subject to injury. The calumniator inflicts wrong by slandering the absent; he who gives credit to the calumny before he has investigated the truth is equally implicated. The person traduced is doubly injured—first by him who propagates, and secondly by him who credits the calumny.—Herodotus.

Canary

Bird of the amber beak,
Bird of the golden wing!
Thy dower is thy carolling;
Thou hast not far to seek
Thy bread, nor needest wine
To make thy utterance divine;
Thou art canopied and clothed
And unto Song betrothed.
—E. C. Stedman.

Sing away, ay, sing away,
Merry little bird,
Always gayest of the gay,
Though a woodland roundelay
You ne'er sung nor heard;
Though your life from youth to age
Passes in a narrow cage.
—D. M. Mulock.

Thou should'st be carolling thy Maker's praise,
Poor bird! now fetter'd, and here set to draw,
With graceless toil of beak and added claw,
The meager food that scarce thy want allays!
And this—to gratify the gloating gaze
Of fools, who value nature not a straw,
But know to prize the infraction of her law
And hard perversion of her creatures' ways!
Thee the wild woods await, in leaves attired,
Where notes of liquid utterance should engage
Thy bill, that now with pain scant forage earns. —Julian Fane.

Candor

Candor is the brightest gem of criticism.—Disraeli.

Plain dealing is easiest and best.—Jane Porter.

In simple and pure soul I come to you.—Shakespeare.

I can promise to be candid, but I cannot promise to be impartial.—Goethe.

He speaks home; you may relish him more in the soldier than in the scholar. —Shakespeare.

Candor may be considered as a compound of justice and the love of truth. —J. Abercrombie.

Candor is the seal of a noble mind, the ornament and pride of man, the sweetest charm of woman, the scorn of rascals and the rarest virtue of sociability.—Bentzel-Sternau.

'Tis great—'tis manly to disdain disguise,
It shows our spirit, or it proves our strength. —Young.

Make my breast
Transparent as pure crystal, that the world,
Jealous of me, may see the foulest thought
My heart does hold. —Buckingham.

There is but one way I know of conversing safely with all men; that is, not by concealing what we say or do, but by saying or doing nothing that deserves to be concealed.—Pope.

He who, when called upon to speak a disagreeable truth, tells it boldly and has done, is both bolder and milder than he who nibbles in a low voice and never ceases nibbling.—Lavater.

Give me the avowed, the erect, the manly foe;
Bold I can meet—perhaps may turn his blow;
But of all plagues, good heaven, thy wrath can send,
Save, save, oh! save me from the candid friend. —George Canning.

The brave do never shun the light;
Just are their thoughts, and open are their tempers;
Truly without disguise they love and hate;
Still are they found in the fair face of day,
And heav'n and men are judges of their actions. —Rowe.

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.—Pope.

You talk to me in parables.
You may have known that I'm no wordy man,
Fine speeches are the instruments of knaves
Or fools that use them, when they want good sense;
But honesty
Needs no disguise nor ornament: be plain.
—Otway.

Some frauds succeed from the apparent candor, the open confidence, and the full blaze of ingenuousness that is thrown around them. The slightest

mystery would excite suspicion and ruin all. Such stratagems may be compared to the stars; they are discoverable by darkness and hidden only by light.—Colton.

If anything in my conversation has merited your regard, I think it must be the openness and freedom with which I commonly express my sentiments. You are too wise a man not to know that such freedom is not without its use.—Burke.

Cant

Cant is the twin sister of hypocrisy. —Beecher.

Cant is the parrot talk of a profession.—Coleridge.

Cant is not the vehicle, but the substitute of thought.—Robert Hall.

The affectation of some late authors to introduce and multiply cant words is the most ruinous corruption in any language.—Swift.

Cant is the voluntary overcharging or prolongation of a real sentiment; hypocrisy is the setting up a pretension to a feeling you never had and have no wish for.—Hazlitt.

'Tis too much prov'd—that, with devotion's visage
And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself. —Shakespeare.

To wear long faces, just as if our Maker
The God of goodness, was an undertaker,
Well pleas'd to wrap the soul's unlucky mien
In sorrow's dismal crape or bombazine.
—Dr. Wolcot.

Is not cant the materia prima of the devil, from which all falsehoods, imbecilities, abominations, body themselves, from which no true thing can come? For cant is itself properly a double-distilled lie, the second power of a lie.—Carlyle.

Those people are often the least worldly on whom they who make the loudest boast of their unworldliness seek basely to affix that opprobrious epithet. For they walk the world with a heart pure as it is cheerful; they are, by that unpretending purity, saved from infection; as there are as many fair and healthy faces to be seen in the smoke and stir of cities as in the rural wilds, so also are there as many fair and healthy spirits.—Professor Wilson.

There is such a thing as a peculiar word or phrase cleaving as it were to the memory of the writer or speaker, and presenting itself to his utterance at every turn. When we observe this, we call it a cant word or a cant phrase. —Paley.

The superabundance of phrases appropriated by some pious authors to the subject of religion, and never applied to any other purpose, has not only the effect of disgusting persons of taste, but of obscuring religion itself.—Robert Hall.

Caprice

Men are nearly as capricious as women.—Chamfort.

Caprice in woman is the antidote to beauty.—Bruyère.

Woman is a miracle of divine contradictions.—Michelet.

A woman's fitness comes by fits.—Shakespeare.

It is not always like to like in love. Titania loved the weaver Bottom, with the ass's head.—Anthony Trollope.

There is a vein of inconsistency in every woman's heart, within whose portals love hath entered.—Mme. Deluzy.

How wayward is this foolish love, that, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse and presently, all humble, kiss the rod.—Shakespeare.

There is a proverb in the South that a woman laughs when she can, and weeps when she pleases.—J. Petit-Senn.

Love has a way of cheating itself consciously, like a child who plays at solitary hide-and-seek: it is pleased

with assurances that it all the while disbelieves.—George Eliot.

There are women so hard to please that it would seem as if nothing less than an angel would suit them; and hence it comes that they often encounter devils.—Marguerite de Valois.

Sing of the nature of women, and then the song shall be surely full of variety,—old crotchets and most sweet closes. It shall be humorous, grave, fantastical, amorous, melancholy, sprightly,—one in all, all in one.—Marston.

"One might almost fear," writes a thoughtful woman, "seeing how the women of to-day are lightly stirred up to run after some new fashion or faith, that heaven is not so near to them as it was to their mothers and grandmothers."—Samuel Smiles.

Cards

A snug and friendly game at cards.—Cowper.

Patience and shuffle the cards.—Cervantes.

I must complain the cards are ill-shuffled till I have a good hand.—Swift.

Have I not here the best cards for the game,
To win this easy match? —Shakespeare.

Call them again, my lord, and accept their suit.—Shakespeare.

Whist, then, delightful whist, my theme shall be.—A. Thompson.

Care

I am sure care's an enemy to life.—Shakespeare.

As rust eats iron, so care eats the heart.—A. Ricard.

To carry care to bed is to sleep with a pack on your back.—Haliburton.

Care, admitted as guest, quickly turns to be master.—Bovee.

Cast all your care on God; that anchor holds.—Tennyson.

Many of our cares are but a morbid way of looking at our privileges.—Sir Walter Scott.

Second-hand cares, like second-hand clothes, come easily off and on.—Dickens.

Care that is once enter'd into the breast
Will have the whole possession ere it rest
—Johnson.

Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt;
And every grin so merry draws one out.
—Dr. Wolcot.

Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie.
—Shakespeare.

Some must watch while some must sleep, so runs the world away.—Shakespeare.

Providence has given us hope and sleep as a compensation for the many cares of life.—Voltaire.

Care seeks out wrinkled brows and hollow eyes, and builds himself caves to abide in them.—Beaumont and Fletcher.

Care is no cure, but rather corrosive for things that are not to be remedied.—Shakespeare.

Care may acquire wealth, which, when acquired, care must guard and worry about.—Quesnel.

But can the noble mind for ever brood,
The willing victim of a weary mood,
On heartless cares that squander life away,
And cloud young Genius bright'ning into day?
—Campbell.

O, polished perturbation! golden care that keepest the ports of slumber open wide to many a watchful night!—Shakespeare.

Black care sits behind all sorts of horses, and gives a trink-gilt to postilions all over the map.—Thackeray.

All cares appear twice as large as they really are, owing to their empti-

ness and darkness; and so is it with the grave.—Richter.

Cares are often more difficult to thrown off than sorrows; the latter die with time, the former grow upon it.—Richter.

He who climbs above the cares of this world and turns his face to his God, has found the sunny side of life. —Spurgeon.

God gives us power to bear all the sorrows of His making; but He does not give us power to bear the sorrows of our own making, which the anticipation of sorrow most assuredly is.—Alexander Maclaren.

Our cares are the mothers, not only of our charities and virtues, but of our best joys and most cheering and enduring pleasures.—Simms.

Eat not thy heart; which forbids to afflict our souls, and waste them with vexatious cares.—Plutarch.

Why art thou troubled and anxious about many things? One thing is needful—to love Him and to sit attentively at His feet.—Fénelon.

He that taketh his own cares upon himself loads himself in vain with an uneasy burden. I will cast all my cares on God; He hath bidden me; they cannot burden Him.—Bishop Hall.

I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne, and yet must bear.
—Shelley.

Begone, old Care, and I prithee begone from me;
For i' faith, old Care, thee and I shall never agree. —Playford.

Although my cares do hang upon my soul
Like mines of lead, the greatness of my spirit
Shall shake the sullen weight off.
—Clapthorne.

I met a brother who, describing a friend of his, said he was like a man who had dropped a bottle and broken it, and put all the pieces in his bosom. where they were cutting him perpetually.—H. W. Beecher.

But human bodies are sic fools,
For a' their colleges and schools,
That when nae real ills perplex them,
They make enow themselves to vex them.
—Burns.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.
—Longfellow.

All creatures else a time of love possess,
Man only clogs with care his happiness,
And while he should enjoy his part of bliss,
With thoughts of what may be, destroys what is. —Dryden.

Quick is the succession of human events; the cares of to-day are seldom the cares of to-morrow; and when we lie down at night, we may safely say to most of our troubles, "Ye have done your worst, and we shall meet no more."—Cowper.

Still though the headlong cavalier,
O'er rough and smooth, in wild career,
Seems racing with the wind;
His sad companion, ghastly pale,
And darksome as a widow's veil,
Care keeps her seat behind. —Horace.

Men do not avail themselves of the riches of God's grace. They love to nurse their cares, and seem as uneasy without some fret as an old friar would be without his hair girdle. They are commanded to cast their cares upon the Lord, but even when they attempt it, they do not fail to catch them up again, and think it meritorious to walk burdened.—Beecher.

Carelessness

Carelessness does more harm than a want of knowledge.—Franklin.

If you will fling yourself under the wheels, Juggernaut will go over you; depend upon it.—Thackeray.

Childish, imbecile carelessness is enough to render any man poor, without the aid of a single positive vice.—Francis Wayland.

Carelessness is inexcusable, and merits the inevitable sequence.—Froude.

Caricature

Nothing conveys a more inaccurate idea of a whole truth than a part of a truth so prominently brought forth as to throw the other parts into shadow. This is the art of caricature; and by the happy use of that art you might caricature the Apollo Belvidere.—Bulwer-Lytton.

A farce is that in poetry which grotesque (caricature) is in painting. The persons and actions of a farce are all unnatural, and the manners false, that is, inconsistent with the characters of mankind; and grotesque painting is the just resemblance of this.—Dryden.

The great moral satirist, Hogarth, was once drawing in a room where many of his friends were assembled, and among them my mother. She was then a very young woman. As she stood by Hogarth, she expressed a wish to learn to draw caricature. "Alas, young lady," said Hogarth, "it is not a faculty to be envied! Take my advice, and never draw caricature; by the long practice of it, I have lost the enjoyment of beauty. I never see a face but distorted; I never have the satisfaction to behold the human face divine." We may suppose that such language from Hogarth would come with great effect; his manner was very earnest, and the confession is well deserving of remembrance.—Bishop Sandford.

Carpentry

The carpenter dresses his plank—the tongue of his fore-plane whistles its wild ascending lisp.—Walt Whitman.

The house-builder at work in cities or anywhere,
The preparatory jointing, squaring, sawing, mortising,
The hoist-up of beams, the push of them in their places, laying them regular,
Setting the studs by their tenons in the mortises, according as they were prepared,
The blows of the mallets and hammers.
—Walt Whitman.

Are the tools without, which the carpenter puts forth his hands to, or are they and all the carpentry within himself; and would he not smile at the notion that chest or house is more than he?—Cyrus A. Bartol.

Castles in the Air

A sigh can shatter a castle in the air.—W. R. Alger.

No tribute is laid on castles in the air.—Churchill.

Leave glory to great folks. Ah, castles in the air cost a vast deal to keep up!—Bulwer-Lytton.

Leaving the wits the spacious air,
With license to build castles there.
—Swift.

Charming Alnaschar visions! it is the happy privilege of youth to construct you.—Thackeray.

Thus we build on the ice, thus we write on the waves of the sea; the waves roaring pass away, the ice melts, and away goes our palace, like our thoughts.—Herder.

If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be. Now put the foundations under them.—Thoreau.

Ever building, building to the clouds, still building higher, and never reflecting that the poor narrow basis cannot sustain the giddy tottering column.—Schiller.

Happy season of virtuous youth, when shame is still an impassable barrier, and the sacred air-cities of hope have not shrunk into the mean clay hamlets of reality; and man, by his nature, is yet infinite and free.—Carlyle.

In all assemblies, though you wedge them ever so close, we may observe this peculiar property, that over their heads there is room enough; but how to reach it is the difficult point. To this end the philosopher's way in all ages has been by erecting certain edifices in the air.—Swift.

Cat

Mrs. Crupp had indignantly assured him that there wasn't room to swing

a cat there; but as Mr. Dick justly observed to me, sitting down on the foot of the bed, nursing his leg, "You know, Trotwood, I don't want to swing a cat. I never do swing a cat. Therefore what does that signify to me!"—Dickens.

If 'twere not for my cat and dog,
I think I could not live.
—Ebenezer Elliott.

Confound the cats! All cats—alway—
Cats of all colors, black, white, gray;
By night a nuisance and by day—
Confound the cats!
—Dobbin.

It has been the providence of nature to give this creature nine lives instead of one.—Pilpay.

Cause

A rotten cause abides no handling.—Shakespeare.

God hides Himself behind causes.—Charles Rollin.

God befriend us, as our cause is just.—Shakespeare.

A noble cause doth ease much a grievous case.—Sir Philip Sidney.

To all facts there are laws,
The effect has its cause, and I mount to the cause. —Lord Lytton.

I would seek unto God and unto God would I commit my cause.—Bible.

The first springs of great events, like those of great rivers, are often mean and little.—Swift.

In war events of importance are the result of trivial causes.—Cæsar.

The cause is hidden, but the result is known.—Ovid.

Happy the man who has been able to learn the causes of things.—Virgil.

We know the effects of many things, but the cause of few; experience, therefore, is a surer guide than imagination, and inquiry than conjecture.—Colton.

Every effect doth, after a sort, contain, or at least resemble, the cause from which it proceedeth.—Hooker.

Small are the seeds fate does unheeded sow
Of slight beginnings to important ends.
—Davenant.

It becomes extremely hard to disentangle our idea of the cause from the effect by which we know it.—Burke.

The great chain of causes, which, linking one to another, even to the throne of God Himself, can never be unraveled by any industry of ours.—Burke.

Those physical difficulties which you cannot account for, be very slow to arraign; for he that would be wiser than Nature would be wiser than God.—Jeremy Rentham.

The general idea of cause is that without which another thing, called the effect, cannot be. The final cause is that for the sake of which anything is done.—Lord Morpeth.

To legislate each duty, were to count
Drops of a stream that issue from one fount.
God gives, since all effects are in their cause,
For narrow prescripts universal laws.
—Abraham Coles.

Small causes are sufficient to make a man uneasy, when great ones are not in the way; for want of a block, he will stumble at a straw.—Swift.

Caution

Hasten slowly.—Augustus Cæsar.

Pitchers have ears.—Shakespeare.

Little boats should keep near shore.—Franklin.

The cautious seldom err.—Confucius.

Caution is the lower story of prudence.—Carlyle.

All is to be feared where all is to be lost.—Byron.

Caution, though very often wasted is a good risk to take.—H. W. Shaw.

Among mortals second thoughts are wisest.—Euripides.

A hare is not caught with a drum.—La Fontaine.

Be cautious and bold.—Rothschild.

Be slow of tongue and quick of eye.—Cervantes.

Caution is the eldest child of wisdom.—Victor Hugo.

It is a good thing to learn caution by the misfortunes of others.—Publius Syrius.

Man's caution often into danger turns, and his guard falling crushes him to death.—Young.

When clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks.—Shakespeare.

Who 'scapes the snare
Once, has a certain caution to beware.
—Chapman.

Open your mouth and purse cautiously, and your stock of wealth and reputation shall, at least in repute, be great.—Zimmermann.

The way out of our narrowness may not be so easy as the way in. The weasel that creeps into the corn-bin has to starve himself before he can leave by the same passage.—Bartol.

I knew a wise man who had it for a by-word when he saw men hasten to a conclusion: "Stay a little, that we may make an end the sooner."—Bacon.

Trust none,
For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer cakes,
And hold-fast is the only dog.
—Shakespeare.

The wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure; but modest doubt is called
The beacon of the wise, the 'tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst.
—Shakespeare.

When you have need of a needle, you move your fingers delicately, with a wise caution. Use the same precaution with the inevitable dullness of life; give attention; keep yourself from imprudent precipitation; and do not take it by the point.—Rance.

But now so wise and wary was the knight
By trial of his former harms and cares,
That he descry'd and shunned still his slight;
The fish, that once was caught, new bait will hardly bite. —Spenser.

The bird alighteth not on the spread net when it beholds another bird in the snare. Take warning by the misfortunes of others, that others may not take example from you.—Saadi.

Celibacy

No man can either live piously or die righteous without a wife.—Richter.

Marriage has in it less of beauty, but more of safety, than the single life.—Jeremy Taylor.

"As to marriage or celibacy, let a man take which course he will," says Socrates, "he will be sure to repent."—Colton.

God has set the type of marriage through creation. Each creature seeks its perfection in another.—Luther.

Alas! many an enamored pair have courted in poetry, and after marriage lived in prose.—John Foster.

Thales was reputed to be one of the wise men who made answer to the question when a man should marry: "A young man not yet, an old man not at all."—Bacon.

It happens, as with cages: the birds without despair to get in, and those within despair of getting out.—Montaigne.

Even supposing there were some spiritual advantage in celibacy, it ought to be completely voluntary.—Whately.

Might I have had my own will, I would not have married Wisdom herself, if she would have had me.—Montaigne.

Though bachelors be the strongest stakes, married men are the best binders in the hedge of the commonwealth. —Thomas Fuller.

They that have grown old in a single state are generally found to be morose, fretful, and captious,—tenacious of their own practices and maxims.—Dr. Johnson.

Unmarried men are best friends, best masters, best servants, but not always best subjects; for they are light to run away, and almost all fugitives are of that condition.—Bacon.

Celerity

Celerity is the lazy man's enemy.—R. Lowe.

Celerity wins the race.—Sir John Astley.

> Celerity is never more admired
> Than by the negligent.
> —Shakespeare.

There is no secrecy comparable to celerity; like the motion of a bullet in the air, it flies so swift that it outruns the eye.—Bacon.

The Italians say it is not necessary to be a stag; but we ought not to be a tortoise.—Beaconsfield.

Cemeteries

The Christian cemetery is a memorial and a record. It is not a mere field in which the dead are stowed away unknown; it is a touching and beautiful history, written in family burial plots, in mounded graves, in sculptured and inscribed monuments. It tells the story of the past,—not of its institutions, or its wars, or its ideas, but of its individual lives,—of its men and women and children, and of its household. It is silent, but eloquent; it is common, but it is unique. We find no such history elsewhere; there are no records in all the wide world in which we can discover so much that is suggestive, so much that is pathetic and impressive.—Joseph Anderson.

Censure

Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.—Swift.

The villain's censure is extorted praise.—Pope.

The death of censure is the death of genius.—Simms.

There is no defense against reproach except obscurity.—Addison.

Censure pardons the ravens, but rebukes the doves.—Juvenal.

The censure of those that are opposed to us is the nicest commendation that can be given us.—St. Evremond.

Censure is often useful, praise often deceitful.—Churchill.

We must not stint our necessary actions in the fear to cope malicious censurers.—Shakespeare.

Censure is like the lightning which strikes the highest mountains.—Balthasar Gracian.

The readiest and surest way to get rid of censure is to correct ourselves.—Demosthenes.

He that accuses all mankind of corruption ought to remember that he is sure to convict only one.—Burke.

We do not like our friends the worse because they sometimes give us an opportunity to rail at them heartily. Their faults reconcile us to their virtues.—Hazlitt.

Few persons have sufficient wisdom to prefer censure which is useful to them to praise which deceives them.—La Rochefoucauld.

Others proclaim the infirmities of a great man with satisfaction and complacence, if they discover none of the like in themselves.—Addison.

These men (chronic fault-finders) should consider that it is their envy which deforms everything, and that the ugliness is not in the object, but in the eye.—Steele.

Invective may be a sharp weapon, but overuse blunts its edge. Even

when the denunciation is just and true it is an error of art to indulge it too long.—Tyndall.

When the tongue is the weapon, a man may strike where he cannot reach; and a word shall do execution both further and deeper than the mightiest blow.—South.

To arrive at perfection, a man should have very sincere friends, or inveterate enemies; because he would be made sensible of his good or ill conduct either by the censures of the one or the admonitions of the others.—Diogenes.

Some men's censures are like the blasts of rams' horns before the walls of Jericho; all a man's fame they lay level at one stroke, when all they go upon is only conceit, without any certain basis.—J. Beaumont.

Horace appears in good humor while he censures, and therefore his censure has the more weight as supposed to proceed from judgment, not from passion.—Young.

It is undoubtedly true, though it may seem paradoxical,—but, in general, those who are habitually employed in finding and displaying faults are unqualified for the work of reformation. —Burke.

O that the too censorious world would learn
This wholesome rule, and with each other bear;
But man, as if a foe to his own species,
Takes pleasure to report his neighbors' faults.
Judging with rigor every small offense,
And prides himself in scandal. Few there are
Who injured take the part of the transgressor
And plead his pardon ere he deigns to ask it. —Haywood.

It is harder to avoid censure than to gain applause; for this may be done by one great or wise action in an age. But to escape censure a man must pass his whole life without saying or doing one ill or foolish thing.—Hume.

There are but three ways for a man to revenge himself of the censure of the world,—to despise it, to return the like, or to endeavor to live so as to avoid it; the first of these is usually pretended, the last is almost impossible, the universal practice is for the second.—Swift.

Plutarch tells us of an idle and effeminate Etrurian who found fault with the manner in which Themistocles had conducted a recent campaign. "What," said the hero in reply, "have you, too, something to say about war, who are like the fish that has a sword, but no heart?" He is always the severest censor on the merits of others who has the least worth of his own.—E. L. Magoon.

He that abuses his own profession will not patiently bear with any one else who does so. And this is one of our most subtle operations of self-love. For when we abuse our own profession, we tacitly except ourselves; but when another abuses it, we are far from being certain that this is the case.—Colton.

It is a folly for an eminent man to think of escaping censure, and a weakness to be affected with it. All the illustrious persons of antiquity, and indeed of every age in the world, have passed through this fiery persecution. There is no defense against reproach but obscurity; it is a kind of concomitant to greatness, as satires and invectives were an essential part of a Roman triumph.—Addison.

Ceremony

Ceremonies are the outworks of manners.—Chesterfield.

Truth and ceremony are two things. —Marcus Antoninus.

What art thou, thou idol ceremony?
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?
—Shakespeare.

There are ceremonious bows that repel one like a cudgel.—Bovee.

When love begins to sicken and decay it useth an enforced ceremony.—Shakespeare.

Ceremony is all backbone.—Haliburton.

To feed were best at home;
From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.
—Shakespeare.

Candlesticks and incense not being portable into the maintop, the sailor perceives these decorations to be, on the whole, inessential to a maintop mass. Sails must be set and cables bent, be it never so strict a saint's day; and it is found that no harm comes of it. Absolution on a lee-shore must be had of the breakers, it appears, if at all; and they give plenary and brief without listening to confession.—Ruskin.

Ceremony was but devis'd at first
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown.
—Shakespeare.

Forms and regularity of proceeding, if they are not justice, partake much of the nature of justice, which, in its highest sense, is the spirit of distributive order.—Hare.

If we use no ceremony towards others, we shall be treated without any. People are soon tired of paying trifling attentions to those who receive them with coldness, and return them with neglect.—Hazlitt.

As ceremony is the invention of wise men to keep fools at a distance, so good breeding is an expedient to make fools and wise men equal.—Steele.

What infinite heart's ease
Must kings neglect, that private men enjoy?
And what have kings that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?
—Shakespeare.

O ceremony, show me but thy worth!
What is thy soul of adoration?
Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
—Shakespeare.

Ceremony keeps up things; 'tis like a penny glass to a rich spirit, or some excellent water; without it the water were spilt, and the spirit lost.—Selden.

Chance

Chance governs all.—Milton.

Chance is a nickname for Providence.—Chamfort.

Time and chance happeneth to them all.—Bible.

The generality of men have, like plants, latent properties, which chance brings to light.—Rochefoucauld.

Chance generally favors the prudent.—Joubert.

Chance is a second master.—Pliny the Elder.

Such is the chance of war.—Homer.

How slight a chance may raise or sink a soul!—Bailey.

Chance is a word void of sense; nothing can exist without a cause.—Voltaire.

Chance is blind and is the sole author of creation.—Saintine.

Chance corrects us of many faults that reason would not know how to correct.—Rochefoucauld.

Discouragement seizes us only when we can no longer count on chance.—George Sand.

The opposites of apparent chance are constancy and sensible interposition.—Paley.

Chance often gives us that which we should not have presumed to ask.—Lamartine.

Chance never helps those who do not help themselves.—Sophocles.

I have set my life upon a cast, and I will stand the hazard of the die.—Shakespeare.

Chance is a kind of god, for it preserves many things which we do not observe.—Menander.

Chance happens to all, but to turn chance to account is the gift of few.—Bulwer-Lytton.

The mines of knowledge are oft laid bare through the forked hazel wand of chance.—Tupper.

Chance is but the pseudonyme of God for those particular cases which He does not choose to subscribe openly with His own sign-manual.—Coleridge.

Nature goes on her way, and all that to us seems an exception is really according to order.—Goethe.

To talk of luck and chance only shows how little we really know of the laws which govern cause and effect.—Hosea Ballou.

Many shining actions owe their success to chance, though the general or statesman runs away with the applause.—Lord Kames.

Chance is but a mere name, and really nothing in itself; a conception of our minds, and only a compendious way of speaking.—Bentley.

I do not believe such a quality as chance exists. Every incident that happens must be a link in a chain.—Beaconsfield.

How often events, by chance and unexpectedly, come to pass, which you had not dared even to hope for!—Terence.

Chance is always powerful; let your hook always be cast. In a pool where you least expect it there will be a fish.—Ovid.

There is no such thing as chance; and what seems to us merest accident springs from the deepest source of destiny.—Schiller.

Although men flatter themselves with their great actions, they are not so often the result of a great design as of chance.—La Rochefoucauld.

There is no doubt such a thing as chance, but I see no reason why Providence should not make use of it.—Simms.

But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do, so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.
—Shakespeare.

All nature is but art unknown to thee,
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see. —Pope.

There must be chance in the midst of design; by which we mean that events which are not designed necessarily arise from the pursuit of events which are designed.—Paley.

As the ancients wisely say
Have a care o' th' main chance,
And look before you ere you leap;
For as you sow y'are like to reap.
—Butler.

To admit that there is any such thing as chance, in the common acceptation of the term, would be to attempt to establish a power independent of God.—Colton.

What can be more foolish than to think that all this rare fabric of heaven and earth could come by chance, when all the skill of art is not able to make an oyster!—Jeremy Taylor.

Be not too presumptuously sure in any business; for things of this world depend upon such a train of unseen chances that if it were in man's hands to set the tables, yet is he not certain to win the game.—George Herbert.

Chance never writ a legible book; chance never built a fair house; chance never drew a neat picture; it never did any of these things, nor ever will; nor can it be without absurdity supposed able to do them; which yet are works very gross and rude, very easy and feasible, as it were, in comparison to the production of a flower or a tree.—Barrow.

It is strictly and philosophically true in Nature and reason that there is no such thing as chance or accident; it being evident that these words do not

signify anything really existing, anything that is truly an agent or the cause of any event; but they signify merely men's ignorance of the real and immediate cause.—Adam Clarke.

Can that which is not shape, shape the things that are?
Is chance omnipotent—resolve me why
The meanest shellfish, and the noblest brute,
Transmit their likeness to the years that come? —Dilnot Sladden.

Chance is a term we apply to events to denote that they happen without any necessary or foreknown cause. When we say a thing happens by chance, we mean no more than that its cause is unknown to us, and not, as some vainly imagine, that chance itself can be the cause of anything.—C. Buck.

Chance will not do the work—Chance sends the breeze;
But if the pilot slumber at the helm,
The very wind that wafts us towards the port
May dash us on the shelves.—The steersman's part is vigilance,
Blow it or rough or smooth. —Scott.

There are chords in the human heart—strange varying strings—which are only struck by accident; which will remain mute and senseless to appeals the most passionate and earnest, and respond at last to the slightest casual touch. In the most insensible or childish minds there is some train of reflection which art can seldom lead or skill assist, but which will reveal itself, as great truths have done, by chance, and when the discoverer has the plainest and simplest end in view. —Dickens.

Surely no man can reflect, without wonder, upon the vicissitudes of human life arising from causes in the highest degree accidental and trifling. If you trace the necessary concatenation of human events a very little way back, you may perhaps discover that a person's very going in or out of a door has been the means of coloring with misery or happiness the remaining current of his life.—Lord Greville.

Change

I am not what I once was.—Horace.

All things human change.—Tennyson.

Nought may endure but mutability. —Shelley.

Revolutions are not made; they come.—Wendell Phillips.

Do not think that years leave us and find us the same!—Lord Lytton.

Change still doth reign, and keep the greater sway.—Spenser.

Change generally pleases the rich.—Horace.

And one by one in turn, some grand mistake
Casts off its bright skin yearly like the snake. —Byron.

What I possess I would gladly retain; change amuses the mind, yet scarcely profits.—Goethe.

In this world of change, nought which comes stays, and nought which goes is lost.—Mme. Swetchine.

All things must change
To something new, to something strange.
—Longfellow.

"Passing away" is written on the world, and all the world contains.—Mrs. Hemans.

As hope and fear alternate chase
Our course through life's uncertain race.
—Scott.

Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure.—Robert Browning.

To the mind,
Which is itself, no changes bring surprise.
—Byron.

Nothing maintains its bloom forever; age succeeds age.—Cicero.

Bodies are slow of growth, but are rapid in their dissolution.—Tacitus.

As the rolling stone gathers no moss, so the roving heart gathers no affections.—Mrs. Jameson.

The lazy ox wishes for horse-trappings, and the steed wishes to plough. —Horace.

The stone that is rolling can gather no moss.
Who often removeth is suer of loss.
—Tusser.

He pulls down, he builds up, he changes squares into circles.—Horace.

The world is a scene of changes, and to be constant in nature were inconstancy.—Cowley.

I am not now
That which I have been. —Byron.

The great world spins forever down the ringing grooves of change.—Tennyson.

Manners with fortunes, humors turn with climes,
Tenets with books and principles with times. —Pope.

Changing hands without changing measures is as if a drunkard in a dropsy should change his doctors, and not his diet.—Saville.

There is nothing in the world that remains unchanged. All things are in perpetual flux, and every shadow is seen to move.—Ovid.

Weep not that the world changes—did it keep
A stable, changeless state, it were cause indeed to weep. —Bryant.

Believe, if thou wilt, that mountains change their places, but believe not that man changes his nature.—Mohammed.

Alack, this world
Is full of change, change, change—nothing but change! —D. M. Mulock.

This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange
That even our loves should with our fortunes change. —Shakespeare.

Can any one find out in what condition his body will be, I do not say a year hence, but this evening?—Cicero.

There is nothing better fitted to delight the reader than change of circumstances and varieties of fortune.—Cicero.

The world goes up and the world goes down,
And the sunshine follows the rain;
And yesterday's sneer and yesterday's frown
Can never come over again.
—Charles Kingsley.

He is less likely to be mistaken who looks forward to a change in the affairs of the world than he who regards them as firm and stable.—Guicciardini.

All that's bright must fade—
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest.
—Moore.

'Tis well to be merry and wise,
'Tis well to be honest and true;
'Tis well to be off with the old love
Before you are on with the new.
—Maturin.

Weary the cloud falleth out of the sky,
Dreary the leaf lieth low.
All things must come to the earth by and by,
Out of which all things grow.
—Lord Lytton.

Thus times do shift; each thing his turne does hold;
New things succeed, as former things grow old. —Herrick.

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a flying;
And that same flower that blooms to-day,
To-morrow shall be dying. —Herrick.

As the blessings of health and fortune have a beginning, so they must also find an end. Everything rises but to fall, and increases but to decay.—Sallust.

Ships, wealth, general confidence—
All were his;
He counted them at break of day,
And when the sun set! where were they?
—Byron.

Everything that is created is changed by the laws of man; the earth does not know itself in the revolution of years; even the races of man assume various

forms in the course of ages.—Manilius.

So many great nobles, things, administrations,
So many high chieftains, so many brave nations,
So many proud princes, and powers so splendid,
In a moment, a twinkling, all utterly ended.
—Abraham Coles.

We do not know either unalloyed happiness or unmitigated misfortune. Everything in this world is a tangled yarn; we taste nothing in its purity; we do not remain two moments in the same state. Our affections as well as bodies, are in a perpetual flux.—Rousseau.

Time fleeth on,
Youth soon is gone,
Naught earthly may abide;
Life seemeth fast,
But may not last—
It runs as runs the tide.—Leland.

To-day is not yesterday; we ourselves change; how can our works and thoughts if they are always to be the fittest, continue always the same? Change, indeed, is painful; yet ever needful; and if memory have its force and worth, so also has hope.—Carlyle.

Joy comes and goes, hope ebbs and flows
Like the wave;
Change doth unknit the tranquil strength of men.
Love lends life a little grace,
A few sad smiles; and then,
Both are laid in one cold place,
In the grave.
—Matthew Arnold.

This is the state of man: To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root
And then he falls, as I do.—Shakespeare.

The life of any one can by no means be changed after death; an evil life can in no wise be converted into a good life, or an infernal into an angelic life; because every spirit, from head to foot, is of the character of his love, and, therefore, of his life; and to convert this life into its opposite would be to destroy the spirit utterly.—Swedenborg.

Such are the vicissitudes of the world, through all its parts, that day and night, labor and rest, hurry and retirement, endear each other; such are the changes that keep the mind in action: we desire, we pursue, we obtain, we are satiated; we desire something else and begin a new pursuit.—Johnson.

All things that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral;
Our instruments to melancholy bells,
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast,
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change,
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary.
—Shakespeare.

Perfection is immutable. But for things imperfect, change is the way to perfect them. It gets the name of wilfulness when it will not admit of a lawful change to the better. Therefore constancy without knowledge cannot be always good. In things ill it is not virtue, but an absolute vice.—Feltham.

Character

Nothing endures but personal qualities.—Walt Whitman.

Character is a perfectly educated will.—Novalis.

The man that makes a character makes foes.—Young.

No talent, but yet a character.—Heine.

Character makes its own destiny.—Mrs. Campbell Praed.

The great hope of society is individual character.—Channing.

Character must be kept bright as well as clean.—Chesterfield.

Character is very much a matter of health.—Bovee.

Human improvement is from within outward.—Froude.

Our character is our will; for what we will we are.—Archbishop Manning.

Weakness of character is the only defect which cannot be amended.—Rochefoucauld.

No change of circumstances can repair a defect of character.—Emerson.

Happiness is not the end of life; character is.—Beecher.

You must look into people as well as at them.—Chesterfield.

We are sometimes as different from ourselves as we are from others.—Rochefoucauld.

As your enemies and your friends, so are you.—Lavater.

In this world a man must either be anvil or hammer.—Longfellow.

Character lives in a man, reputation outside of him.—J. G. Holland.

Character is what nature has engraven in us; can we then efface it?—Voltaire.

Character is the diamond that scratches every other stone.—Bartol.

Character is centrality, the impossibility of being overthrown.—Emerson.

A good name is better than precious ointment.—Eccles. vii. 1.

The most striking characters are sometimes the product of an infinity of little accidents.—Danton.

The fine tints and fluent curves which constitute beauty of character.—Bulwer-Lytton.

The most careful reasoning characters are very often the most easily abashed.—Mme. de Staël.

Every one is as God made him, and often a great deal worse.—Cervantes.

Talent is nurtured in solitude; character is formed in the stormy billows of the world.—Goethe.

Men and brethren, a simple trust in God is the most essential ingredient in moral sublimity of character.—Richard Fuller.

Individuality is everywhere to be guarded and honored as the root of all good.—Jean Paul Richter.

Actions, looks, words, steps from the alphabet by which you may spell characters.—Lavater.

Our character is but the stamp on our souls of the free choice of good or evil we have made through life.—J. C. Geikie.

Character is moral order seen through the medium of an individual nature.—Emerson.

Characters never change. Opinions alter,—characters are only developed.—Disraeli.

Strong characters are brought out by change of situation, and gentle ones by permanence.—Richter.

All men are like in their lower natures; it is in their higher characters that they differ.—Bovee.

I'm called away by particular business. But I leave my character behind me.—Sheridan.

Every one is least known to himself, and it is very difficult for a man to know himself.—Cicero.

Many persons carry about their character in their hands, not a few under their feet.—Murillo.

You may depend upon it that he is a good man whose intimate friends are all good.—Lavater.

Only what we have wrought into our character during life can we take away with us.—Humboldt.

I have learned by experience that no man's character can be eventually in-

jured but by his own acts.—Rowland Hill.

Character gives splendor to youth, and awe to wrinkled skin and grey hairs.—Emerson.

Fine natures are like fine poems; a glance at the first two lines suffices for a guess into the beauty that waits you if you read on.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Learn now of the treachery of the Greeks, and from one example the character of the nation may be known. —Virgil.

The true greatness of nations is in those qualities which constitute the greatness of the individual.—Charles Sumner.

Give me the character and I will forecast the event. Character, it has in substance been said, is "victory organized."—Bovee.

Love, hope, fear, faith,—these make humanity;
These are its sign, and note, and character.
—Robert Browning.

Every man has in himself a continent of undiscovered character. Happy is he who acts the Columbus to his own soul.—Sir J. Stevens.

Not in the clamor of the crowded street,
Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng,
But in ourselves, are triumph and defeat.
—Longfellow.

Character is higher than intellect. * * * A great soul will be strong to live, as well as to think.—Emerson.

Every man has three characters—that which he exhibits, that which he has, and that which he thinks he has. —Alphonse Karr.

There is a kind of character in thy life,
That to the observer doth thy history
Fully unfold. —Shakespeare.

There are peculiar ways in men, which discover what they are, through the most subtle feints and closest disguises.—La Bruyère.

In all our reasonings concerning men we must lay it down as a maxim that the greater part are moulded by circumstances.—Robert Hall.

We do not judge men by what they are in themselves, but by what they are relatively to us.—Mme. Swetchine.

As the present character of a man, so his past, so his future. Who recollects distinctly his past adventures knows his destiny to come.—Lavater.

To judge human character rightly, a man may sometimes have very small experience, provided he has a very large heart.—Bulwer-Lytton.

It is by presence of mind in untried emergencies that the native metal of a man is tested.—Lowell.

The most brilliant qualities become useless when they are not sustained by force of character.—Ségur.

Circumstances form the character; but, like petrifying matters, they harden while they form.—Landor.

He is truly great that is little in himself, and that maketh no account of any height of honors.—Thomas à Kempis.

He whose life seems fair, if all his errors and follies were articled against him, would seem vicious and miserable. —Jeremy Taylor.

A good character when established should not be rested in as an end, but only employed as a means of doing still further good.—Atterbury.

There never has been a great and beautiful character, which has not become so by filling well the ordinary and smaller offices appointed of God.—Horace Bushnell.

It is in men as in soils where sometimes there is a vein of gold which the owner knows not of.—Swift.

Character, like porcelain ware, must be printed before it is glazed. There can be no change after it is burned in. —Beecher.

Character is made up of small duties faithfully performed—of self-denials, of self-sacrifices, of kindly acts of love and duty.—Anon.

Character shows itself apart from genius as a special thing. The first point of measurement of any man is that of quality.—T. W. Higginson.

Let the character as it began be preserved to the last; and let it be consistent with itself.—Horace.

Everything that happens to us leaves some trace behind; everything contributes imperceptibly to make us what we are.—Goethe.

Certain trifling flaws sit as disgracefully on a character of elegance as a ragged button on a court dress.—Lavater.

This is that which we call character,—a reserved force which acts directly by presence, and without means.—Emerson.

Never does a man portray his own character more vividly than in his manner of portraying another.—Richter.

Individual character is in the right that is in strict consistence with itself. Self-contradiction is the only wrong.—Schiller.

We are not that we are, nor do we treat or esteem each other for such, but for that we are capable of being.—Thoreau.

When you have discovered a stain in yourself, you eagerly seek for and gladly find stains in others.—Auerbach.

The man who consecrates his hours
By vig'rous effort and an honest aim,
At once he draws the sting of life and death;
He walks with nature, and her paths are peace. —Young.

There is in every man a certain feeling that he has been what he is from all eternity, and by no means become such in time.—Schelling.

Those with whom we can apparently become well acquainted in a few moments are generally the most difficult to rightly know and to understand.—Hawthorne.

He that is good will infallibly become better, and he that is bad will as certainly become worse; for vice, virtue, and time are three things that never stand still.—Colton.

Conflict, which rouses up the best and highest powers in some characters, in others not only jars the whole being, but paralyzes the faculties.—Mrs. Jameson.

Many men build as cathedrals were built,—the part nearest the ground finished, but that part which soars toward heaven, the turrets and the spires, forever incomplete.—Beecher.

In common discourse we denominate persons and things according to the major part of their character; he is to be called a wise man who has but few follies.—Watts.

Character is not cut in marble; it is not something solid and unalterable. It is something living and changing, and may become diseased as our bodies do.—George Eliot.

Whatever capacities there may be for enjoyment or for suffering in this strange being of ours, and God only knows what they are, they will be drawn out wholly in accordance with character.—Mark Hopkins.

Some characters are like some bodies in chemistry; very good, perhaps, in themselves, yet fly off and refuse the least conjunction with each other.—Lord Greville.

Fame is what you have taken,
Character's what you give;
When to this truth you waken,
Then you begin to live.
—Bayard Taylor.

It was observed of Elizabeth that she was weak herself, but chose wise counsellors; to which it was replied, that to choose wise counsellors was, in a prince, the highest wisdom.—Colton.

Character is the spiritual body of the person, and represents the individualization of vital experience, the conversion of unconscious things into self-conscious men.—Whipple.

Whoe'er amidst the sons
Of reason, valor, liberty and virtue,
Displays distinguished merit, is a noble
Of Nature's own creating. —Thomson.

A man's character is like his shadow which sometimes follows, and sometimes precedes him, and which is occasionally longer, occasionally shorter than he is.—From the French.

The best rules to form a young man are to talk little, to hear much, to reflect alone upon what has passed in company, to distrust one's own opinions, and value others that deserve it. —Sir William Temple.

Those who quit their proper character to assume what does not belong to them are, for the greater part, ignorant both of the character they leave and of the character they assume.—Burke.

Man can have strength of character only as he is capable of controlling his faculties; of choosing a rational end; and, in its pursuit, of holding fast to his integrity against all the might of external nature.—Mark Hopkins.

In society every man is taken for what he gives himself out to be; but he must give himself out to be something. Better to be slightly disagreeable than altogether insignificant.—Goethe.

There are many persons of whom it may be said that they have no other possession in the world but their character, and yet they stand as firmly upon it as any crowned king.—Samuel Smiles.

Rugged strength and radiant beauty—
These were one in Nature's plan;
Humble toil and heavenward duty—
These will form the perfect man.
—Sarah J. Hale.

The effect of character is always to command consideration. We sport and toy and laugh with men or women who have none, but we never confide in them.—Simms.

A German writer observes: "The noblest characters only show themselves in their real light. All others act comedy with their fellow-men even unto the grave."—Lady Blessington.

I hope I shall always possess firmness and virtue enough to maintain what I consider the most enviable of all titles, the character of an "honest man."—George Washington.

In our relations with the people around us, we forgive them more readily for what they do, which they can help, than for what they are, which they cannot help.—Mrs. Jameson.

What is the true test of character, unless it be its progressive development in the bustle and turmoil, in the action and reaction of daily life?—Goethe.

These two things, contradictory as they may seem, must go together,—manly dependence and manly independence, manly reliance and manly self-reliance.—Wordsworth.

The most accomplished persons have usually some defect, some weakness in their characters, which diminishes the lustre of their brighter qualifications.—Junius.

It is amusing to detect character in the vocabulary of each person. The adjectives habitually used, like the inscriptions on a thermometer, indicate the temperament.—Tuckerman.

The keen spirit
Seizes the prompt occasion—makes the thought
Start into instant action, and at once
Plans and performs, resolves and executes.
—Hannah More.

It is in the relaxation of security; it is in the expansion of prosperity: it is in the hour of dilatation of the heart, and of its softening into festivity and pleasure, that the real character of men is discerned.—Burke.

As there is much beast and some devil in man, so is there some angel and some God in him. The beast and the

devil may be conquered, but in this life never destroyed.—Coleridge.

Your disposition will be suitable to that which you most frequently think on; for the soul is, as it were, tinged with the color and complexion of its own thoughts.—Marcus Antoninus.

A man who shows no defect is a fool or a hypocrite, whom we should mistrust. There are defects so bound to fine qualities that they announce them,—defects which it is well not to correct.—Joubert.

Duke Chartres used to boast that no man could have less real value for character than himself, yet he would gladly give twenty thousand pounds for a good one, because he could immediately make double that sum by means of it.—Colton.

Where the vivacity of the intellect and the strength of the passions exceed the development of the moral faculties the character is likely to be embittered or corrupted by extremes, either of adversity or prosperity.—Mrs. Jameson.

A man is what he is, not what men say he is. His character no man can touch. His character is what he is before his God and his Judge; and only himself can damage that. His reputation is what men say he is. That can be damaged; but reputation is for time, character is for eternity.—John B. Gough.

The two most precious things this side the grave are our reputation and our life. But it is to be lamented that the most contemptible whisper may deprive us of the one, and the weakest weapon of the other.—Colton.

Should any man tell you that a mountain had changed its place, you are at liberty to doubt it if you think fit; but if any one tells you that a man has changed his character, do not believe it.—Mahomet.

Each man forms his duty according to his predominant characteristic; the stern require an avenging judge; the gentle, a forgiving father. Just so the pygmies declared that Jove himself was a pygmy.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Joy and grief decide character. What exalts prosperity? what imbitters grief? what leaves us indifferent? what interests us? As the interest of man, so his God,—as his God, so he.—Lavater.

As fire when thrown into water is cooled down and put out, so also a false accusation when brought against a man of the purest and holiest character boils over and is at once dissipated and vanishes.—Cicero.

A man's character is the reality of himself: his reputation, the opinion others have formed about him; character resides in him, reputation in other people; that is the substance, this is the shadow.—Beecher.

The noblest contribution which any man can make for the benefit of posterity is that of a good character. The richest bequest which any man can leave to the youth of his native land is that of a shining, spotless example.—Winthrop.

It is a common error, of which a wise man will beware, to measure the worth of our neighbor by his conduct towards ourselves. How many rich souls might we not rejoice in the knowledge of, were it not for our pride!—Richter.

To know a people's character, we must see it at its homes, and look chiefly to the humbler abodes where that portion of the people dwells which makes the broad basis of the national prosperity.—Kossuth.

There are beauties of character which, like the night-blooming cereus, are closed against the glare and turbulence of every-day life, and bloom only in shade and solitude, and beneath the quiet stars.—Tuckerman.

A man is known to his dog by the smell, to his tailor by the coat, to his friend by the smile; each of these know him, but how little or how much depends on the dignity of the intelligence. That which is truly and indeed characteristic of the man is known only to God.—Ruskin.

Although genius always commands

admiration, character most secures respect. The former is more the product of the brain, the latter of heart-power; and in the long run it is the heart that rules in life.—Samuel Smiles.

Grit is the grain of character. It may generally be described as heroism materialized,—spirit and will thrust into heart, brain, and backbone, so as to form part of the physical substance of the man.—Whipple.

He that has light within his own clear
breast,
May sit i' th' centre, and enjoy bright day:
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul
thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;
Himself is his own dungeon. —Milton.

Character halts without aid of the imagination, which our classes in Shakespeare and Browning, music and drawing, recognize not only as amusement and by-play of the mind, but a co-ordinate power. Its work is unhappily styled fiction; for to idealize is to realize.—Bartol.

The highest of characters, in my estimation, is his who is as ready to pardon the moral errors of mankind as if he were every day guilty of some himself; and at the same time as cautious of committing a fault as if he never forgave one.—Pliny the Younger.

The only equitable manner in my opinion, of judging the character of a man is to examine if there are personal calculations in his conduct; if there are not, we may blame his manner of judging, but we are not the less bound to esteem him.—Madame de Staël.

He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe;
And make his wrongs his outsides,
To wear them like his raiment, carelessly;
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger. —Shakespeare.

Never get a reputation for a small perfection if you are trying for fame in a loftier area. The world can only judge by generals, and it sees that those who pay considerable attention to minutiæ seldom have their minds occupied with great things.—Bulwer-Lytton.

A good character is, in all cases, the fruit of personal exertion. It is not inherited from parents, it is not created by external advantages, it is no necessary appendage of birth, wealth, talents or station; but it is the result of one's own endeavors.—Hawes.

As nature made every man with a nose and eyes of his own, she gave him a character of his own, too; and yet we, O foolish race! must try our very best to ape some one or two of our neighbors, whose ideas fit us no more than their breeches!—Thackeray.

Remedy your deficiencies, and your merits will take care of themselves. Every man has in him good and evil. His good is his valiant army, his evil is his corrupt commissariat; reform the commissariat and the army will do its duty.—Bulwer-Lytton.

The amiable and the severe, Mr. Burke's sublime and beautiful, by different proportions, are mixed in every character. Accordingly, as either is predominant, men imprint the passions of love or fear. The best punch depends on a proper mixture of sugar and lemons.—Shenstone.

It is not what a man gets, but what a man is that he should think of. He should first think of his character and then of his condition. He that has character need have no fears about his condition. Character will draw after it condition. Circumstances obey principles.—Beecher.

Many men are mere warehouses full of merchandise—the head, the heart, are stuffed with goods. * * * There are apartments in their souls which were once tenanted by taste, and love, and joy, and worship, but they are all deserted now, and the rooms are filled with earthy and material things.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Character is the product of daily, hourly actions, and words and thoughts; daily forgivenesses, unselfishness, kindnesses, sympathies, charities,

sacrifices for the good of others, struggles against temptation, submissiveness under trial. Oh, it is these, like the blending colors in a picture or the blending notes of music which constitute the man.—J. R. Macduff.

Brains and character rule the world. The most distinguished Frenchman of the last century said: "Men succeed less by their talents than their character." There were scores of men a hundred years ago who had more intellect than Washington. He outlives and overrides them all by the influence of his character.—Wendell Phillips.

The craft with which the world is made runs also into the mind and character of men. No man is quite sane; each has a vein of folly in his composition, a slight determination of blood to the head, to make sure of holding him hard to some one point which Nature has taken to heart.—Emerson.

It is an error common to many to take the character of mankind from the worst and basest amongst them; whereas, as an excellent writer has observed, nothing should be esteemed as characteristical of a species but what is to be found amongst the best and the most perfect individuals of that species.—Fielding.

We should not be too hasty in bestowing either our praise or censure on mankind, since we shall often find such a mixture of good and evil in the same character, that it may require a very accurate judgment and a very elaborate inquiry to determine on which side the balance turns.—Fielding.

We must have a weak spot or two in a character before we can love it much. People that do not laugh or cry, or take more of anything than is good for them, or use anything but dictionary words, are admirable subjects for biographies. But we don't always care most for those flat-pattern flowers that press best in the herbarium.—Holmes.

Modern engineers, after having erected a viaduct, insist upon subjecting it to a severe strain by a formal trial trip before allowing it to be opened for public traffic, and it would almost seem that God, in employing moral agents for the carrying out of His purposes, secures that they shall be tested by some dreadful ordeal before He fully commits to them the work which He wishes them to perform.—Wm. M. Taylor.

Ordinary people regard a man of a certain force and inflexibility of character as they do a lion. They look at him with a sort of wonder—perhaps they admire; but they will, on no account, house with him. The lap dog, who wags his tail and licks the hand and cringes at the nod of every stranger, is a much more acceptable companion to them.—Merkel.

Avoid connecting yourself with characters whose good and bad sides are unmixed and have not fermented together; they resemble vials of vinegar and oil; or palletts set with colors; they are either excellent at home and insufferable abroad, or intolerable within doors and excellent in public; they are unfit for friendship, merely because their stamina, their ingredients of character are too single, too much apart; let them be finely ground up with each other, and they are incomparable.—Lavater.

Every man has at times in his mind the ideal of what he should be, but is not. This ideal may be high and complete, or it may be quite low and insufficient; yet in all men that really seek to improve, it is better than the actual character. * * * Man never falls so low that he can see nothing higher than himself.—Theodore Parker.

Formed on the good old plan,
A true and brave and downright honest man!
He blew no trumpet in the market-place,
Nor in the church with hypocritic face
Supplied with cant the lack of Christian grace;
Loathing pretense, he did with cheerful will
What others talked of while their hands were still.
—Whittier.

Very great personages are not likely to form very just estimates either of others or of themselves; their knowledge of themselves is obscured by the

flattery of others; their knowledge of others is equally clouded by circumstances peculiar to themselves. For in the presence of the great, the modest are sure to suffer from too much diffidence, and the confident from too much display.—Colton.

A great character, founded on the living rock of principle, is, in fact, not a solitary phenomenon, to be at once perceived, limited and described. It is a dispensation of Providence, designed to have not merely an immediate but a continuous, progressive and never-ending agency. It survives the man who possessed it; survives his age —perhaps his country, his language. —Ed. Everett.

Character is always known. Thefts never enrich; alms never impoverish; murder will speak out of stone walls. The least admixture of a lie—for example, the taint of vanity, any attempt to make a good impression, a favorable appearance—will instantly vitiate the effect. But speak the truth and all nature and all spirits help you with unexpected furtherance. —Emerson.

Instead of saying that man is the creature of circumstance, it would be nearer the mark to say that man is the architect of circumstance. It is character which builds an existence out of circumstance. Our strength is measured by our plastic power. From the same materials one man builds palaces, another hovels; one warehouses, another villas; bricks and mortar are mortar and bricks until the architect can make them something else.—Carlyle.

Decision of character is one of the most important of human qualities, philosophically considered. Speculation, knowledge, is not the chief end of man; it is action. * * * "Give us the man," shout the multitude, "who will step forward and take the responsibility." He is instantly the idol, the lord and the king among men. He, then, who would command among his fellows, must excel them more in energy of will than in power of intellect.—Burnap.

There are some characters who appear to superficial observers to be full of contradiction, change and inconsistency, and yet they that are in the secret of what such persons are driving at, know that they are the very reverse of what they appear to be, and that they have one single object in view, to which they as pertinaciously adhere through every circumstance of change, as the hound to the hare, through all her mazes and doublings. We know that a windmill is eternally at work to accomplish one end, although it shifts with every variation of the weather-cock, and assumes ten different positions in a day.—Colton.

Charity

For charity shall cover the multitude of sins.—Bible.

Charity is the scope of all God's commands.—Chrysostom.

He is truly great who hath a great charity.—Thomas à Kempis.

Charity, which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.—Shakespeare.

What we frankly give, forever is our own.—Granville.

They serve God well who serve His creatures.—Mrs. Norton.

As the purse is emptied the heart is filled.—Victor Hugo.

True charity, a plant divinely nurs'd.—Cowper.

And learn the luxury of doing good. —Goldsmith.

Gently to hear, kindly to judge.—Shakespeare.

That comes too late that comes for the asking.—Seneca.

Charity is a virtue of the heart and not of the hands.—Addison.

Gifts and alms are the expressions, not the essence, of this virtue.—Addison.

Charity is an eternal debt and without limit.—Pasquier Quesnel.

Be charitable and indulgent to every one but yourself.—Joubert.

But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth.—Matthew vi. 3.

Did universal charity prevail, earth would be a heaven and hell a fable.—Colton.

Charity resembleth fire, which inflameth all things it toucheth.—Erasmus.

We are rich only through what we give, and poor only through what we refuse.—Madame Swetchine.

That charity which is the perfection and ornament of religion.—Addison.

The drying up a single tear has more
Of honest fame, than shedding seas of gore.
—Byron.

An effort made for the happiness of others lifts us above ourselves.—L. M. Child.

No communication or gift can exhaust genius or impoverish charity.—Lavater.

Faith and hope themselves shall die, while deathless charity remains.—Prior.

A friar who asks alms for God's sake begs for two.—Calderon.

You must have a genius for charity as well as for anything else.—Thoreau.

Alas for the rarity of Christian charity under the sun.—Hood.

The place of charity, like that of God, is everywhere.—Professor Vinet.

You find people ready enough to do the Samaritan, without the oil and twopence.—Sydney Smith.

A poor man serv'd by thee, shall make thee rich.—Mrs. Browning.

There can be no Christianity where there is no charity.—Colton.

To pity distress is but human; to relieve it is Godlike.—Horace Mann.

I will chide no breather in the world but myself; against whom I know most faults.—Shakespeare.

Wherever the tree of beneficence takes root, it sends forth branches beyond the sky!—Saadi.

A tear for pity and a hand
Open as day for melting charity.
—Shakespeare.

There is no dearth of charity in the world in giving, but there is comparatively little exercised in thinking and speaking.—Sir Philip Sidney.

For true charity
Though ne'er so secret finds its just reward.
—May.

Charity ever finds in the act reward, and needs no trumpet in the receiver.—Beaumont and Fletcher.

Large charity doth never soil, but only whitens soft white hands.—Lowell.

That charity which longs to publish itself, ceases to be charity.—Hutton.

The secret pleasure of a generous act is the great mind's great bribe.—Dryden.

The smallest act of charity shall stand us in great stead.—Atterbury.

True charity is liable to excesses and transports.—Massillon.

My poor are my best patients. God pays for them.—Boerhaave.

A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us; His dew falls everywhere.—Shakespeare.

'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after.—Shakespeare.

The highest exercise of charity is charity towards the uncharitable.—Buckminster.

The heart of a girl is like a con-

vent—the holier the cloister, the more charitable the door.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days. —Bible.

It is fruition, and not possession, that renders us happy.—Montaigne.

It was sufficient that his wants were known,
True charity makes other's wants its own.
—Robert Danborne.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.—Bible.

No sound ought to be heard in the church but the healing voice of Christian charity.—Burke.

A woman who wants a charitable heart wants a pure mind.—Haliburton.

Nothing will make us so charitable and tender to the faults of others as by self-examination thoroughly to know our own.—Fénelon.

Good is no good, but if it be spend,
God giveth good for none other end.
—Spenser.

The charities that soothe and heal and bless, lie scattered at the feet of men like flowers.—Wordsworth.

There is no virtue can be sooner missed or later welcomed; it begins the rest, and sets them all in order.—Middleton.

Give to him that asketh thee; and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away.—Matthew.

He who receives a good turn should never forget it; he who does one should never remember it.—Charron.

Defer not charities till death. He who does so is rather liberal of another man's substance than his own. —Stretch.

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right—as God gives us to see the right —let us strive on to finish the work we are in.—Abraham Lincoln.

How white are the fair robes of charity, as she walketh amid the lowly habitations of the poor!—Hosea Ballou.

Posthumous charities are the very essence of selfishness, when bequeathed by those who, when alive, would part with nothing.—Colton.

Earth has not a spectacle more glorious or more fair to show than this —love tolerating intolerance; charity covering, as with a vail, even the sin of the lack of charity.—F. W. Robertson.

Charity is that sweet-smelling savor of Jesus Christ, which vanishes and is extinguished from the moment that it is exposed.—Massillon.

Charity itself consists in acting justly and faithfully in whatever office, business and employment a person is engaged in.—Swedenborg.

Ah! what a divine religion might be found out if charity were really made the principle of it instead of faith!—Shelley.

It is wicked to withdraw from being useful to the needy, and cowardly to give way to the worthless.—Epictetus.

A rich man without charity is a rogue; and perhaps it would be no difficult matter to prove that he is also a fool.—Fielding.

Our possessions are wholly in our performances. He owns nothing to whom the world owes nothing.—Simms.

It is with charity as with money —the more we stand in need of it, the less we have to give away.—Bovee.

Prayer carries us half way to God, fasting brings us to the door of His palace and alms-giving procures us admission.—Koran.

A man should fear when he enjoys only what good he does publicly Is

it not the publicity, rather than the charity, that he loves?—Beecher.

In all works of liberality something more is to be considered besides the occasion of the givers; and that is the occasion of the receivers.—Thomas Sprat.

In giving alms, let us rather look at the needs of the poor than his claim to your charity.—J. Petit-Senn.

True charity is spontaneous and finds its own occasion: it is never the offspring of importunity, nor of emulation.—Hosea Ballou.

We should give as we would receive, cheerfully, quickly and without hesitation; for there is no grace in a benefit that sticks to the fingers.—Seneca.

Charity is a flower not naturally of earthly growth, and it needs manuring with a promise of profit.—Ouida.

That charity is bad which takes from independence its proper pride, from mendicity its salutary shame. —Southey.

It is good to be charitable; but to whom? That is the point. As to the ungrateful, there is not one who does not at last die miserable.—La Fontaine.

Great minds, like heaven, are pleased in doing good, though the ungrateful subjects of their favors are barren in return.—Rowe.

The spirit of the world encloses four kinds of spirits, diametrically opposed to charity—the spirit of resentment, spirit of aversion, spirit of jealousy and the spirit of indifference.—Bossuet.

Why should not our solemn duties and our hastening end render us so united that personal contention would be impossible, in a general sympathy, quickened by the breath of a forbearing and pitying charity?—Henry Giles.

Charity in various guises is an intruder the poor see often; but courtesy and delicacy are visitants with which they are seldom honored.—Ouida.

In charity to all mankind, bearing no malice or ill-will to any human being, and even compassionating those who hold in bondage their fellow-men, not knowing what they do.—John Quincy Adams.

He that rightly understands the reasonableness and excellency of charity will know that it can never be excusable to waste any of our money in pride and folly.—William Law.

If thou neglectest thy love to thy neighbor, in vain thou professest thy love to God; for by thy love to God, the love to thy neighbor is begotten, and by the love to thy neighbor thy love to God is nourished.—Francis Quarles.

Though we may sometimes unintentionally bestow our beneficence on the unworthy, it does not take from the merit of the act. For charity doth not adopt the vices of its objects. —Fielding.

Our true acquisitions lie only in our charities. We gain only as we give. There is no beggar so destitute as he who can afford nothing to his neighbor.—Simms.

I would have none of that rigid circumspect charity which is never done without scrutiny, and which always mistrusts the truth of the necessities laid open to it.—Massillon.

Charity is a principle of prevailing love to God and good will to men which effectually inclines one endued with it to glorify God and to do good to others.—Cruden.

Heaven be their resource who have no other but the charity of the world, the stock of which, I fear, is no way sufficient for the many great claims which are hourly made upon it.—Sterne.

Use every man after his desert, and

who shall 'scape whipping? Use them after your own honor and dignity; the less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty.—Shakespeare.

Even the wisdom of God hath not suggested more pressing motives, more powerful incentives to charity, than these, that we shall be judged by it at the last dreadful day.—Atterbury.

What we employ in charitable uses during our lives is given away from ourselves; what we bequeath at our death is given from others only, as our nearest relations.—Atterbury.

Beneficence is a duty. He who frequently practices it, and sees his benevolent intentions realized, at length comes really to love him to whom he has done good.—Kant.

Be not frightened at the hard words "imposition," "imposture;" give, and ask no questions. Cast thy bread upon the waters. Some have, unawares, entertained angels.—Lamb.

Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler, sister woman;
Though they may gang a gennin' wrang,
To step aside is human. —Burns.

A beggar through the world am I—
From place to place I wander by.
Fill up my pilgrim's scrip for me,
For Christ's sweet sake and charity.
—Lowell.

It maketh God man, and man God; things temporal, eternal; mortal, immortal; it maketh an enemy a friend, a servant a son, vile things glorious, cold hearts fiery, and hard things liquid.—St. Bonaventura.

In faith and hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity;
All must be false that thwart this one great end,
And all of God that bless mankind or mend.
—Pope.

As every lord giveth a certain livery to his servants, charity is the very livery of Christ. Our Saviour, Who is the Lord above all lords, would have His servants known by their badge, which is love.—Latimer.

Charity is that rational and constant affection which makes us sacrifice ourselves to the human race, as if we were united with it, so as to form one individual, partaking equally in its adversity and prosperity.—Confucius.

When I die, I should be ashamed to leave enough to build me a monument if there were a wanting friend above ground. I would enjoy the pleasure of what I give by giving it alive and seeing another enjoy it.—Pope.

I have no respect for that self-boasting charity which neglects all objects of commiseration near and around it, but goes to the end of the earth in search of misery, for the purpose of talking about it.—George Mason.

The charities of life are scattered everywhere, enamelling the vales of human beings as the flowers paint the meadows. They are not the fruit of study, nor the privilege of refinement, but a natural instinct.—Bancroft.

He who has never denied himself for the sake of giving has but glanced at the joys of charity. We owe our superfluity, and to be happy in the performance of our duty we must exceed it.—Mme. Swetchine.

I thank heaven I have often had it in my power to give help and relief, and this is still my greatest pleasure. If I could choose my sphere of action now, it would be that of the most simple and direct efforts of this kind. —Niebuhr.

The last, best fruit which comes to late perfection, even in the kindliest soul, is tenderness toward the hard, forbearance toward the unforbearing, warmth of heart toward the cold, philanthropy toward the misanthropic.—Richter.

In giving of thy alms, inquire not so much into the person, as his necessity. God looks not so much upon the merits of him that requires, as into the manner of him that relieves; if the man deserve not, thou hast given it to humanity.—Quarles.

I have much more confidence in the charity which begins in the home and diverges into a large humanity, than in the world-wide philanthropy which begins at the outside of our horizon to converge into egotism.—Mrs. Jameson.

When thy brother has lost all that he ever had, and lies languishing, and even gasping under the utmost extremities of poverty and distress, dost thou think to lick him whole again only with thy tongue?—South.

Poplicola's doors were opened on the outside, to save the people even the common civility of asking entrance; where misfortune was a powerful recommendation, and where want itself was a powerful mediator.—Dryden.

Shall we repine at a little misplaced charity—we who could no way foresee the effect—when an all-knowing, all-wise Being showers down every day His benefits on the unthankful and undeserving?—Atterbury.

The desire of power in excess caused the angels to fall; the desire of knowledge in excess caused man to fall; but in charity there is no excess, neither can angel or man come in danger by it.—Bacon.

To complain that life has no joys while there is a single creature whom we can relieve by our bounty, assist by our counsels or enliven by our presence, is to lament the loss of that which we possess, and is just as irrational as to die of thirst with the cup in our hands.—Fitzosborne.

Flatter not thyself in thy faith to God, if thou wantest charity for thy neighbor; and think not thou hast charity for thy neighbor, if thou wantest faith to God; where they are not both together, they are both wanting; they are both dead, if once divided.—Quarles.

And when Christ came to implant in human bosoms pure, disinterested Christian charity, He brought it as an exotic from heaven, and God had to coin a name for it, for there was no word in all the polyglots of earth that would properly describe it. The thing itself was a thing unknown until the angels heralded it and Jesus brought it.

Goodness answers to the theological virtue charity, and admits no excess but error. The desire of power in excess caused the angels to fall; the desire of knowledge in excess caused man to fall; but in charity there is no excess; neither can angel nor man come in danger by it.—Bacon.

The best thing to give to your enemy is forgiveness; to an opponent, tolerance; to a friend, your heart; to your child, a good example; to a father, deference; to your mother, conduct that will make her proud of you; to yourself, respect; to all men, charity.—Mrs. Balfour.

Proportion thy charity to the strength of thy estate, lest God proportion thy estate to the weakness of thy charity; let the lips of the poor be the trumpet of thy gift, lest in seeking applause, thou lose thy reward. Nothing is more pleasing to God than an open hand and a close mouth.—Quarles.

In silence, * * *
Steals on soft-handed Charity,
Tempering her gifts, that seem so free,
By time and place,
Till not a woe the bleak world see,
But finds her grace. —Keble.

There is a debt of mercy and pity of charity and compassion, of relief and succor due to human nature, and payable from one man to another; and such as deny to pay it the distressed in the time of their abundance may justly expect it will be denied themselves in a time of want. "With what measure you mete it shall be measured to you again."—Burkitt.

Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all

things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.—Bible.

'Mongst all your virtues
I see not charity written, which some call
The first born of religion; and I wonder,
I cannot see it in yours. Believe it, sir,
There is no virtue can be sooner miss'd
Or later welcom'd; it begins the rest,
And sets them all in order.—Middleton.

I have learned from Jesus Christ Himself what charity is, and how we ought to practise it; for He says: "By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye love one another." Never can I, therefore, please myself in the hope that I may obtain the name of a servant of Christ if I possess not a true and unfeigned charity within me.—St. Basil.

Whoever would entitle himself after death through the merits of his Redeemer, to the noblest of rewards, let him serve God throughout life in this most excellent of all duties, doing good to our brethren. Whoever is sensible of his offences, let him take this way especially of evidencing his repentance.—Archbishop Secker.

True charity, a plant divinely nursed,
Fed by the love from which it rose at first,
Thrives against hope, and in the rudest scene,
Storms but enliven its unfading green;
Exub'rant is the shadow it supplies,
Its fruit on earth, its growth above the skies. —Cowper.

Let shining Charity adorn your zeal,
The noblest impulse generous minds can feel. —Aaron Hill.

Would'st thou from sorrow find a sweet relief,
Or is thy heart oppress'd with woe untold?
Balm would'st thou gather for corroding grief?—
Pour blessings round thee, like a shower of gold. —Carlos Wilcox.

It is an old saying, that charity begins at home; but this is no reason it should not go abroad. A man should live with the world as a citizen of the world; he may have a preference for the particular quarter or square, or even alley, in which he lives, but he should have a generous feeling for the welfare of the whole.—Cumberland.

The soul of the truly benevolent man does not seem to reside much in his own body. Its life, to a great extent, is a mere reflex of the lives of others. It migrates into their bodies, and identifying its existence with their existence, finds its own happiness in increasing and prolonging their pleasures, in extinguishing or solacing their pains.—Horace Mann.

If there be a pleasure on earth which angels cannot enjoy, and which they might almost envy man the possession of, it is the power of relieving distress—if there be a pain which devils might pity man for enduring, it is the death-bed reflection that we have possessed the power of doing good, but that we have abused and perverted it to purposes of ill.—Colton.

Active beneficence is a virtue of easier practice than forbearance after having conferred, or than thankfulness after having received a benefit. I know not, indeed, whether it be a greater and more difficult exercise of magnanimity, for the one party to act as if he had forgotten, or for the other as if he constantly remembered the obligation.—Canning.

Shut not thy purse-strings always against painted distress. Act a charity sometimes. When a poor creature (outwardly and visibly such) comes before thee, do not stay to inquire whether the "seven small children," in whose name he implores thy assistance, have a veritable existence. Rake not into the bowels of unwelcome truth to save a halfpenny. It is good to believe him.—Lamb.

In all other human gifts and passions, though they advance nature, yet they are subject to excess; but charity alone admits no excess. For so we see, by aspiring to be like God in power the angels transgressed and fell; by aspiring to be like God in knowledge man transgressed and fell; but by aspiring to be like God in goodness or love, neither man nor angel ever did or shall transgress. For unto that imitation we are called.—Bacon.

Think not you are charitable if the love of Jesus and His brethren be not purely the motive of your gifts. Alas! you might not give your superfluities, but "bestow all your goods to feed the poor;" you might even "give your body to be burned" for them, and yet be utterly destitute of charity, if self-seeking, self-pleasing or self-ends guide you; and guide you they must, until the love of God be by the Holy Ghost shed abroad in your heart.—Haweis.

O chime of sweet Saint Charity,
Peal soon that Easter morn
When Christ for all shall risen be,
And in all hearts new-born!
That Pentecost when utterance clear
To all men shall be given,
When all shall say My Brother here,
And hear My Son in heaven!
—Lowell.

The shepherds led the pilgrims to Mount Charity, where they showed them a man that had a bundle of cloth lying before him, out of which he cut coats and garments for the poor that stood about him; yet his bundle or roll of cloth was never the less. Then said they: "What should this be?" "This is," said the shepherds, "to show you that he who has a heart to give of his labor to the poor shall never want wherewithal. 'He that watereth shall be watered himself.' And the cake that the widow gave to the prophet did not cause that she had the less in her barrel."—Bunyan.

That charity alone endures which flows from a sense of duty and a hope in God. This is the charity that treads in secret those paths of misery from which all but the lowest of human wretches have fled; this is that charity which no labor can weary, no ingratitude detach, no horror disgust; that toils, that pardons, that suffers; that is seen by no man, and honored by no man, but, like the great laws of Nature, does the work of God in silence, and looks to a future and better world for its reward.—Sydney Smith.

Almost all the virtues that can be named are enwrapt in one virtue of charity and love:—"for it suffereth long," and so it is longanimity; it "is kind," and so it is courtesy; it "vaunteth not itself," and so it is modesty; it "is not puffed up," and so it is humility; it "is not easily provoked," and so it is lenity; it "thinketh no evil," and so it is simplicity; it "rejoiceth in the truth," and so it is verity; it "beareth all things," and so it is fortitude; it "believeth all things," and so it is faith; it "hopeth all things," and so it is confidence; it "endureth all things," and so it is patience; it "never faileth," and so it is perseverance.—Chillingworth.

Charm

Expression alone can invest beauty with conquering charms.—Fuseli.

Unhappy sex, whose beauty is your snare.—Dryden.

They dazzle our eyes as they fly to our hearts.—Burns.

She whom smiles and tears make equally lovely may command all hearts.—Lavater.

A beautiful woman is the paradise of the eyes.—Fontenelle.

The most beautiful object in the world, it will be allowed, is a beautiful woman.—Macaulay.

Charming women can true converts make; we love the precept for the teacher's sake.—Franklin.

When she passed it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.—Longfellow.

A lovely countenance is the fairest of all sights, and the sweetest harmony is the sound of the voice of her whom we love.—Bruyère.

A beautiful hand is an excellent thing in woman; it is a charm that never palls: and better than all, it is a means of fascinating that never disappears.—Beaconsfield.

There is neither spirit nor persistency enough in the whole range of masculine humanity, with but a few rare exceptions, to withstand the ar-

tillery of a magnificent woman's charms.—Dr. J. V. C. Smith.

Dean Swift proposed to tax beauty, and to leave every lady to rate her own charms; he said the tax would be cheerfully paid and very productive.—Frederic Saunders.

Charms which, like flowers, lie on the surface and always glitter, easily produce vanity; hence women, wits, players, soldiers, are vain, owing to their presence, figure and dress. On the contrary, other excellences, which lie down like gold and are discovered with difficulty, leave their possessors modest and proud.—Richter.

Chastity

Modesty and chastity are twins.—Mrs. Jameson.

She that has that is clad in complete steel.—Milton.

Of chastity, the ornaments are chaste.—Shakespeare.

The woman that deliberates is lost.—Addison.

As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown.—Shakespeare.

To the pure all things are pure.—Shelley.

Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.—Shakespeare.

Chastity is the seal of grace.—Lady Huntington.

Chastity, like piety, is a uniform grace.—Richardson.

As chaste as unsunn'd snow.—Shakespeare.

Chastity is the ermine of woman's soul.—Queen Elizabeth.

Let women paint their eyes with tints of chastity.—Tertullian.

Chastity, once lost, cannot be recalled; it goes only once.—Ovid.

As pure as a pearl,
And as perfect; a noble and innocent girl
—Lord Lytton.

A woman's character is as delicate as her eye; it can bear no flaw.—G. A. Sala.

For violets plucked, the sweetest showers will ne'er make grow again.—Byron.

A man defines his standing at the court of chastity by his views of women.—Alcott.

Not the mountain ice, congealed to crystals, is so frosty chaste as thy victorious soul, which conquers man, and man's proud tyrant, passion.—Dryden.

Vanity bids all her sons be brave, and all her daughters chaste and courteous.—Sterne.

The most chaste woman may be the most voluptuous, if she truly loves.—Mirabeau.

The supreme sway of chastity over the senses makes her queenly.—Joubert.

There needs not strength to be added to inviolate chastity; the excellency of the mind makes the body impregnable.—Sir P. Sidney.

That chastity of look which seems to hang a veil of purest light over all her beauties, and by forbidding most inflames desire.—Young.

The soul whose bosom lust did never touch
Is God's fair bride; and maidens' souls are such.
—Decker.

The soul that is the abode of chastity acquires an energy which enables her to surmount with ease the obstacles that lie along the path of duty.—Joubert.

A beautiful and chaste woman is

the perfect workmanship of God, and the true glory of angels, the rare miracle of earth, and the sole wonder of the world.—Hermes.

So dear to heaven is saintly chastity,
That, when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt.
—Milton.

Consider what importance to society the chastity of women is. Upon that all the property in the world depends. We hang a thief for stealing a sheep; but the unchastity of a woman transfers sheep and farm and all from the right owner.—Dr. Johnson.

A pure mind in a chaste body is the mother of wisdom and deliberation, sober counsels and ingenuous actions, open deportment and sweet carriage, sincere principles and unprejudicate understanding, love of God and self-denial, peace and confidence, holy prayers and spiritual comfort, and a pleasure of spirit infinitely greater than the sottish pleasure of unchastity.—Jeremy Taylor.

In Goethe's drama, Iphigenia defends her chastity, ascribing her firmness to the gods. "No god hath said this: thine own heart hath spoken," answered Thoas, the king. "They only speak to us through our heart," she replies. "Have not I the right to hear them too?" he rejoins. "Thy storm of passion drowns the gentle whisper," adds the maiden, and closes all debate.—Bartol.

Nothing makes a woman more esteemed by the opposite sex than chastity; whether it be that we always prize those most who are hardest to come at, or that nothing besides chastity, with its collateral attendants, truth, fidelity, and constancy, gives the man a property in the person he loves, and consequently endears her to him above all things.—Addison.

Cheerfulness

He who sings frightens away his ills.—Cervantes.

Let cheerfulness on happy fortune wait.—Dryden.

Be thou of good cheer.—Bible.

Nature designed us to be of good cheer.—Douglas Jerrold.

A good laugh is sunshine in a house.—Thackeray.

Cheerfulness is an offshoot of goodness and of wisdom.—Bovee.

The inborn geniality of some people amounts to genius.—Whipple.

A light heart lives long.—Shakespeare.

A merry heart goes all the day,
A sad tires in a mile.—Shakespeare.

A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays and confident to-morrows.—Wordsworth.

Cheerfulness is health; the opposite, melancholy, is disease.—Haliburton.

Cheerfulness is the friend and helper of all good graces, and the absence of it is certainly a vice.—Aughey.

The way to cheerfulness is to keep our bodies in exercise and our minds at ease.—Steele.

Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes.
—Goldsmith.

A merry heart doeth good like a medicine; but a broken spirit drieth the bones.—Bible.

Cheerful looks make every dish a feast, and it is that which crowns a welcome.—Massinger.

The most manifest sign of wisdom is continued cheerfulness.—Montaigne.

What can the Creator see with greater pleasure than a happy creature?—Lessing.

The creed of the true saint is to make the best of life, and make the most of it.—Chapin.

An ounce of cheerfulness is worth a

pound of sadness to serve God with.—Fuller.

The burden becomes light which is cheerfully borne.—Ovid.

If there is a virtue in the world at which we should always aim, it is cheerfulness.—Bulwer-Lytton.

The soul that perpetually overflows with kindness and sympathy will always be cheerful.—Parke Godwin.

Cheerfulness is full of significance; it suggests good health, a clear conscience, and a soul at peace with all human nature.—Charles Kingsley.

Such a man, truly wise, creams off Nature, leaving the sour and the dregs for philosophy and reason to lap up. —Swift.

The cheerful live longest in life, and after it, in our regards. Cheerfulness is the offshot of goodness.—Bovee.

The habit of looking on the best side of every event is worth more than a thousand pounds a year.—Johnson.

I like the laughter that opens the lips and the heart,—that shows at the same time pearls and the soul.—Victor Hugo.

Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness, altogether past calculation its powers of endurance.—Carlyle.

Cheerfulness is like money well expended in charity; the more we dispense of it, the greater our possession. —Victor Hugo.

Not by constraint or severity shall you have access to true wisdom, but by abandonment and childlike mirthfulness.—Thoreau.

Cheerfulness ought to be the *viaticum vitæ* of their life to the old; age without cheerfulness is a Lapland winter without a sun.—Colton.

Inner sunshine warms not only the heart of the owner, but all who come in contact with it.—J. T. Fields.

Cheerfulness is also an excellent wearing quality. It has been called the bright weather of the heart.—Samuel Smiles.

I have found the saying of the ancients true, that better is a bright comrade on a weary road than a horse-litter.—Charles Reade.

God is glorified, not by our groans, but our thanksgivings; and all good thought and good action claim a natural alliance with good cheer.—Whipple.

Let us be of good cheer, remembering that the misfortunes hardest to bear are those which never happen.—Lowell.

Youth will never live to age unless they keep themselves in breath with exercise, and in heart with joyfulness. —Sir P. Sidney.

If the soul be happily disposed, every thing becomes capable of affording entertainment, and distress will almost want a name.—Goldsmith.

To be free-minded and cheerfully disposed at hours of meat and sleep and of exercise is one of the best precepts of long lasting.—Bacon.

You find yourself refreshed by the presence of cheerful people. Why not make earnest effort to confer that pleasure on others?—L. M. Child.

Between levity and cheerfulness there is a wide distinction; and the mind which is most open to levity is frequently a stranger to cheerfulness. —Blair.

Sweetness of spirit and sunshine is famous for dispelling fears and difficulties; patience is a mighty help to the burden-bearer.—James Hamilton.

If good people would but make their goodness agreeable, and smile instead of frowning in their virtue, how many would they win to the good cause!—Archbishop Usher.

I have always preferred cheerful

ness to mirth. The latter I consider as an art, the former as a habit of mind. Mirth is short and transient, cheerfulness fixed and permanent.—Addison.

The lightsome countenance of a friend giveth such an inward decking to the house where it lodgeth, as proudest palaces have cause to envy the gilding.—Sir P. Sidney.

The mind that is cheerful in its present state, will be averse to all solicitude as to the future, and will meet the bitter occurrences of life with a placid smile.—Horace.

To be happy, the passions must be cheerful and gay, not gloomy and melancholy. A propensity to hope and joy is real riches; one to fear and sorrow, real poverty.—Hume.

A cheerful, easy, open countenance will make fools think you a good-natured man, and make designing men think you an undesigning one.—Chesterfield.

As in our lives so also in our studies, it is most becoming and most wise, so to temper gravity with cheerfulness, that the former may not imbue our minds with melancholy, nor the latter degenerate into licentiousness.—Pliny.

Cheerfulness is just as natural to the heart of a man in strong health as color to his cheek; and wherever there is habitual gloom, there must be either bad air, unwholesome food, improperly severe labor, or erring habits of life.—Ruskin.

True joy is a serene and sober motion; and they are miserably out that take laughing for rejoicing; the seat of it is within, and there is no cheerfulness like the resolutions of a brave mind.—Seneca.

There is no Christian duty that is not to be seasoned and set off with cheerishness, which in a thousand outward and intermitting crosses may yet be done well, as in this vale of tears.—Milton.

Cheerfulness is, in the first place, the best promoter of health. Repining and secret murmurs of heart give imperceptible strokes to those delicate fibres of which the vital parts are composed.—Addison.

Mirth is like a flash of lightning that breaks through a gloom of clouds and glitters for a moment. Cheerfulness keeps up a daylight in the mind, filling it with a steady and perpetual serenity.—Johnson.

You find yourself refreshed by the presence of cheerful people. Why not make earnest effort to confer that pleasure on others? You will find half the battle is gained if you never allow yourself to say anything gloomy.—Mrs. L. M. Child.

Be thou like the bird perched upon some frail thing, although he feels the branch bending beneath him, yet loudly sings, knowing full well that he has wings.—Mme. de Gasparin.

O God, animate us to cheerfulness! May we have a joyful sense of our blessings, learn to look on the bright circumstances of our lot, and maintain a perpetual contentedness.—Channing.

Cheerfulness charms us with a spell that reaches into eternity; and we would not exchange it for all the soulless beauty that ever graced the fairest form on earth.—Anna Cleaves.

Had she been light, like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might ha' been a grandam ere she died;
And so may you; for a light heart lives long. —Shakespeare.

I have observed that in comedies the best actor plays the droll, while some scrub rogue is made the fine gentleman or hero. Thus it is in the farce of life. Wise men spend their time in mirth; it is only fools who are serious. —Bolingbroke.

A cheerful temper spreads like the dawn, and all vapors disperse before it. Even the tear dries on the cheek, and the sigh sinks away half-breathed when the eye of benignity beams upon the unhappy.—Jane Porter.

Cheerfulness bears the same friendly regard to the mind as to the body; it

banishes all anxious care and discontent, soothes and composes the passions and keeps them in a perpetual calm.—Addison.

Cheerfulness is always to be kept up if a man is out of pain; but mirth, to a prudent man, should always be accidental. It should naturally arise out of the occasion, and the occasion seldom be laid for it.—Steele.

A cheerful temper, joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful and wit good-natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty and affliction, convert ignorance into an amiable simplicity, and render deformity itself agreeable.—Addison.

I live in a constant endeavor to fence against the infirmities of ill-health, and other evils of life, by mirth; being firmly persuaded that every time a man smiles, but much more when he laughs, it adds something to his fragment of life.—Sterne.

Cheerfulness sharpens the edge and removes the rust from the mind. A joyous heart supplies oil to our inward machinery, and makes the whole of our powers work with ease and efficiency; hence it is of the utmost importance that we maintain a contented, cheerful, genial disposition.—Aughey.

Let me play the fool; with mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come; and let my liver rather heat with wine than my heart cool with mortifying groans. Why should a man whose blood is warm within sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster, sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice by being peevish?—Shakespeare.

Levity may be the forced production of folly or vice; cheerfulness is the natural offspring of wisdom and virtue only. The one is an occasional agitation; the other a permanent habit. The one degrades the character; the other is perfectly consistent with the dignity of reason and the steady and manly spirit of religion.—Blair.

Nothing will supply the want of sunshine to peaches, and, to make knowledge valuable, you must have the cheerfulness of wisdom. Whenever you are sincerely pleased you are nourished. The joy of the spirit indicates its strength. All healthy things are sweet-tempered. Genius works in sport, and goodness smiles to the last.—Emerson.

Every human soul has a germ of some flowers within; and they would open if they could only find sunshine and free air to expand in. I always told you that not having enough of sunshine was what ailed the world. Make people happy, and there will not be half the quarrelling or a tenth part of the wickedness there is.—Mrs. L. M. Child.

I have told you of the Spaniard who always put on his spectacles when about to eat cherries, that they might look bigger and more tempting. In like manner I make the most of my enjoyments; and though I do not cast my eyes away from my troubles, I pack them in as little compass as I can for myself, and never let them annoy others.—Southey.

When Goethe says that in every human condition foes lie in wait for us, "invincible only by cheerfulness and equanimity," he does not mean that we can at all times be really cheerful, or at a moment's notice; but that the endeavor to look at the better side of things will produce the habit, and that this habit is the surest safeguard against the danger of sudden evils.—Leigh Hunt.

Cheerfulness is a friend to grace, it puts the heart in tune to praise God. Uncheerful Christians, like the spies, bring an evil report on the good land; others suspect there is something unpleasant in religion, that they who profess it hang their harps upon the willows and walk so dejectedly. Be serious, yet cheerful. Rejoice in the Lord always.—Rev. T. Watson.

There seem to be some persons, the favorites of fortune and darlings of nature, who are born cheerful. "A star danced" at their birth. It is no superficial visibility, but a bountiful

and beneficent soul that sparkles in their eyes and smiles on their lips. Their inborn geniality amounts to genius,—the rare and difficult genius which creates sweet and wholesome character, and radiates cheer.—Whipple.

The industrious bee does not stop to complain that there are so many poisonous flowers and thorny branches in his road, but buzzes on, selecting the honey where he can find it, and passing quietly by the places where it is not. There is enough in this world to complain about and find fault with, if men have the disposition. We often travel on a hard and uneven road; but with a cheerful spirit, and a heart to praise God for His mercies, we may walk therein with comfort, and come to the end of our journey in peace.—Dewey.

Give us, O give us, the man who sings at his work! Be his occupation what it may, he is equal to any of those who follow the same pursuit in silent sullenness. He will do more in the same time,—he will do it better,—he will persevere longer. One is scarcely sensible of fatigue whilst he marches to music. The very stars are said to make harmony as they revolve in their spheres. Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness, altogether past calculation its powers of endurance. Efforts, to be permanently useful, must be uniformly joyous,—a spirit all sunshine,—graceful from very gladness,—beautiful because bright.—Carlyle.

I cannot tell how much I esteem and admire your good and happy temperament. What folly not to take advantage of circumstances, and enjoy gratefully the consolations which God sends us after the afflictive dispensations which He sometimes sees proper to make us feel! It seems to me to be a proof of great wisdom to submit with resignation to the storm, and enjoy the calm when it pleases Him to give it us again.—Madame de Sévigné.

A cheerful spirit is one of the most valuable gifts ever bestowed upon humanity by a kind Creator. It is the sweetest and most fragrant flower of the Spirit, that constantly sends out its beauty and fragrance, and blesses everything within its reach. It will sustain the soul in the darkest and most dreary places of this world. It will hold in check the demons of despair, and stifle the power of discouragement and hopelessness. It is the brightest star that ever cast its radiance over the darkened soul, and one that seldom sets in the gloom of morbid fancies and forboding imaginations.—Aughey.

Child (Death of)

Think of your child, then, not as dead, but as living; not as a flower that has withered, but as one that is transplanted, and touched by a divine hand, is blooming in richer colors and sweeter shades than those of earth.—Hooker.

Better that the light cloud should fade away into heaven with the morning breath, than travail through the weary day to gather in darkness, and in storm.—Bulwer.

Ye have lost a child—nay, she is not lost to you, who is found to Christ; she is not sent away, but only sent before; like unto a star, which going out of our sight, doth not die and vanish, but shineth in another hemisphere.—Rutherford.

When our children die, we drop them into the unknown, shuddering with fear. We know that they go out from us, and we stand, and pity, and wonder. If we receive news that a hundred thousand dollars had been left them by some one dying, we should be thrown into an ecstasy of rejoicing; but when they have gone home to God, we stand, and mourn, and pine, and wonder at the mystery of Providence.—H. W. Beecher.

The dying boy said: "Father, don't you weep for me; when I get to heaven I will go straight to Jesus and tell Him that ever since I can remember you have tried to lead me to Him." I would rather have my children say that of me after I am gone; or if they

die before me, I would rather they should take that message to the Master than to have a monument over me reaching to the skies.—D. L. Moody.

How can a mother's heart feel cold or weary
Knowing her dearer self safe, sheltered, warm?
How can she feel her road too dark or dreary,
Who knows her treasure sheltered from the storm?
How can she sin? Our hearts may be unheeding,
Our God forgot, our holy saints defied;
But can a mother hear her dead child pleading.
And thrust those little angel hands aside?
—A. A. Proctor.

It will be hard for you not to ask why this must be. God knows why, and that may be as good to us as though we knew a thousand reasons. I pray God to hold you quiet and patient and uncomplaining, and help you bear the weight of this seemingly unintelligible sorrow. I hope you will remember that this is the only world in which a Christian can suffer, and suffer patiently and meekly. We cannot suffer by and by. God helps us to glorify Him now, when we can.—Maltbie Babcock.

My heart goes out to you—twice over—for the sorrow that has come to you, and for the thought that I could perhaps be a help to you. That shows that you see already one reason why sorrow comes—you turn to me, because I have tasted the same cup. Some day someone will come to you, and you will "comfort with the comfort wherewith you yourself have been comforted." Perfect sympathy cannot spring from the imagination. Only they who have suffered can really sympathize. I am sure you are saying, like the little child in the dark, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth." The worst of all losses is a lost sorrow, for then all is lost. Your little child is safe, and I believe your sorrow is safe, too, for you are your Father's child, and you want to please Him. I would not ask "why" if I were you. "How" is a better word—how can I glorify Thee, how well can I show those who know me how the Father can help His child. God's will is not to be borne, but ever to be done. Now you are to do His will under new, hard, distressing and depressing circumstances. If we were pagans, we might hide ourselves and our despair, but we are Christians who say "Our Father" and hear our Saviour's words, "Because I live ye shall live also."—Maltbie Babcock.

Childhood

The child is father of the man.—Wordsworth.

Heaven lies about us in our infancy.—Wordsworth.

A child is an angel dependent on man.—Count de Maistre.

Children are the to-morrow of society.—Whately.

Childhood is the sleep of reason.—Rousseau.

Childhood, whose very happiness is love.— L. E. L. Erinna.

In bringing up a child, think of its old age.—Joubert.

As each one wishes his children to be so they are.—Terence.

The childhood shows the man
As morning shows the day.—Milton.

Better to be driven out from among men than to be disliked of children.—R. H. Dana.

Let nothing foul to either eye or ear reach those doors within which dwells a boy.—Juvenal.

The dutifulness of children is the foundation of all virtues.—Cicero.

Who can foretell for what high cause
This darling of the gods was born?
—Andrew Marvell.

Childhood has no forebodings; but then, it is soothed by no memories of outlived sorrow.—George Eliot.

Children have more need of models than of critics.—Joubert.

Every child walks into existence through the golden gate of love.—Beecher.

The training of children is a profession where we must know to lose time in order to gain it.—Rousseau.

Parents deserve reproof when they refuse to benefit their children by severe discipline.—Petronius Arbiter.

But still I dream that somewhere there must be
The spirit of a child that waits for me.
—Bayard Taylor.

It is better to keep children to their duty by a sense of honor and by kindness than by fear.—Terence.

To a mother, a child is everything; but to a child, a parent is only a link in the chain of her existence.—Lord Beaconsfield.

Children have neither past nor future; and that which seldom happens to us, they rejoice in the present.—La Bruyère.

Man to the last is but a froward child;
So eager for the future, come what may,
And to the present so insensible.—Rogers.

Thine are the hours and days when both are cheering
And innocent. —Byron.

Happy child! the cradle is still to thee a vast space; but when thou art a man the boundless world will be too small for thee.—Schiller.

Children are the keys of Paradise;
They alone are good and wise,
Because their thoughts, their very lives, are prayer. —R. H. Stoddard.

We should treat children as God does us, who makes us happiest when He leaves us under the influence of innocent delusions.—Goethe.

I love these little people; and it is not a slight thing when they, who are so fresh from God, love us.—Dickens.

Children sweeten labors, but they make misfortunes more bitter; they increase the cares of life, but they mitigate the remembrance of death.—Bacon.

A simple child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?
—Wordsworth.

Oh, for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for.
—Whittier.

Alas! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play;
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day. —Gray.

Oh, would I were a boy again,
When life seemed formed of sunny years,
And all the heart then knew of pain
Was wept away in transient tears!
—Mark Lemon.

The tear down childhood's cheek that flows
Is like the dewdrop on the rose,
When next the summer breeze comes by
And waves the bush, the flower is dry.
—Scott.

"Beware," said Lavater, "of him who hates the laugh of a child." "I love God and little children," was the simple yet sublime sentiment of Richter.—Mrs. Sigourney.

While here at home, in shining day,
We round the sunny garden play,
Each little Indian sleepy-head
Is being kissed and put to bed.
—Robert Louis Stevenson.

In winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candle-light.
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.
—Robert Louis Stevenson.

If there is anything that will endure
The eye of God, because it still is pure,
It is the spirit of a little child,
Fresh from His hand, and therefore undefiled. —R. H. Stoddard.

I do not like punishments. You will never torture a child into duty; but a sensible child will dread the frown of a judicious mother more than all the rods, dark rooms, and scolding school-

mistresses in the universe.—H. K. White.

That season of childhood, when the soul, on the rainbow bridge of fancy, glides along, dry-shod, over the walls and ditches of this lower earth.—Richter.

No man can tell but he that loves his children how many delicious assents make a man's heart dance in the pretty conversation of those dear pledges.—Jeremy Taylor.

Ah! what would the world be to us
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.
—Longfellow.

A man shall see, where there is a house full of children, one or two of the eldest restricted, and the youngest ruined by indulgence; but in the midst, some that are, as it were, forgotten, who many times, nevertheless, prove the best.—Bacon.

But still when the mists of doubt prevail,
And we lie becalmed by the shores of age,
We hear from the misty troubled shore
The voice of the children gone before,
Drawing the soul to its anchorage.
—Bret Harte.

Ay, these young things lie safe in our hearts just so long
As their wings are in growing; and when these are strong
They break it, and farewell! the bird flies!
—Lord Lytton.

Oh, when I was a tiny boy
My days and nights were full of joy.
My mates were blithe and kind!
No wonder that I sometimes sigh
And dash the teardrop from my eye
To cast a look behind! —Hood.

Pointing to such, well might Cornelia say,
When the rich casket shone in bright array,
"These are my Jewels!" Well of such as he,
When Jesus spake, well might the language be,
"Suffer these little ones to come to me!"
—Samuel Rogers.

A creature undefiled by the taint of the world, unvexed by its injustice, unwearied by its hollow pleasures; a being fresh from the source of light, with something of its universal lustre in it. If childhood be this, how holy the duty to see that in its onward growth it shall be no other!—Douglas Jerrold.

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,
And that cannot stop their tears.
—E. B. Browning.

Perhaps there lives some dreamy boy, untaught
In schools, some graduate of the field or street,
Who shall become a master of the art,
An admiral sailing the high seas of thought
Fearless and first, and steering with his fleet
For lands not yet laid down in any chart.
—Longfellow.

If a boy is not trained to endure and to bear trouble, he will grow up a girl; and a boy that is a girl has all a girl's weakness without any of her regal qualities. A woman made out of a woman is God's noblest work; a woman made out of a man is His meanest.—Beecher.

An infallible way to make your child miserable is to satisfy all his demands. Passion swells by gratification; and the impossibility of satisfying every one of his demands will oblige you to stop short at last, after he has become a little headstrong.—Henry Home.

When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
The little ones gather around me,
To bid me good night and be kissed;
Oh, the little white arms that encircle
My neck in their tender embrace;
Oh, the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine of love on my face.
—Charles M. Dickinson.

When a child can be brought to tears, not from fear of punishment, but from repentance for his offence, he needs no chastisement. When the tears begin to flow from grief at one's own conduct, be sure there is an angel nestling in the bosom.—Horace Mann.

A child's eyes, those clear wells of undefiled thought—what on earth can be more beautiful? Full of hope, love and curiosity, they meet your own. In prayer, how earnest; in joy, how sparkling; in sympathy, how tender! The man who never tried the companionship of a little child has carelessly passed by one of the great pleasures of life, as one passes a rare flower without plucking it or knowing its value.—Mrs. Norton.

Children, ay, forsooth
They bring their own love with them when they come,
But if they come not there is peace and rest;
The pretty lambs! and yet she cries for more;
Why, the world's full of them, and so is heaven—
They are not rare. —Jean Ingelow.

A truthful page is childhood's lovely face,
Whereon sweet Innocence has record made—
An outward semblance of the young heart's grace,
Where truth, and love, and trust are all portrayed. —Shillaber.

Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father, eye, nose, lip,
The trick of 's frown, his forehead, nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek; his smiles;
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger. —Shakespeare.

You hear that boy laughing? You thing he's all fun;
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done.
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all! —O. W. Holmes.

Dare we let children grow up with no vital contact with the Saviour, never intentionally and consciously put into His arms? Not to bring them to Him, not to teach them to walk toward Him, as soon as they can walk toward anyone, is wronging a child beyond words. The terrible indictment uttered by the Lord, "Them that were entering in ye hindered," and the millstone warning for offending little ones, are close akin to the deserts of those who ruin a man's whole day of life by wronging his morning hours. Not to help a child to know the saving power of Christ is to hold back a man from salvation.—Maltbie Babcock.

They are idols of hearts and of households;
They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses;
His glory still gleams in their eyes.
Oh, those truants from home and from heaven,
They have made me more manly and mild,
And I know now how Jesus could liken
The kingdom of God to a child.
—Dickens.

The least and most imperceptible impressions received in our infancy have consequences very important, and of a long duration. It is with these first impressions, as with a river whose waters we can easily turn, by different canals, in quite opposite courses, so that from the insensible direction the stream receives at its source, it takes different directions, and at last arrives at places far distant from each other; and with the same facility we may, I think, turn the minds of children to what direction we please.—Locke.

Children

Fragile beginnings of a mighty end. —Mrs. Norton.

Children like olive plants round about thy table.—Psalm cxxviii. 3.

A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded.—Byron.

Living jewels, dropped unstained from heaven.—Pollok.

Children are what the mothers are. —Landor.

Childhood is the sleep of reason.—Rousseau.

A child is an angel dependent on man.—Count de Maistre.

Childhood has no forebodings; but then it is soothed by no memories of outlived sorrow.—George Eliot.

Children are the to-morrow of society.—Whately.

The child is father of the man.—Wordsworth.

Heaven lies about us in our infancy.—Wordsworth.

Unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets.—Shakespeare.

Dispel not the happy delusions of children.—Goethe.

Children blessings seem, but torments are.—Otway.

Just as the twig is bent the tree is inclined.—Pope.

Your little child is your only true democrat.—Mrs. Stowe.

The sports of children satisfy the child.—Goldsmith.

In bringing up a child, think of its old age.—Joubert.

Children have more need of models than of critics.—Joseph Joubert.

Childhood shows the man, as morning shows the day.—Milton.

The smallest children are nearest to God, as the smallest planets are nearest the sun.—Richter.

Children are like grown people; the experience of others is never of any use to them.—Daudet.

Call not that man wretched, who whatever ills he suffers, has a child to love.—Southey.

Children are God's apostles, day by day sent forth to preach of love and hope and peace.—Lowell.

The clew of our destiny, wander where we will, lies at the cradle foot.—Richter.

Never educate a child to be a gentleman or lady alone, but to be a man, a woman.—Herbert Spencer.

Children will grow up substantially what they are by nature—and only that.—Mrs. H. B. Stowe.

Never despair of a child. The one you weep the most for at the mercy-seat may fill your heart with the sweetest joys.—T. L. Cuyler.

Nothing has a better effect upon children than praise.—Sir P. Sidney.

Many children, many cares; no children, no felicity.—Bovee.

The scenes of childhood are the memories of future years.—J. O. Choules.

What gift has Providence bestowed on man, that is so dear to him as his children?—Cicero.

Do not try to produce an ideal child, it would find no fitness in this world.—Herbert Spencer.

The children of to-day will be the architects of our country's destiny in 1900.—James A. Garfield.

Childhood is like a mirror, which reflects in after life the images first presented to it.—Samuel Smiles.

Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.—Proverbs xxii. 6.

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child.—Shakespeare.

The bearing and training of a child is woman's wisdom.—Tennyson.

His little children, climbing for a kiss, welcome their father's late return at night.—Dryden.

Behold the child, by nature's kindly law
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw
—Pope.

A mother's love, in a degree, sanctifies the most worthless offspring.—Hosea Ballou.

The glorified spirit of the infant is as a star to guide the mother to its own blissful clime.—Mrs. Sigourney

Where children are, there is the golden age.—Novalis.

Childhood, who like an April morn appears,
Sunshine and rain, hopes clouded o'er with fears.—Churchill.

A torn jacket is soon mended; but hard words bruise the heart of a child. —Longfellow.

We speak of educating our children. Do we know that our children also educate us?—Mrs. Sigourney.

Truly there is nothing in the world so blessed or so sweet as the heritage of children.—Mrs. Oliphant.

A woman's natural protector is less an aged father or tall brother than a very young child.—Mme. de Girardin.

The death of a child occasions a passion of grief and frantic tears, such as your end, brother reader, will never inspire.—Thackeray.

I would not have children much beaten for their faults, because I would not have them think bodily pain the greatest punishment.—Locke.

In the man whose childhood has known caresses, there is always a fibre of memory that can be touched to gentle issues.—George Eliot.

There is another accidental advantage in marriage, which has also fallen to my share; I mean the having a multitude of children.—Steele.

It seems impossible they should ever grow to be men, and drag the heavy artillery along the dusty road of life. —Longfellow.

Who is not attracted by bright and pleasant children, to prattle, to creep, and to play with them?—Epictetus.

I love these little people; and it is not a slight thing when they, who are so fresh from God, love us.—Dickens.

As soft wax is apt to take the stamp of the seal, so are the minds of young children to receive the instruction imprinted on them.—Plutarch.

A man looketh on his little one as a being of better hope; in himself ambition is dead, but it hath a resurrection in his son.—Tupper.

The whining schoolboy, with his satchel and shining morning face, creeping like snail unwillingly to school.—Shakespeare.

Jesus was the first great teacher of men who showed a genuine sympathy for childhood. When He said "Of such is the kingdom of heaven," it was a revelation.—Eggleston.

God has given you your child, that the sight of him, from time to time, might remind you of His goodness, and induce you to praise Him with filial reverence.—Christian Scriver.

Blessed be the hand that prepares a pleasure for a child, for there is no saying when and where it may bloom forth.—Douglas Jerrold.

Children have neither past nor future; and, what scarcely ever happens to us, they enjoy the present.—Bruyère.

Let us be men with men, and always children before God; for in His eyes we are but children. Old age itself, in presence of eternity, is but the first moment of a morning.—Joseph Joubert.

In praising or loving a child, we love and praise not that which is, but that which we hope for.—Goethe.

I have often thought what a melancholy world this would be without children, and what an inhuman world without the aged.—Coleridge.

The training of children is a profession where we must know to lose time in order to gain it.—Rousseau.

Precious Saviour! come in spirit, and lay Thy strong, gentle grasp of love on our dear boys and girls, and

keep these our lambs from the fangs of the wolf.—T. L. Cuyler.

Children are the keys of Paradise.
* * * They alone are good and wise,
Because their thoughts, their very lives are prayer. —Stoddard.

We should treat children as God does us, who makes us happiest when He leaves us under the influence of innocent delusions.—Goethe.

Happy child! the cradle is still to thee a vast space; become a man, and the boundless world will be too small to thee.—Schiller.

What in us the women leave uncultivated, children cultivate when we retain them near us.—Goethe.

It is better to keep children to their duty, by a sense of honor, and by kindness, than by fear and punishment. —Tertullian.

Let your children be as so many flowers, borrowed from God. If the flowers die or wither, thank God for a summer loan of them.—Rutherford.

Children generally hate to be idle; all the care then is that their busy humor should be constantly employed in something of use to them.—Locke.

I seem, for my own part, to see the benevolence of the Deity more clearly in the pleasures of very young children than in anything else in the world.—Paley.

Then gathering 'round his bed, they climb to share
His kisses, and with gentle violence there,
Break in upon a dream not half so fair.
—Rogers.

The sacred books of the ancient Persians say, "If you would be holy, instruct your children, because all the good acts they perform will be imputed to you."—Montesquieu.

A house is never perfectly furnished for enjoyment unless there is a child in it rising three years old, and a kitten rising three weeks.—Southey.

Children must be rendered reasonable, but not reasoners. The first thing to teach them is that it is reasonable for them to obey, and unreasonable for them to dispute.—Joubert.

A child's existence is a bright, soft element of joy, out of which, as in Prospero's Island, wonder after wonder bodies itself forth, to teach by charming.—Rodney.

Ah! what would the world be to us,
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.
—Longfellow.

As in the Master's spirit you take into your arms the little ones, His own everlasting arms will encircle them and you. He will pity both their and your simplicity; and as in unseen presence He comes again, His blessing will breathe upon you.—James Hamilton.

"A fig-tree looking on a fig-tree becometh fruitful," says the Arabian proverb. And so it is with children; their first great instructor is example. —Samuel Smiles.

In trying to teach children a great deal in a short time, they are treated not as though the race they were to run was for life, but simply a three-mile heat.—Horace Mann.

"Beware," said Lavater, "of him who hates the laugh of a child." "I love God and little children," was the simple yet sublime sentiment of Richter.—Mrs. Sigourney.

Children are very nice observers, and they will often perceive your slightest defects. In general, those who govern children forgive nothing in them, but everything in themselves.—Fénelon.

Is the world all grown up? Is childhood dead? Or is there not in the bosom of the wisest and the best some of the child's heart left, to respond to its earliest enchantments?—Lamb.

We should amuse our evening hours of life in cultivating the tender plants, and bringing them to perfection, before they are transplanted to a happier clime.—Washington.

Children sweeten labors, but they make misfortunes more bitter; they increase the cares of life, but they mitigate the remembrance of death.—Bacon.

While childhood, and while dreams, producing childhood, shall be left, imagination shall not have spread her holy wings totally to fly the earth.—Lamb.

One of the greatest pleasures of childhood is found in the mysteries which it hides from the skepticism of the elders, and works up into small mythologies of its own.—O. W. Holmes.

The first duty toward children is to make them happy. If you have not made them happy, you have wronged them; no other good they may get can make up for that.—Charles Buxton.

Call not that man wretched, who whatever else he suffers as to pain inflicted, or pleasure denied, has a child for whom he hopes and on whom he doats.—Coleridge.

Who feels injustice, who shrinks before a slight, who has a sense of wrong so acute, and so glowing a gratitude for kindness, as a generous boy?—Thackeray.

That season of childhood, when the soul, on the rainbow bridge of fancy, glides along, dry-shod, over the walls and ditches of this lower earth.—Richter.

Oft too the mind well pleased surveys,
Its progress from its childish days;
See how the current upwards ran,
And reads the child o'er in the man.
—Lloyd.

To season them, and win them early to the love of virtue and true labor, ere any flattering seducement or vain principle seize them wandering, some easy and delightful book of education should be read to them.—Milton.

Beware of fatiguing them by ill-judged exactness. If virtue offer itself to a child under a melancholy and constrained aspect, if liberty and license present themselves under an agreeable form, all is lost, your labor is in vain. —Fénelon.

If I were to choose among all gifts and qualities that which, on the whole, makes life pleasantest, I should select the love of children. No circumstance can render this world wholly a solitude to one who has this possession.—T. W. Higginson.

I hardly know so melancholy a reflection as that parents are necessarily the sole directors of the management of children, whether they have or have not judgment, penetration or taste to perform the task.—Lord Greville.

The child's grief throbs against the round of its little heart as heavily as the man's sorrow; and the one finds as much delight in his kite or drum as the other in striking the springs of enterprise or soaring on the wings of fame.—Chapin.

A man shall see, where there is a house full of children, one or two of the eldest restricted, and the youngest ruined by indulgence; but in the midst, some that are, as it were, forgotten, who many times, nevertheless, prove the best.—Bacon.

A large portion of Christ's miracles of love were wrought at the urgent request of parents for their suffering children. Is that ear gone deaf today? Will He not do for our children's souls what He did for the bodies of the ruler's daughter, and the dead youth at Nain?—T. L. Cuyler.

Of all the sights which can soften and humanize the heart of men, there is none that ought so surely to reach it as that of innocent children, enjoying the happiness which is their proper and natural portion.—Southey

I never hear parents exclaim impatiently, "Children, you must not make so much noise," that I do not think how soon the time may come when, beside the vacant seat, those parents would give all the world, could they hear once more the ringing laughter which once so disturbed them.—A. E. Kittredge.

Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe the enlivening spirit and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing
breast! —Thomson.

What art can paint or gild any object in after life with the glow which nature gives to the first baubles of childhood? St. Peter's cannot have the magical power over us that the red and gold covers of our first picture-book possessed.—Emerson.

The children of the poor are so apt to look as if the rich would have been over-blest with such! Alas for the angel capabilities, interrupted so soon with care, and with after life so sadly unfulfilled?—Willis.

Children are the hands by which we take hold of heaven. By these tendrils we clasp it and climb thitherward. And why do we think that we are separated from them? We never half knew them, nor in this world could.—Beecher.

I do not like punishments. You will never torture a child into duty; but a sensible child will dread the frown of a judicious mother more than all the rods, dark rooms, and scolding schoolmistresses in the universe.—H. K. White.

Good Christian people, here lies for you an inestimable loan; take all heed thereof, in all carefulness employ it: with high recompense, or else with heavy penalty, will it one day be required back.—Carlyle.

The plays of natural lively children are the infancy of art. Children live in a world of imagination and feeling. They invest the most insignificant object with any form they please, and see in it whatever they wish to see.—Oehlenschläger.

We are but children, the things that we do
Are as sports of a babe to the Infinite view;
That sees all our weakness, and pities it, too.
And oh! when aweary, may we be so blest
As to sink, like an innocent child, to our rest,
And feel ourselves clasped to the Infinite breast. —F. Burge Smith.

A mother once asked a clergyman when she should begin the education of her child, which she told him was then four years old. "Madam," was the reply, "you have lost three years already. From the very first smile that gleams over an infant's cheek, your opportunity begins."—Whately.

Our children that die young are like those spring bulbs which have their flowers prepared beforehand, and leave nothing to do but to break ground, and blossom, and pass away. Thank God for spring flowers among men, as well as among the grasses of the field.—Beecher.

Happy season of childhood! Kind Nature, that art to all a bountiful mother; that visitest the poor man's hut with auroral radiance; and for thy nursling hast provided a soft swathing of love and infinite hope wherein he waxes and slumbers, danced round by sweetest dreams!—Carlyle.

If a boy is not trained to endure and to bear trouble, he will grow up a girl; and a boy that is a girl has all a girl's weakness without any of her regal qualities. A woman made out of a woman is God's noblest work: a woman made out of a man is His meanest.—Beecher.

When a child can be brought to tears, not from fear of punishment, but from repentance for his offence, he needs no chastisement. When the tears begin to flow from grief at one's own conduct, be sure there is an angel nestling in the bosom.—Horace Mann

An infallible way to make your child miserable is to satisfy all his demands. Passion swells by gratification; and the impossibility of satisfying every one of his demands will oblige you to stop short at last, after he has become a little headstrong.—Henry Home.

And yet we check and chide
The airy angels as they float about us,
With rules of so-called wisdom, till they grow
The same tame slaves to custom and the world. —Mrs. Osgood.

Look how he laughs and stretches out his arms,
And opens wide his blue eyes upon thine,
To hail his father: while his little form
Flutters as wing'd with joy. Talk not of pain!
The childless cherubs well might envy thee
The pleasures of a parent. —Byron.

Train them to virtue; habituate them to industry, activity, and spirit. Make them consider every vice as shameful and unmanly. Fire them with ambition to be useful. Make them disdain to be destitute of any useful knowledge. Fix their ambition upon great and solid objects, and their contempt upon little, frivolous, and useless ones.—John Adams.

Thine was the shout! the song! the burst of joy!
Which sweet from childhood's rosy lip resoundeth;
Thine was the eager spirit nought could cloy,
And the glad heart from which all grief reboundeth. —Mrs. Norton.

I can endure a melancholy man, but not a melancholy child; the former, in whatever slough he may sink, can raise his eyes either to the kingdom of reason or of hope; but the little child is entirely absorbed and weighed down by one black poison-drop of the present.—Mrs. Norton.

As hardly anything can accidentally touch the soft clay without stamping its mark on it, so hardly any reading can interest a child, without contributing in some degree, though the book itself be afterwards totally forgotten, to form the character.—Whately.

It always grieves me to contemplate the initiation of children into the ways of life when they are scarcely more than infants. It checks their confidence and simplicity, two of the best qualities that heaven gives them, and demands that they share our sorrows before they are capable of entering into our enjoyments.—Dickens.

I know that a sweet child is the sweetest thing in nature, not even excepting the delicate creatures which bear them; but the prettier the kind of a thing is, the more desirable it is that it should be pretty of its kind. One daisy differs not much from another in glory; but a violet should look and smell the daintiest.—Lamb.

A creature undefiled by the taint of the world, unvexed by its injustice, unwearied by its hollow pleasures; a being fresh from the source of light, with something of its universal lustre in it. If childhood be this, how holy the duty to see that in its onward growth it shall be no other!—Douglas Jerrold.

To aid thy mind's development—to watch
Thy dawn of little joys—to sit and see
Almost thy very growth—to view thee catch
Knowledge of objects—wonders yet to thee!
To hold thee lightly on a gentle knee,
And print on thy soft cheek a parent's kiss.

A child's eyes, those clear wells of undefiled thought—what on earth can be more beautiful? Full of hope, love and curiosity, they meet your own. In prayer, how earnest; in joy, how sparkling; in sympathy, how tender! The man who never tried the companionship of a little child has carelessly passed by one of the great pleasures of life, as one passes a rare flower without plucking it or knowing its value.—Mrs. Norton.

Be very viligant over thy child in the April of his understanding, lest the frost of May nip his blossoms. While he is a tender twig, straighten him; whilst he is a new vessel, season him; such as thou makest him, such commonly shalt thou find him. Let his first lesson be obedience, and his second shall be what thou wilt.—Quarles.

Their future may, perchance, appear dark to others; but to their fearless gaze it looms up brilliant and beautiful as the walls of a fairy palace. There is no tear which a mother's gentle hand cannot wipe away, no wound that a mother's kiss cannot heal, no anguish which the sweet murmuring of her soft, low voice cannot soothe.—Esaias Tegner.

They are idols of hearts and of households;
They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses;
His glory still gleams in their eyes.
Oh, those truants from home and from heaven,
They have made me more manly and mild,
And I know now how Jesus could liken
The kingdom of God to a child.
—Dickens.

Be ever gentle with the children God has given you; watch over them constantly; reprove them earnestly, but not in anger. In the forcible language of Scripture, "Be not bitter against them." "Yes, they are good boys," I once heard a kind father say. "I talk to them very much, but do not like to beat my children—the world will beat them." It was a beautiful thought, though not elegantly expressed.—Elihu Burritt.

Above all things endeavor to breed them up in the love of virtue, and that holy plain way of it which we have lived in, that the world in no part of it get into my family. I had rather they were homely than finely bred as to outward behavior; yet I love sweetness mixed with gravity, and cheerfulness tempered with sobriety.—William Penn.

Bring your little children to the Saviour. Place them in His arms. Devote them to His service. Born in His camp, let them wear from the first His colors. Taking advantage of timely opportunities, and with all tenderness of spirit, seek to endear them to the Friend of Sinners, the Good Shepherd of the lambs, the loving Guardian of the little children. And not only teach them, but govern them. And in order to govern them, govern yourselves.—James Hamilton.

God sends children for another purpose than merely to keep up the race—to enlarge our hearts, to make us unselfish, and full of kindly sympathies and affections; to give our souls higher aims, and to call out all our faculties to extended enterprise and exertion; to bring round our fireside bright faces and happy smiles, and loving, tender hearts. My soul blesses the Great Father every day, that He has gladdened the earth with little children.—Mary Howitt.

A child is man in a small letter, yet the best copy of Adam before he tasted of Eve or the apple; and he is happy whose small practice in the world can only write his character. His soul is yet a white paper unscribbled with observations of the world, wherewith at length it becomes a blurred note-book. He is purely happy because he knows no evil, nor hath made means by sin to be acquainted with misery.—Bishop Earle.

If there is anything that will endure
The eye of God because it still is pure,
It is the spirit of a little child,
Fresh from His hand, and therefore undefiled.
Nearer the gate of Paradise than we,
Our children breathe its airs, its angels see;
And when they pray God hears their simple prayer,
Yea, even sheathes His sword, in judgment bare.
—Stoddard.

Children, like dogs, have so sharp and fine a scent that they detect and hunt out everything—the bad before all the rest. They also know well enough how this or that friend stands with their parents; and as they practice no dissimulation whatever, they serve as excellent barometers by which to observe the degree of favor or disfavor at which we stand with their parents.—Goethe.

Bring together all the children of the universe, you will see nothing in them but innocence, gentleness, and fear; were they born wicked, spiteful, and cruel, some signs of it would come from them; as little snakes strive to bite, and little tigers to tear. But nature having been as sparing of offensive

weapons to man as to pigeons and rabbits, it cannot have given them an instinct to mischief and destruction.—Voltaire.

I know he's coming by this sign,
That baby's almost wild;
See how he laughs and crows and starts—
Heaven bless the merry child!
He's father's self in face and limb,
And father's heart is strong in him.
Shout, baby, shout! and clap thy hands,
For father on the threshold stands.
—Mary Howitt.

The least and most imperceptible impressions received in our infancy, have consequences very important, and of a long duration. It is with these first impressions, as with a river whose waters we can easily turn, by different canals, in quite opposite courses, so that from the insensible direction the stream receives at its source, it takes different directions, and at last arrives at places far distant from each other; and with the same facility we may, I think, turn the minds of children to what direction we please.—Locke.

Children's Day (Sunday School)

And they brought young children to Him, that He should touch them; and His disciples rebuked those that brought them. But when Jesus saw it, He was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein. And He took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them.—Bible.

Children are the lambs of the flock. Christ said to the church, "Feed my lambs." The lambs belong to the sheep and the sheep to the shepherd. —Rev. J. J. Barnhardt.

Dr. Holmes was asked when the training of a child should begin. "A hundred years before it is born," he replied. This is a strong way of putting the truth that the training of children should begin with the training of their grandparents.—S. E. Wishard, D. D.

Anything we do to hinder a child from coming to Jesus greatly displeases our dear Lord. He cries to us, "Stand off. Let them alone. Let them come to Me, and forbid them not."—Spurgeon.

The children should have a part in public services. By enlisting their activities we shall incite them to attendance, for children love to go where they can use their powers.—J. F. Cowan.

Little works, little thoughts, little loves, little prayers for little Christians, and larger and larger as the years grow.—Rev. Chas. H. Parkhurst.

And let me say only this one word more: that the little things that a little Christian does are not overlooked any more than the larger things that an older Christian does.—Rev. Chas. H. Parkhurst.

Shepherd of tender youth,
Guiding in love and truth,
Through devious ways;
Christ, our triumphant King,
We come Thy name to sing,
And here our children bring,
To shout Thy praise.
—St. Ambrose.

Among the old Romans there prevailed the touching custom of holding the face of every new born babe toward the heavens, signifying by their presenting its forehead to the stars that it was to look above the world into celestial glories. That was only a vain superstition; but Christ has taught us how to realize the old Pagan yearning.—Dr. L. A. Banks.

I will say broadly that I have more confidence in the spiritual life of the children that I have received into this church than I have in the spiritual condition of the adults thus received. I will even go further than that, and say that I have usually found a clearer knowledge of the gospel and a warmer love of Christ in the child-converts than in the man-converts. I will even astonish you still more by saying that I have sometimes met with a deeper

spiritual experience in children of ten and twelve than I have in certain persons of fifty and sixty.—Spurgeon.

Do not others expect from children more perfect conduct than they themselves exhibit? If a gracious child should lose his temper or act wrongly in some trifling thing through forgetfulness, straightway he is condemned as a little hypocrite by those who are a long way from being perfect themselves. Jesus says, "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones."—Spurgeon.

When children ask you questions about gray hairs, and wrinkles in the face, and sighs that have no words, and smiles too bright to be carved upon the radiant face by the hands of hypocrisy—when they ask you about kneeling at the altar, speaking into the vacant air, and uttering words to an unseen and in an invisible Presence—when they interrogate you about your great psalms, and hymns, and anthembursts of thankfulness, what is your reply to these? Do not be ashamed of the history. Keep steadily along the line of fact. Say what happened to you, and magnify God in the hearing of the inquirer.—Rev. Joseph Parker.

Ought there to be room in the bonds of church-fellowship for the great mass of average boys and girls who, by judicious training and careful Christian nurture, may be induced very early to give their hearts to God? Aye, we believe with all our heart there ought to be such a place. We believe that before many years there will be such a place in every true church, and it will be just as much expected that many young children will form part of the membership of every church as that there will be gray-haired men and women there.—Rev. F. E. Clark, D. D.

Children should be educated in and into the church. Whatever our theory may be of the spiritual relation of the child to the church, this is certain and true: That children should be consecrated to God from their birth. Of such is the kingdom of heaven. We should assume this as the normal state of the case and treat the child accordingly. He should be trained in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. His first intelligent lesson should be of God and worship. The happiest hours of child-life should be in learning of the way to God through Jesus Christ.—Rev. S. Irenæus Prime, D. D.

But these dear boys and girls—there is something to be made out of them. If now they yield themselves to Christ they may have a long, happy, and holy day before them in which they may serve God with all their hearts. Who knows what glory God may have of them? Heathen lands may call them blessed. Whole nations may be enlightened by them. O brethren and sisters, let us estimate children at their true valuation, and we shall not keep them back, but we shall be eager to lead them to Jesus at once.—Spurgeon.

"Suffer that little children come to Me,
Forbid them not." Emboldened by His words,
The mothers onward press; but, finding vain
The attempt to reach the Lord, they trust their babes
To strangers' hands; the innocents, alarmed
Amid the throng of faces all unknown,
Shrink, trembling, till their wandering eyes discern
The countenance of Jesus, beaming love
And pity; eager then they stretch their arms,
And, cowering, lay their heads upon His breast. —James Grahame.

Few special days in the average Sunday school are looked forward to with such eager expectancy on the part of the scholars as Children's Day. Even fathers and mothers, big brothers and sisters, who perhaps seldom enter church doors, go then if at no other time. With many schools it is practically the end of a year's work and an anniversary corresponding to Commencement Day in our public schools. But in every school it may be a day of unusual opportunity for presenting the joy of the Christ-life and the friendship of the All-Loving One to many who perhaps are not reached at other times during the year.—New Century Teachers' Monthly

Some kind hearts have lived in every generation, but it is only within a few years that the older Christians have come into such perfect love and sympathy with children's needs as to set apart a Sunday for their especial benefit. Those who planned the grand day seem to enjoy it as much as the little ones, for the churches are full of grown-up people, many of them with silvery hair and wrinkled faces; but many of the wrinkles seem to be smoothed out by the happy, fresh looks that come over them when the children's voices are heard taking a prominent part in the worship. We older ones can testify that Children's Day has benefited us in many ways, and is the Sunday of the whole year which we enjoy the best.—Susan Teall Perry.

For you, a boy or girl, to be a Christian will be for you to be as nearly as you can like what Jesus was when He was at your age. That is one reason why it is worth so much to us to have a Jesus that began in the cradle and gradually grew up. If we had a Jesus that was already a man when He came, and hadn't stopped to be a baby and a boy, we should hardly have known what to say to the children about these things; we might have had to say that only grown-up men and women could be Christians. But now we have Jesus all the way along, from eighteen inches up, so that we can say to any one, "You can be a Christian by being as nearly as you can like what Jesus was at your age."—Rev. Chas. H. Parkhurst.

Go, then, ye happy children,
And love Him more and more!
He holds a cup of blessing,
And in it He will pour
All joy and pleasure for you;
And from this day of flowers
Ye all may work for Jesus
And bless this world of ours.
Oh, may the King of children
Be crowned of all His own;
On this sweet day of beauty
Be every heart His throne!
—Rev. Dwight Willis.

As we look and listen we hear with our hearts the cry of myriads of children pleading for the bread of life. What response shall we make to this lifted signal? The offering of Children's Day will measure our love, our gratitude, our appreciation of the divine movement of Providence and of the grand and awful time in which we are living. Let every one, then, give as God has prospered him, and additional Sabbath school missionaries will go forth to many a wilderness, and the solitary place will be glad for them and blossom as the rose.—James A. Worden, D. D.

Most of you will have a very happy Children's Day, we trust; but there will be many of Christ's little ones who will have to be at home on beds of sickness and pain, and cannot go to the Lord's house and worship Him among the beautiful flowers and loving friends who will make everything so attractive. Remember such ones. Carry them flowers and some sweet, helpful words, to make the day less burdensome to them. There may be others obliged to stay away, who have not suitable clothes to wear, because of their poverty. Seek out such and overcome any hindrances in their way that you can, so that as many as possible of Christ's little ones may gather together in His courts on that especial day.—Susan Teall Perry.

Well may the Church keep Children's Day,
And thus draw near the Son,
Who gained His richest human realm,
When children's hearts were won.
Well may the Church keep Children's Day.
And thus draw near the skies,
For in the children's sunny hearts,
The light of heaven lies.
Well may the Church keep Children's Day,
She keeps her greatness then,
E'en now the Christ uplifts a child,
Above all sinful men.
Oh, happy day! Oh, heavenly hour!
When thus the Church shall stand,
Like Christ with smile and touch of grace,
Amid the children's band. Amen.
—George Edward Martin.

And so sweetly adapted is the child-mind to the Gospel and the Gospel to the child-mind that they cheerfully coalesce, and the babe's milk is not more palatable and nutritious than is the bread of life to the new-born soul. No one can say how soon a child may intelligently apprehend the divine

truth. Many saints of God have no memory of the period in their early lives when Christ was not dear to their hearts. When they were born from above they do not remember any more than they can recollect the moment when they first breathed the breath of life. It is not so with all; perhaps not so with the most. But the true theory of the Gospel is that children should be brought up on it, as their daily food; be nurtured by it; renewed by the Holy Spirit, and made heirs of salvation.—Rev. S. Irenæus Prime, D. D.

Were we more anxious about the children we would do more work of a Christian kind. The old man seems to be beyond our reach, but the little child seems to be made for Christ. It would seem—do not let us shrink from the term—natural for every little child to put out his arms to cling to the Child of Bethlehem. Save the children and you will purify society; expend your solicitude upon the young, opening, tender life, and you shall see the result of your concern after many days. Services should be constituted for children; the old people have had the sanctuary too long; their ears are sated with eloquence; their minds are stored with names that never turn into inspirations; churches might be built for children, and preachers trained to speak to them alone. We have reversed all things and thus have gone astray. * * * * A poet says he was nearer heaven in his childhood than he ever was in after days, and he sweetly prayed that he might return through his yesterdays and through his childhood back to God. That is chronologically impossible—locally and physically not to be done, and yet that is the very miracle which is to be performed in the soul—in the spirit; we must be "born again."—Rev. Joseph Parker.

So with the children. It is even more important that religious exercises should not be made irksome and burdensome to them. Too much of a good thing is bad for them. I would not require them to be all the livelong day in a treadmill of religious work. They will be disgusted and hate the service, which should be always attractive to them and a delight. It is a serious question with ministers how to make the pulpit useful and pleasant to the young. Preachers with the gift of talking to children—a gift not so rare as is often thought—sometimes give a brief discourse to the children before the regular sermon. The objection to that practice is that children take it as their portion and dismiss the sermon that follows from their attention altogether. Now the art of talking to children does not consist in baby-talk or little stories or poor jokes. A man need not be a mountebank in order to interest the young in what he is saying. Children are not fools. If a man is simple in his words and earnest in his manner, children will hear with attention and get instruction from a sermon that is designed for the whole people.—Rev. S. Irenæus Prime, D. D.

Chivalry

The age of chivalry has gone, and one of calculators and economists has succeeded.—Burke.

Collision is as necessary to produce virtue in men as it is to elicit fire in inanimate matter; and chivalry is the essence of virtue.—Lord John Russell.

Choice

Choose you this day whom ye shall serve.—Bible.

Preferment goes by letter and affection.—Shakespeare.

There's a small choice in rotten apples.—Shakespeare.

Follow thou thy choice.—William Cullen Bryant.

The measure of choosing well is whether a man likes what he has chosen.—Lamb.

So much to win, so much to lose,
No marvel that I fear to choose.
—Miss Landon.

Be ignorance thy choice where knowledge leads to woe.—Beattie.

God offers to every mind its choice between truth and repose.—Emerson.

When to elect there is but one,
'Tis Hobson's choice; take that or none.
—Thomas Ward.

Life often presents us with a choice of evils, rather than of goods.—C. C. Colton.

Still to ourselves in every place consigned
Our own felicity we make or find.
—Goldsmith.

The strongest principle of growth lies in human choice.—George Eliot.

Rather than be less
Car'd not to be at all. —Milton.

When better cherries are not to be had,
We needs must take the seeming best of bad. —Daniel.

A wise man likes that best, that is itself;
Not that which only seems, though it look fairer. —Middleton.

Choose always the way that seems the best, however rough it may be. Custom will render it easy and agreeable.—Pythagoras.

Give house-room to the best; 'tis never known
Verture and pleasure both to dwell in one.
—Herrick.

But for us there are moments, O, how solemn, when destiny trembles in the balance, and the preponderance of either scale is by our own choice.—Mark Hopkins.

I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes. —Shakespeare.

"Thy royal will be done—'tis just,"
Replied the wretch, and kissed the dust;
"Since, my last moments to assuage,
Your majesty's humane decree
Has deigned to leave the choice to me,
I'll die, so please you, of old age."
—Horace Smith.

You must make your choice whether to hold on to some thing which can-not save you, or let go, and fall into the hands of the Lord.—Ichabod Spencer.

God has so framed us as to make freedom of choice and action the very basis of all moral improvement, and all our faculties, mental and moral, resent and revolt against the idea of coercion.—Wm. Matthews.

Christ

Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!—Bible.

Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows.—Bible.

All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth.—Bible.

In His love and in His pity he redeemed them.—Bible.

Jesus Christ is, in the noblest and most perfect sense, the realized ideal of humanity.—Herder.

Jesus Christ was more than man.—Napoleon I.

In Him dwelleth the fullness of the Godhead bodily.—Coloss. ii. 9.

How free from everything like art were the reasonings and language of Christ.—David Thomas.

The absence of sentimentalism in Christ's relations with men is what makes His tenderness so exquisitely touching.—Phillips Brooks.

At His birth a star, unseen before in heaven, proclaims Him come.—Milton.

Rejecting the miracles of Christ, we still have the miracle of Christ Himself.—Bovee.

Christ came not to talk about a beautiful light, but to be that light—not to speculate about virtue, but to be virtue.—H. G. Taylor.

Christ wrought out His perfect obedience as a man, through temptation, and by suffering.—Alexander Maclaren.

From first to last, Jesus is the same; always the same—majestic and simple, infinitely severe and infinitely gentle. —Napoleon Bonaparte.

Certainly, no revolution that has ever taken place in society can be compared to that which has been produced by the words of Jesus Christ. —Mark Hopkins.

If you (to General Bertrand) do not perceive that Jesus Christ is God, very well; then I did wrong to make you a general.—Napoleon I.

In darkness there is no choice. It is light that enables us to see the differences between things; and it is Christ that gives us light.—J. C. and A. W. Hare.

Christ was either the grandest, guiltiest of impostors, by a marvelous and most subtle refinement of wickedness, or He was God manifest in the flesh.—Herrick Johnson.

I have read in Plato and Cicero sayings that are very wise and very beautiful; but I never read in either of them, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden."—St. Augustine.

God be thanked for that good and perfect gift, the gift unspeakable: His life, His love, His very self in Jesus Christ.—Maltbie Babcock.

If the life and death of Socrates were those of a sage, the life and death of Jesus were those of a God.—Rousseau.

His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.—Isaiah ix. 6.

Whoever would fully and feelingly understand the words of Christ, must endeavor to conform his life wholly to the life of Christ.—Thomas à Kempis.

Unlike all other founders of a religious faith, Christ had no selfishness, no desire of dominance.—William Howitt.

The miracles of Christ were studiously performed in the most unostentatious way. He seemed anxious to veil His majesty under the love with which they were wrought.—W. E. Channing.

The name of Christ—the one great word well worth all languages in earth or heaven.—Bailey.

He that condescended so far, and stooped so low, to invite and bring us to heaven, will not refuse us a gracious reception there.—Robert Boyle.

If Christ is the wisdom of God and the power of God in the experience of those who trust and love Him, there needs no further argument of His divinity.—H. W. Beecher.

Are we proud and passionate, malicious and revengeful? Is this to be like-minded with Christ, who was meek and lowly?—Tillotson.

The best of men that ever wore earth about Him was a sufferer, a soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit; the first true gentleman that ever breathed.—Decker.

In His death He is a sacrifice, satisfying for our sins; in the resurrection, a conqueror; in the ascension, a king; in the intercession, a high priest.—Luther.

The Saviour of mankind Himself, in whose blameless life malice could find no act to impeach, has been called in question for words spoken.—Macaulay.

God never gave man a thing to do concerning which it were irreverent to ponder how the Son of God would have done it.—George MacDonald.

Those who have minutely studied the character of the Saviour will find it difficult to determine whether there is most to admire or to imitate in it—there is so much of both.

He came, bringing with Him the knowledge that God is a Being of infinite goodness; that the service required of mankind is not a service of form or ceremony, but a service of obedience.—J. A. Froude.

Hail to the King of Bethlehem,
Who weareth in His diadem
The yellow crocus for the gem
Of His authority. —Longfellow.

The sacrifice of Christ has rendered it just for Him to forgive sin; and whenever we are led to repent of and to forsake it, even the righteousness of God is declared in the pardon of it. —Robert Hall.

That image, or rather that Person, so human, yet so entirely divine, has a power to fill the imagination, to arrest the affections, to deepen and purify the conscience, which nothing else in the world has.—J. C. Shairp.

Poor shepherdless sheep! It was his delight, as the Good Shepherd, to lead them to rich pastures; and as they sat and stood around Him they forgot their bodily wants in the beauty and power of His words.—J. Cunningham Geikie.

The tears of Christ are the pity of God. The gentleness of Jesus is the long-suffering of God. The tenderness of Jesus is the love of God. "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father."—Alexander Maclaren.

Whatever Jesus is, the glorious Godhead is; and to have fellowship with the Son is to have fellowship with the Father. To know the love of Christ is to be filled with all the fullness of God.—James Hamilton.

The incarnation of God is a necessity of human nature. If we really and truly have a Father, we must be able to clasp His feet in our penitence, and to lean on His breast in our weary sorrowfulness.—Charles F. Deems.

Remember that vision on the Mount of Transfiguration; and let it be ours, even in the glare of earthly joys and brightnesses, to lift up our eyes, like those wondering three, and see no man any more, save Jesus only.—Alexander Maclaren.

As to Jesus of Nazareth, my opinion of whom you particularly desire, I think the system of morals and His religion, as He left them to us, is the best the world ever saw, or is likely to see.—Benjamin Franklin.

As human voice and instrument blend in one harmony, as human soul and body blend in each act of feeling, thought, or speech, so, as far as we can know, divinity and humanity act together in the thought and heart and act of the one Christ.—A. A. Hodge.

The Christian world has a Leader, the contemplation of whose life and sufferings must administer comfort in affliction, while the sense of His power and omnipotence must give them humiliation in prosperity.—Steele.

The sages and heroes of history are receding from us, and history contracts the record of their deeds into a narrower and narrower page. But time has no power over the name and deeds and words of Jesus Christ.—Channing.

But chiefly Thou,
Whom soft-eyed Pity once led down from heaven
To bleed for man, to teach him how to live,
And, oh! still harder lesson! how to die.
—Bishop Porteus.

In those holy fields,
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd
For our advantage on the bitter cross.
—Shakespeare.

He, the Holiest among the mighty, and the Mightiest among the holy, has lifted with His pierced hands empires

off their hinges, has turned the stream of centuries out of its channel, and still governs the ages.—Richter.

Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne and I myself have founded empires; but upon what do these creations of our genius depend? Upon force. Jesus alone founded His empire upon love; and to this very day millions would die for Him.—Napoleon I.

The nature of Christ's existence is mysterious, I admit; but this mystery meets the wants of man. Reject it, and the world is an inexplicable riddle; believe it, and the history of our race is satisfactorily explained.—Napoleon.

All the glory and beauty of Christ are manifested within, and there He delights to dwell; His visits there are frequent, His condescension amazing, His conversation sweet, His comforts refreshing; and the peace that He brings passeth all understanding.—Thomas à Kempis.

Lovely was the death
Of Him whose life was Love! Holy with power
He on the thought-benighted Skeptic beamed
Manifest Godhead. —Coleridge.

Men who neglect Christ, and try to win heaven through moralities, are like sailors at sea in a storm, who pull, some at the bowsprit and some at the mainmast, but never touch the helm. —Beecher.

It was necessary for the Son to disappear as an outward authority, in order that He might reappear as an inward principle of life. Our salvation is no longer God manifested in a Christ without us, but as a "Christ within us, the hope of glory."—F. W. Robertson.

Every unfulfilled aspiration of humanity in the past; all partial representation of perfect character; all sacrifices, nay, even those of idolatry, point to the fulfillment of what we want, the answer to every longing—the type of perfect humanity, the Lord Jesus Christ.—F. W. Robertson.

Unlike all other founders of a religious faith, Christ had no selfishness, no desire of dominance; and His system, unlike all other systems of worship, was bloodless, boundlessly beneficent, and—most marvelous of all—went to break all bonds of body and soul, and to cast down every temporal and every spiritual tyranny.—William Howitt.

No other fame can be compared with that of Jesus. He has a place in the human heart that no one who ever lived has in any measure rivaled. No name is pronounced with a toné of such love and veneration. All other laurels wither before His. His are ever kept fresh with tears of gratitude. —W. E. Channing.

Christ's whole life on earth was the assertion and example of true manliness—the setting forth in living act and word what man is meant to be, and how he should carry himself in this world of God—one long campaign in which the "temptation" stands out as the first great battle and victory.—Thomas Hughes.

Christ's miracles were vivid manifestations to the senses that He is the Saviour of the body—and now as then the issues of life and death are in His hands—that our daily existence is a perpetual miracle. The extraordinary was simply a manifestation of God's power in the ordinary.—F. W. Robertson.

You never get to the end of Christ's words. There is something in them always behind. They pass into proverbs—they pass into laws—they pass into doctrines—they pass into consolations; but they never pass away, and, after all the use that is made of them, they are still not exhausted.—Dean Stanley.

Christ is the Good Physician. There is no disease He cannot heal; no sin He cannot remove; no trouble He cannot help. He is the Balm of Gilead, the Great Physician who has never yet failed to heal all the spiritual mal-

adies of every soul that has come unto Him in faith and prayer.—Aughey.

I find the life of Christ made up of two parts; a part I can sympathize with as a man, and a part on which I gaze; a beam sent down from heaven which I can see and love, and another beam shot into the infinite, that I cannot comprehend.—Barr.

Star unto star speaks light, and world to world
Repeats the passage of the universe
To God; the name of Christ—the one great word
Well worth all languages in earth or heaven. —Bailey.

Who did leave His Father's throne,
To assume thy flesh and bone?
Had He life, or had He none?
If He had not liv'd for thee,
Thou hadst died most wretchedly
And two deaths had been thy fee.
—Herbert.

The most destructive criticism has not been able to dethrone Christ as the incarnation of perfect holiness. The waves of a tossing and restless sea of unbelief break at His feet, and He stands still the supreme model, the inspiration of great souls, the rest of the weary, the fragrance of all Christendom, the one divine flower in the garden of God.—Herrick Johnson.

Our Lord's miracles were all essential parts of His one consistent life. They were wrought as evidences not only of His power, but of His mercy. They were throughout moral in their character, and spiritual in the ends contemplated by them. They were in fact embodiments of His whole character, exemplars of His whole teaching, emblems of His whole mission.—James McCosh.

Christ pitied because He loved, because He saw through all the wretchedness, and darkness, and bondage of evil; that there was in every human soul a possibility of repentance, of restoration; a germ of good, which, however stifled and overlaid, yet was capable of recovery, of health, of freedom, of perfection.—Dean Stanley.

It is the grandeur of Christ's character which constitutes the chief power of His ministry, not His miracles or teachings apart from His character. The greatest triumph of the Gospel is Christ Himself—a human body become the organ of the Divine nature, and revealing, under the conditions of an earthly life, the glory of God.—Horace Bushnell.

The "wise men" were journeying to the manger—we to the throne. They to see a babe—we to look upon the King in His beauty. They to kneel and worship—we to sit with Him on His throne. That trembling star shone for them through the darkness of the night, lighting their way—Jesus is always with us, our star of hope; and the pathway is never dark where He leads; for He giveth "songs in the night."—A. E. Kittredge.

Great occasions rally great principles, and brace the mind to a lofty bearing, a bearing that is even above itself. But trials that make no occasion at all, leave it to show the goodness and beauty it has in its own disposition. And here precisely is the superhuman glory of Christ as a character, that He is just as perfect, exhibits just as great a spirit in little trials as in great ones.—Horace Bushnell.

On the head of Christ are many crowns. He wears the crown of victory; He wears the crown of sovereignty; He wears the crown of creation; He wears the crown of providence; He wears the crown of grace; He wears the crown of glory—for every one of His glorified people owes his honor, happiness and blessedness to Him.—Aughey.

Newton supposed that all matter attracted other matter inversely according to the square of the distance; and the hypothesis was found to account for the whole movements of the heavenly bodies; which all became verifications of what Newton supposed to be the law of the solar system. Adopt the hypothesis that Jesus was what He is represented, and the whole of the

books and the history becomes a verification.—James McCosh.

When has the world seen a phenomenon like this?—a lonely uninstructed youth, coming from amid the moral darkness of Galilee, even more distinct from His age, and from every thing around Him, than a Plato would be rising up in some wild tribe in Oregon, assuming thus a position at the head of the world and maintaining it, for eighteen centuries, by the pure self-evidence of His life and doctrine. —Horace Bushnell.

Christ's divinity accounts for His exaltation to the right hand of God, justifies the worship of angels and the confidence of mankind. It makes clear His right to the throne of the universe, and enables the mind to understand why He is exalted in providence, in grace, and in judgment. It is the unifying truth that harmonizes all other teachings of Christianity, and renders the entire system symmetrical and complete.—George C. Lorimer.

From the moment of His self-dedication, when He threw His cares away, and went forth not knowing where to lay His head, the whole energy which others spend on interests of their own was poured into His human and Divine affections, and filled His life with an enthusiasm resistless and unique. However quiet His words, it is impossible not to feel the tender depths from which they come.—James Martineau.

He walked into Judæa eighteen hundred years ago; His sphere melody, flowing in wild native tones, took captive the ravished souls of men, and, being of a truth sphere melody, still flows and sounds, though now with thousandfold accompaniments and rich symphonies, through all our hearts, and modulates and divinely leads them. —Carlyle.

Across the chasm of eighteen hundred years Jesus Christ makes a demand which is beyond all others difficult to satisfy. He asks that for which a philosopher may often seek in vain at the hands of his friends, or a father of his children, or a bride of her spouse, or a man of his brother. He asks for the human heart; he will have it entirely to himself; he demands it unconditionally, and forthwith his demand is granted. Wonderful!—Napoleon I.

It was before Deity embodied in a human form, walking among men, partaking of their infirmities, leaning on their bosoms, weeping over their graves, slumbering in the manger, bleeding on the cross, that the prejudices of the synagogue, and the doubts of the academy, and the pride of the portico, and the fasces of the lictor, and the swords of thirty legions were humbled in the dust.—Macaulay.

Philosophical argument, especially that drawn from the vastness of the universe, in comparison with the insignificance of this globe, has sometimes shaken my reason for the faith that is in me; but my heart has always assured and reassured me that the gospel of Jesus Christ must be a divine reality. The Sermon on the Mount cannot merely be a human production. This belief enters into the very depth of my conscience.—Daniel Webster.

This it is that gives a majesty so pure and touching to the historic figure of Christ; self-abandonment to God, uttermost surrender, without reserve or stipulation, to the guidance of the Holy Spirit from the Soul of souls; pause in no darkness, hesitation in no perplexity, recoil in no extremity of anguish, but a gentle unfaltering hold of the invisible Hand, of the Only Holy and All Good—these are the features that have made Jesus of Nazareth the dearest and most sacred image to the heart of so many ages.—James Martineau.

Think of the majesty of that moment in this dying world's history, when Jesus Christ declared that to the Christian death was only a sleep. Outside of that small dwelling in Capernaum, a great race of men

rushed and toiled as they harassed continents and seas; mighty events marshaled themselves into annals and pageants. What was inside? In one inconspicuous chamber of a now forgotten house, man's Redeemer, unobserved, martyred man's final enemy. There Immanuel subdued death forever.—C. S. Robinson.

What is our hope but the indwelling Spirit of Christ, to bring every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ, to inspire every word and deed by His love? Then will "broken lights" blend in steady shining, the fractional be summed up in the integral, and life, unified and beautified by the central Christ, radiate God's glory, and shine with divine effulgence.—Maltbie Babcock.

Christ was placed midmost in the world's history; and in that central position He towers like some vast mountain to heaven—the farther slope stretching backward toward the creation, the hither slope toward the consummation of all things. The ages before look to Him with prophetic gaze; the ages since behold Him by historic faith; by both He is seen in common as the brightness of the Father's glory, and the unspeakable gift of God to the race.

In Christ we see the strength of achievement, and the strength of endurance. He moved with a calm majesty, like the sun. The bloody sweat, and the crown of thorns, and the cross, were full in His eyes; but He was obedient unto death. In His perfect self-sacrifice we see the perfection of strength; in the love that prompted it we see the perfection of beauty. This combination of self-sacrifice and love must be commenced in every Christian; and when it shall be in its spirit complete in him, then will he also be perfect in strength and beauty.—Mark Hopkins.

We believe that to Christ belongs creative power—that "without Him was not anything made which was made." We believe that from Him came all life at first. In Him life was as in its deep source. He is the fountain of life. We believe that as no being comes into existence without His creative power, so none continues to exist without His sustaining energy. We believe that the history of the world is but the history of His influence, and that the centre of the whole universe is the cross of Cavalry.—Alexander Maclaren.

Other sages have spoken to me of God. But from whom could I have learned the essence of divine perfection as from Him, who was in a peculiar sense the Son, representative, and image of God—who was especially an incarnation of the unbounded love of the Father? And from what other teacher could I have learned to approach the Supreme Being with that filial spirit, which forms the happiness of my fellowship with Him? From other seers I might have heard of heaven; but when I behold in Jesus the spirit of heaven, dwelling actually on earth, what a new comprehension have I of that better world!—W. E. Channing.

Jesus Christ was born in a stable; He was obliged to fly into Egypt; thirty years of His life were spent in a workshop; He suffered hunger, thirst, and weariness; He was poor, despised, and miserable; He taught the doctrines of heaven, and no one would listen. The great and the wise persecuted and took Him, subjected Him to frightful torments, treated Him as a slave, and put Him to death between two malefactors, having preferred to give liberty to a robber, rather than to suffer Him to escape. Such was the life which our Lord chose; while we are horrified at any kind of humiliation, and cannot bear the slightest appearance of contempt.—Fénelon.

If we carried with us more distinctly than we do that one simple thought that in all human joys, in all the apparently self-forgetting tenderness, of that Lord, who had a heart for every sorrow, and an ear for every complaint, and a hand open as day and full of melting charity for every need—that

in every moment of that life in the boyhood, in the dawning manhood, in the maturity of His growing power—there was always present one black shadow, toward which He ever went straight with the consent of His will and the clearest eye, we should understand something more of how the life as well as the death was a sacrifice for us sinful men.—Alexander Maclaren.

"And whatsoever ye do in word or deed—all in the name of the Lord Jesus." "Do" does not belong there. There is more than doing in life. Thinking, speaking, hoping, planning, dreaming—all are to be in the name of the Lord Jesus. His love and life are to color and shape our ambitions and accomplishments. In Him, as a plant in soil, in rain and sunshine, we are to live, growing up by Him and into Him. In His name we are to work, to pray, to suffer, to rejoice, and at last to go home. It is only another way of saying, "For me to live is Christ." —Maltbie Babcock.

Christ's method is divine. His words have the charm of antiquity with the freshness of yesterday; the simplicity of a child with the wisdom of a God; the softness of kisses from the lip of love, and the force of the lightning rending the tower. His parables are like groups of matchless statuary; His prayers like an organ peal floating round the world and down the ages, echoed by the mountain peaks and plains into rich and varied melody, in which all devout hearts find their noblest feelings at once expressed, sustained, refined. His truths are self-evidencing. They fall into the soul as seed into the ground, to rest and germinate. He speaks, and all nature and life become vocal with theology.—Edward Thomson.

All the virtues which appeared in Christ shone brightest in the close of His life, under the trials He then met. Eminent virture always shows brightest in the fire. Pure gold shows its purity chiefly in the furnace. It was chiefly under those trials which Christ endured in the close of His life that His love to God, His honor of God's majesty, His regard to the honor of His law, His spirit of obedience, His humility, contempt of the world, His patience, meekness, and spirit of forgiveness towards men, appeared. Indeed, everything that Christ did to work out redemption for us appears mainly in the close of His life. Here mainly is His satisfaction for sin, and here chiefly is His merit of eternal life for sinners, and here chiefly appears the brightness of His example which He has set us for imitation.—Jonathan Edwards.

He stands alone in unapproachable grandeur. Nineteen centuries roll away, and His character so lives that He inspires millions of men with impassioned love. Other men may seem to be children of their surroundings; He became what He was despite His surroundings, and is the only one who can say in truth and holiness, "Do as I have done." He, the ideal, the perfect one of our race, appears in an age when such an ideal could not have been developed in act—could not have been conceived in thought. In the theory of development the perfection of humanity is the final result of man's history ages hence. Christ therefore is the great miracle which more than any other establishes the fact of miracles. Christ Himself is proof of His own miracles.—Reynolds.

Jesus! How does the very word overflow with sweetness, and light, and love, and life; filling the air with odors, like precious ointment poured forth; irradiating the mind with a glory of truths on which no fear can live, soothing the wounds of the heart with a balm that turns the sharpest anguish into delicious peace, shedding through the soul a cordial of immortal strength. Jesus! the answer to all our doubts, the spring of all our courage, the earnest of all our hopes, the charm omnipotent against all our foes, the remedy for all weakness, the supply of all our wants, the fullness of all our desires. Jesus! at the mention of whose name every knee shall bow and every tongue confess. Jesus! our power: Jesus! our righteousness,

our sanctification, our redemption—Jesus! our elder brother, our blessed Lord and Redeemer. Thy name is the most transporting theme of the church, as they sing going up from the valley of tears, to their home on the mount of God; Thy name shall ever be the richest chord in the harmony of heaven, while the angels and the redeemed unite their exulting, adoring songs around the throne of God.—George W. Bethune.

How easily and contentedly we speak of Jesus Christ as our example. Do we realize what it means? If we did, it would revolutionize our life. Do we begin to know our Bible as He did? Do we begin to pray as He did? How thoughtful He was for others, how patient toward dullness, how quiet under insult! Think of what it meant for Him to take a basin and towel like a slave and wash the disciples' feet! Do we stoop to serve? Can anyone say of us, as was said of Him, that we go about "doing good"? Think of His words, servants of His, "I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you."

"Christlike" is a word often on our lips. Do not speak it too lightly. It is the heart of God's predestination. It is our high calling.

There has appeared in this, our day, a man of great virtue, named Jesus Christ, who is yet living amongst us, and with the Gentiles is accepted as a prophet of truth, but His own disciples call Him the Son of God. He raiseth the dead, and cureth all manner of diseases; a man of stature somewhat tall and comely, with a very reverend countenance; such as the beholder may both love and fear; his hair is of the color of a filbert, full ripe, and plain down to His ears, but from His ears downwards somewhat curled, and more orient of color, waving about His shoulders. In the midst of His head goeth a seam or partition of hair, after the manner of the Nazarites; His forehead very smooth and plain; His face, nose and mouth so framed as nothing can be reprehended; His beard somewhat thick, agreeable to the hair of His head for color, not of any great length, but forked in the middle; of an innocent and mature look; His eyes gray, clear and quick. In reproving, He is terrible; in admonishing, courteous and fair spoken, pleasant in speech, amidst gravity. It cannot be remembered that any have seen Him laugh, but many have seen Him weep. In proportion of body, well shaped and straight; His hands and arms most beauteous to behold; in speaking, very temperate, modest and wise; a man of singular virtue, surpassing the children of men.—Publius Lentulus.

Christ is a rare jewel, but men know not His value; a sun which ever shines, but men perceive not His brightness, nor walk in His light. He is a garden full of sweets, a hive full of honey, a sun without a spot, a star ever bright, a fountain ever full, a brook which ever flows, a rose which ever blooms, a foundation which never yields, a guide who never errs, a friend who never forsakes. No mind can fully grasp His glory; His beauty, His worth, His importance, no tongue can fully declare. He is the source of all good, the fountain of every excellency, the mirror of perfection, the light of heaven, the wonder of the earth, time's masterpiece, and eternity's glory; the sun of bliss, the way of life, and life's fair way. "He is altogether lovely," says the saint; a morning without clouds, a day without night, a rose without a thorn; His lips drop like the honeycomb, His eyes beam tenderness, His heart gushes love. The Christian is fed by His hands, carried in His heart, supported by His arm, nursed in His bosom, guided by His eye, instructed by His lips, warmed by His love; His wounds are his life, His smile the light of his path, the health of his soul, his rest and heaven below. —Balfern.

Christ (Death of)

If Socrates died like a sage, Jesus died like a God.—Rousseau.

The death of the Son of God is a single and most perfect sacrifice and satisfaction for sins; of infinite value and price, abundantly sufficient to ex-

piate the sins of the whole world.—Synod of Dort.

He was Himself forsaken that none of His children might ever need to utter His cry of loneliness.—J. H. Vincent.

Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His son to be the propitiation for our sins.—Bible.

The sufferings and death of Jesus Christ are a substitution for the endless punishment of all who truly believe on Him.—Adams.

When Jesus knew that it was not possible for the cup to pass from Him, with love to God He held it fast, and with love to man He drank it all.—Alexander Dickson.

In this awfully stupendous manner, at which Reason stands aghast, and Faith herself is half confounded, was the grace of God to man at length manifested.—Richard Hurd.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me:
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free. —Julia Ward Howe.

The whole history of Israel, its ritual and its government, is explicable only as it is typical of the spiritual Israel, of the sacrifice on Cavalry, of the precious blood which alone can wash away sin.—A. E. Kittredge.

My friends, there is one spot on earth where the fear of death, of sin, and of judgment need never trouble us, the only safe spot on earth where the sinner can stand—Calvary.—D. L. Moody.

I have always considered the atonement to be characteristic of the Gospel as a system of religion. Strip it of that doctrine, and you reduce it to a scheme of morality, excellent indeed, and such as the world never before saw; but to man in the present state of his faculties, absolutely impracticable.—Thomas, Earl of Kinnoul.

Christ's sacrifice stands in glorious proportions with the work to be done. Nothing else or less would suffice. It is a work supernatural, transacted in the plane of nature; and what but such a work could restore the broken order of the soul under evil?—Horace Bushnell.

"Having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them to the end." Often had they been faithless; and now, while addressing them, He knows that they will all in a few hours forsake Him. Yet He trusts them; He commits His cause to their keeping. And we must love as He loved.—Richard Fuller.

O, let us understand that the power of Christianity lies not in a hazy indefiniteness, not in shadowy forms, not so much even in definite truths and doctrines, but in the truth and the doctrine. There is but one Christ crucified. All the gathered might of the infinite God is in that word.—Herrick Johnson.

Other men have said, "If I could only live, I would establish and perpetuate an empire." This Christ of Galilee says, "My death shall do it." Other martyrs have died in simple fidelity to truth. This martyr dies that He may make His truth mighty over all hearts. He was a man: but was He only a man?—Herrick Johnson.

In agony unknown He bleeds away His life; in terrible throes He exhausts His soul. "Eloi! Eloi! lama sabachthani?" And then see! they pierce His side, and forthwith runneth out blood and water! This is the shedding of blood, the terrible pouring out of blood, without which, for you and the whole human race, there is no remission.—C. H. Spurgeon.

It was in His parting sorrow—that Jesus asked His disciples to remember Him; and never was entreaty of affection answered so; for ever since has

His name been breathed in morning and evening prayers that none can count, and has brought down some gift of sanctity and peace on the anguish of bereavement, and the remorse of sin.—James Martineau.

God's beloved Son, leaving the echoes of His cries upon the mountains and the traces of His weary feet upon the streets, shedding His tears over the tombs and His blood upon Golgotha, associating His life with our homes, and His corpse with our sepulchres, shows us how we, too, may be sons in the humblest vale of life, and sure of sympathy in heaven amid the deepest wrongs and sorrows of earth.—Edward Thomson.

As we look upon that agony and those tearful prayers, let us not only look with thankfulness; but let that kneeling Saviour teach us that in prayer alone can we be forearmed against our lesser sorrows; that strength to bear flows into the heart that is opened in supplication; and that a sorrow which we are made able to endure is more truly conquered than a sorrow which we avoid.—Alexander Maclaren.

It was not until Jesus had cried, "It is finished," and from His riven side the soldier's spear had fetched the blood and water; it was not till then that the fountain sealed of Incarnate Love became the fountain opened of Redeeming merit, and that the Siloah began to flow, which ever since has flowed adown the oracles of God.—James Hamilton.

But now, the sounds of infancy, always nearest the heart, and sure to come to the lips in our deepest emotion, returned in His anguish; and in words which He had learned at His mother's knee, His heart uttered its last wail—"Eloi! Eloi! lama sabachthani?" "My God! My God! why hast Thou forsaken me?"—J. Cunningham Geikie.

Grant, O Lord, that as we are baptized into the death of Thy blessed Son our Saviour Jesus Christ, so by continual mortifying our corrupt affections, we may be buried with Him; and that through the grave, and gate of death, we may pass to our joyful resurrection; for His merits, who died, and was buried, and rose again for us, Thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.—Book of Common Prayer.

The study of everything that stands connected with the death of Christ, whether it be in the types of the ceremonial law, the predictions of the prophets, the narratives of the gospels, the doctrines of the epistles, or the sublime vision of the Apocalypse, this is the food of the soul, the manna from heaven, the bread of life. This is "meat indeed" and "drink indeed."—John Angel James.

A moment more, and all was over. The cloud had passed as suddenly as it rose. Far and wide, over the vanquished throngs of His enemies, with a loud voice, as if uttering His shout of eternal victory before entering into His glory, He cried, "It is finished!" Then, more gently, came the words, "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit." A moment more, and there arose a great cry, as of mortal agony; the head fell. He was dead.—J. Cunningham Geikie.

All other great men are valued for their lives; He, above all, for His death, around which mercy and truth, righteousness and peace, God and man are reconciled: for the cross is the magnet which sends the electric current through the telegraph between earth and heaven, and makes both Testaments thrill, through the ages of the past and future, with living, harmonious, and saving truth.—Edward Thomson.

The world cannot bury Christ. The earth is not deep enough for His tomb, the clouds are not wide enough for His winding-sheet; He ascends into the heavens, but the heavens cannot contain Him. He still lives—in the church which burns unconsumed with His love; in the truth that reflects His image; in the hearts which burn

as He talks with them by the way.—Edward Thomson.

By Thine hour of dire despair;
By Thine agony of prayer;
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice;
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn Litany.
—Sir Robert Grant.

He was alone; alone, enduring the curse for us; alone, "bearing our sins in His own body on the tree," and exhausting the fierceness of eternal justice; alone, without succor from man; alone, without one strengthening whisper from angel; above all, alone, without one ray from His Father's countenance. And that expiring cry, "My God! My God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" was the bitter, dreary, dismal, piercing wail of a soul utterly deserted—wrapped, shrouded in essential unmitigated desolation.—Richard Fuller.

I entreat you to devote one solemn hour of thought to a crucified Saviour—a Saviour expiring in the bitterest agony. Think of the cross, the nails, the open wounds, the anguish of His soul. Think how the Son of God became a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, that you might live forever. Think as you lie down upon your bed to rest, how your Saviour was lifted up from the earth to die. Think amid your plans and anticipations of future gaiety what the redemption of your soul has cost, and how the dying Saviour would wish you to act. His wounds plead that you will live for better things.—Albert Barnes.

He planted His cross in the midst of the mad and roaring current of selfishness, aggravated to malignity, and uttered from it the mighty cry of expiring love. And the waters heard Him, and from that moment they began to be refluent about His cross. From that moment, a current deeper and broader and mightier began to set heavenward; and it will continue to be deeper and broader and mightier till its glad waters shall encompass the earth, and toss themselves as the ocean. And not alone did earth hear the cry. It pierced the regions of immensity. Heaven heard it, and hell heard it, and the remotest star shall hear it, testifying to the love of God in His unspeakable gift, and to the supremacy of that blessedness of giving which could be reached only through death—the death of the cross.—Mark Hopkins.

When the Father would give men the light of the knowledge of His glory, how does He proceed? To what does He turn men's gaze? Not to His mighty works; not to creative or providential wonders; not to geological or astronomical facts; not to the data on which Paley and Bell and other admirable writers build up their argument from design; not to the still greater wonder of mind, but to "the face of Jesus Christ," that face that was more marred than any man's; that endured the ruffian blows; down which the blood drops trickled; that looked down on a mocking crowd from an ignominious cross.—John Hall.

Christ (Resurrection of)

Having made an expiation for sins, He is set down on God's right hand forever. There is no more that even Immanuel can do. This is Love's extremest effort, God's last and greatest gift, God's own sacrifice. Can there be any escape for those who neglect so great salvation?—James Hamilton.

In His discourses, His miracles, His parables, His sufferings, His resurrection, He gradually raises the pedestal of His humanity before the world, but under a cover, until the shaft reaches from the grave to the heavens, when He lifts the curtain, and displays the figure of a man on a throne, for the worship of the universe; and clothing His church with His own power, He authorizes it to baptize and to preach remission of sins in His own name.—Edward Thomson.

Step by step, He had raised their conceptions of Him nearer the unspeakable grandeur of His true nature and work. At first the Teacher, He

had, after a time, by gradual disclosures, revealed Himself as the Son of God veiled in the form of man; and, now, since His crucifixion and resurrection, He had taught them to see in Him the Messiah, exalted to immortal and Divine majesty, as the conqueror of death and the Lord of all. —James Hamilton.

But who is this that cometh from the tomb, with dyed garments from the bed of death? He that is glorious in His appearance, walking in the greatness of strength? It is thy Prince, O Zion! Christian, it is your Lord! He hath trodden the wine-press alone; He hath stained His raiment with blood; but now as the first-born from the womb of nature, He meets the morning of His resurrection. He arises, a conqueror from the grave; He returns with blessings from the world of spirits; He brings salvation to the sons of men. Never did the returning sun usher in a day so glorious! It was the jubilee of the universe!

Christ (Saviour)

The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.

Unless you live in Christ, you are dead to God.—Rowland Hill.

No man cometh unto the Father, but by me.—Bible.

In danger Christ lashes us to Himself, as the Alpine guides do when there is perilous ice to get over.—Alexander Maclaren.

Christ wants to lead men by their love, their personal love to Him, and the confidence of His personal love to them.—Horace Bushnell.

The Lord Jesus Christ would have the whole world to know that though He pardons sin, He will not protect it. —Joseph Alleine.

Jesus did all the saving-work. He brought the cross to our level. Get saved by looking to Him, and then live to God.—W. P. Mackay.

Jesus is the true manifestation of God, and He is manifested to be the regenerating power of a divine life.—Horace Bushnell.

Jesus Christ hath brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel.

And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me.—Bible.

A man may go to heaven without health, without riches, without honors, without learning, without friends; but he can never go there without Christ. —John Dyer.

He who thinks he hath no need of Christ, hath too high thoughts of himself. He who thinks Christ cannot help him, hath too low thoughts of Christ.—J. M. Mason.

Never be afraid to bring the transcendent mysteries of our faith, Christ's life and death and resurrection, to the help of the humblest and commonest of human wants.—Phillips Brooks.

You may be a dreadful failure. Christ is a divine success. "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth."—Edward Thomson.

No glory of the Eternal One is higher than this, "Mighty to save;" no name of God is more adorable than that of "Saviour;" no place among the servants of God can be so glorious as that of an instrument of salvation.—William Arthur.

Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
—John Keble.

Christ's voice sounds now for each of us in loving invitation; and dead in sin and hardness of heart though we be, we can listen and live. Christ Himself, my brother, sows the seed

now. Do you take care that it falls not on, but in, your souls.—Alexander Maclaren.

On Thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath Thy cross I fall;
My Lord! my Life! my Sacrifice!
My Saviour! and my All!
—Anne Steele.

Because many who are called by the Gospel do not repent nor believe in Christ, but perish in unbelief, this does not arise from defect or insufficiency of the sacrifice offered by Christ, but from their own fault.—Synod of Dort.

Christ is known only by them that receive Him into their love, their faith, their deep want; known only as He is enshrined within, felt as a divine force, breathed in the inspirations of the secret life.—Horace Bushnell.

Beloved, you that have faith in the fountain, frequent it. Beware of two errors which are very natural and very disastrous; beware of thinking any sin too great for it; beware of thinking any sin too small.—James Hamilton.

Our sins are debts that none can pay but Christ. It is not our tears, but His blood; it is not our sighs, but His sufferings, that can testify for our sins. Christ must pay all, or we are prisoners forever.—Thomas Brooks.

It was the custom of the Roman emperors, at their triumphal entrance, to cast new coins among the multitudes; so doth Christ, in His triumphal ascension into heaven, throw the greatest gifts for the good of men that were ever given.—T. Goodwin.

There is truth in Jesus which is terrible, as well as truth that is soothing; terrible, for He shall be Judge as well as Saviour; and ye cannot face Him, ye cannot stand before Him, unless ye now give ear to His invitation.—Henry Melvill.

Christ sends His Spirit, not only to help, but to lead us on, so that we build better than we know. We come freely into His methods; we are made to carry out His plan. This is the guarantee of an eternal success.—M. B. Riddle.

Christ puts Himself at the head of the mystic march of the generations; and, like the mysterious angel that Joshua saw in the plain by Jericho, makes the lofty claim, "Nay, but as the captain of the Lord's host am I come up."—Alexander Maclaren.

Jesus does not drive His followers on before, as a herd of unwilling disciples, but goes before Himself, leading them into paths that He has trod, and dangers He has met, and sacrifices He has borne Himself, calling them after Him and to be only followers.—Horace Bushnell.

Christ is the great burden bearer—the Lamb of God who beareth the sin of the world; but in order to enjoy the benefit of His interposition, I must distinctly and for myself take advantage of it. Conscious of my lost estate, I must seek a personal share in the common salvation.—James Hamilton.

Be sure that Christ is not behind you, but before, calling and drawing you on. This is the liberty, the beautiful liberty of Christ. Claim your glorious privilege in the name of a disciple; be no more a servant, when Christ will own you as a friend.—Horace Bushnell.

As this brook not only washes off impurities, but overwhelms them, so that they can no longer be found, even so Thy Divine mercy, and the stream of my Saviour's blood, not only purge away, but extinguish my sins, sweeping them into the depths of the sea, where through all eternity they shall be remembered no more.—Christian Scriver.

Go to the family where darkness and suspicion and jealousy and disorder reign, and if they will but receive Christ, mark how light and confidence and order and peace spring up. Go to the regions of superstition and idol-

atry, and see what transformations are effected by Jesus.—Edward Thomson.

From behind the shadow of the still small voice—more awful than tempest or earthquake—more sure and persistent than day and night—is always sounding full of hope and strength to the weariest of us all, "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world."—Thomas Hughes.

And what is the joy of Christ? The joy and delight which springs forever in His great heart, from feeling that He is forever doing good; from loving all, and living for all; from knowing that if not all, yet millions on millions are grateful to Him, and will be forever.—Charles Kingsley.

When a man begins to apprehend the first approach of grace, pardon, and mercy by Jesus Christ to his soul; when he is convinced of his utter unworthiness and desert of hell, and can never expect anything from a just and holy God but damnation, how do the first dawnings of mercy melt and humble him!—John Flavel.

Grieve not the Christ of God, who redeems us; and remember that we grieve Him most when we will not let Him pour His love upon us, but turn a sullen, unresponsive unbelief towards His pleading grace, as some glacier shuts out the sunshine from the mountain-side with its thick-ribbed ice.—Alexander Maclaren.

As a child walking over a slippery and dangerous path cries out, "Father, I am falling!" and has but a moment to catch his father's hand, so every believer sees hours when only the hand of Jesus comes between him and the abysses of destruction.—T. L. Cuyler.

Compassionate Saviour! We welcome Thee to our world. We welcome Thee to our hearts. We bless Thee for the Divine goodness Thou hast brought from heaven; for the souls Thou hast warmed with love to man, and lifted up in love to God; for the efforts of divine philanthropy which Thou hast inspired; and for that hope of a pure celestial life, through which Thy disciples triumph over death.—W. E. Channing.

Reader, if Christ is yours, and you are Christ's, is there anything on which you may more confidently repose than that Jesus is making continual intercession for you, ever displaying the merits of His cross and precious blood, not only for the church at large, but for thee, even for sinful thee?—G. W. Mylne.

Brethren, is not this the Saviour that you need? one who can save you from the utmost depths of depravity, in the utmost corner of the earth, on the utmost inch of time? One who can save you amidst the utmost urgency of fierce temptations, and who in the uttermost extreme of exhausted nature, when heart and flesh do faint and fail, completes the work, and seals the salvation for evermore?—James Hamilton.

You have only to cast your life-long guilt, your ungodliness, your evil thoughts and wicked words, your sinful soul itself, into this crime-canceling, sin-annihilating, soul-cleansing Fountain, in order to obliterate from God's creation your foul transgressions, and yet leave the Divine perfection fair as ever. The sin which a Saviour's blood dissolves is the only sin which, after being once committed, is totally extinguished.—James Hamilton.

"My burden is light," said the blessed Redeemer, a light burden indeed, which carries him that bears it. I have looked through all nature for a resemblance of this, and seem to find a shadow of it in the wings of a bird, which are indeed borne by the creature, and yet support her flight towards heaven.—St. Bernard.

What do we know about the world unseen? What reasonings, what curiosity, what misgivings there have been concerning that impenetrable mystery! Out of this mystery and vagueness and vastness comes the human form of the

Divine Redeemer. He assures us that there is an unmixed and endless life, and that all we have to do to secure it is to trust ourselves to Him who came to declare it and to confer it.—William Adams.

It is not the thinker who is the true king of men, as we sometimes hear it proudly said. We need one who will not only show, but be the Truth; who will not only point, but open and be the Way; who will not only communicate thought, but give, because He is the Life. Not the rabbi's pulpit, nor the teacher's desk, still less the gilded chairs of earthly monarchs, least of all the tents of conquerors, are the throne of the true king. He rules from the cross.—Alexander Maclaren.

Happy those who are able in truth to say, "My Lord and my God!" Here is the true bond of union. Here is the noblest inspiration of life. Strength for work. Comfort in trouble. Hope in death. Here is what gives eternity itself its chief interest and joy. There we shall behold the King in His beauty. And when we shall see Him as He is, and shall be like Him, with what ecstasy of love and gratitude and joy shall we cry, "My Lord and my God!"—William Forsythe.

I feel my disease, and I feel that my want of alarm and lively affecting conviction forms its most obstinate ingredient; I try to stir up the emotion, and feel myself harassed and distressed at the impotency of my own meditations. But why linger without the threshold in the face of a warm and urgent invitation? "Come unto me." Do not think it is your office to heal one part of the disease, and Christ's to heal the remainder.—Thomas Chalmers.

The hoary centuries are full of Him; the echoes of His sweet voice are heard to-day; His love has perfumed the past eighteen hundred years, and He lives to-day, as the Head of His church; He lives to-day, the object of the warmest adoration, the most passionate love, for whom millions would die this very hour. Empires have fallen, thrones have crumbled; but Jesus lives, His empire extending every day, His throne gaining new trophies of His grace.—A. E. Kittredge.

The enthronement of Christ over the minds of men is steadily going forward. His kingdom embraces the princes in the realm of mind. It embraces the nations of highest civilization. They are all beneath the cross. It is maintained by simple authority. Other mental monarchs rule by logic; Christ's word is law—it is satisfying to His subjects. His truth in the hands of His disciples, like the bread He broke upon the mountains, is an ample supply for the millions that gather at His table.—Edward Thomson.

Yes, we have throned Him in our minds and hearts—the cynosure of our wandering thoughts—the monarch of our warmest affections, hopes, desires. This we have done. And the more we meditate upon His astonishing love, His amazing sacrifice, the more we feel that if we had a thousand minds, hearts, souls, we would crown Him Lord of all. Living we will live in Him, for Him, to Him. Dying, we will clasp Him in our arms, and, with Simeon, welcome death as the consummation of bliss.—Richard Fuller.

Thus the word reveals the divine essence; His incarnation makes that life, that love, that light, which is eternally resident in God obvious to souls that steadily contemplate Himself. These terms life, love, light—so abstract, so simple, so suggestive—meet in God; but they meet also in Jesus Christ. They do not only make Him the centre of a philosophy; they belong to the mystic language of faith more truly than to the abstract terminology of speculative thought. They draw hearts to Jesus; they invest Him with a higher than any intellectual beauty.—H. P. Liddon.

My only comfort is that I with body and soul, both in life and death, am not my own, but belong to my faithful

Saviour Jesus Christ, who with His precious blood hath fully satisfied for all my sins, and delivered me from all the power of the devil; and so preserves me, that without the will of my heavenly Father, not a hair can fall from my head; yea, that all things must be subservient to my salvation. And, therefore, by His holy spirit, He also assures me of eternal life, and makes me sincerely willing and ready, henceforth to live unto Him.—Heidelberg Catechism.

We believe that the salvation of sinners is wholly of grace; through the mediatorial offices of the Son of God; who, by the appointment of the Father, freely took upon Him our nature, yet without sin; honored the divine law by His personal obedience, and by His death made a full atonement for sins; that having risen from the dead He is now enthroned in heaven; and uniting in His wonderful person the tenderest sympathies with divine perfections, He is every way qualified to be a suitable, a compassionate, and an all-sufficient Saviour.—Baptist Church Manual.

Christ is the head of all things. Everything lies open before His eye, everything is sustained by His power, and everything is disposed of by His wisdom. Not a sparrow can fall to the ground without His notice and permission. Oh, to see Jesus in all things! Oh, to see everything at the disposal of Jesus! Oh, to see that all things are directed, controlled, and overruled by Christ alone! May this calm my mind, compose my spirit, and produce holy resignation in my soul! If Jesus arranges all, sends all, directs all, overrules all, then all things must work together for good to them that love God. —James Smith.

If you are really anxious to learn the way to God, He has not left Himself without a witness, nor you without a teacher. Go to the recorded Christ, and look at that history; listen to those words which survive in the gospels. And go to the living Christ, to Him who has said, "I am the light of the world, he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." And dim as may be your outset—more of night than morning in your twilight, as you follow on you shall know the Lord, and with the light that radiates from Himself, your path will shine brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.—James Hamilton.

Christian

A Christian is the highest style of man.—Young.

A Christian is God Almighty's gentleman.—J. C. Hare.

The disciples were called Christians first at Antioch.—The Acts.

Whatever makes men good Christians, makes them good citizens.—Daniel Webster.

The purified righteous man has become a coin of the Lord, and has the impress of his King stamped upon him. —Clement of Alexandria.

Being in Christ, it is safe to forget the past; it is possible to be sure of the future; it is possible to be diligent in the present.—Alexander Maclaren.

Christians have burnt each other, quite persuaded
That all the apostles would have done as they did. —Byron.

A greater absurdity cannot be thought of than a morose, hard-hearted, covetous, proud, malicious Christian.—Jonathan Edwards.

Christians are called saints, for their holiness; believers, for their faith; brethren, for their love; disciples, for their knowledge.—Fuller.

A child of God should be a visible beatitude, for joy and happiness, and a living doxology, for gratitude and adoration.—C. H. Spurgeon.

There is nothing that will make you a Christian indeed, but a taste of the sweetness of Christ.—Rutherford.

The Christian life is not hearing nor knowing, but doing.—Rev. S. L. Dickey.

I never knew any man in my life who could not bear another's misfortunes perfectly like a Christian.—Pope.

It was a deep true thought which the old painters had, when they drew John as likest to his Lord. Love makes us like.—Alexander Maclaren.

Servant of God, well done, well hast thou fought
The better fight. —Milton.

A virtuous and a Christian-like conclusion,
To pray for them that have done scathe to us. —Shakespeare.

The greatness of God is the true rebuke to the littleness of men. The greatness of Christ is the true rebuke to the littleness of Christians.—Dean Stanley.

A Christian is a man in Christ. "If any man be in Christ." A Christian is a man for Christ. "Glorify God in your body and spirit which are God's."—Richard Fuller.

A Christian in this world is but gold in the ore; at death the pure gold is melted out and separated and the dross cast away and consumed.—Flavel.

If all were perfect Christians, individuals would do their duty; the people would be obedient to the laws, the magistrates incorrupt, and there would be neither vanity nor luxury in such a state.—Rousseau.

Christian work is something more than furnishing food and raiment and shelter. It is also teaching men of God, of Christ, of heaven, of sin, of love, of justice, of brotherhood.

Christ, in that place He hath put you, hath intrusted you with a dear pledge, which is His own glory, and hath armed you with His sword to keep the pledge, and make a good account of it to God.—Rutherford.

The last, best fruit that comes to perfection, even in the kindliest soul, is tenderness toward the hard; forbearance toward the unforbearing; warmth of heart toward the cold; and philanthropy toward the misanthropic.—Jean Paul Richter.

Like the cellar-growing vine is the Christian who lives in the darkness and bondage of fear. But let him go forth, with the liberty of God, into the light of love, and he will be like the plant in the field, healthy, robust, and joyful.—H. W. Beecher.

The weakest believer is a member of Christ as well as the strongest; and the weakest member of the body mystically shall not perish. Christ will cut off rotten members, but not weak members.—Watson.

Ordinary human motives will appeal in vain to the ears which have heard the tones of the heavenly music; and all the pomp of life will show poor and tawdry to the sight that has gazed on the vision of the great white throne and the crystal sea.—Alexander Maclaren.

It is more to the honor of a Christian soldier, by faith to overcome the world, than by a monastical vow to retreat from it; and more for the honor of Christ, to serve Him in a city than to serve Him in a cell.—Matthew Henry.

Persons of mean understandings, not so inquisitive, nor so well instructed, are made good Christians, and by reverence and obedience, implicitly believe, and abide by their belief.—Montaigne.

The sum of the whole matter is this: He who is one in will and heart with God is a Christian. He who loves God is one in will and heart with Him. He who trusts Christ loves God. That is Christianity in its ultimate purpose and result. That is Christianity in its means and working forces. That is Christianity in its starting point and foundation.—Alexander Maclaren.

He that will deserve the name of a Christian must be such a man as excelleth through the knowledge of Christ and His doctrine; in modesty and righteousness of mind, in constancy of life, in virtuous fortitude, and in maintaining sincere piety toward the one and the only God, who is all in all.—Eusebius.

Many there are who, while they bear the name of Christians, are totally unacquainted with the power of their divine religion. But for their crimes the Gospel is in no wise answerable. Christianity is with them a geographical, not a descriptive, appellation.—Faber.

Yes—rather plunge me back in pagan night,
And take my chance with Socrates for bliss,
Than be the Christian of a faith like this,
Which builds on heavenly cant its earthly sway,
And in a convert mourns to lose a prey.
—Moore.

Health is a great blessing—competence obtained by honorable industry is a great blessing—and a great blessing it is to have kind, faithful, and loving friends and relatives; but, that the greatest of all blessings, as it is the most ennobling of all privileges, is to be indeed a Christian.—Coleridge.

The Christian life is not an engagement by contract between the Master and His servant. It is the union of two hearts—that of the Saviour and the saved—by the endearing ties of the most intimate love.

The great comprehensive truths written in letters of living light on every page of our history are these: Human happiness has no perfect security but freedom; freedom none but virtue: virtue none but knowledge; and neither freedom nor virtue has any vigor of immortal hope, except in the principles of Christian faith, and in the sanctions of the Christian religion.—Aughey.

Now see what a Christian is, drawn by the hand of Christ. He is a man on whose clear and open brow God has set the stamp of truth; one whose very eye beams bright with honor; in whose very look and bearing you may see freedom, manliness, veracity; a brave man—a noble man—frank, generous, true, with, it may be, many faults; whose freedom may take the form of impetuosity or rashness, but the form of meanness never.—F. W. Robertson.

A Christian is a believer in Jesus. He believes that if he only throws his own lost and sinful soul on the Redeemer, there is in His sacrifice sufficient merit to cancel all his guilt, and in His heart sufficient love to undertake the keeping of his soul for all eternity. He believes that Jesus is a Saviour. He believes that His heart is set on His people's holiness, and that it is only by making them new creatures, pure-minded, kind-hearted, unselfish, devout, that He can fit them for a home and a life like His own, that He can fit them for the occupations and enjoyments of heaven. And believing all this he prays and labors after holiness.—James Hamilton.

He that can apprehend and consider vice with all her baits and seeming pleasures, and yet abstain, and yet distinguish, and yet prefer that which is truly better, he is the true way-faring Christian. I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue unexercised and unbreathed that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race, where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat.—Milton.

These—lowliness, meekness, long-suffering, loving forbearance—quiet, unpretending, unshowy virtues, are amongst the best means for promoting true unity in the church of God. Who is the most useful Christian? Not as a rule he who has the most transcendent genius, brilliant talents, and commanding eloquence, but he who has the most of this quiet, loving, forbearing spirit. The world may do without its Niagara, whose thundering roar and majestic rush excite the highest amazement of mankind, but it cannot spare the thousand rivulets that glide unseen and unheard every moment through the earth, imparting life, and verdure, and

beauty wherever they go. And so the church may do without its men of splendid abilities, but it cannot do without its men of tender, loving, forbearing souls.—David Thomas.

Putting the soul into trifles. Let us remember that greatness of action depends on two other kinds of greatness; on our appreciation of the greatness of the occasion when it can be done. It has been well said, by an eminent French writer, that the true calling of a Christian is not to do extraordinary things, but to do ordinary things in an extraordinary way. The most trival tasks can be accomplished in a noble, gentle, regal spirit, which overrides and puts aside all petty, paltry feelings, and which elevates all little things.—Dean Stanley.

Christianity

There is no social life outside of Christendom.—Wm. H. Seward.

Christianity is a battle, not a dream. —Wendell Phillips.

Christendom, as an effect, must be accounted for. It is too large for a mortal cause.—Bishop Huntington.

Christianity ruined emperors, but saved peoples.—Alfred de Musset.

Christianity is completed Judaism, or it is nothing.—Beaconsfield.

Christianity commands us to pass by injuries; policy to let them pass by us. —Franklin.

The Christian faith is a grand cathedral with divinely pictured windows.—Hawthorne.

The pure and benign light of revelation has had a meliorating influence on mankind.—Washington.

I desire no other evidence of the truth to Christianity than the Lord's Prayer.—Madame de Staël.

Christianity is intensely practical. She has no trait more striking than her common sense.—Charles Buxton.

God must have loved the plain people; He made so many of them.—Abraham Lincoln.

Every Christian is born great because he is born for heaven.—Massillon.

Give us more and more of real Christianity, and we shall need less of its evidences.

Christianity is not so much the advent of a better doctrine as of a perfect character.—Horace Bushnell.

Without the way, there is no going; without the truth, there is no knowing; without the life, there is no living.—Thomas à Kempis.

Our Christianity is a name, a shadow, unless we resemble Him who, being the incarnate God, was incarnate goodness.—Aughey.

Though the living man can wear a mask and carry on deceit, the dying Christian cannot counterfeit.—Cumberland.

The other world is as to this like the east to the west. We cannot approach the one without turning away from the other.—Abd-el-Kader.

He who is truly a good man is more than half way to being a Christian, by whatever name he is called.—South.

There was never law, or sect, or opinion, did so much magnify goodness as the Christian religion doth.—Bacon.

In becoming Christians, though we love some persons more than we did, let us love none less.—Gambold.

I would give nothing for the Christianity of a man whose very dog and cat were not the better for his religion. —Rowland Hill.

Christianity was the temple that was to be eternal; and on it, as unconscious builders, men were laboring in all the ages from the creation.—Bishop Foss.

Christianity, which is always true to the heart, knows no abstract virtues, but virtues resulting from our wants, and useful to all.—Chateaubriand.

The church limits her sacramental services to the faithful. Christ gave Himself upon the cross, a ransom for all.—Pascal.

The whole of Christianity is comprised in three things—to believe, to love, and to obey Jesus. These are things, however, which we must be learning all our life.—Christian Scriver.

The peculiar doctrine of Christianity is that of a universal sacrifice and perpetual propitiation.—Dr. Johnson.

Christianity is the companion of liberty in all its conflicts, the cradle of its infancy and the divine source of its claims.—De Tocqueville.

Ours is a religion jealous in its demands, but how infinitely prodigal in its gifts! It troubles you for an hour, it repays you by immortality.—Bulwer-Lytton.

If Christianity were only a development, then Christ was not needed. If Christianity were only a scheme of morals, then the divine incarnation was a thing superfluous.—Herrick Johnson.

The real difficulty with thousands in the present day is not that Christianity has been found wanting, but that it has never been seriously tried.—H. P. Liddon.

Other sciences may strengthen certain faculties of the soul; some the intellect, some the imagination, some the memory; but Christianity strengthens the soul itself.

When Christianity is received, it stimulates the faculties, and calls forth new ideas, new motives and new sentiments. It has been the mother of all modern education.—James McCosh.

There is no inevitable connection between Christianity and cynicism. Truth is not a salad, is it, that you must always dress it with vinegar?—Wm. M. Punshon.

I always have had, and always shall have, a profound regard for Christianity, the religion of my fathers, and for its rights, its usages and observances.—Henry Clay.

The introduction of Christianity, which, under whatever form, always confers such inestimable benefits on mankind, soon made a sensible change in these rude and fierce manners.—Burke.

The whole history of Christianity proves that she has indeed little to fear from persecution as a foe, but much to fear from persecution as an ally.—Macaulay.

Christianity may produce agitation, anger, tumult as at Ephesus; but the diffusion of the pure gospel of Christ, and the establishment of the institutions of honesty and virtue, at whatever cost, is a blessing to mankind.—Albert Barnes.

It is a refiner as well as a purifier of the heart; it imparts correctness of perception, delicacy of sentiment, and all those nicer shades of thought and feeling which constitute elegance of mind.—Mrs. John Sanford.

If ever Christianity appears in its power, it is when it erects its trophies upon the tomb; when it takes up its votaries where the world leaves them; and fills the breast with immortal hope in dying moments.—Robert Hall.

Christianity is within a man, even as he is gifted with reason; it is associated with your mother's chair, and with the first remembered tones of her blessed voice.—Coleridge.

Christianity is, above all other religions ever known, a religion of sacrifice. It is a religion founded on the greatest of all sacrifices, the sacrifice of the Incarnation, culminating in the sacrifice on Calvary.—Dean Stanley.

Our religion is not Christianity so much as Christ. Our gospel is the knowledge, not of a system, but the saving knowledge of a personal Saviour.—Aughey.

Christianity, Christ, heaven, hell, the judgment, sin, holiness, God,—these, and whether they be true or false, and our personal relations to them, whether they be right or wrong, are things to know about, not to be doubting or guessing about.—Herrick Johnson.

The distinction between Christianity and all other systems of religion consists largely in this, that in these other men are found seeking after God, while Christianity is God seeking after man.—Thomas Arnold.

A Christianity which will not help those who are struggling from the bottom to the top of society needs another Christ to die for it.—Beecher.

Christianity has no ceremonial. It has forms, for forms are essential to order; but it disdains the folly of attempting to reinforce the religion of the heart by the antics of the mind.—Rev. Dr. Croly.

Personal Christianity is not a creed, however orthodox; not a ritualism, however Scriptural; not a profession, however outwardly consistent; not a service, however seemingly useful; but is Christ in man.

He that loves Christianity better than truth will soon love his own sect or party better than Christianity, and will end by loving himself better than all.—Coleridge.

Christ was *vitæ magister*, not *scholæ;* and he is the best Christian whose heart beats with the purest pulse towards heaven; not he whose head spinneth out the finest cobwebs.—Cudworth.

Christianity alone inspires and guides progress; for the progress of man is movement toward God, and movement toward God will ensure a gradual unfolding of all that exalts and adorns man.—Mark Hopkins.

Christianity teaches us to moderate our passions; to temper our affections toward all things below; to be thankful for the possession, and patient under loss, whenever He who gave shall see fit to take away.—Sir Wm. Temple.

Christianity is more than history; it is also a system of truths. Every event which its history records, either is a truth, or suggests a truth, or expresses a truth which man needs to assent to or to put into practice.—Noah Porter.

It awes by the majesty of its truths, it agitates by the force of its compunctions, it penetrates the heart by the tenderness of its appeals, and it casts over the abyss of thought, the shadow of its eternal grandeur.—Henry Giles.

Where science speaks of improvement, Christianity speaks of renovation; where science speaks of development, Christianity speaks of sanctification; where science speaks of progress, Christianity speaks of perfection.—Aughey.

Christian graces are like perfumes; the more they are pressed, the sweeter they smell; like stars that shine brightest in the dark; like trees, the more they are shaken, the deeper root they take, and the more fruit they bear.—Rev. John Mason.

Great books are written for Christianity much oftener than great deeds are done for it. City libraries tell us of the reign of Jesus Christ, but city streets tell us of the reign of Satan.—Horace Mann.

Alas! how has the social spirit of Christianity been perverted by fools at one time, and by knaves and bigots at another; by the self-tormentors of the cell, and the all-tormentors of the conclave!—Colton.

Christianity does not consist in a proud priesthood, a costly church, an imposing ritual, a fashionable throng,

a pealing organ, loud responses to the creed, and reiterated expressions of reverence for the name of Christ; but in the spirit of filial trust in God, and ardent, impartial, overflowing love to man.—T. J. Mumford.

Look back to the cross, and the disciples gazing on it in terror from afar, and then look around on the nations that are influenced by the faith that there centres—and note the change! Then take these elements, established in history, and calculate the orbit Christianity is to fill.—R. S. Storrs.

We are blessed with a faith, which calls into action the whole intellectual man; which prescribes a reasonable service; which challenges the investigation of its evidences; and which, in the doctrine of immortality, invests the mind of man with a portion of the dignity of Divine intelligence.—Edward Everett.

A man can no more be a Christian without facing evil and conquering it than he can be a soldier without going to battle, facing the cannon's mouth, and encountering the enemy in the field.—Chapin.

A few persons of an odious and despised country could not have filled the world with believers, had they not shown undoubted credentials from the divine person who sent them on such a message.—Addison.

Christianity taught the capacity, the element, to love the All-perfect without a stingy bargain for personal happiness. It taught that to love Him was happiness,—to love Him in others' virtues.—Emerson.

It happened very providentially, to the honor of the Christian religion, that it did not take its rise in the dark illiterate ages of the world, but at a time when arts and sciences were at their height.—Addison.

Christianity is no mere scheme of doctrine or of ethical practice, but is instead a kind of miracle, a power out of nature and above, descending into it; a historically supernatural movement on the world, that is visibly entered into it, and organized to be an institution in the person of Jesus Christ.—Horace Bushnell.

Christian faith is a grand cathedral, with divinely pictured windows. Standing without you see no glory, nor can possibly imagine any. Nothing is visible but the merest outline of dusky shapes. Standing within all is clear and defined; every ray of light reveals an army of unspeakable splendors.—John Ruskin.

The greatest, strongest, mightiest plea for the church of God in the world is the existence of the Spirit of God in its midst, and the works of the Spirit of God are the true evidences of Christianity. They say miracles are withdrawn, but the Holy Spirit is the standing miracle of the church of God to-day.—C. H. Spurgeon.

The strong argument for the truth of Christianity is the true Christian; the man filled with the Spirit of Christ. The best proof of Christ's resurrection is a living church, which itself is walking in a new life, and drawing life from Him who hath overcome death.—Christlieb.

Christianity, contrasted with the Jewish system of emblems, is truth in the sense of reality, as substance is opposed to shadows, and, contrasted with heathen mythology, is truth as opposed to falsehood.—Whately.

Christianity is the only true and perfect religion, and in proportion as mankind adopt its principles and obey its precepts, they will be wise and happy. And a better knowledge of this religion is to be acquired by reading the Bible than in any other way.—Benjamin Rush.

Public charities and benevolent associations for the gratuitous relief of every species of distress, are peculiar to Christianity; no other system of civil or religious policy has originated them; they form its highest praise and characteristic feature.—Colton.

Had it been published by a voice from heaven, that twelve poor men,

taken out of boats and creeks, without any help of learning, should conquer the world to the cross, it might have been thought an illusion against all reason of men; yet we know it was undertaken and accomplished by them. —Stephen Charnock.

Christianity is indeed peculiarly fitted to the more improved stages of society, to the more delicate sensibilities of refined minds, and especially to that dissatisfaction with the present state which always grows with the growth of our moral powers and affections.—Channing.

Christianity has found its triumphs and shown its fruits in every nation and tribe upon the globe; and its results have been in every case the same. Virtue, social order, prosperity, blessedness, the elevation and improvement, in all respects, of the human life, are the uniform and exclusive inheritance of those who receive the Gospel.—J. H. Seelye.

If Christianity has really come from heaven, it must renew the whole life of man; it must govern the life of nations no less than that of individuals; it must control a Christian when acting in his public and political capacity as completely as when he is engaged in the duties which belong to him as a member of a family circle.—H. P. Liddon.

Read a work on the "Evidences of Christianity," and it may become highly probable that Christianity, etc., are true. This is an opinion. Feel God. Do His will, till the Absolute Imperative within you speaks as with a living voice, "Thou shalt, and thou shalt not;" and then you do not think, you know that there is a God.—F. W. Robertson.

Here is Christianity. Whence came it? What is it? It is a force in the world, a prodigious force. It has revolutionized society. It has lifted man out of himself. It has changed the face of the world. There it lies, imbedded in more than eighteen centuries of human history; and history of no mean sort, the best record of the race.—Herrick Johnson.

Christianity has carried civilization along with it, whithersoever it has gone; and, as if to show that the latter does not depend on physical causes, some of the countries the most civilized in the days of Augustus are now in a state of hopeless barbarism.—Hare.

We have now in our possession three instruments of civilization, unknown to antiquity. These are the art of printing; free representative government; and, lastly, a pure and spiritual religion, the deep fountain of generous enthusiasm, the mighty spring of bold and lofty designs, the great sanctuary of moral power.—Edward Everett.

When I see how fragmentary the structure of religious knowledge was left by nature, when I see how inadequate all the labors of man had proved for its completion,—and when I look at the glorious and completed dome reared by Christianity, I cannot but feel that other than human hands have been employed in its structure.—Mark Hopkins.

Now, the whole world hears
Or shall hear,—surely shall hear, at the last,
Though men delay, and doubt, and faint, and fail,—
That promise faithful:—"Fear not, little flock!
It is your Father's will and joy, to give
To you, the Kingdom"!
—Matthew Arnold.

The relations of Christians to each other are like the several flowers in a garden that have upon each the dew of heaven, which, being shaken by the wind, they let fall the dew at each other's roots, whereby they are jointly nourished, and become nourishers of one another.—Bunyan.

The introduction of the Christian religion into the world has produced an incalculable change in history. There had previously been only a history of nations—there is now a history of mankind; and the idea of an education of human nature as a whole.—an education the work of Jesus Christ

Himself—is become like a compass for the historian, the key of history, and the hope of nations.—D'Aubigné.

I have been young, but now am old. I have spent a whole lifetime in battling against infidelity with the weapons of apologetic science; but I have become ever more and more convinced that the way to the heart does not lie through the head; and that the only way to conversion of the head lies through a converted heart which already tastes the living fruits of the Gospel.—A. Tholuck.

Christianity depends finally on consciousness and experience. From other departments of the mind she may retire at times or seem to, but never from this. Sitting here, if allowed to, on the throne of the soul, she occasionally walks into the other rooms and sets them in order; and accustomed to her presence, sooner or later the soul finds every department flooded with her light.—E. O. Haven.

Christianity is perfect, men are imperfect. Now a perfect consequence cannot spring from an imperfect principle. Christianity, therefore, is not the work of man. If Christianity is not the work of man, it can have come from none but God. If it came from God, men cannot have acquired a knowledge of it except by revelation. Therefore, Christianity is a revealed religion.—Chateaubriand.

The real security of Christianity is to be found in its benevolent morality, in its exquisite adaptation to the human heart, in the facility with which its scheme accommodates itself to the capacity of every human intellect, in the consolation which it bears to every house of mourning, in the light with which it brightens the great mystery of the grave.—Macaulay.

It is the truth divine, speaking to our whole being: occupying, calling into action, and satisfying man's every faculty, supplying the minutest wants of his being, and speaking in one and the same moment to his reason, his conscience and his heart. It is the light of reason, the life of the heart, and the strength of the will.—Pierre.

All who have been great and good without Christianity would have been much greater and better with it. If there be, amongst the sons of men, a single exception to this maxim, the divine Socrates may be allowed to put in the strongest claim. It was his high ambition to deserve, by deeds, not by creeds, an unrevealed heaven, and by works, not by faith, to enter an unpromised land.—Colton.

Nature never gives to a living thing capacities not particularly meant for its benefit and use. If Nature gives to us capacities to believe that we have a Creator whom we never saw, of whom we have no direct proof, who is kind and good and tender beyond all that we know of kindness and goodness and tenderness on earth, it is because the endowment of capacities to conceive a Being must be for our benefit and use; it would not be for our benefit and use if it were a lie.—Bulwer-Lytton.

All the graces of Christianity always go together. They so go together that where there is one, there are all, and where one is wanting, all are wanting. Where there is faith, there are love, and hope, and humility; and where there is love, there is also trust; and where there is a holy trust in God, there is love to God; and where there is a gracious hope, there also is a holy fear of God.—Jonathan Edwards.

Now you say, alas! Christianity is hard; I grant it; but gainful and happy. I contemn the difficulty when I respect the advantage. The greatest labors that have answerable requitals are less than the least that have no regard. Believe me, when I look to the reward, I would not have the work easier. It is a good Master whom we serve, who not only pays, but gives; not after the proportion of our earnings, but of His own mercy.—Bishop Hall.

No religion ever appeared in the world whose natural tendency was so much directed to promote the peace and happiness of mankind. It makes right reason a law in every possible

definition of the word. And therefore, even supposing it to have been purely a human invention, it had been the most amiable and the most useful invention that was ever imposed on mankind for their good.—Lord Bolingbroke.

As to the Christian religion, besides the strong evidence which we have for it, there is a balance in its favor from the number of great men who have been convinced of its truth after a serious consideration of the question. Grotius was an acute man, a lawyer, a man accustomed to examine evidence, and he was convinced. Grotius was not a recluse, but a man of the world, who certainly had no bias on the side of religion. Sir Isaac Newton set out an infidel, and came to be a very firm believer.—Johnson.

Ordinarily rivers run small at the beginning, grow broader and broader as they proceed, and become widest and deepest at the point where they enter the sea. It is such rivers that the Christian's life is like. But the life of the mere worldly man is like those rivers in Southern Africa, which, proceeding from mountain freshets, are broad and deep at the beginning, and grow narrower and more shallow as they advance. They waste themselves by soaking into the sands, and at last they die out entirely. The farther they run the less there is of them.—Beecher.

Christianity excludes malignity, subdues selfishness, regulates the passions, subordinates the appetites, quickens the intellect, exalts the affections. It promotes industry, honesty, truth, purity, kindness. It humbles the proud, exalts the lowly, upholds law, favors liberty, is essential to it, and would unite men in one great brotherhood. It is the breath of life to social and civil well-being here, and spreads the azure of that heaven into whose unfathomed depths the eye of faith loves to look.—Mark Hopkins.

We say, then, that Christianity is adapted to the intellect, because its spirit coincides with that of true philosophy; because it removes the incubus of sensuality and low vice; because of the place it gives to truth; because it demands free inquiry; because its mighty truths and systems are brought before the mind in the same way as the truths and systems of nature; because it solves higher problems than nature can; and because it is so communicated as to be adapted to every mind.—Mark Hopkins.

In what consists the entire of Christianity but in this,—that feeling an utter incapacity to work out our own salvation, we submit our whole selves, our hearts, and our understandings, to the Divine disposal; and that, relying upon God's gracious assistance, ensured to our honest endeavors to obtain it, through the mediation of Jesus Christ, we look up to Him, and to Him alone, for safety? Nay, what is the very notion of religion, but this humble reliance upon God?—Archbishop Magee.

Christians are continually tempted to do what all controversy solicits them to do; namely, to argue; as if their business was to establish, in the light of the understanding, certain conclusions to which every rational person must assent. But this is to put the main point, the attractive action of God Himself out of the question. If the end of God be what we hold it to be, to bring human souls to Himself, then the means He actually employs must be living and spiritual. They are likely to be infinitely various and subtle; but they will deal principally with the conscience and the affections. —J. Llewelyn Davies.

The patriarchal, the Jewish, and the Christian dispensations, are evidently but the unfolding of one general plan. In the first we see the folded bud; in the second the expanded leaf; in the third the blossom and the fruit. And now, how sublime the idea of a religion thus commencing in the earliest dawn of time; holding on its way through all the revolutions of kingdoms and the vicissitudes of the race; receiving new forms, but always identical in spirit; and, finally, expanding and embracing in one great brotherhood the whole family of man! Who

can doubt that such a religion was from God?—Mark Hopkins.

No, there is nothing on the face of the earth that can, for a moment, bear a comparison with Christianity as a religion for man. Upon this the hope of the race hangs. From the very first, it took its position, as the pillar of fire, to lead the race onward. The intelligence and power of the race are with those who have embraced it; and now, if this, instead of proving indeed a pillar of fire from God, should be found but a delusive meteor, then nothing will be left to the race but to go back to a darkness that may be felt, and to a worse than Egyptian bondage.—Mark Hopkins.

We live in the midst of blessings, till we are utterly insensible to their greatness, and of the source from which they flow. We speak of our civilization, our arts, our freedom, our laws, and forget entirely how large a share of all is due to Christianity. Blot Christianity out of the page of man's history, and what would his laws have been?—what his civilization? Christianity is mixed up with our very being and our daily life; there is not a familiar object round us which does not wear its mark, not a being or a thing which does not wear a different aspect, because the light of Christian hope is on it; not a law which does not owe its truth and gentleness to Christianity, not a custom, which cannot be traced, in all its holy and healthful parts, to the Gospel.—Rose.

Christianity bears all the marks of a divine original; it came down from heaven, and its gracious purpose is to carry us up thither. Its author is God; it was foretold from the beginning, by prophecies, which grew clearer and brighter as they approached the period of their accomplishment. It was confirmed by miracles, which continued until the religion they illustrated was established. It was ratified by the blood of its author; its doctrines are pure, sublime, consistent; its precepts just and holy; its worship is spiritual; its service reasonable and rendered practicable by the offers of divine aid to human weakness. It is sanctioned by the promise of eternal happiness to the faithful, and the threat of everlasting misery to the disobedient.—Hannah More.

Since its introduction, human nature has made great progress, and society experienced great changes; and in this advanced condition of the world, Christianity, instead of losing its application and importance, is found to be more and more congenial and adapted to man's nature and wants. Men have outgrown the other institutions of that period when Christianity appeared, its philosophy, its modes of warfare, its policy, its public and private economy; but Christianity has never shrunk as intellect has opened, but has always kept in advance of men's faculties, and unfolded nobler views in proportion as they have ascended. The highest powers and affections which our nature has developed, find more than adequate objects in this religion. Christianity is indeed peculiarly fitted to the more improved stages of society, to the more delicate sensibilities of refined minds, and especially to that dissatisfaction with the present state, which always grows with the growth of our moral powers and affections.—Channing.

Outside of Christianity there have been grand spectacles of activity and force, brilliant phenomena of genius and virtue, generous attempts at reform, learned philosophical systems, and beautiful mythological poems, but no real profound or fruitful regeneration of humanity and society. Jesus Christ from His cross accomplishes what erewhile in Asia and Europe, princes and philosophers, the powerful of the earth, and sages, attempted without success. He changes the moral and the social state of the world. He pours into the souls of men new enlightenment and new powers. For all classes, for all human conditions, He prepares destinies before His advent unknown. He liberates them at the same time that He lays down rules for their guidance; He quickens them and stills them. He places the Divine law and human liberty face to face, and yet still in harmony. He offers an effectual remedy for the evil which weighs upon

humanity; to sin He opens the path of salvation, to unhappiness, the door of hope.—Guizot.

Since the revelation of Christianity, all moral thought has been sanctified by religion. Religion has given it a purity, a solemnity, a sublimity, which even among the noblest of the heathen, we shall look for in vain. The knowledge which shone only by fits and dimly on the eyes of Socrates and Plato, "that rolled in vain to find the light," has descended over many lands into "the huts where poor men lie"—and thoughts are familiar there, beneath the low and smoky roofs, higher far than ever flowed from the lips of Grecian sage meditating among the magnificence of his pillared temples. The whole condition and character of the human being in Christian countries has been raised up to a loftier elevation; and he may be looked at in the face without a sense of degradation, even when he wears the aspect of poverty and distress. Since that religion was given us, and not before, has been felt the meaning of that sublime expression, "The Brotherhood of Man."—John Wilson.

While Christianity is speaking in languages more numerous, by tongues more eloquent, in nations more populous than ever before; marshaling better troops, with richer harmony; shrinking from no foe, rising triumphant from every conflict; shaking down the towers of old philosophies that exalt themselves against God; making the steam-press rush under the demand for her Scriptures, and the steam-horse groan under the weight of her charities; emancipating the enslaved, civilizing the lawless, refining literature, inspiring poetry; sending forth art and science no longer clad in soft raiment to linger in king's palaces, but as hardy prophets of God to make earth bud and blossom as the rose; giving God-like breadth and freedom and energy to the civilization that bears its name, elevating savage islands into civilized states, leading forth Christian martyrs from the mountains of Madagascar, turning the clubs of cannibals into the railings of the altars before which Fiji savages call upon Jesus; repeating the Pentecost, "by many an ancient river and many a palmy plain;" thundering at the seats of ancient paganism; sailing all waters, cabling all oceans, scaling all mountains in the march of its might, and ever enlarging the diameter of those circles of light which it has kindled on earth, and which will soon meet in a universal illumination,—you call it a failure! A little more such failure, and we shall have, over all the globe, the new heavens and new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness.—Edward Thomson.

Christianity is not a voice in the wilderness, but a life in the world. It is not an idea in the air, but feet on the ground, going God's way. It is not an exotic to be kept under glass, but a hardy plant to bear twelve manner of fruits in all kinds of weather. Fidelity to duty is its root and branch. Nothing we can say to the Lord, no calling Him by great or dear names, can take the place of the plain doing of His will. We may cry out about the beauty of eating bread with Him in His kingdom, but it is wasted breath and a rootless hope, unless we plow and plant in His kingdom here and now. To remember Him at His table and to forget Him at ours, is to have invested in bad securities. There is no substitute for plain, every-day goodness.—Maltbie Babcock.

Christmas

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.—Luke ii. 11.

I will honor Christmas in my heart, and try to keep it all the year.—Charles Dickens.

A good conscience is a continual Christmas.—Franklin.

'Tis the season for kindling the fire of hospitality in the hall, the genial fire of charity in the heart.—W. Irving.

It is good to be children sometimes, and never better than at Christmas when its mighty Founder was a child Himself.—Dickens.

This day shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.—Shakespeare.

The belfries of all Christendom now roll along the unbroken song of peace on earth, good will to men!—Longfellow.

At Christmas play, and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year.
—Tusser.

The mistletoe hung in the castle hall,
The holly branch shone on the old oak wall.
—Thos. Haynes Bayly.

The church-bells of innumerable sects are all chime-bells to-day, ringing in sweet accordance throughout many lands, and awaking a great joy in the heart of our common humanity.—E. H. Chapin.

Heap on more wood! the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.
—Scott.

The time draws near the birth of Christ:
The moon is hid; the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.
—Tennyson.

Hail to the King of Bethlehem,
Who weareth in His diadem
The yellow crocus for the gem
Of His authority!
—Longfellow.

For little children everywhere
A joyous season still we make;
We bring our precious gifts to them,
Even for the dear child Jesus' sake.
—Phebe Cary.

Be merry all, be merry all,
With holly dress the festive hall;
Prepare the song, the feast, the ball,
To welcome merry Christmas.
—W. R. Spencer.

It is the Christmas time:
And up and down 'twixt heaven and earth,
In glorious grief and solemn mirth,
The shining angels climb.
—D. M. Mulock.

At Christmas-tide the open hand
Scatters its bounty o'er sea and land,
And none are left to grieve alone,
For Love is heaven and claims its own.
—Margaret E. Sangster.

The kindness of Christmas is the kindness of Christ. To know that God so loved us as to give us His Son for our dearest Brother, has brought human affection to its highest tide on the day of that Brother's birth. If God so loved us, how can we help loving one another?—Maltbie Babcock.

Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King:
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.
—Charles Wesley.

No trumpet-blast profaned
The hour in which the Prince of Peace was born;
No bloody streamlet stained
Earth's silver rivers on that sacred morn.
—Bryant.

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!
—Longfellow.

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

Heathenism had proved unequal to the wants of men; and it was when the most thoughtful among the Pagans were turned away from its hollow mockeries and misleading altars that the anthem of the angels broke clear and loud above the slopes of Bethlehem: "Glory to God in the highest! Peace on earth and good will toward men!"—Wm. M. Taylor, D. D.

To-day the whole Christian world prostrates itself in adoration around the crib of Bethlehem and rehearses in accents of love a history which precedes all time and will endure throughout eternity. As if by an instinct of our higher, spiritual nature, there well up from the depths of our hearts, emotions which challenge the power of human expression. We seem to be lifted out of the sphere of natural endeavor to put on a new life and to stretch forward in desire to a blessedness which, though not palpable, is eminently real.—Cardinal Gibbons.

To realize this purpose—to change humanity, to triumph over evil, and to honor the Father by a union never to

be broken of the Father and the many sons who should be brought unto glory —this was the thought which filled the mind of Jesus Christ. This is the meaning of Christmas; and as we love God with soul and mind and strength, and prove our divine sonship by good will and kindness toward all our fellow-men, we shall realize the divine idea of our Master and unite in His blessed work.—Observer.

In the past, Christ was, in the genealogies, stepping Bethlehemward. Every time a new descendant in the covenant-line was born, the voices of prophecy shouted: "Christ is coming!" As ancestor was added to ancestor, the voice waxed louder and louder. Thus the shout was repeated and repeated until at last the angels and the magi and the shepherds and the watchers in the Temple answered back that shout with the gladder and louder shout, "Christ has come!" That is the Christmas shout which to-day Church of God all through Christendom.—David Gregg, D. D.

We therefore welcome our Christmas in December. The "worship of Christ" could not have a better setting than amid the domestic festivities, social forces, and generous and man helping deeds of our merry Christmas-tide. In no more fitting way can we say farewell to the closing year, and All hail! to the new. "Christ is born." We therefore must put off the old man —his moroseness and selfishness, his sadness and despair, his peevishness and fretfulness, his feebleness and decay—and put on the new man, which, after Christ, is created in true joy, large faith, energetic service, lowly duty, devout obedience, and death-daring self-sacrifice.—John Clifford.

God framed the history of the world in view of the coming of Jesus Christ. In the very beginning He chose a family whose line of descent should run directly from Eden to Bethlehem. This family God took into covenant with Himself, and the promise of the covenant was that of its seed Christ should be born in the fulness of time. This covenant-line runs through the whole of the Old Testament as the golden thread runs through the beautiful fabric. Everything centres in this covenant-line. It unifies the Old Testament. It is the cord upon which the pearls of history are strung. Keep this in mind, and it will explain a thousand mysteries and perplexities in reading the Old Testament.—David Gregg, D. D.

It is the most human and kindly of seasons, as fully penetrated and irradiated with the feeling of human brotherhood, which is the essential spirit of Christianity, as the month of June with sunshine and the balmy breath of roses.—Geo. W. Curtis.

O little town of Bethlehem!
How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep,
The silent stars go by.
Yet, in thy dark street shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years,
Are met in thee, to-night.
—Phillips Brooks.

Blessed be God for His unspeakable gift. We need Him. Souls desire Him as the hart panteth after the water brooks. He came to the world in the fullness of time. He comes at this advent season to us. To-day may be for some soul here the fullness of time. Let us open the gates and admit Him, that this Christ may be our Christ forever; that living with Him and dying with Him, we may also be glorified together with Him.—David J. Burrell, D. D.

But now the Prince of Peace has come—He of whom it was said that "in His days there shall be abundance of peace." Now "mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other." Now "old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new;" and "all things are of God, who hath reconciled us to himself by Jesus Christ, and hath given to us the ministry of reconciliation; to wit, that God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself."

The herald angels are singing still, and we hear their "Peace on earth, good will to men," once more, as we have often done. What can we do but

answer back in glad strains: "Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder; and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace"? It is His presence that fills our homes with mirth and song. If he will come again, turning life's water into wine, touching our sick that they may be healed, cleansing, pardoning, blessing us all—as He will if we make room for Him—then, indeed, we must be glad.—Christian at Work.

The universal joy of Christmas is certainly wonderful. We ring the bells when princes are born, or toll a mournful dirge when great men pass away. Nations have their red-letter days, their carnivals and festivals, but once in the year and only once, the whole world stands still to celebrate the advent of a life. Only Jesus of Nazareth claims this world-wide, undying remembrance. You cannot cut Christmas out of the Calendar, nor out of the heart of the world.—Anon.

The earth has grown old with its burden of care,
But at Christmas it always is young;
The heart of the jewel burns lustrous and fair,
And its soul, full of music, breaks forth on the air
When the song of the angels is sung.

It is coming, Old Earth, it is coming tonight!
On the snowflakes which cover thy sod
The feet of the Christ-child fall gentle and white,
And the voice of the Christ-child tells out with delight
That mankind are the children of God.
—Phillips Brooks.

If we were to fancy a wholly Christianized world, it would be a world inspired by the spirit of Christmas—a bright, friendly, beneficent, generous, sympathetic, mutually helpful world. A man who is habitually mean, selfish, narrow, is a man without Christmas in his soul. Let us cling to Christmas all the more as a day of the spirit which in every age some souls have believed to be the possible spirit of human society. The earnest faith and untiring endeavor which see in Christmas a forecast are more truly Christian, surely, than the pleasant cynicism of Atheists, etc., which smiles upon it as the festival of a futile hope. Meanwhile we may reflect that from good natured hopelessness to a Christmas world may not be farther than from star dust to a solar system. —George William Curtis.

We see Jesus in the manger. We adore Him; we worship Him; we glorify Him. We stand oppressed before such love—a love stronger than death—a love so strong that it did die that we might live. We thank Thee for the sweetness of human love, but how could we ever have dared to think that such love was in the heart of God for us! We look on nature and see Thy beauty and Thy majesty, but we are afraid, for we have sinned. And then we learn that Thou has sent Thy Son, to be bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh; and before such inconceivable love we can only worship and adore. We are so weary of our failures and our slow growth toward Thee. Cleanse us deeply from sin, strengthen our moral purposes.—Maltbie Babcock.

The lovely legends of the day; the stories and the songs and the half-fairy lore that gather around it; the ancient traditions of dusky woods and mystic rites; the magnificence or simplicity of Christian observance, from the pope in his triple tiara, borne upon his portative throne in gorgeous state to celebrate pontifical high mass at the great altar of St. Peter's, to George Herbert humbly kneeling in his rustic church at Bemerton, or to the bare service in some missionary chapel upon the American frontier; the lighting of Christmas trees and hanging up of Christmas stockings, the profuse giving, the happy family meetings, the dinner, the game, the dance—they are all the natural signs and symbols, the flower and fruit, of Christmas. For Christmas is the day of days which declares the universal human consciousness that peace on earth comes only from good will to men.—Geo. W. Curtis.

The whole air at the first Christmastide was tremulous with joy. It was

a time for holy song, for inspired pæan, for seraphic song. Let joy come still to our homes and hearts. Christ gives brightness and beauty, gladness and glory, to the whole circle of life and duty. Come, Lord Jesus, there shall be room for Thee in our homes. Once there was none in the inn, but only in the stable; now our best is Thine. Only honor us with Thy beneficent presence. Let us away with strife at this season; now is the time to speak kindly words. Let us not carry into the new year the enmities of the old; let not the harsh notes of contention come into the heavenly song of peace. Christ came to give peace, and from Heaven's throne to-day He bends to give peace to all who trust Him. He was the only person ever born into the world who had His choice as to how He should come. He might have come man, as did the first Adam; He came a babe. He inserted Himself into our race at its lowest and weakest point. If He were to lift the race He must get under it. He glorified the cradle; He beautified boyhood; He sanctified motherhood.—Robert S. MacArthur, D. D.

For us, however, in these northern climes, and with our traditions and associations, Christmas could not well be better placed than where it is. Nature is in slumber, as if in death—fit picture of the sleep of man till roused to righteousness by the voice of the new-born Babe of Bethlehem. Life is at its lowest, and death reigns, or seems to reign, everywhere. Saving the thick-berried holly, the mistletoe, dear to Druid priests, the laurel, and the yew, the trees are bared, and the warblers of the sky avoid their desolate branches. We are driven inward. The fireside is the centre of a thousand charms. Home is clothed in its most beautiful garments. We are forced to the conclusion that we need other help than Mother Earth can give us. Our hearts open instinctively to heaven and its message, and with willing feet we haste to do the will of Him "Who, though He was rich, yet for our sakes became poor."

Christians, stand at Bethlehem and open every door and window of your being Christward. Look backward. Look forward. Magnify Bethlehem. Recount to your souls the things for which it stands. It stands for the "fulness of time." It stands for the fulfilment of glorious predictions. It stands for the realization of those burning hopes which made the heroic men of the past. It stands for the coming of the Son of God Himself into our nature. It stands for the glorious past and for the more glorious future. As the dawn carries in it the full day, it carries in it the salvation of man, and the triumph of the right over the wrong, and the coming millennial glory of the kingdom of Jesus Christ.

When we comprehend the backward and forward reach of Bethlehem, we do not wonder that all that is grand crowds around the Cradle-Manger. It is worthy of all. Let the Star shine. Let the Magi give gifts. Let the Shepherds worship. Let the angel-faces flash out from the great dome overhead. Let the church-bells chime. Let the sacred harps and organs respond to the masterhand that sweeps their strings and flies over their keys, and let them turn the common air into praise. Let Christmas carols roll over this wide earth, and echo among the stars. Let the great universe of God jubilate. Let everything in Heaven and earth shout, "Hosanna to the Son of David; blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in the Highest." While all this takes place, see to it, O my soul, that thou carriest thyself to Bethlehem, to receive, and to love, and to trust, and to worship. Be thou certainly there; and while there recognize Christ, honor Christ, reincarnate Christ, and call Christ God.—David Gregg, D. D.

We ring the bells and we raise the strain,
We hang up garlands everywhere
And bid the tapers twinkle fair,
And feast and frolic—and then we go
Back to the same old lives again.
—Susan Coolidge.

Never deny the babies their Christmas! It is the shining seal set upon a year of happiness. Let them believe in Santa Claus, or St. Nicholas, or Kriss Kringle, or whatever name the jolly Dutch saint bears in your religion.—Marion Harland.

Let Christmas be a bright and happy day; but let its brightness come from the radiance of the star of Bethlehem, and its happiness be found in Christ, the sinner's loving Saviour.—H. G. Den.

Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes,
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long,
And then, they say no spirit can walk abroad,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.
—Shakespeare.

Blow, bugles of battle, the marches of peace;
East, west, north, and south let the long quarrel cease;
Sing the song of great joy that the angels began,
Sing of glory to God and of good-will to man! —Whittier.

England was merry England, when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas broach'd the mightiest ale;
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year.
—Scott.

What babe new born is this that in a manger cries?
Near on her lowly bed his happy mother lies.
Oh, see the air is shaken with white and heavenly wings—
This is the Lord of all the earth, this is the King of Kings. —R. W. Gilder.

God rest ye, little children; let nothing you affright,
For Jesus Christ, your Saviour, was born this happy night;
Along the hills of Galilee the white flocks sleeping lay,
When Christ, the Child of Nazareth, was born on Christmas Day.
—D. M. Mulock.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring,—not even a mouse:
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there. —Clement C. Moore.

I have always thought of Christmas time, when it has come round apart from the veneration due to its sacred name and origin, if anything belonging to it can be apart from that—as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time.—Charles Dickens.

This is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heaven's eternal King,
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring,
For so the holy sages once did sing,
That He our deadly forfeit should release,
And with His Father work us a perpetual peace. —Milton.

How bless'd, how envied, were our life,
Could we but scape the poulterer's knife!
But man, curs'd man, on Turkeys preys,
And Christmas shortens all our days:
Sometimes with oysters we combine,
Sometimes assist the savory chine;
From the low peasant to the lord,
The Turkey smokes on every board.
—Gay.

God rest you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ our Saviour
Was born upon this day,
To save us all from Satan's power
When we were gone astray.
O tidings of comfort and joy,
For Jesus Christ our Saviour was
Born on Christmas Day.
—Old English Carol.

O most illustrious of the days of time!
Day full of joy and benison to earth
When Thou wast born, sweet Babe of Bethlehem!
With dazzling pomp descending angels sung
Good will and peace to men, to God due praise,
Who on the errand of salvation sent
Thee, Son Beloved! of plural Unity
Essential part, made flesh that mad'st all worlds. —Abraham Coles.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres!
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time,
And let the bass of Heaven's deep organ blow;
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony. —Milton.

The death of Christ is a great mystery; but His birth is even a greater. That He should live a human life at all, is stranger than that, so living, He should die a human death. I can scarce get past His cradle in my wondering, to wonder at His cross. The

infant Jesus is, in some views, a greater marvel than Jesus with the purple robe and the crown of thorns.—Crichton.

The chief charm of Christmas is its simplicity. It is a festival that appeals to everyone, because every one can understand it. * * * A genuine fellowship pervades our common life—a fellowship whose source is our common share in the gift of the world's greatest Life which was given to the whole world.—Arthur Reed Kimball.

Chrysanthemum

Chrysanthemums from gilded argosy
Unload their gaudy scentless merchandise.
—Oscar Wilde.

Fair gift of Friendship! and her ever bright
And faultless image! welcome now thou art,
In thy pure loveliness—thy robes of white,
Speaking a moral to the feeling heart;
Unscattered by heats—by wintry blasts unmoved—
Thy strength thus tested—and thy charms improved. —Anna Peyre Dinnies.

Church

Spires whose "silent finger points to heaven."—Wordsworth.

The way to preserve the peace of the church is to preserve the purity of it.—Matthew Henry.

Built God a church and laughed His word to scorn.—Cowper.

The mission of the Church is to seek and to save them that are lost.—Aughey.

Some to church repair, not for the doctrine, but the music there.—Pope.

Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name.
—Pope.

Everywhere, through all generations and ages of the Christian world, no church ever perceived the Word of God to be against it.—Hooker.

An itch of disputing will prove the scab of churches.—Sir Henry Wotton.

What is a church? Our honest sexton tells,
'Tis a tall building, with a tower and bells.
—Crabbe.

A little thing will keep them from the house of God who have no desire to go to it.—Aughey.

Fond fools
Promise themselves a name from building churches. —Randolph.

Surely the church is a place where one day's truce ought to be allowed to the dissensions and animosities of mankind.—Burke.

I never yet have known the Spirit of God to work where the Lord's people were divided.—D. L. Moody.

Division has done more to hide Christ from the view of men than all the infidelity that has ever been spoken.—George MacDonald.

A lazy, indolent church tends toward unbelief; an earnest, busy church, in hand-to-hand conflict with sin and misery, grows stronger in faith.—John Hall.

The union of Church and State is not to make the Church political, but the State religious.—Lord Eldon.

The Church limits her sacramental services to the faithful. Christ gave Himself upon the cross a ransom for all.—Pascal.

The church is made up of individuals. It can do nothing except as its members work, and work together.—Aughey.

To support those of your rights authorized by Heaven, destroy everything rather than yield; that is the spirit of the Church.—Boileau.

The church may go through her dark ages, but Christ is with her in the midnight; she may pass through her fiery furnace, but Christ is in the midst of the flame with her.—C. H. Spurgeon.

I believe that the root of almost every schism and heresy from which the Christian church has ever suffered, has been the effort of men to earn, rather than to receive, their salvation. —John Ruskin.

The Church has a good stomach; she has swallowed down whole countries, and has never known a surfeit; the Church alone can digest such ill-gotten wealth.—Goethe.

What makes a church a den of thieves?
A dean and chapter, and white sleeves.
—Butler.

Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The Devil always builds a chapel there:
And 'twill be found upon examination,
The latter has the largest congregation.
—De Foe.

The perfect world, by Adam trod,
Was the first temple—built by God—
His fiat laid the corner stone,
And heaved its pillars, one by one.
—Willis.

"What is a church?" Let truth and reason speak;
They would reply—"The faithful pure and meek,
From Christian folds, the one selected race,
Of all professions, and in every place."
—Crabbe.

When once thy foot enters the church, beware—
God is more there than thou: for thou art there
Only by His permission. Then beware,
And make thyself all reverence and fear.
—Herbert.

It is better to have a plain, substantial building, with no extravagance about it, but without a debt, than to have the most splendid specimen of Gothic architecture that is overlaid by a mortgage.—Wm. M. Taylor.

We have houses of God built in defiance of the laws of God. On the walls of one of these monstrosities I saw this most appropriate motto: "This is the house of God; how dreadful is this place!"—Prof. Sheppard.

Doubts about the fundamentals of the Gospel exist in certain churches, I am told, to a large extent. My dear friends, where there is a warm-hearted church, you do not hear of them. I never saw a fly light on a red-hot plate.—C. H. Spurgeon.

Persecution has not crushed it, power has not beaten it back, time has not abated its force, and, what is most wonderful of all, the abuses and treasons of its friends have not shaken its stability.—Horace Bushnell.

One family—we dwell in Him,
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.
—Charles Wesley.

Steele has observed that there is this difference between the Church of Rome and the Church of England,—the one professes to be infallible, the other to be never in the wrong.—Colton.

Why should we crave a hallow'd spot?
An altar is in each man's cot,
A church in every grove that spreads
Its living roof above our heads.
—Wordsworth.

An instinctive taste teaches men to build their churches in flat countries with spire steeples, which, as they cannot be referred to any other object, point as with silent finger to the sky and stars.—Coleridge.

Jesus organized the church, which is His vineyard. He commands all to go into the vineyard and work. All who are united to Christ by faith, and are thus members of His mystical body, should be members of His visible church.—Aughey.

And this is the mission of the church—not civilization, but salvation—not better laws, purer legislation, social elevation, human equality, and liberty, but first, the "kingdom of God and His righteousness;" regenerated hearts, and all other things will follow.—A. E. Kittredge.

They who would grow in grace, must love the habitation of God's house. It is those that are planted in the courts of the Lord who shall flourish, and not those that are occasionally there.—John Angel James.

There ought to be such an atmosphere in every Christian church that a man going there and sitting two hours should take the contagion of heaven, and carry home a fire to kindle the altar whence he came.—Beecher.

There is nothing more pitiable than a soulless, sapless, shriveled church, seeking to thrive in a worldly atmosphere, rooted in barren professions, bearing no fruit, and maintaining only the semblance of existence; such a church cannot long survive.—George C. Lorimer.

Do you recall the laughter of the Philistines at the helpless Sampson—You can hear the echo of that laughter to-day, as the church, shorn of her strength by her own sin, is an object of ridicule to the world, who cry in derision, "Where is your boasted triumph and your Millennial glory?"—A. E. Kittredge.

How long must the church live before it will learn that strength is won by action, and success by work, and that all this immeasurable feeding without action and work is a positive damage to it—that it is the procurer of spiritual obesity, gout, and debility.—J. G. Holland.

Antedating our history, possessing and illumining the hearts of the founders of liberty in our free land, and constantly exerting the soul-equalizing and soul-elevating principles of the gospel of Christ as they fall from Sabbath to Sabbath on the masses of the people, the Christian church stands before all men as the pillar and ground of civil liberty in the world.—W. H. Perrine.

To be of no church is dangerous. Religion, of which the rewards are distant, and which is animated only by Faith and Hope, will glide by degrees out of the mind, unless it be invigorated and reimpressed by external ordinances, by stated calls to worship, and the salutary influence of example.—Johnson.

Under the term Church, I understand a body or collection of human persons, professing faith in Christ, gathered together in several places of the world, for worship of the same God, and united into the same corporation.—Bishop Pearson.

As in Noah's ark there were the clean and the unclean, raven and dove, leopard and kid, the cruel lion with the gentle lamb; so in the Church of Christ on earth you will find the same diversities and differences of human character.—Rev. Dr. Guthrie.

And she (the Roman Catholic Church) may still exist in undiminished vigor, when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's.—Macaulay.

In the true, original, catholic, evangelical religion of Jesus Christ, and in this alone, all the divided religions of Christendom find their union, their repose, their support. Find out His mind, His character, His will; and in His greatness we shall rise above our littleness; in His strength we shall lose our weakness; in His peace we shall forget our discord.—Dean Stanley.

The church is a sort of hospital for men's souls, and as full of quackery as the hospital for their bodies. Those who are taken into it live like pensioners in their Retreat or Sailors' Snug Harbor, where you may see a row of religious cripples sitting outside in sunny weather.—Thoreau.

In the Church of Christ one little worker can mar the whole by failing to fulfill his office. There is a place for each. Find your place if you are not already in it, and obey the Saviour's command, "Go work in my vineyard"—the command of a king which you disobey at the peril of losing the reward of the faithful.—Aughey.

So, from generation to generation, the spiritual church is rising upwards toward its perfection; and, though one after another the workmen pass away,

the fabric remains, and the great Master-builder carries on the undertaking. Be it ours to build in our portion in a sólid and substantial manner, so that they who come after us may be at once thankful for our thoroughness, and inspired by our example.—Wm. M. Taylor.

What is the average type of a counterfeit church? A hammock, attached on one side to the cross, and, on the other, held and swung to and fro by the forefinger of Mammon; its freight of nominal Christians elegantly moaning meanwhile over the evils of the times, and not at ease unless fanned by eloquence and music, and sprinkled by social adulations into perfumed, unheroic slumber.—Joseph Cook.

Let the church come to God in the strength of a perfect weakness, in the power of a felt helplessness and a child-like confidence, and then, either she has no strength, and has no right to be, or she has a strength that is infinite. Then and thus, will she stretch out the rod over the seas of difficulty that lie before her, and the waters shall divide, and she shall pass through, and sing the song of deliverance.—Mark Hopkins.

I know that with consecration on the part of believers, separation from the world, disentanglement from enslaving sins, and a mighty baptism of the Holy Spirit, the church would become a conquering power in the world, not by its constructed theology, not by its Sabbath services, not by its arguments to convince the intellect, but by its simple story of Jesus' love, by the Cross, the Cross—God's hammer, God's fire.—A. E. Kittredge.

Men say their pinnacles point to heaven. Why, so does every tree that buds, and every bird that rises as it sings. Men say their aisles are good for worship. Why, so is every mountain glen and rough sea-shore. But this they have of distinct and indisputable glory,—that their mighty walls were never raised, and never shall be, but by men who love and aid each other in their weakness.—Ruskin.

The clearest window that ever was fashioned, if it is barred by spiders' webs, and hung over with carcasses of insects, so that the sunlight has forgotten to find its way through, of what use can it be? Now, the Church is God's window; and if it is so obscured by errors that its light is darkness, how great is that darkness!—Beecher.

When I go to the house of God I do not want amusement; I want the doctrine which is according to godliness. I want to hear the remedy against the harassing of my guilt and the disorder of my affections. I want to be led from weariness and disappointment to that goodness which filleth the hungry soul. I want to have light upon the mystery of Providence; to be taught how the judgments of the Lord are right; how I shall be prepared for duty and for trial; how I may fear God all the days of my life, and close them in peace.—John M. Mason.

The church itself has got to go outside of its own borders and carry the Gospel to every creature, or it is no church of Christ; and any mutual improvement club which thinks that by reading its Shakespeare, or by acting its pretty tableaux, or by having this or that little reading from Spenser and from Chaucer, it is going to lift itself up into any higher order of culture or life, is wholly mistaken, unless as an essential part of its duty, it goes out into the world, finds those that are falling down, and lifts them up to the majesty of freemen, who are sons of God.—Edward E. Hale.

Then might ye see
Cowls, hoods, and habits with their wearers tost
And flutter'd into rags; then reliques, beads,
Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls,
The sport of winds; all these upwhirl'd aloft
Fly to the rearward of the world far off
Into a limbo large and broad, since called
The paradise of fools. —Milton.

The church is not a select circle of the immaculate, but a home where the outcast may come in. It is not a palace with gate attendants and challenging sentinels along the entrance-ways holding off at arm's-length the stran-

ger, but rather a hospital where the broken-hearted may be healed, and where all the weary and troubled may find rest and take counsel together.—Aughey.

Any church which forsakes the regular and uniform for the periodical and spasmodic service of God, is doomed to decay; any church which relies for its spiritual strength and growth entirely upon seasons of "revival," will very soon have no genuine revivals to rely on. Our holy God will not conform His blessings to man's moods and moral caprice. If a church is declining, it may require a "revival" to restore it; but what need was there of its declining?—T. L. Cuyler.

In dim cathedrals, dark with vaulted gloom,
What holy awe invests the sacred tomb!
There pride will bow, and anxious care expand,
And creeping avarice come with open hand;
The gay can weep, the impious can adore,
From morn's first glimmerings on the chancel floor
Till dying sunset shed his crimson stains
Through the faint halos of the iris'd panes.
—O. W. Holmes.

Look on this edifice of marble made—
How fair it swells, too beautiful to fade.
See what fine people in its portals crowd,
Smiling and greeting, talking, laughings loud!
What is it? Surely not a gay exchange,
Where wit and beauty social joys arrange;
Not a grand shop, where late Parisian styles
Attract rich buyers from a thousand miles?
But step within; no need of further search.
Behold, admire a fashionable church!
Look how its oriel window glints and gleams,
What tinted light magnificently streams
On the proud pulpit, carved with quaint device,
Where velvet cushions, exquisitely nice,
Press'd by the polish'd preacher's dainty hands,
Hold a large volume clasp'd by golden bands.
—Park Benjamin.

The one injurious and fatal fact of our present church work is the barrier between the churches and the poorest classes. The first thing for us to do is to demolish this barrier. The impression is abroad among the poor that they are not wanted in the churches. This impression is either correct or incorrect. If it is correct, then there is no missionary work, for us who are pastors, half so urgent as the conversion of our congregations to Christianity. If it is incorrect, we are still guilty before God in that we have allowed such an impression to go abroad; and we are bound to address ourselves, at once and with all diligence, to the business of convincing the poor people that they are wanted, and will be made welcome in the churches. —W. Gladden.

Congregations must justify their existence. If they only bring people together to be "very much pleased," why, the lecture bureaus will contract for all that. "Did you worship? Were you edified? Did the Lord speak to you? Did you speak to Him? Do you mean more seriously to be pure, honest, upright, generous, manly, holy, from what you did and heard today?" These are the questions which the best part of mankind feel to be proper, and to which we must have affirmative replies.—John Hall.

Churchyard

There lay the warrior and the son of song,
And there—in silence till the judgment day—
The orator, whose all-persuading tongue
Had mov'd the nations with resistless sway.
—Mrs. Norton.

Strange things, the neighbours say, have happen'd there:
Wild shrieks have issued from the hollow tombs,
Dead men have come again, and walk'd about;
And the great bell has toll'd unrung, untouch'd.
Such tales their cheer at wake or gossiping,
When it draws near to 'witching time of night.
—Blair.

Yet there are graves, whose rudely shapen sod
Bears the fresh footprints where the sexton trod;
Graves where the verdure has not dar'd to shoot,
Where the chance wildflower has not fix'd its root,
Whose slumbering tenants, dead without a name,
The eternal record shall at length proclaim
Pure as the holiest in the long array
Of hooded, mitred, or tiara'd clay!
—O. W. Holmes.

The solitary, silent, solemn scene,
Where Cæsars, heroes, peasants, hermits lie,
Blended in dust together; where the slave
Rests from his labors; where th' insulting proud
Resigns his power, the miser drops his hoard,
Where human folly sleeps. —Dyer.

Circles

The eye is the first circle; the horizon which it forms is the second; and throughout nature this primary figure is repeated without end. It is the highest emblem in the cipher of the world.—Emerson.

I watch'd the little circles die;
They past into the level flood.
—Tennyson.

As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
The centre mov'd, a circle straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads.
—Pope.

Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought. —Shakespeare.

Circles in water as they wider flow
The less conspicuous in their progress grow,
And when at last they trench upon the shore,
Distinction ceases and they're view'd no more. —Crabbe.

Circles and right lines limit and close all bodies, and the mortal right-lined circle must conclude and shut up all.—Sir Thomas Browne.

Circumspection

Persons who want experience should be extremely cautious how they depart from those principles which have been received generally, because founded on solid reasons, and how they deviate from those customs which have obtained long, because in their effect they have proved good: thus circumspect should all persons be, who cannot yet have acquired much practical knowledge of the world: lest, instead of becoming what they anxiously wish to become, more beneficial to mankind than those who have preceded them, they should actually though inadvertently be instrumental towards occasioning some of the worst evils that can befall human society.—Bishop Huntingford.

Circumstances

Circumstances alter cases.—Haliburton.

Circumstances! I make circumstances.—Napoleon I.

Cause and effect are the chancellors of God.—Emerson.

Circumstances over which I have no control.—Wellington (Duke of).

The happy combination of fortuitous circumstances.—Scott.

It is circumstances (difficulties) which show what men are.—Epictetus.

We are surrounded, ambushed, by the robber troops of circumstances.—Hafiz.

How truly are we the dupes of show and circumstances!—Washington Irving.

The education of circumstances is superior to that of tuition.—Wordsworth.

The same wind that carries one vessel into port may blow another off shore.—Bovee.

Man is not the creature of circumstances,
Circumstances are the creatures of men.
—Benj. Disraeli.

It is our relation to circumstances that determines their influence upon us.—Bovee.

Superiority to circumstances is one of the most prominent characteristics of great men.—Horace Mann.

Who does the best his circumstance allows, does well, acts nobly; angels could no more.—Young.

A prudent man should neglect no circumstances.—Sophocles.

Sure, occasion is the father of most that is good in us.—Thackeray.

Thus neither the praise nor the blame is our own.—Cowper.

And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blows of circumstance.
—Tennyson.

Circumstances are the rulers of the weak; they are but the instruments of the wise.—Samuel Lover.

Men are the sport of circumstance, when
The circumstances seem the sport of men.
—Byron.

To give and to lose is nothing; but to lose and to give still is the part of a great mind.—Seneca.

For these attacks do not contribute to make us frail but rather show us to be what we are.—Thomas à Kempis.

I am the very slave of circumstance
And impulse—borne away with every breath.
—Byron.

What saves the virtue of many a woman is that protecting god, the impossible.—Balzac.

Circumstance, that unspiritual god and miscreator, makes and helps along our coming evils.—Byron.

He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper; but he is more excellent who can suit his temper to any circumstances.—Hume.

A man is not little when he finds it difficult to cope with circumstances, but when circumstances overmaster him.—Goethe.

When Fate wills that something should come to pass, she sends forth a million of little circumstances to clear and prepare the way.—Thackeray.

To what fortuitous occurrence do we not owe every pleasure and convenience of our lives.—Goldsmith.

Man is not the creature of circumstances, circumstances are the creatures of man. We are free agents, and man is more powerful than matter.—Beaconsfield.

Change a virtue in its circumstances and it becomes a vice; change a vice in its circumstances, and it becomes a virtue. Regard the same quality from two sides; on one it is a fault, on the other a merit. The essential of a man is found concealed far below these moral badges.—Taine.

Thus we see, too, in the world that some persons assimilate only what is ugly and evil from the same moral circumstances which supply good and beautiful results—the fragrance of celestial flowers—to the daily life of others.—Nath. Hawthorne.

When the Gauls laid waste Rome, they found the senators clothed in their robes, and seated in stern tranquillity in their curule chairs; in this manner they suffered death without resistance or supplication. Such conduct was in them applauded as noble and magnanimous; in the hapless Indians it was reviled as both obstinate and sullen. How truly are we the dupes of show and circumstances! How different is virtue, clothed in purple and enthroned in state, from virtue, naked and destitute, and perishing obscurely in a wilderness.—Washington Irving.

Instead of saying that man is the creature of circumstances, it would be nearer the mark to say that man is the architect of circumstance. It is character which builds an existence out of circumstance. Our strength is measured by our plastic power. From the same material one man builds palaces, another hovels; one warehouses, another villas.—G. H. Lewes.

Cities — Citizen

In the busy haunts of men.—Mrs. Hemans.

Even cities have their graves!—Longfellow.

Far from gay cities, and the ways of men.—Homer.

The people are the city.—Coriolanus.

If you would know and not be known, live in a city.—Colton.

I always seem to suffer some loss of faith on entering cities.—Emerson.

Before man made us citizens, great Nature made us men.—Lowell.

Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men.
—Milton.

Like Melrose Abbey, large cities should especially be viewed by moonlight.—Willis.

Cities force growth, and make men talkative and entertaining, but they make them artificial.—Emerson.

Cities give us collision. 'Tis said London and New York take the nonsense out of a man.—Emerson.

Great towns are but a large sort of prison to the soul, like cages to birds, or pounds to beasts.—Charron.

I have found by experience that they who have spent all their lives in cities contract not only an effeminacy of habit, but of thinking.—Goldsmith.

The number of objects we see from living in a large city amuses the mind like a perpetual raree-show, without supplying it with any ideas.—Hazlitt.

I live not in myself, but I become
Portion of that around me; and to me
High mountains are a feeling, but the hum
Of human cities torture. —Byron.

Take heed what you say, sir.
An hundred honest men! why, if there were
So many i' th' city, 'twere enough to forfeit
Their charter. —Shirley.

Men, by associating in large masses, as in camps and in cities, improve their talents, but impair their virtues, and strengthen their minds, but weaken their morals.—Colton.

If you suppress the exorbitant love of pleasure and money, idle curiosity, iniquitous pursuits and wanton mirth, what a stillness would there be in the greatest cities.—Bruyère.

The city an epitome of the social world. All the belts of civilization intersect along its avenues. It contains the products of every moral zone. It is cosmopolitan, not only in a national, but a spiritual sense.—Chapin.

The union of men in large masses is indispensable to the development and rapid growth of the higher faculties of men. Cities have always been the fireplaces of civilization whence light and heat radiated out into the dark cold world.—Theodore Parker.

Dante might choose his home in all the wide beautiful world; but to be out of the streets of Florence was exile to him. Socrates never cared to go beyond the bounds of Athens. The great universal heart welcomes the city as a natural growth of the eternal forces.—F. B. Sanborn.

A great city whose image dwells on the memory of man is the type of some great idea. Rome represents conquest; faith hovers over Jerusalem; and Athens embodies the pre-eminent quality of the antique world-art.—Beaconsfield.

There is such a difference between the pursuits of men in great cities that one part of the inhabitants lives to little other purpose than to wonder at the rest. Some have hopes and fears, wishes and aversions, which never enter into the thoughts of others, and inquiry is laboriously exerted to gain that which those who possess it are ready to throw away.—Johnson.

The conditions of city life may be made healthy, so far as the physical constitution is concerned: but there is connected with the business of the city so much competition, so much rivalry, so much necessity for industry, that I think it is a perpetual, chronic, wholesale violation of natural law. There are ten men that can succeed in the country, where there is one that can succeed in the city.—Beecher.

I bless God for cities. Cities have been as lamps of life along the pathway of humanity and religion. Within them science has given birth to her noblest discoveries. Behind their walls freedom has fought her noblest battles. They have stood on the surface of the earth like great breakwaters, rolling back or turning aside the swelling tide of oppression. Cities, indeed, have been the cradles of human liberty. They have been the

active centres of almost all church and state reformation.—Rev. Dr. Guthrie.

The most delicate beauty in the mind of women is, and ever must be, an independence of artificial stimulants for content. It is not so with men. The links that bind men to capitals belong to the golden chain of civilization,—the chain which fastens all our destinies to the throne of Jove. And hence the larger proportion of men in whom genius is pre-eminent have preferred to live in cities, though some of them have bequeathed to us the loveliest pictures of the rural scenes in which they declined to dwell. —Bulwer-Lytton.

Our large trading cities bear to me very nearly the aspect of monastic establishments in which the roar of the mill-wheel and the crane takes the place of other devotional music, and in which the worship of Mammon and Moloch is conducted with a tender reverence and an exact propriety; the merchant rising to his Mammon matins with the self-denial of an anchorite, and expiating the frivolities into which he may be beguiled in the course of the day by late attendance at Mammon vespers.—Ruskin.

Civility

Civility is but a desire to receive civility, and to be esteemed polite.—La Rochefoucauld.

Whilst thou livest keep a good tongue in thy head.—Shakespeare.

A good word is an easy obligation, but not to speak ill, requires only our silence, which costs us nothing.—Tillotson.

The insolent civility of a proud man is, if possible, more shocking than his rudeness could be; because he shows you, by his manner, that he thinks it mere condescension in him; and that his goodness alone bestows upon you what you have no pretense to claim.—Chesterfield.

Civilization

Extremes produce reaction. Beware that our boasted civilization does not lapse into barbarism.—Rivarol.

The ultimate tendency of civilization is towards barbarism.—Hare.

Barbarism recommences by the excess of civilization.—Lamartine.

A sufficient measure of civilization is the influence of good women.—Emerson.

Increased means and increased leisure are the two civilizers of men.—Beaconsfield.

Nations, like individuals, live and die; but civilization cannot die.—Mazzini.

Mankind's struggle upwards, in which millions are trampled to death, that thousands may mount on their bodies.—Mrs. Balfour.

The truest test of civilization is not the census, nor the size of cities, nor the crops; no, but the kind of man the country turns out.—Emerson.

Ever since there has been so great a demand for type, there has been much less lead to spare for cannon-balls.—Bulwer-Lytton.

The most civilized people are as near to barbarism as the most polished steel is to rust. Nations, like metals, have only a superficial brilliancy.—Rivarol.

Civilization, or that which is so called, has operated two ways to make one part of society more affluent and the other part more wretched than would have been the lot of either in a natural state.—Thomas Paine.

No attribute so well befits the exalted seat supreme, and power's disposing hand, as clemency. Each crime must from its quality be judged; and pity there should interpose, where malice is not the aggressor.—Sir William Jones.

There is often no material difference between the enjoyment of the highest ranks and those of the rudest stages of society. If the life of many a young English nobleman, and an Iroquois in the forest, or an Arab in the desert are compared, it will be found

that their real sources of happiness are nearly the same.—Sir A. Alison.

Such is the diligence with which, in countries completely civilized, one part of mankind labor for another, that wants are supplied faster than they can be formed, and the idle and luxurious find life stagnate for want of some desire to keep it in motion. This species of distress furnishes a new set of occupations; and multitudes are busied from day to day in finding the rich and the fortunate something to do.—Johnson.

A semi-civilized state of society, equally removed from the extremes of barbarity and of refinement, seems to be that particular meridian under which all the reciprocities and gratuities of hospitality do most readily flourish and abound. For it so happens that the ease, the luxury, and the abundance of the highest state of civilization, are as productive of selfishness, as the difficulties, the privations, and the sterilities of the lowest.—Colton.

We are but too apt to consider things in the state in which we find them, without sufficiently adverting to the causes by which they have been produced, and possibly may be upheld. Nothing is more certain than that our manners, our civilization, and all the good things which are connected with civilization, have, in this European world of ours, depended for ages upon two principles, and were indeed the result of both combined. I mean the spirit of a gentleman and the spirit of religion. The nobility and the clergy, the one by profession, the other by patronage, kept learning in existence even in the midst of arms and confusion. Learning paid back what it received to nobility and priesthood, and paid it back with usury by enlarging their ideas and furnishing their minds.—Burke.

Cleanliness

If dirt was trumps, what hands you would hold!—Charles Lamb.

Let thy mind's sweetness have its operation upon thy body, clothes, and habitation.—George Herbert.

Cleanliness may be defined to be the emblem of purity of mind.—Addison.

Certainly this is a duty, not a sin. 'Cleanliness is indeed next to godliness."—John Wesley.

Even from the body's purity, the mind
Receives a secret, sympathetic aid.
—Thomson.

For cleanness of body was ever esteemed to proceed from a due reverence to God, to society, and to ourselves.—Bacon.

So great is the effect of cleanliness upon man, that it extends even to his moral character. Virtue never dwelt long with filth; nor do I believe there ever was a person scrupulously attentive to cleanliness, who was a consummate villain.—Rumford.

Beauty commonly produces love, but cleanliness preserves it. Age itself is not unamiable while it is preserved clean and unsullied; like a piece of metal constantly kept smooth and bright, we look on it with more pleasure than on a new vessel cankered with rust.—Addison.

Clematis

Where the woodland streamlets flow,
Gushing down a rocky bed,
Where the tasselled alders grow,
Lightly meeting overhead,
When the fullest August days
Give the richness that they know,
Then the wild clematis comes,
With her wealth of tangled blooms.
Reaching up and drooping low.
But when Autumn days are here,
And the woods of Autumn burn,
Then her leaves are black and sere,
Quick with early frosts to turn!
As the golden Summer dies,
So her silky green has fled,
And the smoky clusters rise
As from fires of sacrifice,—
Sacred incense to the dead!
—Dora Read Goodale.

Clemency

In general, indulgence for those we know is rarer than pity for those we know not.—Rivarol.

To be good to the vile is to throw water into the sea.—Cervantes.

Clemency alone makes us equal to the gods.—Claudianus.

Tender-handed stroke a nettle, and it stings you for your pains.—Aaron Hill.

Forgiveness, that noblest of all self-denial, is a virtue which he alone who can practise in himself can willingly believe in another.—Colton.

Clemency, which we make a virtue of, proceeds sometimes from vanity, sometimes from indolence, often from fear, and almost always from a mixture of all three.—Rochefoucauld.

No attribute
So well befits th' exalted seat supreme,
And power's disposing hand as clemency.
Each crime must from its quality be judged;
And pity there should interpose, where malice
Is not th' aggressor.—Sir William Jones.

The little I have seen of the world teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed through, the brief pulsations of joy, the feverish inquietude of hope and fear, the pressure of want, the desertion of friends, I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow-man with Him from whose hand it came.—Longfellow.

Clergyman

The true clergyman is a reflex of his Master.—André Dacier.

The defects of a preacher are soon spied.—Luther.

He—the country parson—is not witty or learned or eloquent, but holy.—George Herbert.

The clergyman who lives in the city may have piety, but he must have taste.—Emerson.

The pulpit is a clergyman's parade; the parish is his field of active service.—Southey.

If you would lift me you must be on a higher ground.—Emerson

There is nothing noble in a clergyman but burning zeal for the salvation of souls.—William Law.

Recollect for your encouragement the reward that awaits the faithful minister.—Robert Hall.

Embryos and idiots, eremites and friars,
White, black, and grey, with all their trumpery. —Milton.

Around his form his loose long robe was thrown,
And wrapt a breast bestowed on heaven alone. —Byron.

There goes the parson, oh illustrious spark!
And there, scarce less illustrious, goes the clerk. —Cowper.

I never saw, heard, nor read, that the clergy were beloved in any nation where Christianity was the religion of the country.—Swift.

As there are certain mountebanks and quacks in physic, so there are much the same also in divinity.—South.

Nothing is more detestable than a professed declaimer who retails his discourses as a quack does his medicines.—Massillon.

I do not envy a clergyman's life as an easy life, nor do I envy the clergyman who makes it an easy life.—Dr. Johnson.

The Christian messenger cannot think too highly of his Prince, or too humbly of himself.—Colton.

From such apostles, oh ye mitred heads,
Preserve the church; and lay not careless hands
On skulls that cannot teach, and will not learn. —Cowper.

There are passages of the Bible that are soiled forever by the touches of the hands of ministers who delight in the cheap jokes they have left behind them.—Phillips Brooks.

The ascendency of the sacerdotal order was long the ascendency which naturally and properly belonged to intellectual superiority.—Macaulay.

Suppose, however, that something like moderation were visible in this political sermon, yet politics and the pulpit are terms that have little agreement.—Burke.

Ev'n children followed with endearing wile
And pluck'd his gown to share the good man's smile. —Goldsmith.

Love and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition:
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. —Shakespeare.

Make not the church to us an instrument
Of bondage, to yourselves of liberty:
Obedience there confirms your government,
Our sovereigns, God's subalterns, you be.
—Lord Brooks.

The proud he tamed, the penitent he cheered,
Nor to rebuke the rich offender feared:
His preaching much, but more his practice wrought,
A living sermon of the truths he taught.
—Dryden.

At church with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray. —Goldsmith.

He that negotiates between God and man,
As God's ambassador, the grand concerns
Of judgment and of mercy, should beware
Of lightness in his speech. —Cowper.

I venerate the man, whose heart is warm,
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life
Coincident, exhibit lucid proof
That he is honest in the sacred cause.
—Cowper.

He was a shepherd and no mercenary,
And though he holy was and virtuous,
He was to sinful men full piteous;
His words were strong, but not with anger fraught;
A love benignant he discreetly taught.
To draw mankind to heaven by gentleness
And good example was his business.
—Chaucer.

Others of graver mien, behold, adorn'd
With holy ensigns, how sublime they move,
And bending oft their sanctimonious eyes,
Take homage of the simple-minded throng;
Ambassadors of heaven! —Akenside.

The life of a conscientious clergyman is not easy. I have always considered a clergyman as the father of a larger family than he is able to maintain. I would rather have chancery suits upon my hands than the cure of souls.—Dr. Johnson.

Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven;
Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own road.
—Shakespeare.

In man or woman, but far most in man,
And most of all in man that ministers,
And serves the altar, in my soul I loathe
All affectation. 'Tis my perfect scorn:
Object of my implacable disgust.
—Cowper.

It never was a prosperous world
Since priests have interfer'd with temporal matters;
The custom of their ancestors they slight,
And change their shirts of hair for robes of gold;
Thus luxury and interest rule the church,
Whilst piety and conscience dwell in caves.
—Bancroft.

Their sheep have crusts, and they the bread;
The chips and they the cheer:
They have the fleece, and eke the flesh,
(O seely sheep the while!)
The corn is theirs—let others thresh,
Their hands they may not file.
—Spenser.

His talk was now of tythes and dues;
He smok'd his pipe, and read the news;
Knew how to preach old sermons next,
Vamp'd in the preface and the text;
At christenings well could act his part,
And had the service all by heart;
Wish'd women might have children fast,
And thought whose sow had farrow'd last;
Against dissenters would repine,
And stood up firm for right divine;
Found his head fill'd with many a system,
But classic authors—he ne'er miss'd 'em.
—Swift.

Your Lordship and your Grace, what school can teach
A rhetoric equal to those parts of speech?
What need of Homer's verse, or Tully's prose,
Sweet interjections! if he learn but those?
Let rev'rend churls his ignorance rebuke,
Who starve upon a dog's ear'd Pentateuch,
The Parson knows enough who knows a Duke. —Cowper

Behold the picture! Is it like? Like whom?
The things that mount the rostrum with a skip
And then skip down again. Pronounce a text,
Cry hem; and reading what they never wrote,
Just fifteen minutes huddle up their work,
And with a well-bred whisper close the scene. —Cowper.

If we must pray,
Rear in the streets bright altars to the gods,
Let virgin's hands adorn the sacrifice;
And not a grey-beard forging priest come here,
To pry into the bowels of their victim,
And with their dotage mad the gaping world. —Lee.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd nor wish'd to change his place;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize.
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise. —Goldsmith.

Cleverness

We can be more clever than one, but not more clever than all.—La Rochefoucauld.

To know how to hide one's ability is great skill.—La Rochefoucauld.

Climate

The institutions of a country depend in great measure on the nature of its soil and situation. Many of the wants of man are awakened or supplied by these circumstances. To these wants, manners, laws, and religion must shape and accommodate themselves. The division of land, and the rights attached to it, alter with the soil; the laws relating to its produce, with its fertility. The manners of its inhabitants are in various ways modified by its position. The religion of a miner is not the same as the faith of a shepherd, nor is the character of the ploughman so war-like as that of the hunter. The observant legislator follows the direction of all these various circumstances. The knowledge of the natural advantages or defects of a country thus form an essential part of political science and history.—Justus Moser.

Clouds

Those playful fancies of the mighty sky.—Smith.

The clouds,—the only birds that never sleep.—Victor Hugo.

Those clouds are angels' robes.—That fiery west
Is paved with smiling faces.
—Charles Kingsley.

They are fair resting-places
For the dear weary dead on their way up to heaven. —Joaquin Miller.

Clouds on clouds, in volumes driven,
Curtain round the vault of heaven.
—Thomas Love Peacock.

When clouds appear like rocks and towers,
The earth's refreshed by frequent showers.
—Old Weather Rhyme.

If woolly fleeces spread the heavenly way,
No rain, be sure, disturbs the summer's day. —Old Weather Rhyme.

The hooded clouds, like friars,
Tell their beads in drops of rain.
—Longfellow.

Yonder cloud
That rises upward always higher,
A looming bastion fringed with fire.
—Tennyson.

That look'd
As though an angel, in his upward flight,
Had left his mantle floating in mid-air.
—Joanna Baillie.

The clouds consign their treasure to the fields,
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow,
In large effusion o'er a freshen'd world.
—Thomson.

When scattered clouds are resting on the bosoms of hills, it seems as if one might climb into the heavenly region, earth being so intermixed with

sky, and gradually transformed into it.
—Hawthorne.

We often praise the evening clouds,
And tints so gay and bold,
But seldom think upon our God,
Who tinged these clouds with gold.
—Scott.

Bathed in the tenderest purple of distance,
Tinted and shadowed by pencils of air,
Thy battlements hang o'er the slopes and the forests,
Seats of the Gods in the limitless ether,
Looming sublimely aloft and afar.
—Bayard Taylor.

Now a cloud,
Massive and black, strides up; the angry gleam
Of the red lightning cleaves the frowning folds.
—Street.

Wafted up,
The stealing cloud with soft grey blinds the sky
And in its vapory mantle onward steps
The summer shower.
—Street.

Ye clouds, that are the ornament of heaven,
Who give to it its gayest shadowings
And its most awful glories; ye who roll
In the dark tempest, or at dewy evening
Bow low in tenderest beauty;—ye are to us
A volume full of wisdom.
—Percival.

A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun;
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow;
* * * * *
Tranquil its spirit seemed and floated slow;
Even in its very motion there was rest;
While every breath of eve that chance to blow
Wafted the traveller to the beauteous west.
—John Wilson.

Cloud-walls of the morning's gray
Faced with amber column,
Crowned with crimson cupola
From a sunset solemn.
May-mists, for the casements, fetch,
Pale and glimmering,
With a sunbeam hid in each,
And a smell of spring.
—Mrs. Browning.

O, it is pleasant, with a heart at ease,
Just after sunset, or by moonlight skies,
To make the shifting clouds be what you please,
Or let the easily persuaded eyes
Own each quaint likeness issuing from the mould
Of a friend's fancy.
—Coleridge.

Sometimes we see a cloud that's dragonish;
A vapour, sometimes, like a bear or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory,
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air.
—Shakespeare.

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.

From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.
—Shelley.

I loved the Clouds.
Fire-fringed at dawn, or red with twilight bloom,
Or stretched above, like isles of leaden gloom
In heaven's vast deep, or drawn in belts of gray,
Or dark blue walls along the base of day;
Or snow-drifts luminous at highest noon,
Ragged and black in tempests, veined with lightning,
And when the moon was brightening
Impearled and purpled by the changeful moon.
—R. H. Stoddard.

Color

Color is, in brief terms, the type of love. Hence it is especially connected with the blossoming of the earth; and again, with its fruits; also, with the spring and fall of the leaf, and with the morning and evening of the day, in order to show the waiting of love about the birth and death of man.—Ruskin.

The little may contrast with the great, in painting, but cannot be said to be contrary to it. Oppositions of colors contrast; but there are also colors contrary to each other, that is, which produce an ill effect because they shock the eye when brought very near it.—Voltaire.

The fact is, that of all God's gifts to the sight of man, color is the holiest, the most divine, the most solemn. We

speak rashly of gay color and sad color, for color cannot at once be good and gay. All good color is in some degree pensive, the loveliest is melancholy, and the purest and most thoughtful minds are those which love color the most.—Thomas Starr King.

Comet

Comets importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars. —Shakespeare.

Lo! from the dread immensity of space
Returning, with accelerated course,
The rushing comet to the sun descends:
And as he sinks below the shading earth,
With awful train projected o'er the heavens,
The guilty nations tremble.—Thomson.

Stranger of Heaven, I bid thee hail!
Shred from the pall of glory riven
That flashest in celestial gale—
Broad pennon of the King of Heaven
Whate'er portends thy front of fire
And streaming locks so lovely pale;
Or peace to man, or judgments dire
Stranger of Heaven, I bid thee hail.
—Hogg.

Hast thou ne'er seen the comet's flaming light?
Th' illustrious stranger passing, terror sheds
On gazing nations, from his fiery train
Of length enormous, takes his ample round
Through depths of ether; coasts unnumber'd worlds,
Of more than solar glory; doubles wide
Heaven's mighty cape; and then re-visits earth,
From the long travel of a thousand years.
—Young.

Lone traveller through the fields of air,
What may thy presence here portend?
Art come to greet the planets fair,
As friend greets friend?
Whate'er thy purpose, thou dost teach
Some lessons to the humble soul;
Though far and dim thy pathway reach,
Yet still thy goal
Tends to the fountain of that light
From whence thy golden beams are won;
So should we turn, from earth's dark night,
To God our sun. —Mrs. Hale.

Comfort

Of all created comforts, God is the lender; you are the borrower, not the owner.—Rutherford.

Comfort and indolence are cronies.—Hood.

For in a dearth of comforts, we art taught
To be contented with the least.
—Sir W. Davenant.

Comfort—'tis for ease and quiet;
It sleeps upon the down of sweet content,
In the sound bed of industry and health.
—Havard.

Comfort, like the golden sun,
Dispels the sullen shade with her sweet influence,
And cheers the melancholy house of care.
—Rowe.

The comforts we enjoy here below are not like the anchor in the bottom of the sea that holds fast in a storm, but like the flag upon the top of the mast that turns with every wind.—Rev. Christopher Love.

The chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex us, and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones are let on long leases.—Aughey.

It is a little thing to speak a phrase of common comfort, which by daily use has almost lost its sense; yet on the ear of him who thought to die unmourned it will fall like choicest music. —Talfourd.

Giving comfort under affliction requires that penetration into the human mind, joined to that experience which knows how to soothe, how to reason, and how to ridicule; taking the utmost care never to apply those arts improperly.—Fielding.

Sweet as refreshing dews or summer showers,
To the long parching thirst of drooping flowers;
Grateful as fanning gales to fainting swains
And soft as trickling balm to bleeding pains.
Such are thy words. —Gay.

I want a sofa, as I want a friend, upon which I can repose familiarly. If you can't have intimate terms and freedom with one and the other, they are of no good.—Thackeray.

In the exhaustless catalogue of Heaven's mercies to mankind, the power we have of finding some germs of comfort in the hardest trials must ever occupy the foremost place; not only because it supports and upholds us when we most require to be sustained, but because in this source of consolation there is something, we have reason to believe, of the Divine Spirit: something of that goodness which detects, amidst our own evil doings, a redeeming quality; something, which even in our fallen nature, we possess in common with the angels; which had its being in the old time when they trod the earth, and linger on it yet in pity.—Dickens.

Command — Commander

A brave captain is as a root, out of which (as branches) the courage of his soldiers doth spring.—Sir Philip Sidney.

It is better to have a lion at the head of an army of sheep, than a sheep at the head of an army of lions.—De Foe.

He stopp'd the fliers:
And, by his rare example, made the coward
Turn terror into sport; as waves before
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
And fell below his stem. —Shakespeare.

Truly, a command of gall cannot be obeyed like one of sugar. A man must require just and reasonable things, if he would see the scales of obedience properly trimmed. From orders which are improper, springs resistance, which is not easily overcome.—Basil.

Commendation

Commend a fool for his wit, or a knave for his honesty, and they will receive you into their bosom.—Fielding.

Commerce

Commerce has made all winds her mistress.—Sterling.

God is making commerce His missionary.—Joseph Cook.

The first inventions of commerce are, like those of all other arts, cunning and short-sighted.—Curran.

More pernicious nonsense was never devised by man than treaties of commerce.—Beaconsfield.

Commerce defies every wind, outrides every tempest, and invades every zone.—Bancroft.

Commerce is the equalizer of the wealth of nations.—Gladstone.

It may almost be held that the hope of commercial gain has done nearly as much for the cause of truth as even the love of truth.—Bovee.

The care of our national commerce redounds more to the riches and prosperity of the public than any other act of government.—Addison.

Commerce links all mankind in one common brotherhood of mutual dependence and interests.—James A. Garfield.

As soon as the commercial spirit acquires vigor, and begins to gain an ascendant in any society, we discern a new genius in its policy, its alliances, its wars, and its negotiations.—Dr. W. Robertson.

Commerce can never be at a stop while one man wants what another can supply; and credit will never be denied, while it is likely to be repaid with profit.—Dr. Johnson.

Whatever has a tendency to promote the civil intercourse of nations by an exchange of benefits is a subject as worthy of philosophy as of politics.—Thomas Paine.

Chiefly the sea-shore has been the point of departure to knowledge, as to commerce. The most advanced nations are always those who navigate the most.—Emerson.

A well regulated commerce is not, like law, physic, or divinity, to be overstocked with hands; but, on the contrary, flourishes by multitudes, and gives employment to all its professors. —Addison.

Next to the pastoral came the agricultural life. When you add to that

the manufacturing phase of development, society begins to fill out, and needs but wings to fly, and commerce is its wings.—Beecher.

Commerce is no other than the traffic of two individuals, multiplied on a scale of number; and, by the same rule that Nature intended the intercourse of two, she intended that of all!—Thomas Paine.

There are no more useful members in a commonwealth than merchants. They knit mankind together in a mutual intercourse of good offices, distribute the gifts of Nature, find work for the poor, and wealth to the rich, and magnificence to the great.—Addison.

A statesman may do much for commerce, most by leaving it alone. A river never flows so smoothly, as when it follows its own course, without either aid or check. Let it make its own bed, it will do so better than you can.

Commerce, however we may please ourselves with the contrary opinion, is one of the daughters of fortune, inconstant and deceitful as her mother. She chooses her residence where she is least expected, and shifts her abode when her continuance is, in appearance, most firmly settled.—Johnson.

As Egypt does not on the clouds rely
But to the Nile owes more than to the sky;
So what our earth and what our heaven denies
Our ever constant friend, the sea supplies.
The taste of hot Arabia's spice we know,
Free from the scorching sun that makes it grow;
Without the worm in Persia's silks we shine;
And without planting, drink of every vine,
To dig for wealth we weary not our limbs.
Gold, though the heaviest metal hither swims,
Ours is the harvest where the Indians mow.
We plough the deep, and reap what others sow. —Waller.

Commerce tends to wear off those prejudices which maintain distinction and animosity between nations. It softens and polishes the manners of men. It unites them by one of the strongest of all ties—the desire of supplying their mutual wants. It disposes them to peace, by establishing in every State an order of citizens bound by their interest to be the guardians of public tranquillity. As soon as the commercial spirit acquires vigor, and begins to gain an ascendant in any society, we begin to discern a new genius in its policy, its alliances, its wars, and its negotiations.—Robertson.

Nature seems to have taken a particular care to disseminate her blessings among the different regions of the world, with an eye to their mutual intercourse and traffic among mankind, that the nations of the several parts of the globe might have a kind of dependence upon one another and be united together by their common interest.—Addison.

Common Sense

Common sense is very uncommon.—Horace Greeley.

Common sense is in spite of, not because of age.—Lord Thurlow.

Common sense is nature's gift, but reason is an art.—Beattie.

Common sense, alas in spite of our educational institutions, is a rare commodity.—Bovee.

If common sense has not the brilliancy of the sun, it has the fixity of the stars.—Fernan Caballero.

Good sense, disciplined by experience and inspired by goodness, issues in practical wisdom.—Samuel Smiles.

Common sense is in spite of, not the result of, education—Victor Hugo.

Common sense is instinct, and enough of it is genius.—H. W. Shaw.

Common sense is the favorite daughter of Reason.—H. W. Shaw.

Common sense is only a modification of talent. Genius is an exaltation of it: the difference is, therefore, in the degree, not nature.—Bulwer-Lytton.

The aim of all intellectual training for the mass of the people should be to cultivate common sense.—J. Stuart Mill.

Common sense is the average sensibility and intelligence of men undisturbed by individual peculiarities.—W. R. Alger.

Common sense has given to words their ordinary signification, and common sense is the genius of mankind.—Guizot.

Common sense in one view is the most uncommon sense. While it is extremely rare in possession, the recognition of it is universal. All men feel it, though few men have it.—H. N. Hudson.

Fine sense and exalted sense are not half as useful as common sense. There are forty men of wit for one man of sense. And he that will carry nothing about him but gold will be every day at a loss for readier change. —Pope.

Sydney Smith playfully says that common sense was invented by Socrates, that philosopher having been one of its most conspicuous exemplars in conducting the contest of practical sagacity against stupid prejudice and illusory beliefs.—Whipple.

Common sense is science exactly so far as it fulfils the ideal of common sense; that is, sees facts as they are, or at any rate without the distortion of prejudice, and reasons from them in accordance with the dictates of sound judgment.—Huxley.

To act with common sense, according to the moment, is the best wisdom I know; and the best philosophy, to do one's duties, take the world as it comes, submit respectfully to one's lot, bless the goodness that has given us so much happiness with it, whatever it is, and despise affectation.—Horace Walpole.

In most old communities there is a common sense even in sensuality. Vice itself gets gradually digested into a system, is amenable to certain laws of conventional propriety and honor, has for its object simply the gratification of its appetites, and frowns with quite a conservative air on all new inventions, all untried experiments in iniquity.—Whipple.

Common sense punishes all departures from her, by forcing those who rebel into a desperate war with all facts and experience, and into a still more terrible civil war with each other and with themselves.—Colton.

Commonwealth

We will renew the times of peace and justice,
Condensing in a fair free commonwealth;
Not rash equality, but equal rights,
Proportion'd like the columns of the temple
Giving and taking strength reciprocal,
And making firm the whole with grace and beauty;
So that no part could be removed without
Infringement of the general symmetry.
—Byron.

Communion

All Christian power springs from communion with God, and from the indwelling of divine grace.—Aughey.

If we show the Lord's death at Communion, we must show the Lord's life in the world. If it is a Eucharist on Sunday, it must prove on Monday that it was also a Sacrament.—Maltbie Babcock.

This do in remembrance of me.—I Cor. xi. 24.

We should come to the Lord's table with the confident expectation of meeting Christ there, of receiving there a blessing.—Rev. Chas. A. Savage.

The Lord's Supper is the central act of Christian worship. It is a prophecy, pledge, and prelude to that "supper table of the Lamb," when we shall sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of our Father. —Rev. Gerard B. F. Hallock.

I agree with you that the communion with the invisible saints must be more of a dream than a reality. But we have a right to dream dreams, if they are not contradicted by the

evident laws of God's word, or God's world.—Maltbie Babcock.

We should look to the Sacrament for a special revelation of Christ and His truth. The purpose of the communion service is to afford us an opportunity to take into our spiritual natures something from the outside.—Rev. Chas. A. Savage.

A consciousness of guilt does not disqualify one. We come to the Lord's table because we know that we are sinners trusting only in the death and work of Jesus Christ. No matter how great one's consciousness of guilt, if he is penitent and is seeking strength to live a Christian life, the Lord's table is the very place for him.—Smith Baker, D. D.

The Lord's Supper comes to us like a ring plucked off from Christ's finger, or a bracelet from His arm; or rather like His picture from His breast, delivered to us with such words as these, "As oft as you look on this, remember me."—John Flavel.

Especially in acts of sacramental communion with his Lord does the Christian gather up and consecrate the powers of his life-long communion with heaven. Then it is that he has most vivid impressions of the nearness of God to his soul, a most comfortable assurance of strength for his need.—Mackarness.

The Lord's Supper has been greatly instrumental in keeping His cause alive. It is the voice of all believers preaching the Lord's death till He come. He who believes that the Lord did come and die for us, and will come again and take us to Himself, will not hesitate to regard this last request of our Lord and Saviour.—Chas. F. Deems, D. D.

We want to look at the Lord's Supper as an ordinance of thanksgiving, that we may have greater desire and pleasure and profit in its celebration. God unfolds to us the different attributes of this beautiful ordinance, that we may be attracted to it. He means every attribute to be a persuasive argument enforcing obedience to the command: "This do in remembrance of me."—David Gregg, D. D.

"We do not presume to come to this Thy table, O merciful Lord, trusting in our own righteousness, but in Thy manifold and great mercies. We are not worthy so much as to gather up the crumbs under Thy table. But thou art the same Lord, Whose property is always to have mercy," etc.—Book of Common Prayer.

It is a love feast, emphasizing Christ's love for us, and ours to Him and to one another. Sin parts men, but in Christ we have brotherhood. We are to love the world, but in a different way our Christian brothers. "This is My commandment, That ye love one another."

It is a pledge of glory, a foretaste of the marriage supper of the Lamb. The glory is in heaven, and we must wait for it, but we are heirs of it.—Howard Crosby, D. D.

Let us remember that the Lord's Supper is an ordinance given to the friends of Jesus Christ who have entered upon the saved life, and intended to help them realize their privileges. The Lord's Supper takes the most terrible facts of history and experience, and groups them with the grandest of realities in such a way that our souls break forth into hallelujahs.—David Gregg, D. D.

Bread of the world, in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed,
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead:

Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed;
And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.
—Reginald Heber.

The proper attitude to assume with relation to the Lord's Supper is a golden mean between idolatry and indifference.—Rev. Chas. A. Savage.

Historians are unanimous in their testimony that from the beginning this sacrament was viewed as a great mystery, to which was attached profound

doctrinal significance and the highest spiritual efficacy. With the visible elements, it was believed, were mystically the body and blood of the Lord. Those who in faith partook of this Supper enjoyed essential communion with Christ.—Prof. E. J. Wolf, D. D.

Indifference to the Sacrament casts contempt on an ordinance instituted by our Saviour Himself, and one that is full of holy meaning. An idolatrous reverence for it not only violates the Second Commandment, but dishonors Christ.—Rev. Chas. A. Savage.

The Lord's Supper may be made more profitable for us if we emphasize it as a bond of brotherhood. A communion with Christ, it is also a communion with each other, and not only among the few gathered within the walls of a single sanctuary; it is the fellowship of the ages. In the name of our common Christ, "encompassed by so great a cloud of witnesses," we sit with them in heavenly places whenever we come to the Communion Table of our Lord.—Rev. Chas. A. Savage.

Bread of Heaven, on Thee I feed,
For Thy flesh is meat indeed;
Ever may my soul be fed
With this true and living bread;
Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of Him who died.

Vine of Heaven, Thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice;
'Tis Thy wounds my healing give;
To Thy cross I look and live.
Thou my Life, O let me be
Rooted, grafted, built on Thee.
—Josiah Conder.

Coming by faith, and thus truly partaking of the bread and the wine, we receive anew the assurance that we are pardoned sinners. We receive increased grace to confirm our Christian habits and to quicken them in their exercise. We receive the earnest of eternal bliss and joy. Most precious foretastes of the heavenly happiness are here bestowed upon a lively faith. A bunch of grapes from the heavenly Eshcol is pressed by the Lord into the sacramental cup. We have food to eat that the world knows not of.—Rev. M. Patterson, D. D.

It is certainly not desirable that improper persons should take the sacrament of the Lord's Supper; but there are many who injure their spiritual characters and diminish their spiritual enjoyment by failing to obey the request of our dying Lord. About to die, He tenderly asked every man who believed that He was dying for the world to do this in remembrance of Him. It is a most simple request; the observance of it in a similar spirit would increase the joy and power of all who wish well the cause of Christianity.

This will appear as we notice what the Lord's Supper signifies. (*a*) It is a memorial of Christ's life and death. (*b*) It is a symbol of Christ's work. (*c*) It represents the union of all God's people; at the table of the Lord all human souls are on a level. (*d*) Again, it represents the soul's constant dependence upon Christ for strength. Christ is the daily bread of life to the soul. (*e*) It represents the mystic union of Christ and His people; He lives in them and they in Him. (*f*) The Lord's Supper is a special communion with Christ, when in a particular manner He reveals Himself to the believing heart.—Smith Baker, D. D.

Thus may we abide in union,
With each other and the Lord,
And possess in sweet communion
Joys which earth cannot afford.
—Rev. John Newton.

Let us come, then, hungering and thirsting for the body and blood of the Lord. He will be present to satisfy the spiritual desires of which He is Himself the author. It would be no feast without Himself. Mere common bread, mere common wine, mere meeting with one another, would this sacrament be unless Jesus Himself were here. "He must break the bread, if it is to nourish my soul. He must pour out the wine, if it is to refresh and gladden me." And we doubt not that He will do this. We come in obedience to His command, and we rely upon His promise. We will seek to commune under their influence, and then we will go away from the table joyfully and exultingly declaring: "As the apple-tree among the trees of the

wood, so is my Beloved among the sons. I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste."

God, in giving us what we pray for because we pray, and in refusing to give what we fail to ask for, deals with us as a loving father. He cultivates that living sympathy and communion between our hearts and His own which is necessary to our happiness and growth in grace.—C. E. Babb, D. D.

He walks in the presence of God that converses with Him in frequent prayer and communion; that runs to Him with all his necessities, that asks counsel of Him in all his doubtings, that opens all his wants to Him; weeps before Him for all his sins; and that asks remedy and support for all his weakness, that fears Him as a Judge, reverences Him as a Lord, and obeys Him as a Father.

If a friend is the one who summons us to our best, then is not Jesus Christ our best friend, and should we not think of the Communion as one of His chief appeals to us to be our best? The Lord's Supper looks not back to our past with a critical eye, but to our future, with a hopeful one. The Master appeals from what we have been to what we may be. He bids us come, not because He sees we are better than we have been, but because He wants us to be. To stay away because our hearts are cold is to refuse to go to the fire till we are warm.—Maltbie Babcock.

Ye do well to remember that habitual affectionate communion with God, asking Him for all good which is needed, praising Him for all that is received, and trusting Him for future supplies, prevents anxious cares, inspires peace, calmness and composure, and furnishes a delight surpassing all finite comprehension.—Aughey.

Communism

Communism means barbarism.—Lowell.

The law cannot equalize men in spite of Nature—Vauvenargues.

Communism is plunder legalized.—Mary Trimmer.

There may be community of material possessions, but there can never be community of love or esteem.—Dr. Johnson.

Communism possesses a language which every people can understand. Its elements are hunger, envy, death. —Heinrich Heine.

You cannot place mediocrity on a par with culture and intelligence; consequently communism is impossible.—Perley Poore.

One who has yearnings for equal division of unequal earnings. Idler or bungler, be is willing to fork out his penny and pocket your shilling.—Ebenezer Elliott.

Cæsar was Rome's escape from communism. I expect no Cæsar; I find on our map no Rubicon. But then I expect to see communistic madness rebuked and ended.—Prof. Hitchcock.

Levellers wish to level down as far as themselves, but they cannot bear levelling up to themselves. They would all have some people under them; why not then have some people above them?—Dr. Johnson.

Company — Companions

Wicked companions invite us to hell. —Fielding.

A pleasant companion is as good as a coach.—Swift.

He that toucheth pitch shall be defiled therewith.—Bible.

Company, villanous company, hath been the spoil of me.—Shakespeare.

There are like to be short graces where the devil plays host.—Lamb.

The freer you feel yourself in the presence of another, the more free is he.—Lavater.

No man can be provident of his time who is not prudent in the choice of his company.—Jeremy Taylor.

No possession is gratifying without a companion.—Seneca.

A companion is but another self; wherefore it is an argument that a man is wicked if he keep company with the wicked.—St. Clement.

No man in effect doth accompany with others but he learneth, ere he is aware, some gesture, voice, or fashion.—Bacon.

No man can possibly improve in any company for which he has not respect enough to be under some degree of restraint.—Chesterfield.

Our companions please us less from the charms we find in their conversation than from those they find in ours. —Fulke Greville.

We have been born to associate with our fellow-men, and to join in community with the human race.—Cicero.

It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught as men take diseases one of another; therefore, let men take heed of their company.—Shakespeare.

No company is far preferable to bad, because we are more apt to catch the vices of others than virtues, as disease is far more contagious than health.—Colton.

Let them have ever so learned lectures of breeding, that which will most influence their carriage will be the company they converse with, and the fashion of those about them.—Locke.

Without good company all dainties
Lose their true relish, and like painted grapes,
Are only seen, not tasted. —Massinger.

Be cautious with whom you associate, and never give your company or your confidence to persons of whose good principles you are not certain.—Bishop Coleridge.

Men or women that are greedy of acquaintance, or hasty in it, are oftentimes snared in ill company before they are aware, and entangled so, that they cannot easily get loose from it after, when they would.—Sir Matthew Hale.

Nature has left every man a capacity of being agreeable, though not of shining in company; and there are a hundred men sufficiently qualified for both, who, by a very few faults, that they might correct in half an hour, are not so much as tolerable.—Swift.

Take rather than give the tone to the company you are in. If you have parts you will show them more or less upon every subject; and if you have not, you had better talk sillily upon a subject of other people's than of your own choosing.—Chesterfield.

The most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness; one who loves life, and understands the use of it; obliging alike at all hours; above all, of a golden temper and steadfast as an anchor. For such an one we gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, the profoundest thinker.—Lessing.

Bad company is like a nail driven into a post, which, after the first or second blow, may be drawn out with little difficulty; but being once driven up to the head, the pincers cannot take hold to draw it out, but which can only be done by the destruction of the wood.—Augustine.

We should ever have it fixed in our memories that, by the character of those whom we choose for our friends, our own is likely to be formed, and will certainly be judged by the world. We ought, therefore, to be slow and cautious in contracting intimacy; but when a virtuous friendship is once established, we must ever consider it a sacred engagement.—Blair.

Comparisons

Comparisons are odious.—Burton.

Comparisons do ofttime great grievance.—John Lydgate.

The superiority of some men is merely local. They are great, because their associates are little.—Johnson.

Like master, like man.—Chevalier Bayard.

In virtues nothing earthly could surpass her,
Save thine "incomparable oil," Macassar!
—Byron.

There's some are fou o' love divine,
There's some are fou o' brandy.
—Burns.

Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And it will make thee think thy swan a crow. —Shakespeare.

Thus I knew that pups are like dogs, and kids like goats; so I used to compare great things with small.—Virgil.

What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
—Shakespeare.

When two persons do the self-same thing, it oftentimes falls out that in the one it is criminal, in the other it is not so; not that the thing itself is different, but he who does it.—Terence.

Is it possible your pragmatical worship should not know that the comparisons made between wit and wit, courage and courage, beauty and beauty, birth and birth, are always odious and ill taken?—Cervantes.

When the moon shone, we did not see the candle, so doth the greater glory dim the less; a substitute shines brightly as a king, until a king be by; and then his state empties itself, as doth an inland brook into the main of waters.—Shakespeare.

It's wiser being good than bad;
It's safer being meek than fierce:
It's fitter being sane than mad.
My own hope is, a sun will pierce
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched;
That, after Last, returns the First,
Though a wide compass round be fetched;
That what began best, can't end worst,
Nor what God blessed once, prove accurst. —Robert Browning.

The botanist looks upon the astronomer as a being unworthy of his regard; and he that is growing great and happy by electrifying a bottle wonders how the world can be engaged by trifling prattle about war and peace.—Johnson.

Yet why repine? I have seen mansions on the verge of Wales that convert my farm-house into a Hampton Court, and where they speak of a glazed window as a great piece of magnificence. All things figure by comparison.—Shenstone.

Compassion

Compassion, the fairest associate of the heart.—Paine.

Man may dismiss compassion from his heart,
But God will never. —Cowper.

There never was any heart truly great and generous that was not also tender and compassionate.—South.

It is the crown of justice, and the glory, where it may kill with right, to save with pity.—Beaumont and Fletcher.

Compassion to an offender who has grossly violated the laws is, in effect, a cruelty to the peaceable subject who has observed them.—Junius.

O, heavens! can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent, or not compassion him?
—Shakespeare.

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? Oh, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.
—Shakespeare.

Want of compassion (however inaccurate observers have reported to the contrary) is not to be numbered among the general faults of mankind. The black ingredient which fouls our disposition is envy. Hence our eyes, it is to be feared, are seldom turned up

to those who are manifestly greater, better, wiser, or happier than ourselves, without some degree of malignity, while we commonly look downward on the mean and miserable with sufficient benevolence and pity.—Fielding.

Compassion is an emotion of which we ought never to be ashamed. Graceful, particularly in youth, is the tear of sympathy, and the heart that melts at the tale of woe. We should not permit ease and indulgence to contract our affections, and wrap us up in a selfish enjoyment; but we should accustom ourselves to think of the distresses of human life, of the solitary cottage, the dying parent, and the weeping orphan. Nor ought we ever to sport with pain and distress in any of our amusements, or treat even the meanest insect with wanton cruelty.—Blair.

Complacency

Complaisance renders a superior amiable, an equal agreeable, and an inferior acceptable.—Addison.

Complacency is a coin by the aid of which all the world can, for want of essential means, pay his club-bill in society. It is necessary, finally, that it may lose nothing of its merits, to associate judgment and prudence with it.—Voltaire.

Complaisance, though in itself it be scarce reckoned in the number of moral virtues, is that which gives a lustre to every talent a man can be possessed of. It was Plato's advice to an unpolished writer that he should sacrifice to the graces. In the same manner I would advise every man of learning, who would not appear in the world a mere scholar or philosopher, to make himself master of the social virtue which I have here mentioned.—Addison.

Complaining

Complaint is more contemptible than pitiful.—Bovee.

We lose the right of complaining sometimes by forbearing it; but we often treble the force.—Sterne.

Complaint is the largest tribute heaven receives.—Swift.

The usual fortune of complaint is to excite contempt more than pity.—Johnson.

We are too prone to find fault; let us look for some of the perfections.—Schiller.

Constant complaint is the poorest sort of pay for all the comforts we enjoy.—Franklin.

Every one must see daily instances of people who complain from a mere habit of complaining.—Graves.

I have always despised the whining yelp of complaint, and the cowardly feeble resolve.—Burns.

I will not be as those who spend the day in complaining of headache, and the night in drinking the wine that gives the headache.—Goethe.

Our condition never satisfies us; the present is always the worst. Though Jupiter should grant his request to each, we should continue to importune him.—La Fontaine.

To tell thy mis'ries will no comfort breed;
Men help thee most, that think thou hast no need;
But if the world once thy misfortunes know,
Thou soon shalt lose a friend and find a foe. —Randolph.

All our murmurings are so many arrows shot at God Himself, and they will return upon our own hearts; they reach not Him, but they will hit us; they hurt not Him, but they will wound us; therefore it is better to be mute than to murmur; it is dangerous to provoke a consuming fire.—Aughey.

Compensation

No evil is without its compensation.—Seneca.

One golden day redeems a weary year.—Celia Thaxter.

'Tis always morning somewhere in the world.—Richard Hengest Horne.

It is some compensation for great evils that they enforce great lessons.—Bovee.

Whoever makes great presents expects great presents in return.—Martial.

When the first is plucked, a second will not be wanting.—Virgil.

Since we are exposed to inevitable sorrows, wisdom is the art of finding compensation.—Lévis.

The equity of Providence has balanced peculiar sufferings with peculiar enjoyments.—Dr. Johnson.

If the poor man cannot always get meat, the rich man cannot always digest it.—Henry Giles.

'Tis toil's reward, that sweetens industry,
As love inspires with strength the enraptur'd thrush. —Ebenezer Elliott.

What we gave, we have:
What we spent, we had:
What we left, we lost.
—Epitaph of Edward, Earl of Devon.

If poverty makes man groan, he yawns in opulence. When fortune exempts us from labor, nature overwhelms us with time.—Rivarol.

The fiercest agonies have shortest reign;
And after dreams of horror, comes again
The welcome morning with its rays of peace. —William Cullen Bryant.

The rose does not bloom without thorns. True; but would that the thorns did not outlive the rose!—Richter.

We read on the forehead of those who are surrounded by a foolish luxury that Fortune sells what she is thought to give.—La Fontaine.

There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may hide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.
—William C. Bryant.

When fate has allowed to any man more than one great gift, accident or necessity seems usually to contrive that one shall encumber and impede the other.—Swinburne.

The poor eat always more relishable food than the rich; hunger makes the dishes sweet, and this occurs almost never with rich people.—Mahabharata.

Curses always recoil on the head of him who imprecates them. If you put a chain around the neck of a slave, the other end fastens itself around your own.—Emerson.

Nothing is pure and entire of a piece. All advantages are attended with disadvantages. A universal compensation prevails in all conditions of being and existence.—Hume.

Whatever difference may appear in the fortunes of mankind, there is, nevertheless, a certain compensation of good and evil which makes them equal.—Rochefoucauld.

O weary hearts! O slumbering eyes!
O drooping souls, whose destinies
Are fraught with fear and pain,
Ye shall be loved again.
—Longfellow.

If the gatherer gathers too much, Nature takes out of the man what she puts into his chest; swells the estate, but kills the owner. Nature hates monopolies and exceptions.—Emerson

And light is mingled with the gloom,
And joy with grief;
Divinest compensations come,
Through thorns of judgment mercies bloom
In sweet relief. —Whittier.

We devote the activity of our youth to revelry and the decrepitude of our old age to repentance: and we finish the farce by bequeathing our dead bodies to the chancel, which when living, we interdicted from the church—Colton.

There is a third silent party to all our bargains. The nature and soul of things takes on itself the guaranty of the fulfilment of every contract, so that honest service cannot come to loss.—Emerson.

If I have lost anything it was incidental; and the less money, the less

trouble; the less favor, the less envy, —nay, even in those cases which put us out of our wits, it is not the loss itself, but the estimate of the loss that troubles us.—Seneca.

Universally, the better gold the worse man. The political economist defies us to show any gold mine country that is traversed by good roads, or a shore where pearls are found on which good schools are erected.—Emerson.

Under the storm and the cloud to-day,
And to-day the hard peril and pain—
To-morrow the stone shall be rolled away,
For the sunshine shall follow the rain.
Merciful Father, I will not complain,
I know that the sunshine shall follow the rain.
—Joaquin Miller.

Where there is much general deformity nature has often, perhaps generally, accorded some one bodily grace even in over-measure. So, no doubt, with the intellect and disposition, only it is frequently less apparent, and we give ourselves but little trouble to discover it.—J. F. Boyes.

As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.
—Goldsmith.

Earth gets its price for what Earth gives us,
The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in;
The priest has his fee who comes and shrives us,
We bargain for the graves we lie in;
At the devil's booth are all things sold,
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;
For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking,
'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking,
No price is set on the lavish summer;
June may be had by the poorest comer.
—Lowell.

As there is no worldly gain without some loss, so there is no worldly loss without some gain. If thou hast lost thy wealth, thou hast lost some trouble with it; if thou art degraded from thy honor, thou art likewise freed from the stroke of envy; if sickness hath blurred thy beauty, it hath delivered thee from pride. Set the allowance against the loss, and thou shalt find no loss great; he loses little or nothing that reserves himself.—Quarles.

Compliments

Compliments are only lies in court clothes.

—Current among men
Like coin, the tinsel clink of compliment.
—Tennyson.

A compliment is usually accompanied with a bow, as if to beg pardon for paying it—J. C. and A. W. Hare

Deference is the most complicate, the most indirect, and the most elegant of all compliments.—Shenstone.

He who sports compliments, unless he takes good aim, may miss his mark, and be wounded by the recoil of his own weapon.—Haliburton.

When two people compliment each other with the choice of anything, each of them generally gets that which he likes least.—Pope.

A woman * * * always feels herself complimented by love, though it may be from a man incapable of winning her heart, or perhaps even her esteem.—Abel Stevens.

Banish all compliments but single truth,
From every tongue, and every shepherd's heart,
Let them use still persuading, but no art.
—Beaumont and Fletcher.

Though all compliments are lies, yet because they are known to be such, nobody depends on them, so there is no hurt in them; you return them in the same manner you receive them; yet it is best to make as few as one can.—Lady Gethin.

Treachery oft lurks
In compliments. You have sent so many posts
Of undertakings, they outride performance;
And make me think your fair pretences aim
At some intended ill, which my prevention
Must strive to avert. —Nabb.

Compliments and flattery oftenest excite my contempt by the pretension

they imply; for who is he that assumes to flatter me? To compliment often implies an assumption of superiority in the complimenter. It is, in fact, a subtle detraction.—Thoreau.

Compliments of congratulation are always kindly taken, and cost nothing but pen, ink and paper. I consider them as draughts upon good breeding, where the exchange is always greatly in favor of the drawer.—Chesterfield.

Compromise

Compromise makes a good umbrella, but a poor roof; it is a temporary expedient, often wise in party politics, almost sure to be unwise in statesmanship.—Lowell.

Compulsion

Force is the agent which ignorance uses for making his followers do the actions to which they are disinclined by nature; and (like an attempt to make water ascend above its level) the moment the agent ceases to act, the same instant does the operation cease.—Combe.

Concealment

If rich, it is easy enough to conceal your wealth; but if poor, it is not quite so easy to conceal your poverty. We shall find that it is less difficult to hide a thousand guineas than one hole in our coat.—Colton.

To conceal anything from those to whom I am attached, is not in my nature. I can never close my lips where I have opened my heart.—Dickens.

Conceit

Be not wise in your own conceits.—Bible.

Be not righteous overmuch.—Bible.

Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.—Shakespeare.

I am not in the roll of common men.—Shakespeare.

Wind puffs up empty bladders; opinion, fools.—Socrates.

The art of making much show with little substance.—Macaulay.

Self-made men are most always apt to be a little too proud of the job.—H. W. Shaw.

The world knows only two, that's Rome and I.—Ben Jonson.

Every man, however little, makes a figure in his own eyes.—Henry Home.

Conceit may puff a man up, but never prop him up.—Ruskin.

Faith, that's as well said as if I had said it myself.—Swift.

Nature has sometimes made a fool, but a coxcomb is always of a man's own making.—Addison.

The certain way to be cheated is to fancy one's self more cunning than others.—Charron.

He who gives himself airs of importance exhibits the credentials of impotence.—Lavater.

The weakest spot in every man is where he thinks himself to be the wisest.—Emmons.

No man was ever so much deceived by another as by himself.—Lord Greville.

The more any one speaks of himself, the less he likes to hear another talked of.—Lavater.

A man who is proud of small things shows that small things are great to him.—Madame de Girardin.

The miller imagines that the corn grows only to make his mill turn.—Goethe.

One whom the music of his own vain tongue doth ravish like enchanting harmony.—Shakespeare.

We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow;
Our wiser sons, no doubt, will thing us so.
—Pope.

Strong conceit, like a new principle, carries all easily with it, when yet above common-sense.—Locke.

I say that conceit is just as natural a thing to human minds as a centre to a circle.—Holmes.

Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? There is more hope of a fool than of him.—Bible.

Man believes himself always greater than he is, and is esteemed less than he is worth.—Goethe.

A strong conceit is rich; so most men deem:
If not to be, 'tis comfort yet to seem.
—Marston.

The best of lessons, for a good many people, would be to listen at a keyhole. It is a pity for such that the practice is dishonorable.—Madame Swetchine.

Self-love is better than any gilding to make that seem gorgeous wherein ourselves be parties.—Sir P. Sidney.

The cuckoo drinks the celestial juice of the mango-tree, and is not proud; the frog drinks swamp-water, and quacks with conceit.—Varuki.

Conceit and confidence are both of them cheats; the first always imposes on itself, the second frequently deceives others too.—Zimmermann.

How wise are we in thought! how weak in practice! our very virtue, like our will, is—nothing.—Shirley.

Conceited people are never without a certain degree of harmless satisfaction wherewith to flavor the waters of life.—Madame Deluzy.

It is the admirer of himself, and not the admirer of virtue, that thinks himself superior to others.—Plutarch.

Men are found to be vainer on account of those qualities which they fondly believe they have than of those which they really have.—Voiture.

A man—poet, prophet, or whatever he may be—readily persuades himself of his right to all the worship that is voluntarily tendered.—Hawthorne.

We go and fancy that everybody is thinking of us. But he is not; he is like us—he is thinking of himself.—Charles Reade.

A man who is always well satisfied with himself is seldom so with others, and others as little pleased with him.—La Rochefoucauld.

One's self-satisfaction is an untaxed kind of property, which it is very unpleasant to find depreciated.—George Eliot.

Those who differ most from the opinions of their fellow-men are the most confident of the truth of their own.—Mackintosh.

Conceit is to nature what paint is to beauty; it is not only needless, but impairs what it would improve.—Pope.

Everything without tells the individual that he is nothing; everything within persuades him that he is everything.—X. Doudan.

I've never any pity for conceited people, because I think they carry their comfort about with them.—George Eliot.

There is scarcely any man, how much soever he may despise the character of a flatterer, but will condescend in the meanest manner to flatter himself.—Fielding.

Conceited men often seem a harmless kind of men, who, by an overweening self-respect, relieve others from the duty of respecting them at all.—Beecher.

None are so seldom found alone, and are so soon tired of their own company, as those coxcombs who are on the best terms with themselves.—Colton.

Conceit is the most contemptible and one of the most odious qualities in the world. It is vanity driven from all other shifts, and forced to appeal to itself for admiration.—Hazlitt.

Every man deems that he has precisely the trials and temptations which

are the hardest of all for him to bear; but they are so, because they are the very ones he needs.—Richter.

No wonder we are all more or less pleased with mediocrity, since it leaves us at rest, and gives the same comfortable feeling as when one associates with his equals.—Goethe.

It is a fact which escapes no one, that, generally speaking, whoso is acquainted with his worth has but a little stock to cultivate acquaintance with.—Carlyle.

Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Brags of his substance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars that can count their worth. —Shakespeare.

An eagerness and zeal for dispute on every subject, and with every one, shows great self-sufficiency, that never-failing sign of great self-ignorance.—Lord Chatham.

Drawn by conceit from reason's plan
How vain is that poor creature man;
How pleas'd in ev'ry paltry elf
To prate about that thing himself.
—Churchill.

We judge of others for the most part by their good opinion of themselves; yet nothing gives such offense or creates so many enemies, as that extreme self-complacency or supercilliousness of manner, which appears to set the opinion of every one else at defiance.—Hazlitt.

Be very slow to believe that you are wiser than all others; it is a fatal but common error. Where one has been saved by a true estimation of another's weakness, thousands have been destroyed by a false appreciation of their own strength.—Colton.

This self-conceit is a most dangerous shelf
Where many have made shipwreck unawares;
He who doth trust too much unto himself
Can never fail to fall in many snares.
—Earl of Stirling.

All affectation and display proceed from the supposition of possessing something better than the rest of the world possesses. Nobody is vain in possessing two legs and two arms; because that is the precise quantity of either sort of limb which everybody possesses.—Sydney Smith.

Whoe'er imagines prudence all his own,
Or deems that he hath powers to speak and judge
Such as none other hath, when they are known,
They are found shallow. —Sophocles.

They say it was Liston's firm belief, that he was a great and neglected tragic actor; they say that every one of us believes in his heart, or would like to have others believe, that he is something which he is not.—Thackeray.

A school of art or of anything else is to be looked on as a single individual, who keeps talking to himself for a hundred years, and feels an extreme satisfaction with his own circle of favorite ideas, be they ever so silly.—Goethe.

Men educate each other in reason by contact or collision, and keep each other sane by the very conflict of their separate hobbies. Society as a whole is the deadly enemy of the particular crotchet of each, and solitude is almost the only condition in which the acorn of conceit can grow to the oak of perfect self-delusion.—Whipple.

Nature descends down to infinite smallness. Great men have their parasites; and, if you take a large buzzing blue-bottle fly, and look at it in a microscope, you may see twenty or thirty little ugly insects crawling about it, which, doubtless, think their fly to be the bluest, grandest, merriest, most important animal in the universe, and are convinced the world would be at an end if it ceased to buzz.—Sydney Smith.

Conceit is just as natural a thing to human minds as a centre is to a circle. But little-minded people's thoughts move in such small circles that five minutes' conversation gives you an arc long enough to determine their whole curve. An arc in the movement of a large intellect does not differ sensibly from a straight line.—Holmes.

But the conceit of one's self and the conceit of one's hobby are hardly more prolific of eccentricity than the conceit of one's money. Avarice, the most hateful and wolfish of all the hard, cool, callous dispositions of selfishness, has its own peculiar caprices and crotchets. The ingenuities of its meanness defy all the calculations of reason, and reach the miraculous in subtlety. —Whipple.

Success seems to be that which forms the distinction between confidence and conceit. Nelson, when young, was piqued at not being noticed in a certain paragraph of the newspapers, which detailed an action wherein he had assisted. "But never mind," said he, "I will one day have a gazette of my own."—Colton.

Talk about conceit as much as you like, it is to human character what salt is to the ocean; it keeps it sweet and renders it endurable. Say rather it is like the natural unguent of the seafowl's plumage, which enables him to shed the rain that falls on him and the wave in which he dips. When one has had all his conceit taken out of him, when he has lost all his illusions, his feathers will soon soak through, and he will fly no more.—Holmes.

Conciliation

Agree with thine adversary quickly while thou art in the way with him.—Bible.

It is the part of a prudent man to conciliate the minds of others, and to turn them to his own advantage.—Cicero.

Conduct

A man, like a watch, is to be valued for his manner of going.—William Penn.

The integrity of men is to be measured by their conduct, not by their professions.—Junius.

And let men so conduct themselves in life
As to be always strangers to defeat.
—Cicero.

The conduct of men depends upon the temperament, not upon a bunch of musty maxims.—Beaconsfield.

No books are so legible as the lives of men; no character so plain as their moral conduct.—Aughey.

Take heed lest passion sway
Thy judgment to do aught which else free-will
Would not admit. —Milton.

Those virtues which cost us dear prove that we love God; those which are easy to us prove that He loves us. —J. Petit-Senn.

To do evil is more within the reach of every man, in public as in private life, than to do good.—Dr. Parr.

All the while thou livest ill, thou hast the trouble, distraction, inconveniences of life, but not the sweets and true use of it.—Fuller.

That conduct sometimes seems ridiculous, in the eyes of the world, the secret reasons for which, may, in reality, be wise and solid.—Rochefoucauld.

I would, God knows, in a poor woodman's hut
Have spent my peaceful days, and shared my crust
With her who would have cheer'd me, rather far
Than on this throne; but being what I am,
I'll be it nobly. —Joanna Baillie.

Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest,
Learn more than thou trowest,
Set less than thou throwest.
—Shakespeare.

Obey thy parents, keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array. * * * Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy pen from lenders' books.—Shakespeare.

It is not enough that you can form, nay, and follow, the most excellent rules for conducting yourself in the world. You must also know when to deviate from them, and where lies the exception.—Greville.

I will govern my life, and my thoughts, as if the whole world were to see the one, and to read the other;

for what does it signify to make anything a secret to my neighbor, when to God (who is the searcher of our hearts) all our privacies are open?—Seneca.

Only add
Deeds to thy knowledge answerable, add faith,
Add virtue, patience, temperance, add love,
By name to come call'd charity, the soul
Of all the rest; then wilt thou not be loath
To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess
A Paradise within thee, happier far.
—Milton.

As in walking it is your great care not to run your foot upon a nail, or to tread awry, and strain your leg; so let it be in all the affairs of human life, not to hurt your mind or offend your judgment. And this rule, if observed carefully in all your deportment, will be a mighty security to you in your undertakings.—Epictetus.

Confession

Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come.
—Shakespeare.

Why does no man confess his vices? Because he is yet in them; it is for a waking man to tell his dream.—Seneca.

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday. —Pope.

If thou wouldst be justified, acknowledge thy injustice; he that confesses his sin begins his journey toward salvation; he that is sorry for it mends his pace; he that forsakes it is at his journey's end.—Quarles.

Come, now again thy woes impart,
Tell all thy sorrows, all thy sin;
We cannot heal the throbbing heart,
Till we discern the wounds within.
—Crabbe.

Unless we realize our sins enough to call them by name, it is hardly worth while to say anything about them at all. When we pray for forgiveness, let us say, "my temper," or "untruthfulness," or "pride," "my selfishness, my cowardice, indolence, jealousy, revenge, impurity." To recognize our sins, we must look them in the face and call them by their right names, however hard. Honesty in confession calls for definiteness in confession.—Maltbie Babcock.

Confidence

Society is built upon trust.—South.

Self-trust is the essence of heroism. —Emerson.

Security is mortal's chiefest enemy. —Shakespeare.

Be not confident and affirmative.—Jeremy Taylor.

For they can conquer who believe they can.—Dryden.

Trust not him that hath once broken faith.—Shakespeare.

Confidence is nowhere safe.—Virgil.

Confidence is a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom.—William Pitt.

He knows little who will tell his wife all he knows.—Thomas Fuller.

He who has lost confidence can lose nothing more.—Boiste.

Thou know'st how fearless is my trust in thee.—Miss L. E. Landon.

He is safe who admits no one to his confidence.—Rochefoucauld.

Confidence imparts a wonderful inspiration to its possessor.—Milton.

Be as just and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee.
—Shakespeare.

He that wold not when he might,
He shall not when he wold-a.
—Percy.

Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day. —Shakespeare.

Fields are won by those who believe in the winning.—T. W. Higginson.

Wise men have but few confidants, and cunning ones none.—H. W. Shaw.

He who believes in nobody knows that he himself is not to be trusted.—Auerbach.

Confidence in another man's virtue is no slight evidence of a man's own.—Montaigne.

Confidence in conversation has a greater share than wit.—Rochefoucauld.

It is almost always to save telling a great deal that women tell a little to their husbands.—Rochebrune.

Surely modesty never hurt any cause; and the confidence of man seems to me to be much like the wrath of man.—Tillotson.

Trust him little who praises all, him less who censures all, and him least who is indifferent about all.—Lavater.

A noble heart, like the sun, showeth its greatest confidence in its lowest estate.—Sir P. Sidney.

Trust him with little who, without proofs, trusts you with everything, or, when he has proved you, with nothing. —Lavater.

Confidence is that feeling by which the mind embarks in great and honorable courses with a sure hope and trust in itself.—Cicero.

Confidence, as opposed to modesty and distinguished from decent assurance, proceeds from self-opinion, and is occasioned by ignorance and flattery. —Jeremy Collier.

He who does not respect confidence, will never find happiness in his path. The belief in virtue vanishes from his heart, the source of nobler actions becomes extinct in him.—Auffenberg.

Whatever distrust we may have of the sincerity of those who converse with us, we always believe they will tell us more truth than they do to others.—La Rochefoucauld.

The hearing ear is always found close to the speaking tongue; and no genius can long or often utter anything which is not invited and gladly entertained by men around him.—Emerson.

We may have the confidence of another without possessing his heart. If his heart be ours, there is no need of revelation or of confidence,—all is open to us.—Du Cœur.

To reveal imprudently the spot where we are most sensitive and vulnerable is to invite a blow. The demigod Achilles admitted no one to his confidence.—Madame Swetchine.

There is something captivating in spirit and intrepidity, to which we often yield as to a resistless power; nor can he reasonably expect the confidence of others who too apparently distrusts himself.—Hazlitt.

It is unjust and absurd of persons advancing in years, to expect of the young that confidence should come all and only on their side; the human heart, at whatever age, opens only to the heart that opens in return.—Miss Edgeworth.

I see before me the statue of a celebrated minister, who said that confidence was a plant of slow growth. But I believe, however gradual may be the growth of confidence, that of credit requires still more time to arrive at maturity.—Benj. Disraeli.

Where there is any good disposition, confidence begets faithfulness; but distrust, if it do not produce treachery, never fails to destroy every inclination to evince fidelity. Most people disdain to clear themselves from the accusations of mere suspicion.—Jane Porter.

Most frequently we make confidants from vanity, a love of talking, a wish to win the confidence of others, and to make an exchange of secrets.—La Rochefoucauld.

Never put much confidence in such as put no confidence in others. A man prone to suspect evil is mostly looking in his neighbor for what he sees in himself. As to the pure all things are

pure, even so to the impure all things are impure.—Hare.

Confidence always pleases those who receive it. It is a tribute we pay to their merit, a deposit we commit to their trust, a pledge that gives them a claim upon us, a kind of dependence to which we voluntarily submit.—La Rochefoucauld.

All confidence which is not absolute and entire is dangerous; there are few occasions but where a man ought either to say all or conceal all; for how little soever you have revealed of your secret to a friend, you have already said too much if you think it not safe to make him privy to all particulars.—J. Beaumont.

Confidence is conqueror of men; victorious both ower them and in them;
The iron will of one stout heart shall make a thousand quail:
A feeble dwarf, dauntlessly resolved, will turn the tide of battle,
And rally to a nobler strife the giants that had fled. . . . —Tupper.

There is a kind of greatness which does not depend upon fortune; it is a certain manner that distinguishes us, and which seems to destine us for great things; it is the value we insensibly set upon ourselves; it is by this quality that we gain the deference of other men, and it is this which commonly raises us more above them, than birth, rank, or even merit itself.—La Rochefoucauld.

Let not the quietness of any man's temper, much less the confidence he has in thy honesty and goodness, tempt thee to contrive any mischief against him; for the more securely he relies on thy virtue, and the less mistrust he has of any harm from thee, the greater wickedness will it be to entertain even the thought of doing him an injury.—Bishop Patrick.

People have generally three epochs in their confidence in man. In the first they believe him to be everything that is good, and they are lavish with their friendship and confidence. In the next, they have had experience, which has smitten down their confidence, and they then have to be careful not to mistrust every one, and to put the worst construction upon everything. Later in life, they learn that the greater number of men have much more good in them than bad, and that even when there is cause to blame, there is more reason to pity than condemn; and then a spirit of confidence again awakens within them.—Fredrika Bremer.

When young, we trust ourselves too much, and we trust others too little when old. Rashness is the error of youth, timid caution of age. Manhood is the isthmus between the two extremes; the ripe and fertile season of action, when alone we can hope to find the head to contrive, united with the hand to execute.—Colton.

Confirmation

Believe and be confirmed.—Milton.

Confirmation is a most solemn and important ordinance.—Bishop Oxenden.

Whether confirmation be a sacrament or not, it is no use to dispute; and if it be disputed, it cannot follow that it is not of very great use and holiness.—Jeremy Taylor.

Conjecture

Our conjectures are like our hopes. —Jane Taylor.

Conjecture as to things useful is good; but conjecture as to what it would be useless to know, such as whether men went upon all-four, is very idle.—Dr. Johnson.

Conquest

I came, I saw, I conquered.—Julius Cæsar.

Self-conquest is the greatest of victories.—Plato.

How grand is victory, but how dear! —Boufflers.

He conquers twice who conquers himself in victory.—Syrus.

We triumph without glory when we conquer without danger.—Corneille.

You will hardly conquer, but conquer you must.—Ovid.

Yield to him who opposes you; by yielding you conquer.—Ovid.

He who surpasses or subdues mankind must look down on the hate of those below.—Byron.

Anticipation leads the way to victory, and is the spur to conquest.—Chamfort.

Then fly betimes, for only they
Conquer love that run away.
—Thomas Carew.

A victory is twice itself when the achiever brings home full numbers.—Shakespeare.

The more acquisitions the government makes abroad, the more taxes the people have to pay at home.—Thomas Paine.

Know that the slender shrub which is seen to bend, conquers when it yields to the storm.—Metastasio.

It is the right of war for conquerors to treat those whom they have conquered according to their pleasure.—Cæsar.

Brave conquerors! for so you are
That war against your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's desires.
—Shakespeare.

Great things thro' the greatest hazards are achiev'd,
And then they shine.
—Beaumont and Fletcher.

I claim by right
Of conquest; for when kings make war,
No law betwixt two sov'reigns can decide,
But that of arms, where fortune is the judge,
Soldiers the lawyers, and the bar the field.
—Dryden.

Hannibal knew better how to conquer than how to profit by the conquest; and Napoleon was more skilful in taking positions than in maintaining them. As to reverses, no general can presume to say that he may not be defeated; but he can, and ought to say, that he will not be surprised.—Colton.

Conscience

A still, small voice.—I Kings xix. 12.

Conscience is a thousand swords.—Shakespeare.

The only infallible judge.—Hosea Ballou.

Conscience is the voice of God in the soul.—Aughey.

The soft whispers of the God in man.—Young.

Conscience is justice's best minister.—Lady Montagu.

Conscience is its own counsellor.—South.

Man's conscience is the oracle of God!—Byron.

There is no college for the conscience.—Theodore Parker.

God's vicegerent in the soul.—Buchan.

The pulse of reason.—Coleridge.

Reason deceives us often; conscience never.—Rousseau.

No infallible oracle out of the breast.—Rev. Dr. Hedge.

The conscience is more wise than science.—Lavater.

Let his tormentor conscience find him out.—Milton.

The great theatre for virtue is conscience.—Cicero.

How awful is that hour when conscience stings.—Percival.

Conscience is the sentinel of virtue.—Johnson.

A wounded conscience is able to un paradise paradise itself.—Fuller.

Conscience is God's deputy in the soul.—Rev. T. Adams.

Conscience is the chamber of justice.—Origen.

What exile from himself can flee?—Byron.

The sense of right.—Dr. Watson.

A good conscience is a continual Christmas.—Franklin.

The thundering voice that wrings, in one dark damning moment, crimes of years!—Percival.

No evil is intolerable but a guilty conscience.—Channing.

Conscience is its own readiest accuser.—Chapin.

The still small voice is wanted.—Cowper.

The torture of a bad conscience is the hell of a living soul.—Calvin.

A sound conscience is a brazen wall of defense.—From the Latin.

Trust that man in nothing who has not a conscience in everything.—Sterne.

Good conscience is sometimes sold for money, but never bought with it.—Aughey.

Despotic conscience rules our hopes and fears.—Ovid.

A good conscience is the best looking-glass of heaven.—Cudworth.

The most exacting jailer is our own conscience.—J. Petit-Senn.

The only incorruptible thing about us.—Fielding.

Conscience is a sacred sanctuary where God alone may enter as judge.—Lamennais.

By the verdict of his own breast no guilty man is ever acquitted.—Juvenal.

The tribunal of conscience exists independent of edicts and decrees.—Burke.

One self-approving hour whole years outweighs.—Pope.

No outward change need trouble him who is inwardly serene.—Hosea Ballou.

Conscience has no more to do with gallantry than it has with politics.—Sheridan.

The conscience of the dying belies their life.—Vauvenargues.

Many a lash in the dark doth conscience give the wicked.—Boston.

Rules of society are nothing, one's conscience is the umpire.—Madame Dudevant.

A man of integrity will never listen to any reason against conscience.—Home.

The sweetest cordial we receive at last,
Is conscience of our virtuous actions past.
—Goffe.

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.
—Shakespeare.

The mind conscious of innocence despises false reports; but we are always ready to believe a scandal.—Ovid.

The Unknown is an ocean. What is conscience? The compass of the Unknown.—Joseph Cook.

Heed the still, small voice that so seldom leads us wrong, and never into folly.—Mme. du Deffand.

I feel within me a peace above all earthly dignities, a still and quiet conscience.—Shakespeare.

Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
Devised at first to keep the strong in awe.
—Shakespeare.

Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire, called Conscience.—George Washington.

Most men are afraid of a bad name, but few fear their consciences.—Pliny.

Nor ear can hear nor tongue can tell
The tortures of that inward hell!
—Byron.

Conscience serves us especially to judge of the actions of others.—J. Petit-Senn.

Conscience is harder than our enemies,
Knows more, accuses with more nicety.
—George Eliot.

Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is seen so terrible!
—Shakespeare.

The conscience is the inviolable asylum of the liberty of man.—Napoleon.

No man ever offended his own conscience but first or last it was revenged upon him for it.—South.

I seek no better warrant than my own conscience.—Sir P. Sidney.

Conscience is the reason employed about questions of right and wrong.—Whewell.

What we call conscience, in many instances, is only a wholesome fear of the constable.—Bovee.

Conscience warns us as a friend before it punishes us as a judge.—Stanislaus.

The great chastisement of a knave is not to be known, but to know himself.—J. Petit-Senn.

Let us be thankful for health and competence, and, above all, for a quiet conscience.—Izaak Walton.

Leave her to heaven and to those thorns that in her bosom lodge, to prick and sting her.—Shakespeare.

Conscience is the living law, and honor is to this law what piety is to religion.—Boufflers.

There is no evil which we cannot face or fly from but the consciousness of duty disregarded.—Daniel Webster.

Conscience and wealth are not always neighbors.—Massinger.

Be fearful only of thyself, and stand in awe of none more than thine own conscience.—Burton.

In matters of conscience first thoughts are best; in matters of prudence last thoughts are best.—Rev. Robert Hall.

We never do evil so effectually as when we are led to do it by a false principle of conscience.—Pascal.

If you should escape the censure of others, hope not to escape your own.—Henry Home.

There is in man a conscience which outlives the sensations, resolutions, and emotions of the hour, and rises above them all.—Edward Thomson.

Conscience is that peculiar faculty of the soul which may be called the religious instinct.—Samuel Smiles.

The voice of conscience is so delicate that it is easy to stifle it; but it is also so clear that it is impossible to mistake it.—Madame de Staël.

The virtuous mind that ever walks attended
By a strong siding champion, Conscience.
—Harrison.

See from behind her secret stand
The sly informer minutes ev'ry fault
And her dread diary with horror fills.
—Young.

A good conscience is the palace of Christ; the temple of the Holy Ghost; the paradise of delight; the standing Sabbath of the saints.—Augustine.

There is one court whose "findings" are incontrovertible, and whose sessions are held in the chambers of our own breast.—Hosea Ballou.

Conscience is merely our own judgment of the moral rectitude or turpitude of our own actions.—Locke.

What other dungeon is so dark as one's own heart? What jailer so inexorable as one's self?—Hawthorne.

Our secret thoughts are rarely heard except in secret. No man knows what conscience is until he understands what solitude can teach him concerning it.—Joseph Cook.

Foul whisp'rings are abroad; and unnat'ral deeds
Do breed unnat'ral troubles: infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets. —Shakespeare.

Every one of us, whatever his speculative opinions, knows better than he practices, and recognizes a better law than he obeys.—James A. Froude.

He that hath a scrupulous conscience is like a horse that is not well weighed; he starts at every bird that flies out of the hedge.—Selden.

I believe that we cannot live better than in seeking to become better, nor more agreeably than having a clear conscience.—Socrates.

A guilty conscience is like a whirlpool, drawing in all to itself which would otherwise pass by.—Fuller.

O conscience, into what abyss of fears and horrors hast thou driven me, out of which I find no way, from deep to deeper plunged.—Milton.

O the wound of conscience is no scar, and time cools it not with his wing, but merely keeps it open with his scythe.—Richter.

Conscience is the mirror of our souls, which represents the errors of our lives in their full shape.—Bancroft.

There is no class of men so difficult to be managed in a state, as those whose intentions are honest, but whose consciences are bewitched.—Napoleon.

We should have all our communications with men, as in the presence of God; and with God, as in the presence of men.—Colton.

Conscience, that boon companion who sets a man free under the strong breastplate of innocence, that bids him on and fear not.—Dante.

I am more afraid of my own heart than of the pope and all his cardinals. I have within me the great pope, self. —Luther.

Our faults afflict us more than our good deeds console. Pain is ever uppermost in the conscience as in the heart.—Madame Swetchine.

Conscience, that vicegerent of God in the human heart, whose "still small voice" the loudest revelry cannot drown.—W. H. Harrison.

A man never outlives his conscience, and that, for this cause only, he cannot outlive himself.—South.

There is no future pang can deal that justice on the self-condemned he deals on his own soul.—Byron.

That conscience approves of and attests such a course of action, is itself alone an obligation—Butler.

The true grandeur of humanity is in moral elevation, sustained, enlightened, and decorated by the intellect of man. —Charles Sumner.

Be this thy brazen bulwark, to keep a clear conscience, and never turn pale with guilt.—Horace.

Light as a gossamer is the circumstance, which can bring enjoyment to a conscience, which is not its own accuser.—W. Carleton.

Liberty of conscience (when people have consciences) is rightly considered the most indispensable of liberties.—Chambers.

Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted. —Shakespeare.

Who has a heart so pure but some uncleanly apprehensions keep leets and law-days, and in session sit with meditations awful?—Shakespeare.

Happy is the man who renounces everything which may bring a stain or burden upon his conscience.—Thomas à Kempis.

A quiet conscience makes one so serene!
Christians have burnt each other, quite persuaded
That all the apostles would have done as they did. —Byron.

Why should not conscience have vacation,
As well as other courts o' th' nation?
Have equal power to adjourn,
Appoint appearance, and return?
—Butler.

A man's first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart; his next, to escape the censures of the world.—Addison.

Conscience is a blushing, shamefaced spirit that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills one full of obstacles.—Shakespeare.

Conscience never commands nor forbids anything authentically, but there is some law of God which commands and forbids it first.—South.

A man can bear a world's contempt when he has that within which says he's worthy. When he contemns himself, there burns the hell.—Alexander Smith.

It is often easier to justify one's self to others than to respond to the secret doubts that arise in one's own bosom. —Mrs. Oliphant.

If we regulate our conduct according to our own convictions, we may safely disregard the praise or censure of others.—Pascal.

Conscience is a coward: and those faults it has not strength enough to prevent it seldom has justice enough to accuse.—Goldsmith.

The authority of conscience stands founded upon its vicegerency and deputation under God.—South.

The most miserable pettifogging in the world is that of a man in the court of his own conscience.—Beecher.

Merit and good works is the end of man's motion, and conscience of the same is the accomplishment of man's rest.—Bacon.

I must leave you to the satisfaction of your own conscience, which, though a silent panegyric, is yet the best.—Dryden.

As the blush is the signal of innocence, so is serenity of manner the token of a quiet conscience.—Mme. Necker.

Undoubtedly we render our consciences callous by evil indulgences; but we cannot entirely subdue that still, small voice.—Beecher.

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought. —Shakespeare.

As the mind of each man is conscious of good or evil, so does he conceive within his breast hope or fear, according to his actions.—Ovid.

Man, wretched man, whene'er he stoops to sin,
Feels, with the act, a strong remorse within.
—Juvenal.

The Past lives o'er again
In its effects, and to the guilty spirit
The ever-frowning Present is its image.
—Coleridge.

It is as bad to clip conscience as to clip coin; it is as bad to give a counterfeit statement as a counterfeit bill. —Chapin.

Be more careful of your conscience than of your estate. The latter can be bought and sold; the former never. —Hosea Ballou.

Trust me no tortures which the poets feign
Can match the fierce unutterable pain
He feels, who night and day devoid of rest
Carries his own accuser in his breast.
—Gifford.

Better be with the dead, whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace, than on the torture of the mind to lie in restless ecstasy.—Shakespeare.

Yet still there whispers the small voice within,
Heard thro' gain's silence, and o'er glory's din;
Whatever creed be taught or land be trod,
Man's conscience is the oracle of God!
—Byron.

Here, here it lies; a lump of lead by day;
And in my short distracted nightly slumbers,
The hag that rides my dreams.
—Dryden.

Though thy slumber may be deep.
Yet thy spirit will not sleep;
There are shades that will not vanish,
There are thoughts thou canst not banish.
—Byron.

A man who sells his conscience for his interest, will sell it for his pleasure. A man who will betray his country, will betray his friend.—Miss Edgeworth.

Even in the fiercest uproar of our stormy passions, conscience, though in her softest whispers, gives to the supremacy of rectitude the voice of an undying testimony.—Chalmers.

Let a prince be guarded with soldiers, attended by councillors, and shut up in forts; yet if his thoughts disturb him, he is miserable.—Plutarch.

If thou wouldst be informed what God has written concerning thee in Heaven look into thine own bosom, and see what graces He hath there wrought in thee.—Fuller.

But, at sixteen, the conscience rarely gnaws
So much, as when we call our old debts in
At sixty years, and draw the accounts of evil,
And find a deuced balance with the devil.
—Byron.

The color of the king doth come and go,
Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set:
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.
—Shakespeare.

He that hath a blind conscience which sees nothing, a dead conscience which feels nothing, and a dumb conscience which says nothing, is in as miserable a condition as a man can be on this side of hell.—Patrick Henry.

In the commission of evil, fear no man so much as thyself; another is but one witness against thee, thou art a thousand; another thou mayest avoid, thyself thou canst not. Wickedness is its own punishment.—Quarles.

A man, so to speak, who is not able to bow to his own conscience every morning is hardly in a condition to respectfully salute the world at any other time of the day.—Douglas Jerrold.

What Conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do;
This teach me more than Hell to shun,
That more than Heav'n pursue.
—Pope.

Oh! think what anxious moments pass between
The birth of plots, and their last fatal periods,
Oh! 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
Filled up with horror all, and big with death!
—Addison.

Some persons follow the dictates of their conscience only in the same sense in which a coachman may be said to follow the horses he is driving.—Whately.

The world will never be in any manner of order or tranquillity until men are firmly convinced that conscience, honor and credit are all in one interest; and that without the concurrence of the former the latter are but impositions upon ourselves and others.—Steele.

It is a man's own dishonesty, his crimes, his wickedness, and boldness, that takes away from him soundness of mind; these are the furies, these the flames and firebrands, of the wicked.—Cicero.

Remorse of conscience is like an old wound; a man is in no condition to fight under such circumstances. The pain abates his vigor and takes up too much of his attention.—Jeremy Collier.

Preserve your conscience always soft and sensitive. If but one sin force its way into that tender part of the

soul and dwell there, the road is paved for a thousand iniquities.—Watts.

Man is naturally more desirous of a quiet and approving, than of a vigilant and tender conscience,—more desirous of security than of safety.—Whately.

Our conscience is a fire within us, and our sins as the fuel; instead of warming, it will scorch us, unless the fuel be removed, or the heat of it allayed by penitential tears.—Dr. Mason.

Conscience and covetousness are never to be reconciled; like fire and water they always destroy each other, according to the predominancy of the element.—Jeremy Collier.

A good conscience is never lawless in the worst regulated state, and will provide those laws for itself which the neglect of legislators had forgotten to supply.—Fielding.

A man's own conscience is his sole tribunal, and he should care no more for that phantom "opinion" than he should fear meeting a ghost if he crossed the churchyard at dark.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Conscience is a great ledger book in which all our offences are written and registered, and which time reveals to the sense and feeling of the offender.—Burton.

A tender conscience is an inestimable blessing; that is, a conscience not only quick to discern what is evil, but instantly to shun it, as the eyelid closes itself against the mote.—Rev. N. Adams.

Oh the difference of divers men in the tenderness of their consciences! Some are scarcely touched with a wound, while others are wounded with a touch therein.—Thomas Fuller.

Let not your peace rest in the utterances of men, for whether they put a good or bad construction on your conduct does not make you other than you are.—Thomas à Kempis.

I have somewhere read that conscience not only sits as witness and judge within our bosoms, but also forms the prison of punishment.—Hosea Ballou.

Now conscience wakes despair
That slumber'd, wakes the bitter memory,
Of what he was, what is, what must be
Worse; if worst deeds, worse sufferings must ensue. —Milton.

A good conscience is to the soul what health is to the body; it preserves a constant ease and serenity within us, and more than countervails all the calamities and afflictions that can possibly befall us.—Addison.

The breast of a good man is a little heaven commencing on earth; where the Deity sits enthroned with unrivaled influence, every subjugated passion, "like the wind and storm, fulfilling his word."—Colton.

Oh! Conscience! Conscience! Man's most faithful friend,
Him canst thou comfort, ease, relieve, defend:
But if he will thy friendly checks forego,
Thou art, oh! woe for me, his deadliest foe!
—Crabbe.

Conscience is a clock which, in one man, strikes aloud and gives warning; in another, the hand points silently to the figure, but strikes not. Meantime, hours pass away, and death hastens, and after death comes judgment.—Jeremy Taylor.

He that has light within his own clear breast,
May sit i' the centre, and enjoy bright day;
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;
Himself is his own dungeon. —Milton.

To say that we have a clear conscience is to utter a solecism; had we never sinned we should have had no conscience. Were defeat unknown, neither would victory be celebrated by songs of triumph.—Carlyle.

He that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping. Therefore be sure you look to that, and in the next place look to your health; and if you have it, praise God

and value it next to a good conscience. —Izaak Walton.

A good conscience is a port which is landlocked on every side, where no winds can possibly invade. There a man may not only see his own image, but that of his Maker, clearly reflected from the undisturbed waters.—Dryden.

Be what it may, let the first whisper of the internal monitor be listened to as an oracle, as the still small voice which Elijah heard when he wrapped his face in his mantle, recognizing it to be the voice of God.—Robert Hall.

Conscience is, at once, the sweetest and most troublesome of guests. It is the voice which demanded Abel of his brother, or that celestial harmony which vibrated in the ears of the martyrs, and soothed their sufferings.—Madame Swetchine.

God, in His wrath, has not left this world to the mercy of the subtlest dialectician; and all arguments are happily transitory in their effect when they contradict the primal intuitions of conscience and the inborn sentiments of the heart.—Whipple.

We are born to lose and to perish, to hope and to fear, to vex ourselves and others; and there is no antidote against a common calamity but virtue; for the foundation of true joy is in the conscience.—Seneca.

Oh! I have past a miserable night!
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 't were to buy a world of happy days!
—Shakespeare.

No outward tryanny can reach the mind. If conscience plays the tyrant, it would be greatly for the benefit of the world that she were more arbitrary, and far less placable than some men find her.—Junius.

The moral conscience is a truly primitive faculty; it is a particular manner of feeling which corresponds to the goodness of moral actions, as taste is a manner of feeling which corresponds to beauty. Love men, immolate error.—St. Augustine.

The impulse which directs to right conduct, and deters from crime, is not only older than the ages of nations and cities, but coeval with that Divine Being who sees and rules both heaven and earth.—Cicero.

Who born so poor,
Of intellect so mean, as not to know
What seem'd the best; and knowing not to do?
As not to know what God and conscience bade,
And what they bade not able to obey?
—Pollok.

Not all the glory, all the praise,
That decks the hero's prosperous days,
The shout of men, the laurel crown,
The pealing anthems of renown,
May conscience' dreadful sentence drown.
—Mrs. Holford.

Alas, that we should be so unwilling to listen to the still and holy yearnings of the heart! A god whispers quite softly in our breast, softly yet audibly; telling us what we ought to seek and what to shun.—Goethe.

When Conscience wakens who can with her strive?
Terrors and troubles from a sick soul drive?
Naught so unpitying as the ire of sin,
The inappeas'ble Nemesis within.
—Abraham Coles.

Be fearful only of thyself; and stand in awe of none more than thine own conscience. There is a Cato in every man; a severe censor of his manners. And he that reverences this judge will seldom do anything he need repent of.—Fuller.

Be mine that silent calm repast,
A conscience cheerful to the last:
That tree which bears immortal fruit,
Without a canker at the root;
That friend which never fails the just,
When other friends desert their trust.
—Dr. Cotton.

Every man, however good he may be, has a yet better man dwelling in him, which is properly himself, but to whom nevertheless he is often unfaithful. It is to this interior and less mutable being that we should attach ourselves

not to the changeable, every-day man. —Wilhelm von Humboldt.

Conscience is that faculty which perceives right and wrong in actions, approves or disapproves them, anticipates their consequences under the moral administration of God, and is thus either the cause of peace or of disquietude of mind.—Rev. S. Conn, D. D.

'Tis ever thus
With noble minds, if chance they slide to folly;
Remorse stings deeper, and relentless conscience
Pours more gall into the bitter cup
Of their severe repentance. —Mason.

Shall be more sweet than all the joys
Amongst us mortal men.
Then shalt thou find but one refuge
Which comfort can retain;
A guiltless conscience pure and clear
From touch of sinful stain.
—Brandon.

To be satisfied with the acquittal of the world, though accompanied with the secret condemnation of conscience, this is the mark of a little mind; but it requires a soul of no common stamp to be satisfied with its own acquittal, and to despise the condemnation of the world.—Colton.

What a fool is he who locks his door to keep out spirits, who has in his own bosom a spirit he dares not meet alone; whose voice, smothered far down, and piled over with mountains of earthliness, is yet like the forewarning trumpet of doom!—Mrs. Stowe.

He fears not dying—'tis a deeper fear,—
The thunder-peal cries to his conscience—"Hear"!
The rushing winds from memory lift the veil,
And in each flash his sins, like spectres pale,
Freed, from their dark abode, his guilty breast,
Shriek in his startled ear—"Death is not rest"! —Mrs. Hale.

It is quite certain that, if from childhood men were to begin to follow the first intimations of conscience, honestly to obey them and carry them out into act, the power of conscience would be so strengthened and improved within them, that it would soon become, what it evidently is intended to be, "a connecting principle between the creature and the Creator."—J. C. Shairp.

Give me another horse,—bind up my wounds,
Have mercy, Jesu!—soft;—I did but dream.—
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!—
The lights burn blue.—It is now dead midnight.
Cold fearful drops stand on my fearful flesh.
What do I fear? myself?
—Shakespeare.

What a strange thing an old dead sin laid away in a secret drawer of the soul is? Must it some time or other be moistened with tears, until it comes to life again, and begins to stir in our consciousness, as the dry wheat-animalcule, looking like a grain of dust, becomes alive if it is wet with a drop of water?—Holmes.

A palsy may as well shake an oak, or a fever dry up a fountain, as either of them shake, dry up, or impair the delight of conscience. For it lies within, it centres in the heart, it grows into the very substance of the soul, so that it accompanies a man to his grave; he never outlives it.—South.

Conscience is too great a power in the nature of man to be altogether subdued; it may be for a time repressed and kept dormant; but conjectures there are in human life which awaken it, and when once reawakened, it flashes on the sinner's mind with all the horrors of an invisible ruler and a future judgment.—Blair.

A good conscience fears no witnesses, but a guilty conscience is solicitous even in solitude. If we do nothing but what is honest, let all the world know it; but if otherwise, what does it signify to have nobody else know it so long as I know it myself? Miserable is he who slights that witness!—Seneca.

Conscience signifies that knowledge which a man hath of his own thoughts

and actions; and because, if a man judgeth them fairly of his actions by comparing them with the law of God, his mind will approve or condemn him; this knowledge or conscience may be both an accuser and a judge.—Swift.

Conscience is a judge in every man's breast, which none can cheat or corrupt, and perhaps the only incorrupt thing about him; yet, inflexible and honest as this judge is (however polluted the bench on which he sits), no man can, in my opinion, enjoy any applause which is not there adjudged to be his due.—Fielding.

A man's first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart; his next, to escape the censures of the world. If the last interferes with the former, it ought to be entirely neglected; but otherwise there cannot be a greater satisfaction to an honest mind, than to see those approbations which it gives itself seconded by the applause of the public.—Addison.

A Witness.

Consider all thy actions and take heed
On stolen bread, tho' it is sweet to feed.
Sin, like a bee, unto thy hive may bring
A little honey but expect the sting.
Thou may'st conceal thy sin by cunning art,
But conscience sits a witness in thy heart,
Which will disturb thy peace, thy rest undo,
For that is witness, judge, and prison too.
—Watkins.

Were men so enlightened and studious of their own good as to act by the dictates of their reason and reflection, and not the opinion of others, conscience would be the steady ruler of human life, and the words truth, law, reason, equity, and religion could be but synonymous terms for that only guide which makes us pass our days in our own favor and approbation.—Steele.

It is a blushing, shame-faced spirit, that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills one full of obstacles; it made me once restore a purse of gold that by chance I found; it beggars any man that keeps it; it is turned out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man that means to live well endeavors to trust to himself, and live without it.—Shakespeare.

Conscience is justice's best minister; it threatens, promises, rewards, and punishes and keeps all under control; the busy must attend to its remonstrances, the most powerful submit to its reproof, and the angry endure its upbraidings. While conscience is our friend all is peace; but if once offended farewell the tranquil mind.—Mrs. Montagu.

In the wildest anarchy of man's insurgent appetites and sins there is still a reclaiming voice,—a voice which, even when in practice disregarded, it is impossible not to own; and to which, at the very moment that we refuse our obedience, we find that we cannot refuse the homage of what ourselves do feel and acknowledge to be the best, the highest principles of our nature.—Chalmers.

The good or evil we confer on others very often, I believe, recoils on ourselves; for as men of a benign disposition enjoy their own acts of beneficence equally with those to whom they are done, so there are scarce any natures so entirely diabolical as to be capable of doing injuries without paying themselves some pangs for the ruin which they bring on their fellow-creatures.—Fielding.

The most reckless sinner against his own conscience has always in the background the consolation that he will go on in this course only this time, or only so long, but that at such a time he will amend. We may be assured that we do not stand clear with our own consciences so long as we determine or project, or even hold it possible, at some future time to alter our course of action.—Fichte.

As the stag which the huntsman has hit flies through bush and brake, over stock and stone, thereby exhausting his strength but not expelling the deadly bullet from his body; so does experience show that they who have troubled consciences run from place to place, but carry with them wherever they go their dangerous wounds.—Gotthold.

Conscience is the voice of the soul, the passions are the voice of the body. Is it astonishing that often these two languages contradict each other, and then to which must we listen? Too often reason deceives us; we have only too much acquired the right of refusing to listen to it; but conscience never deceives us; it is the true guide of man; it is to man what instinct is to the body, which follows it, obeys nature, and never is afraid of going astray.—Rousseau.

An old historian says about the Roman armies that marched through a country, burning and destroying every living thing, "They make a solitude, and they call it peace." And so men do with their consciences. They stifle them, sear them, forcibly silence them, somehow or other; and then, when there is a dead stillness in the heart, broken by no voice of either approbation or blame, but doleful, like the unnatural quiet of a deserted city, then they say, "It is peace;" and the man's uncontrolled passions and unbridled desires dwell solitary in the fortress of his own spirit! You may almost attain to that.—Alexander Maclaren.

Although there is nothing so bad for conscience as trifling, there is nothing so good for conscience as trifles. Its certain discipline and development are related to the smallest things. Conscience, like gravitation, takes hold of atoms. Nothing is morally indifferent. Conscience must reign in manners as well as morals, in amusements as well as work. He only who is "faithful in that which is least" is dependable in all the world. —Maltbie Babcock.

Consecration

See that you receive Christ with all your heart. As there is nothing in Christ that may be refused, so there is nothing in you from which He must be excluded.—John Flavel.

If you want to live in this world, doing the duty of life, knowing the blessings of it, doing your work heartily, and yet not absorbed by it, remember that the one power whereby you can so act is, that all shall be consecrated to Christ, and done for His sake.—Alexander Maclaren.

Teach us, Master, how to give
All we have and are to Thee;
Grant us, Saviour, while we live,
Wholly, only Thine to be.
—F. R. Havergal.

God consecrates us with His Spirit; whom He adopts, He anoints; whom He makes sons, He makes saints; He doth not only give them a new name, but a new nature. God turns the wolf into a lamb; He makes the heart humble and gracious; He works such a change as if another soul did dwell in the same body.—T. Watson.

Seek to make life henceforth a consecrated thing; that so, when the sunset is nearing, with its murky vapors and lowering skies, the very clouds of sorrow may be fringed with golden light. Thus will the song in the house of your pilgrimage be always the truest harmony. It will be composed of no jarring, discordant notes; but with all its varied tones will form one sustained, life-long melody; dropped for a moment in death, only to be resumed with the angels, and blended with the everlasting cadences of your Father's house.—J. R. Macduff.

Consequences

As thou sowest, so shalt thou reap. —Cicero.

As the dimensions of the tree are not always regulated by the size of the seed, so the consequences of things are not always proportionate to the apparent magnitude of those events that have produced them.—Colton.

Conservatism

A conservative is a man who will not look at the new moon, out of respect for that "ancient institution," the old one.—Douglas Jerrold.

The conservative may clamor against reform, but he might as well clamor against the centrifugal force. He sighs for the "good old times,"—he might as well wish the oak back into the acorn.—Chapin.

A conservative young man has wound up his life before it was un-

reeled. We expect old men to be conservative; but when a nation's young men are so, its funeral bell is already rung.—Beecher.

We are reformers in spring and summer; in autumn and winter we stand by the old; reformers in the morning, conservers at night. Reform is affirmative, conservatism negative; conservatism goes for comfort, reform for truth.—Emerson.

Conservatism is a very good thing; but how many conservatives announce principles which might have shocked Dick Turpin, or nonsensicalities flat enough to have raised contempt in Jerry Sneak!—Whipple.

Consideration

That should be maturely considered which can be decided but once.

Consideration, like an angel came
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him,
Leaving his body as a paradise,
To envelope and contain celestial spirits.
—Shakespeare.

Better it is toward the right conduct of life, to consider what will be the end of a thing, than what is the beginning of it: for what promises fair at first may prove ill, and what seems at first a disadvantage, may prove very advantageous.—Wells.

Consistency

The foible of weak minds.—Emerson.

Without consistency there is no moral strength.—Owen.

Consistency is the bugbear that frightens little minds.—Emerson.

With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. He may as well concern himself with his shadow on the wall.—Emerson.

To be rational is so glorious a thing that two-legged creatures generally content themselves with the title.—Locke.

A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines.—Emerson.

As flowers always wear their own colors and give forth their own fragrance every day alike, so should Christians maintain their character at all times and under all circumstances.—Beecher.

We feel something like respect for consistency even in error. We lament the virtue that is debauched into a vice; but the vice that affects a virtue becomes the more detestable.—Thomas Paine.

Tush! tush! my lassie, such thoughts resigne,
Comparisons are cruele:
Fine pictures suit in frames as fine,
Consistencie's a jewell.
—Jolly Robyn-Roughhead.

Gineral C. is a dreffle smart man:
He's been on all sides that give places or pelf;
But consistency still wuz a part of his plan;
He's been true to one party, and that is, himself;—
So John P.
Robinson, he
Sez he shall vote for Gineral C.
—Lowell.

Consolation

God has commanded time to console the unhappy.—Joubert.

For grief is crowned with consolation.—Shakespeare.

And empty heads console with empty sound.—Pope.

In a healthy state of the organism all wounds have a tendency to heal.—Madame Swetchine.

For every bad there might be a worse; and when one breaks his leg, let him be thankful it was not his neck.—Bishop Hall.

Consolation heals without contact; somewhat like the blessed air which we need but to breathe.—Madame Swetchine.

Apt words have power to suage the tumors of a troubled mind.—Milton.

If a man makes me keep my distance, the comfort is he keeps his own at the same time.—Swift.

Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes, and Adversity is not without comforts and hopes.—Bacon.

Consolation indiscreetly pressed upon us, when we are suffering undue affliction, only serves to increase our pain, and to render our grief more poignant.—Rousseau.

One should never be very forward in offering spiritual consolations to those in distress. These, to be of any service, must be self-evolved in the first instance.—Coleridge.

All are not taken! there are left behind
Living Beloveds, tender looks to bring,
And make the daylight still a happy thing,
And tender voices, to make soft the wind.
—E. B. Browning.

Whoever can turn his weeping eyes to heaven has lost nothing; for there above is everything he can wish for here below. He only is a loser who persists in looking down on the narrow plains of the present time.—Richter.

Before an affliction is digested, consolation ever comes too soon; and after it is digested, it comes too late; but there is a mark between these two, as fine almost as a hair, for a comforter to take aim at.—Sterne.

Queen Elizabeth, in her hard, wise way, writing to a mother who had lost her son, tells her that she will be comforted in time; and why should she not do for herself what the mere lapse of time will do for her?—Bentley.

Sprinkled along the waste of years
Full many a soft green isle appears:
Pause where we may upon the desert road,
Some shelter is in sight, some sacred safe abode.
—Keble.

As the bosom of earth blooms again and again, having buried out of sight the dead leaves of autumn, and loosed the frosty bands of winter; so does the heart, in spite of all that melancholy poets write, feel many renewed springs and summers. It is a beautiful and a blessed world we live in, and whilst that life lasts, to lose the enjoyment of it is a sin.—A. W. Chambers.

Nothing does so establish the mind amidst the rollings and turbulence of present things, as a look above them and a look beyond them,—above them, to the steady and good hand by which they are ruled; and beyond them, to the sweet and beautiful end to which, by that hand, they will be brought.—Jeremy Taylor.

Conspiracy

Conspiracies no sooner should be formed
Than executed. —Addison.

For all things are less dreadful than they seem. —Wordsworth.

Conspiracies
Like thunder-clouds, should in a moment form
And strike, like lightning, ere the sound is heard. —Dowe.

Oh think what anxious moments pass between
The birth of plots, and their last fatal periods;
Oh! 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
Fill'd up with horror, and big with death.
—Addison.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream;
The genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.
—Shakespeare.

O conspiracy!
Shams't thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then by day,
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy,
Hide it in smiles and affability:
For if thou put thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.
—Shakespeare.

Constancy

Constancy is a saint without a worshiper.—Boufflers.

Constancy is the complement of all the other human virtues.—Mazzini.

Constancy is the chimera of love.—Vauvenargues.

Were man but constant, he were perfect.—Shakespeare.

The lasting and crowning privilege of friendship is constancy.—South.

'Tis often constancy to change the mind.—Hoole.

Without constancy, there is neither love, friendship, nor virtue in the world.—Addison.

True constancy no time no power can move;
He that hath known to change, ne'er knew to love.
—Gay.

The constancy of the wise is only the art of keeping disquietude to one's self.—Rochefoucauld.

I am constant as the northern star, of whose true-fixed and resting quality there is no fellow in the firmament. —Shakespeare.

A good man it is not mine to see; could I see a man possessed of constancy, that would satisfy me.—Confucius.

The mountain rill
Seeks with no surer flow the far bright sea,
Than my unchang'd affections flow to thee.
—Park Benjamin.

Now from head to foot
I am marble-constant: now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine. —Shakespeare.

Sooner shall this blue ocean melt to air,
Sooner shall earth resolve itself to sea,
Than I resign thine image, Oh my fair!
Or think of anything, excepting thee.
—Byron.

The love that is kept in the beauty of trust,
Cannot pass like the foam from the seas,
Or a mark that the finger hath trac'd in the dust,
Where 't is swept by the breath of the breeze. —Mrs. Welby.

There are two kinds of constancy in love, one arising from incessantly finding in the loved one fresh objects to love, the other from regarding it as a point of honor to be constant.—La Rochefoucauld.

Out upon it! I have lov'd
Three whole days together;
And am like to love three more,
If it prove fair weather.
—Sir John Suckling.

Changeless march the stars above,
Changeless morn succeeds to even;
And the everlasting hills
Changeless watch the changeless heaven.
—Charles Kingsley.

———I have won
Thy heart, my gentle girl! but it hath been
When that soft eye was on me; and the love
I told beneath the evening influence,
Shall be as constant as its gentle star.
—Willis.

Oh, the heart, that has truly loved, never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose. —Moore.

There is nothing but death
Our affections can sever,
And till life's latest breath
Love shall bind us for ever.
—Percival.

Then come the wild weather, come sleet or come snow,
We will stand by each other, however it blow.
Oppression, and sickness, and sorrow, and pain
Shall be to our true love as links to the chain. —Longfellow.

Tell him I love him yet,
As in that joyous time;
Tell him I ne'er forget,
Though memory now be crime.
—Praed.

Though youth be past, and beauty fled,
The constant heart its pledge redeems,
Like box, that guards the flowerless bed
And brighter from the contrast seems.
—Mrs. Hale.

Whatever is genuine in social relations endures, despite of time, error, absence, and destiny; and that which has no inherent vitality had better die at once. A great poet has truly declared that constancy is no virtue, but a fact.—Tuckerman.

First shall the heaven's bright lamp forget to shine,
The stars shall from the azur'd sky decline:
First shall the orient with the west shake hand,
The centre of the world shall cease to stand:
First wolves shall league with lambs, the dolphins fly,
The lawyer and physician fees deny;
The Thames with Tagus shall exchange her bed,
My mistress' locks with mine shall first turn red;
First heav'n shall lie below, and hell above,
Ere I inconstant to my Delia prove.
—Howell.

Constitution

A constitution is not a thing in name only, but in fact. It has not an ideal but a real existence, and wherever it cannot be produced in a visible form, there is none. A constitution is a thing antecedent to a government, and a government is only the creature of a constitution. The constitution of a country is not the act of its government, but of a people constituting a government. It is the body of elements to which you refer, and quote article by article, and contains the principles on which the government shall be established—the form in which it shall be organized—the powers it shall have—the mode of elections—the duration of Congress—and, in fine, everything that relates to the complete organization of a civil government, and the principles on which it shall act, and by which it shall be bound. A constitution is to a government, therefore, what the laws made by that government are to a court of judicature. The court of judicature does not make laws, neither can it alter them; it only acts in conformity to the laws made; and the government is in like manner governed by the constitution.—Paine.

Contemplation

The act of contemplation then creates the thing contemplated.—Isaac Disraeli.

In order to improve the mind, we ought less to learn than to contemplate.—Descartes.

There is no lasting pleasure but contemplation; all others grow flat and insipid upon frequent use; and when a man hath run through a set of vanities, in the declension of his age, he knows not what to do with himself, if he cannot think; he saunters about from one dull business to another, to wear out time; and hath no reason to value Life but because he is afraid of death.—Burnet.

When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence;
So sweet is zealous contemplation.
—Shakespeare.

A contemplative life has more the appearance of a life of piety than any other; but it is the divine plan to bring faith into activity and exercise.—Cecil.

Contempt

Contempt leaves a deeper scar than anger.

Contempt is frequently regulated by fashion.—Zimmermann.

Those only are despicable who fear to be despised.—La Rochefoucauld.

An Englishman fears contempt more than death.—Goldsmith.

O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful in the contempt and anger of his lip!—Shakespeare.

None but the contemptible are apprehensive of contempt.—Rochefoucauld.

Who can refute a sneer?—Paley.

Contempt is the only way to triumph over calumny.—Madame de Maintenon.

I find my familiarity with thee has bred contempt.—Cervantes.

Contemptuous people are sure to be contemptible.—Chamfort.

Nothing, says Longinus, can be great, the contempt of which is great.—Addison.

You may not despise any man, nor spurn anything.—Rabbi Ben Azai.

Nothing so contemptible as habitual contempt.—E. L. Magoon.

Contempt putteth an edge upon anger more than the hurt itself.—Bacon.

Contempt is a kind of gangrene which, if it seizes one part of a character, corrupts all the rest by degrees.—Johnson.

No man can fall into contempt but those who deserve it.—Johnson.

There is no room in the universe for the least contempt or pride; but only for a gentle and a reverent heart. —James Martineau.

The spirit of contempt is the true spirit of Antichrist; for no other is more directly opposed to Christ.—Henry Giles.

Christ saw much in this world to weep over, and much to pray over; but He saw nothing in it to look upon with contempt.—E. H. Chapin.

I have unlearned contempt; it is a sin that is engendered earliest in the soul, and doth beset it like a poison worm feeding on all its beauty.—Willis.

It is often more necessary to conceal contempt than resentment; the former is never forgiven, but the latter is sometimes forgotten.—Chesterfield.

Speak with contempt of no man. Every one hath a tender sense of reputation. And every man hath a sting, which he may, if provoked too far, dart out at one time or other.—Burton.

He hears
On all sides, from innumerable tongues
A dismal universal hiss, the sound
Of public scorn. —Milton.

He who feels contempt for any living thing hath faculties that he hath never used, and thought with him is in its infancy.—Wordsworth.

If there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married and have more occasion to know one another; I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt. —Shakespeare.

What valor were it, when a cur doth grin, for one to thrust his hand between his teeth, when he might spurn him with his foot away?—Shakespeare.

Contempt is not a thing to be despised. It may be borne with a calm and equal mind, but no man, by lifting his head high, can pretend that he does not perceive the scorns that are poured down on him from above.—Burke.

There is no action in the behavior of one man toward another of which human nature is more impatient than of contempt, it being the undervaluing of a man upon a belief of his utter uselessness and inability.—South.

Ah, there is nothing more beautiful than the difference between the thought about sinful creatures which is natural to a holy being, and the thought about sinful creatures which is natural to a self-righteous being. The one is all contempt; the other, all pity.—Alexander Maclaren.

Wrongs are often forgiven, but contempt never is. Our pride remembers it forever. It implies a discovery of weaknesses, which we are much more careful to conceal than crimes. Many a man will confess his crimes to a common friend, but I never knew a man who would tell his silly weaknesses to his most intimate one.—Chesterfield.

Men are much more unwilling to have their weaknesses and their imperfections known than their crimes; and if you hint to a man that you think him silly, ignorant, or even ill-bred or awkward, he will hate you more and longer than if you tell him plainly that you think him a rogue.—Chesterfield.

Contempt of others is the truest symptom of a base and bad heart,—while it suggests itself to the mean and

the vile, and tickles their little fancy on every occasion, it never enters the great and good mind but on the strongest motives; nor is it then a welcome guest,—affording only an uneasy sensation, and bringing always with it a mixture of concern and compassion.—Yielding.

Contempt naturally implies a man's esteeming of himself greater than the person whom he contemns; he therefore that slights, that contemns an affront is properly superior to it; and he conquers an injury who conquers his resentments of it. Socrates, being kicked by an ass, did not think it a revenge proper for Socrates to kick the ass again.—South.

Content — Contentment

The harvest song of inward peace. —Whittier.

Our content is our best having.—Shakespeare.

Contentment opes the source of every joy.—Beattie.

Contentment, parent of delight.—Green.

The noblest mind the best contentment has.—Spenser.

The fewer desires, the more peace.—Thomas Wilson.

Contentment is natural wealth; luxury, artificial poverty.—Socrates.

He is well paid that is well satisfied.—Shakespeare.

Contentment is better than divinations or visions.—Landor.

Contentment, as it is a short road and pleasant, has great delight and little trouble.—Epictetus.

A contented heart is an even sea in the midst of all storms.

Contentment gives a crown where fortune hath denied it.—Ford.

I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content.—Bible.

Fortify yourself with contentment, for this is an impregnable fortress.—Epictetus.

We only see in a lifetime a dozen faces marked with the peace of a contented spirit.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Mutual content is like a river, which must have its banks on either side.—Le Sage.

Contentment with to-day's lot makes candidacy for a better lot to-morrow. —Charles H. Parkhurst.

The great quality of Dulness is to be unalterably contented with itself. —Thackeray.

O Contentment, make me rich! for without thee there is no wealth.—Saadi.

Show me a thoroughly contented person, and I will show you a useless one.—H. W. Shaw.

Naught is had, all is spent, where our desire is got without content.—Shakespeare.

Without content, we shall find it almost as difficult to please others as ourselves.—Greville.

May I always have a heart superior, with economy suitable, to my fortune. —Shenstone.

Content is to the mind like moss to a tree; it bindeth it up so as to stop its growth.—Halifax.

That is true plenty, not to have, but not to want riches.—St. Chrysostom.

It is right to be contented with what we have, but never with what we are. —Sir James Mackintosh.

He is richest who is content with the least; for content is the wealth of nature.—Socrates.

The rarest feeling that ever lights a human face is the contentment of a loving soul.—Henry Ward Beecher.

A man who finds no satisfaction in himself seeks for it in vain elsewhere. —Rochefoucauld.

He that commends me to mine own content
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
—Shakespeare.

Unless we find repose within ourselves, it is vain to seek it elsewhere. —Hosea Ballou.

Contentment is, after all, simply refined indolence.—Haliburton.

Contentment consisteth not in adding more fuel, but in taking away some fire.—Fuller.

A mind content both crown and kingdom is.—Robert Greene.

It is not for man to rest in absolute contentment.—Southey.

To be content with little is difficult; to be content with much, impossible.—Marie Ebner-Eschenbach.

When the best things are not possible, the best may be made of those that are.—Hooker.

Let him who has enough ask for nothing more.—Horace.

If you are content, you have enough to live comfortably.—Plautus.

Be happy ye, whose fortunes are already completed.—Virgil.

Learn this of me, where'er thy lot doth fall,
Short lot, or not, to be content with all.
—Herrick.

Content dwells with him, for his mind is fed,
And temperance has driven out unrest.
—Willis.

Each good mind doubles his own free content,
When in another's use they give it vent.
—Sir Giles Goosecap.

Contentment travels rarely with fortune, but follows virtue even in misfortune.—Marie Leszczinski.

Enjoy your own life without comparing it with that of another.—Condorcet.

To be content with what we possess is the greatest and most secure of riches.—Cicero.

Contentment, rosy, dimpled maid,
Thou brightest daughter of the sky.
—Lady Manners.

All things on earth thus change, some up, some down;
Content's a kingdom, and I wear that crown.
—Heywood.

Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.
—Sir Henry Wotton.

A Man he seems of cheerful yesterdays
And confident to-morrows. —Wordsworth.

If we are at peace with God and our own conscience, what enemy among men need we fear?—Hosea Ballou.

There are two sorts of content; one is connected with exertion, the other with habits of indolence. The first is a virtue; the other, a vice.—Mrs. Maria Edgeworth.

To secure a contented spirit, measure your desires by your fortune, and not your fortune by your desires.—Jeremy Taylor.

True contentment depends not upon what we have; a tub was large enough for Diogenes, but a world was too little for Alexander.—C. C. Colton.

I have often said that all the unhappiness of men comes from not knowing how to remain quiet in a chamber.—Pascal.

What is the highest secret of victory and peace? To will what God wills, and strike a league with destiny.—W. R. Alger.

I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm.—Shakespeare.

Poor and content is rich, and rich enough; but riches, fineless, is as poor as winter to him that ever fears he shall be poor.—Shakespeare.

Contentment is not happiness. An oyster may be contented. Happiness is compounded of richer elements.—Bovee.

Take the good with the evil, for ye all are the pensioners of God, and none may choose or refuse the cup His wisdom mixeth.—Tupper.

That happy state of mind, so rarely possessed, in which we can say, "I have enough," is the highest attainment of philosophy.—Zimmermann.

He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper; but he is more excellent who can suit his temper to any circumstances.—Hume.

For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours. Shakespeare.

Few things are needed to make a wise man happy; nothing can make a fool content; that is why most men are miserable.—La Rochefoucauld.

Content thyself to be obscurely good;
When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The post of honor is a private station.
—Addison.

Let's live with that small pittance which we have;
Who covets more is evermore a slave.
—Herrick.

Contentment is a pearl of great price and whoever procures it at the expense of ten thousand desires makes a wise and a happy purchase.—Balguy.

I am quite my own master, agreeably lodged, perfectly easy in my circumstances. I am contented with my situation, and happy because I think myself so.—Le Sage.

My God, give me neither poverty nor riches; but whatsoever it may be Thy will to give, give me with it a heart which knows humbly to acquiesce in what is Thy will.—Christian Scriver.

If two angels were sent down from heaven,—one to conduct an empire, and the other to sweep a street,—they would feel no inclination to change employments.—John Newton.

Learn to be pleased with everything, with wealth so far as it makes us beneficial to others; with poverty, for not having much to care for; and with obscurity, for being unenvied.—Plutarch.

The highest point outward things can bring unto, is the contentment of the mind; with which no estate can be poor, without which all estates will be miserable.—Sir P. Sidney.

There is some help for all the defects of fortune; for, if a man cannot attain to the length of his wishes, he may have his remedy by cutting of them shorter.—Cowley.

None is poor but the mean in mind, the timorous, the weak, and unbelieving; none is wealthy but the affluent in soul, who is satisfied and floweth over.—Tupper.

Happy the heart to whom God has given enough strength and courage to suffer for Him, to find happiness in simplicity and the happiness of others.—Lavater.

One who is contented with what he has done will never become famous for what he will do. He has lain down to die. The grass is already growing over him.—Bovee.

"What you demand is here, or at Ulubræ." You traverse the world in search of happiness, which is within the reach of every man; a contented mind confers it on all.—Horace.

We can console ourselves for not having great talents as we console ourselves for not having great places. We can be above both in our hearts.—Vauvenargues.

Alas! if the principles of contentment are not within us, the height of

station and worldly grandeur will as soon add a cubit to a man's stature as to his happiness.—Sterne.

My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
Not deck'd with diamonds, and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen: my crown is call'd content;
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.
—Shakespeare.

What happiness the rural maid attends,
In cheerful labor while each day she spends!
She gratefully receives what Heav'n has sent,
And, rich in poverty, enjoys content.
—Gay.

I do not think that the road to contentment lies in despising what we have not got. Let us acknowledge all good, all delight that the world holds, and be content without it.—George MacDonald.

It is not by change of circumstances, but by fitting our spirits to the circumstances in which God has placed us, that we can be reconciled to life and duty.—F. W. Robertson.

An elegant Sufficiency, Content,
Retirement, rural Quiet, Friendship, Books,
Ease and alternate Labor, useful Life,
Progressive Virtue, and approving Heaven!
—Thomson.

Dear little head, that lies in calm content
Within the gracious hollow that God made
In every human shoulder, where He meant
Some tired head for comfort should be laid.
Celia Thaxter.

I swear, 't is better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.
—Shakespeare.

He, fairly looking into life's account,
Saw frowns and favours were of like amount;
And viewing all—his perils, prospects, purse,
He said, "content;—'t is well it is no worse."
—Crabbe.

Contentment furnishes constant joy. Much covetousness, constant grief. To the contented, even poverty is joy. To the discontented, even wealth is a vexation.—Ming Sum Paou Keën.

We shall be made truly wise if we be made content; content, too, not only with what we can understand, but content with what we do not understand,—the habit of mind which theologians call, and rightly, faith in God.—Charles Kingsley.

Yes! in the poor man's garden grow
Far more than herbs and flowers,
Kind thoughts, contentment, peace of mind,
And joy for weary hours.
—Mary Howitt.

This is the charm, by sages often told,
Converting all it touches into gold:
Content can soothe, where'er by fortune placed,
Can rear a garden in the desert waste.
—Henry Kirke White.

I would do what I pleased; and, doing what I pleased, I should have my will; and, having my will, I should be contented; and, content, there is no more to be desired; and when there is no more to desire, there is an end of it.—Cervantes.

Content is the best opulence, because it is the pleasantest, and the surest. The richest man is he who does not want that which is wanting to him; the poorest is the miser, who wants that which he has.—Paul Chatfield, M. D.

The chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex us, and in prudently cultivating our undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones, alas! are let on long leases. —Sharp.

Every one is well or ill at ease, according as he finds himself! not he whom the world believes, but he who believes himself to be so, is content; and in him alone belief gives itself being and reality.—Montaigne.

It conduces much to our content if we pass by those things which happen to our trouble, and consider that which is pleasing and prosperous; that by the representation of the better the worse may be blotted out.—Jeremy Taylor.

If we will take the good we find, asking no questions, we shall have

heaping measures. The great gifts are not got by analysis. Everything good is on the highway. The middle region of our being is the temperate zone.—Emerson.

Contentment produces, in some measure, all those effects which the alchemist usually ascribes to what he calls the philosopher's stone; and if it does not bring riches, it does the same thing by banishing the desire for them.—Addison.

A contented mind is the greatest blessing a man can enjoy in this world; and if in the present life his happiness arises from the subduing of his desires, it will arise in the next from the gratification of them.—Addison.

Seeming contentment is real discontent, combined with indolence or self-indulgence, which, while taking no legitimate means of raising itself, delights in bringing others down to its own level.—Mill.

With the civilized man contentment is a myth. From the cradle to the grave he is forever longing and striving after something better, an indefinable something, some new object yet unattained.—Wm. Matthews.

Happy the life, that in a peaceful stream,
Obscure, unnoticed through the vale has flow'd;
The heart that ne'er was charm'd by fortune's gleam
Is ever sweet contentment's blest abode.
—Percival.

He that troubles not himself with anxious thoughts for more than is necessary, lives little less than the life of angels, whilst by a mind content with little, he imitates their want of nothing.—Cave.

O calm, hush'd, rich content,
Is there a being, blessedness, without thee?
How soft thou down'st the couch where thou dost rest,
Nectar to life thou sweet ambrosian feast.
—Marston.

That man lives happy and in command of himself, who from day to day can say I have lived. Whether clouds obscure, or the sun illumines the following day, that which is past is beyond recall.—Horace.

Since every man who lives is born to die,
And none can boast sincere felicity,
With equal mind what happens let us bear,
Nor grieve too much for things beyond our care.
Like pilgrims, to th' appointed place we tend;
The world's an inn, and death the journey's end.
—Dryden.

The point of aim for our vigilance to hold in view is to dwell upon the brightest parts in every prospect, to call off the thoughts when running upon disagreeable objects, and strive to be pleased with the present circumstances surrounding us.—Rev. J. Tucker.

A sense of contentment makes us kindly and benevolent to others; we are not chafed and galled by cares which are tyrannical because original. We are fulfilling our proper destiny, and those around us feel the sunshine of our own hearts.—Bulwer-Lytton.

With more of thanks and less of thought,
I strive to make my matters meet;
To seek what ancient sages sought,
Physic and food in sour and sweet,
To take what passes in good part,
And keep the hiccups from the heart.
—John Byrom.

We'll therefore relish with content,
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,
Nor aim beyond our pow'r;
For, if our stock be very small,
'Tis prudent to enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour.
—Nathaniel Cotton.

A voice of greeting from the wind was sent,
The mists enfolded me with soft white arms,
The birds did sing to lap me in content,
The rivers wove their charms,
And every little daisy in the grass
Did look up in my face, and smile to see me pass.
—R. H. Stoddard.

What tho' we quit all glittering pomp and greatness,
The busy noisy flattery of courts,
We should enjoy content, in that alone
Is greatness, power, wealth, honour, all summ'd up.
—Powell.

We cannot be young twice; we cannot turn upon our steps, and go

back to gather the garlands we gathered ten years ago. And, therefore, with a gaze over on the cross upon the distant hills, and a remembrance always of the shadow land that lies beyond, let us endeavor to be contented with small things, and to make ourselves happy in the pleasantness of simple pleasures.—Holme Lee.

I press to bear no haughty sway;
I wish no more than may suffice:
I do no more than well I may,
Look what I lack, my mind supplies;
Lo, thus I triumph like a king,
My mind's content with anything.
—Byrd.

There is a jewel which no Indian mine can buy,
No chemic art can counterfeit;
It makes men rich in greatest poverty,
Makes water wine, turns wooden cups to gold,
The homely whistle to sweet music's strain;
Seldom it comes, to few from heaven sent,
That much in little—all in naught—content.
—Wilbye.

Think'st thou the man whose mansions hold
The wordling's pomp and miser's gold,
Obtains a richer prize
Than he who, in his cot at rest,
Finds heavenly peace a willing guest,
And bears the promise in his breast
Of treasure in the skies?
—Mrs. Sigourney.

I say to thee be thou satisfied. It is recorded of the hares that with a general consent they went to drown themselves out of a feeling of their misery; but when they saw a company of frogs more fearful than they were, they began to take courage and comfort again. Confer thine estate with others.—Burton.

Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content;
The quiet mind is richer than a crown;
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent;
The poor estate scorns fortune's angry frown;
Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss,
Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.
—Robert Greene.

For no chance is evil to him who is content, and to a man nothing is miserable unless it is unreasonable. No man can make another man to be his slave unless he hath first enslaved himself to life and death. No pleasure or pain, to hope or fear; command these passions, and you are freer than the Parthian kings.—Jeremy Taylor.

Happy the man, of mortals happiest he,
Whose quiet mind from vain desires is free;
Whom neither hopes deceive, nor fears torment.
But lives at peace, within himself content;
In thought, or act, accountable to none
But to himself, and to the gods alone.
—Geo. Granville.

If men knew what felicity dwells in the cottage of a godly man, how sound he sleeps, how quiet his rest, how composed his mind, how free from care, how easy his position, how moist his mouth, how joyful his heart, they would never admire the noises, the diseases, the throngs of passions, and the violence of unnatural appetites that fill the house of the luxurious and the heart of the ambitious.—Jeremy Taylor.

Lo now, from idle wishes clear,
I make the good I may not find;
Adown the stream I gently steer,
And shift my sail with every wind.
And half by nature, half by reason,
Can still with pliant heart prepare,
The mind, attuned to every season,
The merry heart that laughs at care.
—H. M. Milman.

In Paris a queer little man you may see,
A little man all in gray;
Rosy and round as an apple is he,
Content with the present whate'er it may be,
While from care and from cash he is equally free,
And merry both night and day!
"Ma foi! I laugh at the world," says he,
"I laugh at the world, and the world laughs at me!"
What a gay little man in gray.
—Beranger.

Contentment is not satisfaction. It is the grateful, faithful, fruitful use of what we have, little or much. It is to take the cup of Providence, and call upon the name of the Lord. What the cup contains is its contents. To get all there is in the cup is the act and art of contentment. Not to drink because one has but half a cup, or because one does not like its flavor, or because some one else has silver to one's own glass, is to lose the con-

tents; and that is the penalty, if not the meaning of discontent. No one is discontented who employs and enjoys to the utmost what he has. It is high philosophy to say, we can have just what we like, if we like what we have; but this much at least can be done, and this is contentment,—to have the most and best in life, by making the most and best of what we have.—Maltbie Babcock.

To be contented,—what, indeed, is it? Is it not to be satisfied,—to hope for nothing, to aspire to nothing, to strive for nothing,—in short to rest in inglorious ease, doing nothing for your country, for your own or others' material, intellectual, or moral improvement, satisfied with the condition in which you or they are placed? Such a state of feeling may do very well where nature has fixed an inseparable and ascertained barrier,—a "thus far shalt thou go and no farther,"—to our wishes, or where we are troubled by ills past remedy. In such cases it is the highest philosophy not to fret or grumble, when, by all our worrying and self-teasing, we cannot help ourselves a jot or tittle, but only aggravate and intensify an affliction that is incurable. To soothe the mind down into patience is then the only resource left us, and happy is he who has schooled himself thus to meet all reverses and disappointments. But in the ordinary circumstances of life this boasted virtue of contentment, so far from being laudable, would be an evil of the first magnitude. It would be, in fact, nothing less than a trigging of the wheels of all enterprise,—a cry of "Stand still!" to the progress of the whole social world.—Wm. Matthews.

Contention

In excessive altercation, truth is lost.—Syrus.

Religious contention is the devil's harvest.—La Fontaine.

Great contests generally excite great animosities.—Livy.

He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves, and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper.—Burke.

Contention is a hydra's head; the more they strive the more they may: and as Praxiteles did by his glass, when he saw a scurvy face in it, brake it in pieces: but for that one he saw many more as bad in a moment.—Burton.

When two discourse, if the one's anger rise,
The man who lets the contest fall is wise.
—Plutarch.

Contentions fierce,
Ardent, and dire, spring from no petty cause. —Scott.

Great contest follows, and much learned dust
Involves the combatants; each claiming truth,
And truth disclaiming both. —Cowper.

A quarrel is quickly settled when deserted by one party: there is no battle unless there be two.—Seneca.

Birds in their little nests agree:
And 'tis a shameful sight,
When children of one family
Fall out, and chide, and fight.
—Isaac Watts.

Contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And bears down all before him.
—Shakespeare.

Even as a broken mirror, which the glass
In every fragment multiplies, and makes
A thousand images of one that was
The same, and still the more, the more it breaks. —Byron.

Some say, compared to Bononcini,
That Mynheer Handel's but a ninny;
Others aver,—that he to Handel
Is scarcely fit to hold a candle:
Strange all this difference should be,
'Twixt tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee?
—John Byrom.

Thus when a barber and collier fight,
The barber beats the luckless collier—white;
The dusty collier heaves his ponderous sack,
And, big with vengeance, beats the barber—black.
In comes the brick-dust man, with grime o'erspread,
And beats the collier and the barber—red;
Black, red, and white, in various clouds are toss'd,
And in the dust they raise the combatants are lost. —Christopher Smart.

Contradiction

We must not contradict, but instruct him that contradicts us; for a madman is not cured by another running mad also.—Antisthenes.

Contrast

Shadow owes its birth to light.—Gay.

Nature hath meal and bran, contempt and grace.—Shakespeare.

The rose and the thorn, sorrow and gladness, are linked together.—Saadi.

Where there is much light the shadow is deep.—Goethe.

Do not speak of your happiness to a man less fortunate than yourself.—Plutarch.

A learned man is a tank; a wise man is a spring.—W. R. Alger.

The coldest bodies warm with opposition, the hardest sparkle in collision.—Junius.

Look here, upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
—Shakespeare.

The superiority of some men is merely local. They are great because their associates are little.—Johnson.

Some people with great merit are very disgusting; others with great faults are very pleasing.—Rochefoucauld.

Strange as it may seem, the most ludicrous lines I ever wrote have been written in the saddest mood.—Cowper.

The presence of the wretched is a burden to the happy; and alas! the happy still more so to the wretched.—Goethe.

Those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country as the behavior of the country is most mockable at the court.—Shakespeare.

Is the jay more precious than the lark because his feathers are more beautiful? Or is the adder better than the eel because his painted skin contents the eye?—Shakespeare.

The good often sigh more over little faults than the wicked over great. Hence an old proverb, that the stain appears greater according to the brilliancy of what it touches.—Palmieri.

Cruel men are the greatest lovers of mercy, avaricious men of generosity, and proud men of humility; that is to say, in others, not in themselves.—Colton.

Men and statues that are admired in an elevated situation have a very different effect upon us when we approach them; the first appear less than we imagined them, the last bigger.—Lord Greville.

By Heaven! upon the same man, as upon a vine-planted mount, there grow more kinds of wine than one; on the south side something little worse than nectar, on the north side something little better than vinegar.—Richter.

If there be light, then there is darkness; if cold, then heat; if height, depth also; if solid, then fluid; hardness and softness, roughness and smoothness, calm and tempest, prosperity and adversity, life and death.—Pythagoras.

As the rose-tree is composed of the sweetest flowers and the sharpest thorns,—as the heavens are sometimes overcast, alternately tempestuous and serene: so is the life of man intermingled with hopes and fears, with joy and sorrows, with pleasure and with pains.—Burton.

All things are double, one against another. Good is set against evil, and life against death; so is the godly against the sinner, and the sinner against the godly. Look upon all the works of the Most High, and there are two and two, one against another.—Bible.

Joy and grief are never far apart. In the same street the shutters of one house are closed, while the curtains of the next are brushed by shadows

of the dance. A wedding-party returns from church, and a funeral winds to its door. The smiles and the sadness of life are the tragi-comedy of Shakespeare. Gladness and sighs brighten and dim the mirror he beholds.—Willmott.

Controversy

Where violence reigns, reason is weak.—Chamfort.

Fierceness makes error a fault and truth discourtesy.—George Herbert.

He who is not open to conviction is not qualified for discussion.—Whately.

Wise men argue causes, and fools decide them.—Anacharsis.

All disputation makes the mind deaf; and when people are deaf, I am dumb.—Joubert.

To think everything disputable is a proof of a weak mind and captious temper.—Beattie.

Controversy, though always an evil in itself, is sometimes a necessary evil. —Whately.

No great advance has ever been made in science, politics, or religion, without controversy.—Lyman Beecher.

When men differ in any matter of belief, let them meet each other manfully.—F. Wayland.

Doubtless there are times when controversy becomes a necessary evil. But let us remember that it is an evil.—Dean Stanley.

Disputation carries away the mind from that calm and sedate temper which is so necessary to contemplate truth.—Dr. Watts.

The precipitancy of disputation, and the stir and noise of passions that usually attend it, must needs be prejudicial to verity.—Glanvill.

There is no dispute managed without passion, and yet there is scarce a dispute worth a passion.—Sherlock.

It is very unfair in any writer to employ ignorance and malice together, because it gives his answerer double work.—Swift.

If a cause be good, the most violent attack of its enemies will not injure it so much as an injudicious defence of it by its friends.—Colton.

It is humbling to mankind to contemplate men capable of grasping eternal truths, fencing and debating in trivialities, like gladiators fighting with flies.—M. Nisard.

Suspense of judgment and exercise of charity were safer and seemlier for Christian men than the hot pursuit of these controversies.—Hooker.

However some may affect to dislike controversy, it can never be of ultimate disadvantage to the interests of truth or the happiness of mankind.—Robert Hall.

It is almost always the unhappiness of a victorious disputant to destroy his own authority by claiming too many consequences, or diffusing his proposition to an indefensible extent.—Dr. Johnson.

He could raise scruples dark and nice,
And after solve 'em in a trice;
As if divinity had catch'd
The itch on purpose to be scratch'd.
—Butler.

Men of many words sometimes argue for the sake of talking; men of ready tongues frequently dispute for the sake of victory; men in public life often debate for the sake of opposing the ruling party, or from any other motive than the love of truth.—Crabbe.

When civil dudgeon first grew high,
And men fell out, they knew not why;
When hard words, jealousies, and fears
Set folk together by the ears,
And made them fight, like mad or drunk,
For dame Religion, as for punk.
—Butler.

What Tully said of war may be applied to disputing: "It should be always so managed as to remember that the only true end of it is peace." But generally true disputants are like true

sportsmen,—their whole delight is in the pursuit; and the disputant no more cares for the truth than the sportsman for the hare.—Pope.

There is no learned man but will confess he hath much profited by reading controversies,—his senses awakened, his judgment sharpened, and the truth which he holds firmly established. If then it be profitable for him to read, why should it not at least be tolerable and free for his adversary to write? In logic they teach that contraries laid together, more evidently appear; it follows then, that all controversy being permitted, falsehood will appear more false, and truth the more true; which must needs conduce much to the general confirmation of an implicit truth. —Milton.

We are more inclined to hate one another for points on which we differ, than to love one another for points on which we agree. The reason perhaps is this: when we find others that agree with us, we seldom trouble ourselves to confirm that agreement; but when we chance on those who differ from us, we are zealous both to convince and to convert them. Our pride is hurt by the failure, and disappointed pride engenders hatred.—Colton.

Conversation

The soul of conversation is sympathy.—Hazlitt.

Unconstraint is the grace of conversation.—Dr. Johnson.

Silence is one great art of conversation.—Hazlitt.

The less men think, the more they talk.—Montesquieu.

Many can argue, not many converse.—A. Bronson Alcott.

Conversation is a game of circles.—Emerson.

All men, well interrogated, answer well.—Plato.

Debate is masculine; conversation is feminine.—A. Bronson Alcott.

With thee conversing I forget the way.—Gay.

With thee conversing I forget all time.—Milton.

Repose is as necessary in conversation as in a picture.—Hazlitt.

Be silent always, when you doubt your sense,
And speak, tho' sure, with seeming diffidence. —Pope.

The best of life is conversation.—Emerson.

Discourse, the sweeter banquet of the mind.—Homer.

The secret of tiring is to say everything that can be said on the subject. —Voltaire.

Conceit causes more conversation than wit.—La Rochefoucauld.

Conversation is an abandonment to ideas, a surrender to persons.—A. Bronson Alcott.

Conversation is the vent of character as well as of thought.—Emerson.

Reasonable men are the best dictionaries of conversation.—Goethe.

Conversation is the laboratory and workshop of the student.—Emerson.

Conversation is an art in which a man has all mankind for competitors. —Emerson.

Conversation enriches the understanding, but solitude is the school of genius.—Gibbon.

His conversation does not show the minute hand; but he strikes the hour very correctly.—Sam'l Johnson.

Speak little and well, if you wish to be considered as possessing merit.—From the French.

Good discourse sinks differences and seeks agreements.—A. Bronson Alcott.

It is good to rub and polish our brain against that of others.—Montaigne.

Egotists cannot converse, they talk to themselves only.—A. Bronson Alcott.

In conversation avoid the extremes of forwardness and reserve.—Cato.

Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe.
—Pope.

Conversation, which, when it is best, is a series of intoxications.—Emerson.

Questioning is not the mode of conversation among gentlemen.—Sam'l Johnson.

A great thing is a great book, but greater than all is the talk of a great man.—Earl of Beaconsfield.

While we converse with her, we mark
No want of day, nor think it dark.
—Waller.

The first ingredient in conversation is truth, the next good sense, the third good humor, and the fourth wit.—Sir W. Temple.

In the sallies of badinage a polite fool shines; but in gravity he is as awkward as an elephant disporting. —Zimmermann.

The perfection of conversational intercourse is when the breeding of high life is animated by the fervor of genius. —Leigh Hunt.

There is no arena is which vanity displays itself under such a variety of forms as in conversation.—Pascal.

One of the first observations to make in conversation is the state, or the character, and the education of the person to whom we speak.—Madame Necker.

It is by speech that many of our best gains are made. A large part of the good we receive comes to us in conversation.—Washington Gladden.

Our companions please us less from the charms we find in their conversation than from those they find in ours. —Lord Greville.

Amongst such as out of cunning hear all and talk little, be sure to talk less; or if you must talk, say little. —La Bruyère.

There are three things in speech that ought to be considered before some things are spoken—the manner, the place and the time.—Southey.

Topics of conversation among the multitude are generally persons, sometimes things, scarcely ever principles. —W. B. Clulow.

Not only to say the right thing in the right place, but, far more difficult still, to leave unsaid the wrong thing at the tempting moment.—G. A. Sala.

The perfection of conversation is not to play a regular sonata, but, like the Æolian harp, to await the inspiration of the passing breeze.—Burke.

A single conversation across the table with a wise man is better than ten years' study of books.—Longfellow.

The art of conversation is to be prompt without being stubborn, to refute without argument, and to clothe great matters in a motley garb.—Beaconsfield.

As it is the characteristic of great wits to say much in few words, so it is of small wits to talk much and say nothing.—Rochefoucauld.

Method is not less requisite in ordinary conversation than in writing, provided a man would talk to make himself understood.—Addison.

Debate is angular, conversation circular and radiant of the underlying unity.—A. Bronson Alcott.

The extreme pleasure we take in talking of ourselves should make us fear that we give very little to those who listen to us.—La Rochefoucauld

Conversation stock being a joint and common property, every one should take a share in it; and yet there may be societies in which silence will be our best contribution.—Paul Chatfield, M. D.

The fool only is troublesome. A man of sense perceives when he is agreeable or tiresome; he disappears the very minute before he would have been thought to have stayed too long. —La Bruyère.

The great charm of conversation consists less in the display of one's own wit and intelligence than in the power to draw forth the resources of others.—Bruyère.

You must originate, and you must sympathize; you must possess, at the same time, the habit of communicating and the habit of listening. The union is rather rare, but irresistible.—Beaconsfield.

No one will ever shine in conversation who thinks of saying fine things; to please, one must say many things indifferent, and many very bad.—Francis Lockier.

He who sedulously attends, pointedly asks, calmly speaks, coolly answers, and ceases when he has no more to say, is in possession of some of the best requisites of man.—Lavater.

Never hold any one by the button or the hand in order to be heard out; for if people are unwilling to hear you, you had better hold your tongue than them.—Chesterfield.

Conversation is interesting in proportion to the originality of the central ideas which serve as pivots, and the fitness of the little facts and observations which are contributed by the talkers.—Hamerton.

A dearth of words a woman need not fear;
But 'tis a task indeed to learn to hear:
In that the skill of conversation lies;
That shows or makes you both polite and wise. —Young.

Conversation never sits easier upon us than when we now and then discharge ourselves in a symphony of laughter, which may not improperly be called the chorus of conversation.—Steele.

In conversation, humor is more than wit, easiness more than knowledge; few desire to learn, or think they need it; all desire to be pleased, or, at least, to be easy.—Sir W. Temple.

Those who speak always and those who never speak are equally unfit for friendship. A good proportion of the talent of listening and speaking is the base of social virtues.—Lavater.

The fullest instruction, and the fullest enjoyment are never derived from books, till we have ventilated the ideas thus obtained, in free and easy chat with others—Wm. Matthews.

They would talk of nothing but high life and high-lived company, with other fashionable topics, such as pictures, taste, Shakespeare, and the musical glasses.—Goldsmith.

Conversation should be pleasant without scurrility, witty without affectation, free without indecency, learned without conceitedness, novel without falsehood.—Shakespeare.

To speak well supposes a habit of attention which shows itself in the thought; by language we learn to think, and above all to develop thought.—Bonstetten.

Men of great conversational powers almost universally practice a sort of lively sophistry and exaggeration which deceives for the moment both themselves and their auditors.—Macaulay.

But conversation, choose what theme we may,
And chiefly when religion leads the way,
Should flow, like waters after summer show'rs,
Not as if raised by mere mechanic powers.
—Cowper.

In private conversation between intimate friends, the wisest men very often talk like the weakest; for indeed the talking with a friend is nothing else but thinking aloud.—Addison.

There is nothing by which a man exasperates most people more than by displaying a superior ability or brilliancy in conversation. They seem pleased at the time, but their envy makes them curse him at their hearts. —Johnson.

I never, with important air,
In conversation overbear.
* * * * * *
My tongue within my lips I rein;
For who talks much must talk in vain.
—Gay.

If it were not for respect for human opinions, I would not open my window to see the Bay of Naples for the first time, whilst I would go five hundred leagues to talk with a man of genius whom I had not seen.—Mme. de Staël.

One of the best rules in conversation is, never say a thing which any of the company can reasonably wish we had rather left unsaid. Let the sage reflections of these philosophic minds be cherished.—Swift.

If conversation be an art, like painting, sculpture, and literature, it owes its most powerful charm to nature; and the least shade of formality or artifice destroys the effect of the best collection of words.—Tuckerman.

The secret of pleasing in conversation is not to explain too much everything; to say them half and leave a little for divination is a mark of the good opinion we have of others, and nothing flatters their self-love more.—Rochefoucauld.

One thing which makes us find so few people who appear reasonable and agreeable in conversation is, that there is scarcely any one who does not think more of what he is about to say than of answering precisely what is said to him.—La Rochefoucauld.

Silence is one great art of conversation. He is not a fool who knows when to hold his tongue; and a person may gain credit for sense, eloquence, wit, who merely says nothing to lessen the opinion which others have of these qualities in themselves.—Hazlitt.

Jeffrey, in conversation, was like a skilful swordsman flourishing his weapon in the air; while Mackintosh, with a thin sharp rapier, in the middle of his evolutions, ran him through the body.—Sir A. Alison.

Among the arts of conversation no one pleases more than mutual deference or civility, which leads us to resign our own inclinations to those of our companions, and to curb and conceal that presumption and arrogance so natural to the human mind.—Hume.

The great secret of succeeding in conversation is to admire little, to hear much; always to distrust our own reason, and sometimes that of our friends; never to pretend to wit, but to make that of others appear as much as possibly we can; to hearken to what is said, and to answer to the purpose.—Benjamin Franklin.

It is given to few persons to keep this secret well. Those who lay down rules too often break them, and the safest we are able to give is to listen much, to speak little, and to say nothing that will ever give ground for regret.—La Rochefoucauld.

When we are in the company of sensible men, we ought to be doubly cautious of talking too much, lest we lose two good things, their good opinion and our own improvement; for what we have to say we know, but what they have to say we know not.—Colton.

Some men are very entertaining for a first interview, but after that they are exhausted, and run out; on a second meeting we shall find them flat and monotonous; like hand-organs, we have heard all their tunes.—Colton.

Abstruse and mystic thoughts you must express with painful care, but seeming easiness.—Wentworth Dillon.

It is a secret known but to few, yet of no small use in the conduct of life, that when you fall into a man's conversation, the first thing you should consider is, whether he has a greater

inclination to hear you, or that you should hear him.—Steele.

There is nothing so delightful as the hearing, or the speaking of truth. For this reason, there is no conversation so agreeable as that of the man of integrity, who hears without any intention to betray, and speaks without any intention to deceive.—Plato.

These high wild hills and rough uneven ways,
Draw out our miles and make them wearisome;
And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.
—Shakespeare

Conversation opens our views, and gives our faculties a more vigorous play; it puts us upon turning our notions on every side, and holds them up to a light that discovers those latent flaws which would probably have lain concealed in the gloom of unagitated abstraction.—Melmoth.

The tone of good conversation is brilliant and natural; it is neither tedious nor frivolous; it is instructive without pedantry, gay without tumultuousness, polished without affectation, gallant without insipidity, waggish without equivocation.—Rousseau.

He is so full of pleasant anecdote;
So rich, so gay, so poignant in his wit,
Time vanishes before him as he speaks,
And ruddy morning through the lattice peeps
Ere night seems well begun.
—Joanna Baillie.

Wise, cultivated, genial conversation is the last flower of civilization, and the best result which life has to offer us,—a cup for gods, which has no repentance. Conversation is our account of ourselves. All we have, all we can, all we know, is brought into play, and as the reproduction in finer form, of all our havings.—Emerson.

Discretion of speech is more than eloquence; and to speak agreeably to him with whom we deal, is more than to speak in good words or in good order. A good continued speech, without a good speech of interlocution, shows slowness; and a good reply, or second speech, without a good settled speech, showeth shallowness and weakness.—Bacon.

One would think that the larger the company is in which we are engaged, the greater variety of thoughts and subjects would be started into discourse; but, instead of this we find that conversation is never so much straightened and confined, as in numerous assemblies.—Addison.

With good and gentle-humored hearts
I choose to chat where'er I come
Whate'er the subject be that starts.
But if I get among the glum
I hold my tongue to tell the truth
And keep my breath to cool my broth.
—John Byrom.

There is a sort of knowledge beyond the power of learning to bestow, and this is to be had in conversation; so necessary is this to the understanding the characters of men, that none are more ignorant of them than those learned pedants whose lives have been entirely consumed in colleges and among books; for however exquisitely human nature may have been described by writers the true practical system can be learned only in the world.—Fielding.

In my whole life I have only known ten or twelve persons with whom it was pleasant to speak,—i. e., who keep to the subject, do not repeat themselves, and do not talk of themselves; men who do not listen to their own voice, who are cultivated enough not to lose themselves in commonplaces, and, lastly, who possess tact and good taste enough not to elevate their own persons above their subjects. —Metternich.

There is speaking well, speaking easily, speaking justly and speaking seasonably: It is offending against the last, to speak of entertainments before the indigent; of sound limbs and health before the infirm; of houses and lands before one who has not so much as a dwelling; in a word, to speak of your prosperity before the miserable; this conversation is cruel, and the comparison which naturally

arises in them betwixt their condition and yours is excruciating.—La Bruyère.

One could take down a book from a shelf ten times more wise and witty than almost any man's conversation. Bacon is wiser, Swift more humorous, than any person one is likely to meet with; but they cannot chime in with the exact frame of thought in which we happen to take them down from our shelves. Therein lies the luxury of conversation: and when a living speaker does not yield us that luxury, he becomes only a book on two legs.—Campbell.

Solitary reading will enable a man to stuff himself with information; but, without conversation, his mind will become like a pond without an outlet—a mass of unhealthy stagnature. It is not enough to harvest knowledge by study; the wind of talk must winnow it, and blow away the chaff; then will the clear, bright grains of wisdom be garnered, for our own use or that of others.—Wm. Matthews.

The progress of a private conversation betwixt two persons of different sexes is often decisive of their fate, and gives it a turn very distinct perhaps from what they themselves anticipated. Gallantry becomes mingled with conversation, and affection and passion come gradually to mix with gallantry. Nobles, as well as shepherd swains, will, in such a trying moment, say more than they intended; and queens, like village maidens, will listen longer than they should.—Walter Scott.

Conversation is the music of the mind, an intellectual orchestra, where all the instruments should bear a part, but where none should play together. Each of the performers should have a just appreciation of his own powers, otherwise an unskilful novice who might usurp the first fiddle, would infallibly get into a scrape. To prevent these mistakes, a good master of the band will be very particular in the assortment of the performers; if too dissimilar, there will be no harmony, if too few, there will be no variety; and if too numerous, there will be no order, for the presumption of one prater, might silence the eloquence of a Burke, or the wit of a Sheridan, as a single kettle-drum would drown the finest solo of a Gionowich or a Jordini.—Colton.

He that questioneth much shall learn much, and content much; but especially if he apply his questions to the skill of the persons whom he asketh; for he shall give them occasion to please themselves in speaking, and himself shall continually gather knowledge; but let his questions not be troublesome, for that is fit for a poser; and let him be sure to leave other men their turn to speak; nay, if there be any that would reign and take up all the time, let them find means to take them off, and bring others on,—as musicians used to do with those that dance too long galliards. If you dissemble sometimes your knowledge of that you are thought to know, you shall be thought, another time, to know that you know not.—Bacon.

Conversion

Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?—Bible.

It is slow work to be born again.—Beecher.

As to the value of conversion God alone can judge.—Goethe.

A man to be converted has to give up his will, his ways, and his thoughts.—D. L. Moody.

The time when I was converted was when religion became no longer a duty, but a pleasure.—Prof. Lincoln.

It is pleasant to see a notorious profligate seized with a concern for religion, and converting his spleen into zeal.—Addison.

These, by obtruding the beginning of a change for the entire work of new life, will fall under the former guilt.—Henry Hammond.

My observation continues to confirm me more and more in the opinion that to experience religion is to experi-

ence the truth of the great doctrines of divine grace.—Ichabod Spencer.

Palaces and pyramids are reared by laying one brick, or block, at a time; and the kingdom of Christ is enlarged by individual conversions.—Aughey.

You cannot find, I believe, a case in the Bible where a man is converted without God's calling in some human agency—using some human instrument.—D. L. Moody.

Every man or woman who turns to Christ must bear in mind that they are breaking with their old master, and enlisting under a new leader. Conversion is a revolutionary process.—T. L. Cuyler.

Conversion by the Holy Spirit is a spiritual illumination of the soul. God's grace lights up the dark heart. And when a man has once been kindled at the cross of Christ, he is bound to shine.—T. L. Cuyler.

Conversion is the act of joining our hands to the pierced hand of the crucified Saviour. The new life begins with the taking of Christ's hand, and His taking hold, in infinite love, of our weak hands.—T. L. Cuyler.

The evidence of our acceptance in the Beloved arises in proportion to our love, to our repentance, to our humility, to our faith, to our self-denial, to our delight in duty. Other evidence than this the Bible knows not—God has not given.—Gardiner Spring.

In what way, or by what manner of working, God changes a soul from evil to good, how He impregnates the barren rock—the priceless gems and gold—is to the human mind an impenetrable mystery, in all cases alike.—Coleridge.

The most zealous converters are always the most rancorous when they fail of producing conversion.—Colton.

Conversion is not, as some suppose, a violent opening of the heart by grace, in which will, reason and judgment are all ignored or crushed. The reason is not blinded, but enlightened; and the whole man is made to act with a glorious liberty which it never knew till it fell under the restraints of grace.—C. H. Spurgeon.

This is always the way in which the reality of Christian conversion evidences itself. It makes the selfish man charitable; the churlish, liberal; and implants in the soul, which hitherto has cared only for the things belonging to himself, a disposition to seek also the things of others.—William Adams.

Conversion goes on more prosperously in Tanjore and other provinces, where there are no Europeans, than in Tranquebar, where they are numerous; for we find that European example in the large towns is the bane of Christian instruction.—Rev. Dr. Buchanan.

As to the value of conversions, God alone can judge. God alone can know how wide are the steps which the soul has to take before it can approach to a community with Him, to the dwelling of the perfect, or to the intercourse and friendship of higher natures.—Goethe.

"Follow me!" The publican "rose up." This implies immediate action. It was now or never with him. So you must act with prompt obedience. He did the first thing Jesus bade him do. Are you willing to do as much? If not, you are deciding against Christ, and that means death.—T. L. Cuyler.

In every sound convert the judgment is brought to approve of the laws and ways of Christ, and subscribe to them as most righteous and reasonable; the desire of the heart is to know the whole mind of Christ; the free and resolved choice of the heart is determined for the ways of Christ, before all the pleasures of sin, and prosperities of the world; it is the daily care of his life to walk with God.—Joseph Alleine.

I have known men who thought the object of conversion was to cleanse them as a garment is cleansed, and that when they are converted they

were to be hung up in the Lord's wardrobe, the door of which was to be shut, so that no dust could get at them. A coat that is not used the moths eat; and a Christian who is hung up so that he shall not be tempted, the moths eat him; and they have poor food at that.—Beecher.

Should you suffer your weary soul this day to sink into the arms of that Saviour who rejoices to pardon and is mighty to save, the first entrance of such a word, and the first response of such a faith, would be the date of your better life and the commencement of your union to Christ. The graft has taken. At first the juncture may be very slight—a single thread or fiber—and it is not till you try to part them that you find that they are knit together; that their life is one, and that the force which plucks away the graft must also wound the vine. And your faith may yet be no more than a single filament. It may be only one point of attachment by which you are joined to the Lord Jesus. It may be only one solitary sentence, one isolated invitation or promise, of which you have undoubting hold. But hold it fast. If it be the word of Jesus, cling to it.—Aughey.

Conviction

I will listen to any one's convictions, but pray keep your doubts to yourself. —Goethe.

Conviction is oftener the child of Temperament than of Reason.—Mme. de Lambert.

Conviction is the conscience of the mind.—Chamfort.

What man in his right mind would conspire his own hurt? Men are beside themselves when they transgress against their convictions.—William Penn.

No human power can force the intrenchments of the human mind: compulsion never persuades; it only makes hypocrites.—Fènelon.

To remember that once we were near the salvation of Christ, so near that our right hand might have touched and taken it, and after all that hand was withheld; this is a memory which will enhance remorse forever.—William Adams.

True conviction of sin—how difficult it is, when its appearances and modes of life are so fair, when it twines itself so cunningly about, or creeps so insidiously into, our amiable qualities, and sets off its internal disorders by so many outward charms and attractions. —Horace Bushnell.

It is no certain evidence, that because the conscience feels the weight of sin, the heart is humbled on account of it; that because the conscience approves of the rectitude of the Divine justice, the heart bows to the Divine sovereignty. The most powerful conviction of sin, therefore, is not conclusive evidence of Christian character.—Gardiner Spring.

Coquette

All women seem by nature to be coquettes.—Rochefoucauld.

Coquetry is the champagne of love. —Hood.

Coquetry is the art of successful deception.—Mme. Louise Colet.

Coquetry is love without conscience. —Mathieu Moté.

The most effective coquetry is innocence.—Lamartine.

What careth she for hearts when once possessed?—Byron.

By her we first were taught the wheedling art.—Gay.

New vows to plight, and plighted vows to break.—Dryden.

Though it is pleasant weaving nets, it is wiser to make cages.—Moore.

It is a species of coquetry to make a parade of never practising it.—La Rochefoucauld.

God created the coquette as soon as He had made the fool.—Victor Hugo.

Women know not the whole of their coquetry.—La Rochefoucauld.

Coquetry is the desire to inspire love without experiencing it yourself.—Mme. de Brade.

Provocation is one of the arts of coquetry for which virtue often pays the penalty.—Lingrée.

There is but one antidote for coquetry,—true love.—Mme. Deluzy.

All's one to her; above her fan she'd make sweet eyes to Caliban.—Aldrich.

The maid whom now you court in vain
Will quickly run in quest of man.
—Horace.

Mincing she was, as is a wanton colt,
Sweet as a flower and upright as a bolt.
—Chaucer.

The greatest miracle of love is the cure of coquetry.—La Rochefoucauld.

She lik'd his soothing lutes, his presents more,
And granted kisses, but would grant no more. —Gay.

Bright as the sun her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
—Pope.

A modern writer likens coquettes to those hunters who do not eat the game which they have successfully pursued.—Miss Braddon.

A flirt is like a dipper attached to a hydrant; every one is at liberty to drink from it, but no one desires to carry it away.—N. P. Willis.

The ladies—Heaven bless them!—are, as a general rule, coquettes from babyhood upwards.—Thackeray.

Women find it far more difficult to overcome their inclination to coquetry than to overcome their love.—Rochefoucauld.

It is, as it were, born in maidens that they should wish to please everything that has eyes.—Solomon Gessner.

An accomplished coquette excites the passions of others in proportion as she feels none herself.—Hazlitt.

Faints into airs and languishes with pride;
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,
Wrapt in a gown for sickness and for show.
—Pope.

Heartlessness and fascination, in about equal quantities, constitute the receipt for forming the character of a coquette.—Mme. Deluzy.

From loveless youth to unrespected age
No passion gratified, except her rage;
So much the fury still outran the wit,
The pleasure miss'd her, and the scandal hit.
—Pope.

For a woman to be at once a coquette and a bigot is more than the humblest of husbands can bear; she should mercifully choose between the two.—Bruyère.

The life of a coquette is one constant lie; and the only rule by which you can form any correct judgment of them is that they are never what they seem.—Fielding.

The coquette has companions, indeed, but no lovers,—for love is respectful and timorous; and where among her followers will she find a husband?—Dr. Johnson.

How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away!
But while ye thus tease me together,
To neither a word will I say. —Gay.

Like a lovely tree
She grew to womanhood, and between whiles
Rejected several suitors, just to learn
How to accept a better in his turn.
—Byron.

"With every pleasing, every prudent part,
Say, What can Chloe want?"—she wants a heart.
She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she ought;
But never, never reach'd one generous thought. —Pope.

Coquetry is the essential characteristic, and the prevalent humor of women; but they do not all practise it, because the coquetry of some is re-

strained by fear or by reason.—La Rochefoucauld.

The vain coquette each suit disdains,
And glories in her lover's pains;
With age she fades—each lover flies,
Contemn'd, forlorn, she pines and dies.
—Gay.

Would you teach her to love?
For a time seem to rove;
At first she may frown in a pet;
But leave her awhile,
She shortly will smile,
And then you may win your coquette.
—Byron.

Now Laura moves along the joyous crowd,
Smiles in her eyes, and simpers in her lips;
To some she whispers, others speaks aloud;
To some she curtsies, and to some she dips.
—Byron.

Ye belles, and ye flirts, and ye pert little things,
Who trip in this frolicsome round,
Pray tell me from whence this impertinence springs,
The sexes at once to confound?
—Whitehead.

See how the world its veterans reward!
A youth of frolics, an old age of cards;
Fair to no purpose, artful to no end,
Young without lovers, old without a friend;
A fop their passion but their prize a sot,
Alive ridiculous, and dead forgot!
—Pope.

Coquetry whets the appetite; flirtation depraves it. Coquetry is the thorn that guards the rose—easily trimmed off when once plucked. Flirtation is like the slime on water-plants, making them hard to handle, and when caught, only to be cherished in slimy waters.—Ik Marvel.

She who only finds her self-esteem
In others' admiration, begs an alms;
Depends on others for her daily food,
And is the very servant of her slaves;
Tho' oftentimes, in a fantastic hour,
O'er men she may a childish pow'r exert,
Which not ennobles but degrades her state.
—Joanna Baillie.

Coquettes are but too rare. It is a career that requires great abilities, infinite pains, a gay and airy spirit. 'T is the coquette who provides all the amusements,—suggests the riding-party, plans the picnic, gives and guesses charades, acts them. She is the stirring element amid the heavy congeries of social atoms,—the soul of the house, the salt of the banquet.—Beaconsfield.

Such is your cold coquette, who can't say "No,"
And won't say "Yes," and keeps you on and off-ing
On a lee-shore, till it begins to blow,
Then sees your heart wreck'd, with an inward scoffing.
—Byron.

Then in a kiss she breath'd her various arts,
Of trifling prettily with wounded hearts;
A mind for love, but still a changing mind,
The lisp affected, and the glance design'd;
The sweet confusing blush, the secret wink,
The gentle swimming walk, the courteous sink;
The stare for strangeness fit, for scorn the frown
For decent yielding, looks declining down;
The practis'd languish, where well-feign'd desire
Would own its melting in a mutual fire;
Gay smiles to comfort; April showers to move;
And all the nature, all the art of love.
—Parnell.

A coquette is one that is never to be persuaded out of the passion she has to please, nor out of a good opinion of her own beauty: time and years she regards as things that only wrinkle and decay other women, forgetting that age is written in the face, and that the same dress which became her when she was young now only makes her look older.—Bruyère.

Corner Stone Laying

To whom coming, as unto a living stone, disallowed indeed of men, but chosen of God, and precious.—I Pet. ii. 4.

Christ is the foundation of all our hopes for time and for eternity. Oh, build on this divine foundation! All other foundations are sinking sand.—Robert S. MacArthur, D. D.

These fair stones remind us that ere long it will be our privilege to worship God in a place of greater beauty and dignity than has thus far been our lot.—S. C. Edsall.

May the influence of this great church be found for Christ in every part of this world!—Cortland Myers

May the whole structure be one of the treasures opened by wise men for the incarnate Christ. May every passer-by hear echoing from its walls the angelic song, "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy."—Cortland Myers.

May this temple have for its corner-stone Christ in theology, Christ in worship, Christ in work, Christ in character—four-sided, square, and perfect. May there not be one square foot of standing-room for the preacher who takes one verse from the Bible or one star from the brow of the Christ. May form and superstition and idolatry be banished from its worship, and lines never be drawn between the worshipers. Over every one of its nine entrances let the chisel cut that large gospel word, "Whosoever."—Cortland Myers.

Corporations

They cannot commit treason, nor be outlawed, nor excommunicate, for they have no souls.—Sir Edward Coke.

You never expected justice from a company, did you? They have neither a soul to lose, nor a body to kick. —Lord Thurlow.

Corruption

Loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.—Shakespeare.

The more corrupt the state, the more laws.—Tacitus.

——I have seen corruption boil and bubble
'Till it o'errun the stew. —Shakespeare.

Be certain that he who has betrayed thee once will betray thee again.—Lavater.

A corrupt judge does not carefully search for the truth.—Horace.

E'en grave divines submit to glittering gold,
The best of consciences are bought and sold. —Dr. Wolcot.

O that estates, degrees, and offices were not derived corruptly! and that clear honor were purchased by the merit of the wearer!—Shakespeare.

I have been young and am now old, and have not yet known an untruthful man to come to a good end.—Auerbach.

Our supple tribes repress their patriot throats,
And ask no questions but the price of votes.
—Dr. Johnson.

He that accuses all mankind of corruption ought to remember that he is sure to convict only one.—Burke.

Whoso seeks an audit here
Propitious, pays his tribute, game or fish,
Wild fowl or venison, and his errand speeds.
—Cowper.

And conscience, truth and honesty are made
To rise and fall, like other wares of trade.
—Moore.

He who tempts, though in vain, at last asperses
The tempted with dishonor foul, supposed
Not incorruptible of faith, not proof
Against temptation. —Milton.

Corruption is a tree, whose branches are
Of an unmeasurable length: they spread
Ev'rywhere; and the dew that drops from thence
Hath infected some chairs and stools of authority. —Beaumont and Fletcher.

When rogues like these (a sparrow cries)
To honours and employments rise,
I court no favor, ask no place,
For such preferment is disgrace. —Gay.

Here let those reign, whom pensions can incite,
To vote a patriot black, a courtier white,
Explain their country's dear-bought rights away,
And plead for pirates in the face of day.
—Dr. Johnson.

There is something in corruption which, like a jaundiced eye, transfers the color of itself to the object it looks upon, and sees everything stained and impure.—Thomas Paine.

This mournful truth is everywhere confess'd,
Slow rises worth by poverty depress'd:
But here more slow, where all are slaves to gold,
Where looks are merchandise, and smiles are sold. —Dr. Johnson.

Men by associating in large masses as in camps, and in cities, improve their talents, but impair their virtues.

and strengthen their minds, but weaken their morals; thus a retrocession in the one is too often the price they pay for a refinement in the other.—Colton.

At length corruption, like a general flood,
(So long by watchful ministers withstood,)
Shall deluge all; and avarice creeping on,
Spread like a low-born mist, and blot the sun. —Pope.

Like a young eagle who has lent his plume,
To fledge the shaft by which he meets his doom,
See their own feathers pluck'd, to wing the dart,
Which rank corruption destines for their heart! —Moore.

Hence, wretched nation! all thy woes arise,
Avow'd corruption, licens'd perjuries,
Eternal taxes, treaties for a day,
Servants that rule, and senates that obey.
—Lord Lyttleton.

The impious man, who sells his country's freedom
Makes all the guilt of tyranny his own.
His are her slaughters, her oppressions his;
Just heav'n! reserve your choicest plagues for him,
And blast the venal wretch.
—Martyn.

But though bare merit might in Rome appear
The strongest plea for favour, 'tis not here;
We form our judgment in another way;
And they will best succeed, who best can pay;
Those, who would gain the votes of British tribes,
Must add to force of merit, force of bribes.
—Churchill.

'Tis pleasant purchasing our fellow-creatures,
And all are to be sold if you consider
Their passions, and are dext'rous; some by features
Are bought up, others by a warlike leader;
Some by a place, as tend their years or natures;
The most by ready cash—but all have prices,
From crowns to kicks, according to their vices. —Byron.

Examine well his milk-white hand, the palm is hardly clean,—but here and there an ugly smutch appears. Foh! It was a bribe that left it. He has touched corruption.—Cowper.

For, firm within, and while at heart untouch'd,
Ne'er yet by force was freedom overcome.
But soon as independence stoops the head,
To vice-enslaved, and vice-created wants,
Then to some foul corrupting-hand, whose waste
Their craving lusts with fatal bounty feeds,
They fall a willing, undefended prize;
From man to man th' infectious softness runs,
Till the whole state unnerved in slavery sinks. —Thomson.

If, ye powers divine!
Ye mark the movements of this nether world
And bring them to account, crush, crush, those vipers,
Who, singled out by a community
To guard their rights, shall, for a grasp of air,
Or paltry office, sell 'em to the foe.
—Miller.

Counsel

In the multitude of counsellors there is safety.—Proverbs xi. 14.

Good counsels observed are chains of grace.—Thomas Fuller.

Let no man value at little price a virtuous woman's counsel.—George Chapman.

The best receipt—best to work and best to take—is the admonition of a friend.—Bacon.

When all is done, the help of good counsel is that which setteth business straight.—Bacon.

They say that the best counsel is that of woman.—Calderon.

Bosom up my counsel,
You'll find it wholesome.—Shakespeare.

Hasty counsels are generally followed by repentance.—Laberius.

And if the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch.—Bible.

Harsh counsels have little or no effect; they are like hammers which are always repulsed by the anvil.—Helvetius.

I will adhere to the counsels of good men, although misfortune and death should be the consequence.—Cicero.

I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching.—Shakespeare.

Counsel and conversation is a good second education, that improves all the virtues and corrects all the vices.—Clarendon.

Let no man presume to give advice to others that has not first given counsel to himself.—Seneca.

Good counsels observed are chains to grace, which neglected, prove halters to strange undutiful children.—Fuller.

And cast
O'er erring deeds and thoughts a heav'nly hue
Of words, like sunbeams, dazzling as they pass'd. —Byron.

The secret counsels of princes are a troublesome burden to such as have only to execute them.—Montaigne.

Though I may not be able to inform men more than they know, yet I may give them the occasion to consider.—Sir W. Temple.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,
To think how monie counsels sweet,
How monie lengthened sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises.
—Burns.

A man takes contradiction and advice much more easily than people think, only he will not bear it when violently given, even though it be well founded.—Richter.

I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve. —Shakespeare.

Consult your friend on all things, especially on those which respect yourself. His counsel may then be useful, where your own self-love might impair your judgment.—Seneca.

Countenance

The countenance may be rightly defined as the title page which heralds the contents of the human volume, but like other title pages, it sometimes puzzles, often misleads, and often says nothing to the purpose.—Wm. Matthews.

The cheek
Is apter than the tongue to tell an errand.
—Shakespeare.

A countenance more
In sorrow than in anger.—Shakespeare.

Yea this man's brow, like to a tragic leaf,
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume.
—Shakespeare.

A sweet attractive kind of grace,
A full assurance given by looks,
Continual comfort in a face,
The lineaments of Gospel books—
I trow that countenance cannot lye
Whose thoughts are legible in the eye.
—Spenser.

Physically, they exhibited no indication of their past lives and characters. The greatest scamp had a Raphael face, with a profusion of blonde hair; Oakhurst, a gambler, had the melancholy character and intellectual abstraction of a Hamlet: the coolest and most courageous man was scarcely over five feet in height, with a soft voice, and an embarrassed manner.—Bret Harte.

Country — Country Life

Sunny spots of greenery.—Coleridge.

Far from the gay cities, and the ways of men.—Homer.

Men are taught virtue and a love of independence by living in the country.—Menander.

If country life be healthful to the body, it is no less so to the mind.—Ruffini.

Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid Nature. —Cowper.

Sir, when you have seen one green field, you have seen all green fields. Let us walk down Cheapside.—Johnson.

I consider it the best part of an education to have been born and brought up in the country.—Alcott.

One gets sensitive about losing mornings after getting a little used to them with living in the country. Each one of these endlessly varied daybreaks is an opera but once performed.—Willis.

This pure air
Braces the listless nerves, and warms the blood:
I feel in freedom here. —Joanna Baillie.

Scenes must be beautiful which daily view'd
Please daily, and whose novelty survives
Long knowledge and the scrutiny of years.
—Cowper.

Secure and free they pass their harmless hours,
Gay as the birds that revel in the grove,
And sing the morning up. —Tate.

Ye sacred Nine! that all my soul possess . . .
Bear me, O bear me to sequestered scenes,
The bow'ry mazes, and surrounding greens. —Pope.

The city reveals the moral ends of being, and sets the awful problem of life. The country soothes us, refreshes us, lifts us up with religious suggestion.—Chapin.

To one who has been long in city pent,
'Tis very sweet to look into the fair
And open face of heaven,—to breathe a prayer
Full in the smile of the blue firmament.
—Keats.

And as I read
I hear the crowing cock, I hear the note
Of lark and linnet, and from every page
Rise odors of ploughed field or flowery mead. —Longfellow.

Thus is nature's vesture wrought
To instruct our wandering thought;
Thus she dresses green and gay
To disperse our cares away. —Dyer.

From the white-thorn the May-flower shed
Its dewy fragrance round our head;
Not Ariel lived more merrily
Under the blossom'd bough than we.
—Scott.

There is virtue in country houses, in gardens and orchards, in fields, streams, and groves, in rustic recreations and plain manners, that neither cities nor universities enjoy.—Alcott.

Nature I'll court in her sequester'd haunts,
By mountain, meadow, streamlet, grove, or cell;
Where the pois'd lark his evening ditty chants,
And health, and peace, and contemplation dwell. —Smollett.

Mine be a cot beside the hill;
A beehive's hum shall soothe my ear;
A willowy brook, that turns a mill,
With many a fall, shall linger near.
—Sam'l Rogers.

Within the sun-lit forest,
Our roof the bright blue sky,
Where fountains flow, and wild flowers blow,
We lift our hearts on high.
—Ebenezer Elliott.

Give me, indulgent gods! with mind serene,
And guiltless heart, to range the sylvan scene;
No splendid poverty, no smiling care,
No well-bred hate, or servile grandeur there.
—Young.

The fields did laugh, the flowers did freshly spring,
The trees did bud and early blossoms bore,
And all the quire of birds did sweetly sing,
And told that gardin's pleasures in their caroling. —Spenser.

A wilderness of sweets; for nature here
Wanton'd as in her prime, and play'd at will
Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more sweets;
Wild above rule or art, enormous bliss.
—Milton.

O happy if ye knew your happy state,
Ye rangers of the fields! whom nature's boon
Cheers with her smiles, and ev'ry element
Conspires to bless. —Somerville.

Oh knew he but his happiness, of men
The happiest he! who far from public rage,
Deep in the vale, with a choice few retir'd
Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural life.
—Thomson.

There health, so wild and gay, with bosom bare
And rosy cheek, keen eye, and flowing hair,
Trips with a smile the breezy scene along
And pours the spirit of content in song.
—Dr. Wolcot.

In those vernal seasons of the year, when the air is calm and pleasant, it were an injury and sullenness against nature not to go out and see her

riches, and partake in her rejoicing with heaven and earth.—Milton.

God made the country, and man made the town;
What wonder then, that health and virtue, gifts,
That can alone make sweet the bitter draught
That life holds out to all, should most abound,
And least be threatened in the fields and groves? —Cowper.

And see the country, far diffused around,
One boundless blush, one white impurpled shower
Of mingled blossoms! where the raptured eye
Hurries from joy to joy. —Thomson.

As a light,
And pliant harebell swinging in the breeze
On some grey rock—its birth-place—so had I
Wanton'd, fast-rooted in the ancient tower
Of my beloved country, wishing not
A happier fortune, than to wither there.
—Wordsworth.

Here too dwells simple truth; plain innocence;
Unsullied beauty; sound unbroken youth,
Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd;
Health ever blooming; unambitious toil,
Calm contemplation; and poetic ease.
—Thomson.

This is a beautiful life now, privacy,
The sweetness and the benefit of essence;
I see there is no man but may make his paradise,
And it is nothing but his love and dotage
Upon the world's foul joys that keeps him out on't. —Beaumont and Fletcher.

They love the country, and none else, who seek
For their own sake its silence and its shade.
Delights which who would leave, that has a heart
Susceptible of pity, or a mind
Cultured and capable of sober thought.
—Cowper.

Ask any school-boy up to the age of fifteen where he would spend his holidays. Not one in five hundred will say, "In the streets of London," if you give him the option of green fields and running waters. It is, then, a fair presumption that there must be something of the child still in the character of the men or the women whom the country charms in maturer as in dawning life.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Under a tuft of shade that on the green
Stood whisp'ring soft, by a fresh fountain side
They sat them down; and after no more toil
Of their sweet gard'ning labour than suffic'd
To recommend cool zephyr, and made ease
More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite
More grateful, to their supper fruits they fell. —Milton.

How various his employments, whom the world
Calls idle, and who justly in return
Esteems that busy world an idler too!
Friends, books, a garden, and perhaps his pen,
Delightful industry enjoyed at home,
And Nature in her cultivated trim,
Dressed to his taste, inviting him abroad.
—Cowper.

Now the summer's in prime
Wi' the flowers richly blooming,
And the wild mountain thyme
A' the moorlands perfuming.
To own dear native scenes
Let us journey together,
Where glad innocence reigns
'Mang the braes o' Balquhither.
—Robert Tannahill.

O, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I mock at the pride of Greece and Rome;
And when I am stretch'd beneath the pines
When the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the lore and pride of man,
At the Sophist's schools, and the learned clan;
For what are they all in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet?
—R. W. Emerson.

I'm weary of my lonely hut
And of its blasted tree,
The very lake is like my lot,
So silent constantly—
I've liv'd amid the forest gloom
Until I almost fear—
When will the thrilling voices come
My spirit thirsts to hear? —Willis.

There is a something in the pleasures of the country that reaches much beyond the gratification of the eye—a something that invigorates the mind, that erects its hopes, that allays its perturbations, that mellows its affections; and it will generally be found that our happiest schemes, and wisest resolutions, are formed under the mild influence of a country scene, and the

soft obscurities of rural retirement.—Roberts.

Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view?
The fountains fall, the rivers flow
The woody valleys, warm and low,
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky!
The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tower,
The naked rock, the shady bower,
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each gave each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Ethiop's arm. —Dyer.

Abused mortals! did you know
Where joy, heart's-ease, and comforts grow;
You'd scorn proud towers,
And seek them in these bowers,
Where winds sometimes our woods perhaps may shake,
But blustering care could never tempest make,
Nor murmurs e'er come nigh us,
Saving of fountains that glide by us.
—Sir W. Raleigh.

Your love in a cottage is hungry,
Your vine is a nest for flies—
Your milkmaid shocks the graces,
And simplicity talks of pies!
You lie down to your shady slumber,
And wake with a bug in your ear;
And your damsel that walks in the morning
Is shod like a mountaineer.
—N. P. Willis.

None can describe the sweets of country life,
But those blest men that do enjoy and taste them.
Plain husbandmen, tho' far below our pitch,
Of fortune plac'd, enjoy a wealth above us;
To whom the earth with true and bounteous justice,
Free from war's cares, returns an easy food,
They breathe the fresh and uncorrupted air,
And by clear brooks enjoy untroubled sleeps.
Their state is fearless and secure, enrich'd
With several blessings, such as greatest kings
Might in true justice envy, and themselves
Would count too happy, if they truly knew them. —May.

Seldom shall we see in cities, courts, and rich families, where men live plentifully and eat and drink freely, that perfect health, that athletic soundness and vigor of constitution which is commonly seen in the country, in poor houses and cottages, where nature is their cook, and necessity their caterer, and where they have no other doctor but the sun and fresh air, and that such a one as never sends them to the apothecary.—South.

Country (Love of)

He who loves not his country can love nothing.—Johnson.

There's no glory like his who saves his country.—Tennyson.

They love their land because it is their own,
And scorn to give aught other reason why.
—Halleck.

The accent of our native country dwells in the heart and mind, as well as on the tongue.—La Rochefoucauld.

Oh, Christ! it is a goodly sight to see
What Heaven hath done for this delicious land! —Byron.

Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand!—Scott.

I fancy the proper means of increasing the love we bear our native country is to reside some time in a foreign one.—Shenstone.

The infant, on first opening his eyes, ought to see his country, and to the hour of his death never to lose sight of it.—Rousseau.

Thou, O my country hast thy foolish ways!
Too apt to purr at every stranger's praise,
But if the stranger touch thy modes or laws,
Off goes the velvet and out come the claws.
—Holmes.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
From wandering on a foreign strand!
—Scott.

O beautiful and grand,
My own, my native land!
Of thee I boast:
Great empire of the west,
The dearest and the best,
Made up of all the rest,
I love thee most.
—Abraham Coles.

There ought to be a system of manners in every nation which a well-informed mind would be disposed to relish. To make us love our country,

our country ought to be lovely.—Burke.

Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee!
—Longfellow.

Had I a dozen sons, each in my love alike, I had rather have eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.—Shakespeare.

Stand
Firm for your country, and become a man
Honour'd and lov'd: It were a noble life,
To be found dead, embracing her.
—Johnson.

Our country! in her intercourse with foreign nations, may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong.—Stephen Decatur.

Courage

God holds with the strong.—Mazzini.

The best hearts are ever the bravest. —Sterne.

Courage is adversity's lamp.—Vauvenargues.

To bear is to conquer our fate.—Campbell.

Courage leads to heaven; fear, to death.—Seneca.

Much danger makes great hearts most resolute.—Marston.

A courage to endure and to obey. —Tennyson.

Courage never to submit or yield. —Milton.

Courage mounteth with occasion.—Shakespeare.

A man of courage is also full of faith.—Cicero.

A stout heart may be ruined in fortune but not in spirit.—Victor Hugo.

Courage is fire, and bullying is smoke.—Beaconsfield.

The first mark of valor is defence. —Sir P. Sidney.

Whatever enlarges hope will exalt courage.—Johnson.

Treason seldom dwells with courage. —Sir Walter Scott.

A spirit superior to every weapon.—Ovid.

Hold the Fort! I am coming.—Gen. W. T. Sherman.

Courage in danger is half the battle. —Plautus.

Fortune and Love befriend the bold. —Ovid.

Courage of the soldier awakes the courage of woman.—Emerson.

Courage is temperamental, scientific, ideal.—Emerson.

Half a man's wisdom goes with his courage.—Emerson.

It is courage that vanquishes in war, and not good weapons.—Cervantes.

Courage makes a man more than himself; for he is then himself plus his valor.—W. R. Alger.

True courage scorns to vent her prowess in a storm of words.—Smollett.

True valor, friends, on virtue founded strong,
Meets all events alike.
—Mallet.

I dare do all that may become a man:
Who dares do more is none.
—Shakespeare.

Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I.
—Scott.

Courage consists not in blindly overlooking danger, but in seeing it and conquering it.—Richter.

Few persons have courage enough to appear as good as they really are.—J. C. and A. W. Hare.

God is the brave man's hope and not the coward's excuse.—Plutarch.

There is no courage but in innocence; no constancy but in an honest cause.—Southern.

Courage is, on all hands, considered as an essential of high character.—Froude.

It is in great dangers that we see great courage.—Regnard.

Fortune can take away riches, but not courage.—Seneca.

True courage is like a kite; a contrary wind raises it higher.—J. Petit-Senn.

Courage without discipline is nearer beastliness than manhood.—Sir P. Sidney.

But screw your courage to the sticking place,
And we'll not fail. —Shakespeare.

Most men have more courage than even they themselves think they have.—Greville.

The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sagg with doubt, nor shake with fear. —Shakespeare.

Whate'er betides, by destiny 't is done,
And better bear like men, than vainly seek to shun. —Dryden.

I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar.
—Shakespeare.

The man who has never been in danger cannot answer for his courage.—La Rochefoucauld.

Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided
'Twere childish weakness to lament or fear.
—Shakespeare.

Courage conquers all things: it even gives strength to the body.—Ovid.

Hail, Cæsar, those who are about to die salute thee.—Suetonius.

Cowards may fear to die; but courage stout,
Rather than live in snuff, will be put out.
—Sir Walter **Raleigh**.

He has not learned the lesson of life who does not every day surmount a fear.—Emerson.

The charm of the best courages is that they are inventions, inspirations, flashes of genius.—Emerson.

Courage is generosity of the highest order, for the brave are prodigal of the most precious things.—Colton.

If we survive danger, it steels our courage more than anything else.—Niebuhr.

The soul, secure in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
—Addison.

Small in number, but their valor tried in war, and glowing.—Virgil.

Courage is a virtue of no doubtful seeming; there can be no contradiction, no diversity of opinion, about it.—Richter.

Courage, when it is not heroic self-sacrifice, is sometimes a modification and sometimes a result of faith.—J. C. and A. W. Hare.

To bear other people's afflictions, every one has courage enough and to spare.—Benjamin Franklin.

Courage, like cowardice, is undoubtedly contagious, but some persons are not liable to catch it.—George D. Prentice.

When moral courage feels that it is in the right, there is no personal daring of which it is incapable.—Leigh Hunt.

Without courage there cannot be truth, and without truth there can be no other virtue.—Sir Walter Scott.

Who hath not courage to revenge will never find generosity to forgive.—Henry Home.

Be courageous. Be independent. Only remember where the true courage and independence come from.—Phillips Brooks.

Go on and increase in valor, O boy! this is the path to immortality.—Virgil.

Stand fast * * *
And all temptation to transgress repel.
—Milton.

Whenever you do what is holy, be of good cheer, knowing that God Himself takes part with rightful courage. —Menander.

Conscience in the soul is the root of all true courage. If a man would be brave, let him learn to obey his conscience.—James F. Clarke.

A real spirit
Should neither court neglect, nor dread to bear it. —Byron.

He who loses wealth loses much; he who loses a friend loses more; but he that loses his courage loses all.—Cervantes.

Brave spirits are a balsam to themselves,
There is a nobleness of mind that heals
Wounds beyond salves. —Cartwright.

True fortitude is seen in great exploits
That justice warrants, and that wisdom guides;
All else is tow'ring phrenzy and distraction.
—Addison.

It does not matter a feather whether a man be supported by patron or client, if he himself wants courage.—Plautus.

My heart is firm:
There's nought within the compass of humanity
But I would dare and do. —Sir A. Hunt.

Before putting yourself in peril, it is necessary to foresee and fear it; but when one is there, nothing remains but to despise it.—Fénelon.

It is not our criminal actions that require courage to confess, but those which are ridiculous and foolish.—Rousseau.

Not only does the bull attack its foe with its crooked horns, but the injured sheep will fight its assailant.—Propertius.

He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age, doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion.—Shakespeare.

True valor
Lies in the mind, the never-yielding purpose,
Nor owns the blind award of giddy fortune.
—Thomson.

The wounded gladiator forswears all fighting, but soon forgetting his former wound resumes his arms.—Ovid.

There is no impossibility to him who stands prepared to conquer every hazard; the fearful are the failing.—Mrs. S. J. Hale.

The conscience of every man recognizes courage as the foundation of manliness, and manliness as the perfection of human character.—Thomas Hughes.

Courage is a quality so necessary for maintaining virtue, that it is always respected even when it is associated with vice.—Dr. Johnson.

Troops would never be deficient in courage, if they could only know how deficient in it their enemies were.—Wellington.

Fear to do base, unworthy things is valor; if they be done to us, to suffer them is valor too.—Ben Jonson.

The smallest worm will turn being trodden on,
And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood. —Shakespeare.

Courage consists not in hazarding without fear, but being resolutely minded in a just cause.—Plutarch.

Consult the honor of religion more, and your personal safety less. Is it for the honor of religion (think you) that Christians should be as timorous as hares to start at every sound?—John Flavel.

Remember, now, when you meet your antagonist, do everything in a mild, agreeable manner. Let your courage be as keen, but, at the same time, as polished as your sword.—Sheridan.

A valiant man
Ought not to undergo or tempt a danger,
But worthily, and by selected ways;
He undertakes by reason, not by chance.
—Ben Jonson.

To struggle when hope is banished!
To live when life's salt is gone!
To dwell in a dream's that vanished!
To endure, and go calmly on!

I wonder is it because men are cowards in heart that they admire bravery so much, and place military valor so far beyond every other quality for reward and worship.—Thackeray.

The most sublime courage I have ever witnessed has been among that class too poor to know they possessed it, and too humble for the world to discover it.—H. W. Shaw.

The brave man seeks not popular applause,
Nor, overpower'd with arms, deserts his cause;
Unsham'd, though foil'd, he does the best he can,
Force is of brutes, but honor is of man.
—Dryden.

The moral courage that will face obloquy in a good cause is a much rarer gift than the bodily valor that will confront death in a bad one.—Chatfield.

I argue not
Against heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward. —Milton.

This is the way to cultivate courage: First, by standing firm on some conscientious principle, some law of duty. Next, by being faithful to truth and right on small occasions and common events. Third, by trusting in God for help and power.—James F. Clarke.

Tender handed stroke a nettle,
And it stings you for your pains;
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains.
—Aaron Hill.

To do an evil actior is base; to do a good action without incurring danger is common enough; but it is the part of a good man to do great and noble deeds, though he risks every thing.—Plutarch.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.
—Longfellow.

The brave man is not he who feels no fear,
For that were stupid and irrational;
But he, whose noble soul its fear subdues,
And bravely dares the danger nature shrinks from. —Joanna Baillie.

To hope for safety in flight, when you have turned away from the enemy the arms by which the body is defended, is indeed madness. In battle those who are most afraid are always in most danger; but courage is equivalent to rampart.—Sallust.

The truest courage is always mixed with circumspection; this being the quality which distinguishes the courage of the wise from the hardiness of the rash and foolish.—Jones of Nayland.

Ah, never shall the land forget
How gush'd the life-blood of the brave,
Gush'd warm with hope and courage yet,
Upon the soil they fought to save!
—Bryant.

The human race are sons of sorrow born;
And each must have his portion. Vulgar minds
Refuse or cranch beneath their load: the brave
Bears theirs without repining.
—Mallet and Thomson.

A brave man thinks no one his superior who does him an injury; for he has it then in his power to make him

self superior to the other by forgiving it.—Pope.

Courage is poorly housed that dwells in numbers; the lion never counts the herd that are about him, nor weighs how many flocks he has to scatter.—Aaron Hill.

He holds no parley with unmanly fears,
Where duty bids he confident steers,
Faces a thousand dangers at her call,
And, trusting to his God, surmounts them all. —Cowper.

True courage but from opposition grows;
And what are fifty, what a thousand slaves,
Match'd to the sinew of a single arm
That strikes for liberty? —Brooke.

Courage is like the diamond,—very brilliant; not changed by fire, capable of high polish, but except for the purpose of cutting hard bodies, useless.—Colton.

The intent and not the deed
Is in our power; and, therefore, who dares greatly
Does greatly. —Brown.

Women and men of retiring timidity are cowardly only in dangers which affect themselves, but the first to rescue when others are endangered.—Richter.

The wise and active conquer difficulties
By daring to attempt them: sloth and folly
Shiver and shrink at sight of toil and hazard,
And make the impossibility they fear.
—Rowe.

Oh fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.
—Longfellow.

All desp'rate hazards courage do create,
As he plays frankly, who has least estate;
Presence of mind, and courage in distress,
Are more than armies, to procure success.
—Dryden.

Courage, considered in itself or without reference to its causes, is no virtue, and deserves no esteem. It is found in the best and the worst, and is to be judged according to the qualities from which it springs and with which it is conjoined.—Channing.

Courage is generosity of the highest order, for the brave are prodigal of the most precious things. Our blood is nearer and dearer to us than our money, and our life than our estate.—Colton.

Courage and modesty are the most unequivocal of virtues, for they are of a kind that hypocrisy cannot imitate; they too have this quality in common, that they are expressed by the same color.—Goethe.

Courage ought to be guided by skill, and skill armed by courage. Neither should hardiness darken wit, nor wit cool hardiness. Be valiant as men despising death, but confident as unwonted to be overcome.—Sir P. Sidney.

Courage is incompatible with the fear of the death; but every villain fears death: therefore no villain can be brave. He may, indeed, possess the courage of a rat, and fight with desperation, when driven into a corner.—Colton.

A thousand hearts are great within my bosom:
Advance our standards, set upon our foes;
Our ancient word of courage, fair St. George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
Upon them! Victory sits upon our helms.
—Shakespeare.

What though the field be lost!
All is not lost; the ungovernable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield;
And what is else not to be overcome.
—Milton.

No thought of flight,
None of retreat, no unbecoming deed
That argued fear; each on himself relied,
As only in his arm the moment lay
Of victory. —Milton.

I like to read about Moses best, in th' Old Testament. He carried a hard business well through, and died when other folks were going to reap the fruits; a man must have courage to look after his life so, and think

what'll come of it after he's dead and gone.—George Eliot.

Courage multiplies the chances of success by sometimes making opportunities, and always availing itself of them; and in this sense Fortune may be said to favor fools by those who, however prudent in their opinion, are deficient in valor and enterprise.—Coleridge.

Courage is always greatest when blended with meekness; intellectual ability is most admirable when it sparkles in the setting of a modest self-distrust; and never does the human soul appear so strong as when it foregoes revenge and dares to forgive an injury.—Chapin.

True courage is the result of reasoning. A brave mind is always impregnable. Resolution lies more in the head than in the veins, and a just sense of honor and of infamy, of duty and of religion, will carry us farther than all the force of mechanism.—Jeremy Collier.

Let us not despair too soon, my friend. Men's words are ever bolder than their deeds, and many a one who now appears resolute to meet every extremity with eager zeal, will on a sudden find in their breast a heart which he wot not of.—Schiller.

Not to the ensanguin'd field of death alone
Is valor limited: she sits serene
In the deliberate council, sagely scans
The source of action: weighs, prevents, provides,
And scorns to count her glories, from the feats
Of brutal force alone. —Smollett.

A valiant man
Ought not to undergo, or tempt a danger,
But worthily, and by selected ways.
He undertakes with reason, not by chance.
His valor is the salt t' his other virtues,
They're all unseason'd without it.
—Ben Jonson.

What we want is men with a little courage to stand up for Christ. When Christianity wakes up, and every child that belongs to the Lord is willing to speak for Him, is willing to work for Him, and, if need be, willing to die for Him, then Christianity will advance, and we shall see the work of the Lord prosper.—D. L. Moody.

There is a contemptibly quiet path for all those who are afraid of the blows and clamor of opposing forces. There is no honorable fighting for a man who is not ready to forget that he has a head to be battered and a name to be bespattered. Truth wants no champion who is not as ready to be struck as to strike for her.—J. G. Holland.

Yet it may be more lofty courage dwells
In one weak heart which braves an adverse fate,
Than his whose ardent soul indignant swells,
Warm'd by the fight, or cheer'd through high debate. —Mrs. Norton.

True courage has so little to do with anger, that there lies always the strongest suspicion against it where this passion is highest. The true courage is the cool and calm. The bravest of men have the least of brutal bullying insolence, and in the very time of danger are found the most serene, pleasant, and free.—Shaftesbury.

Physical courage, which despises all danger, will make a man brave in one way; and moral courage, which despises all opinion, will make a man brave in another. The former would seem most necessary for the camp, the latter for council; but to constitute a great man, both are necessary.—Colton.

Courage, so far as it is a sign of race, is peculiarly the mark of a gentleman or a lady; but it becomes vulgar if rude or insensitive, while timidity is not vulgar, if it be a characteristic of race or fineness of make. A fawn is not vulgar in being timid, nor a crocodile "gentle" because courageous.—Ruskin.

True courage is cool and calm. The bravest of men have the least of a brutal bullying insolence, and in the

very time of danger are found the most serene and free. Rage, we know, can make a coward forget himself and fight. But what is done in fury or anger can never be placed to the account of courage.—Shaftesbury.

When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
His ready sense; then straight his doubled spirit
Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual spoil; and till we call'd
Both field and city ours he never stood
To ease his breath with panting.
—Shakespeare.

An intrepid courage is at best but a holiday kind of virtue, to be seldom exercised, and never but in cases of necessity; affability, mildness, tenderness, and a word which I would fain bring back to its original signification of virtue, I mean good-nature, are of daily use; they are the bread of mankind and staff of life.—Dryden.

True courage is not the brutal force
Of vulgar heroes, but the firm resolve
Of virtue and of reason. He who thinks
Without their aid to shine in deeds of arms
Builds on a sandy basis his renown;
A dream, a vapor, or an ague-fit,
May make a coward of him.—Whitehead.

Courage enlarges, cowardice diminishes resources. In desperate straits the fears of the timid aggravate the dangers that imperil the brave. For cowards the road of desertion should be left open. They will carry over to the enemy nothing but their fears. The poltroon, like the scabbard, is an encumbrance when once the sword is drawn.—Bovee.

What! shall one monk, scarcely known beyond his cell,
Front Rome's far-reaching bolts, and scorn her frown?
Brave Luther answered "Yes"; that thunder's swell
Rocked Europe, and discharmed the triple crown. —Lowell.

Courage that grows from constitution very often forsakes a man when he has occasion for it, and, when it is only a kind of instinct in the soul, breaks out on all occasions, without judgment or discretion. That courage which proceeds from the sense of our duty, and from the fear of offending Him that made us, acts always in a uniform manner, and according to the dictates of right reason.—Addison.

Like a mountain lone and bleak,
With its sky-encompass'd peak,
Thunder riven,
Lifting its forehead bare,
Through the cold and blighting air,
Up to heaven,
Is the soul that feels its woe,
And is nerv'd to bear the blow.
—Mrs. Hale.

"Be bold!" first gate; "Be bold, be bold, and evermore be bold," second gate; "Be not too bold!" third gate.—Inscription on the Gates of Busyrane.

Write on your doors the saying wise and old,
"Be bold! be bold!" and everywhere—"Be bold;
Be not too bold!" Yet better the excess
Than the defect; better the more than less;
Better like Hector in the field to die,
Than like a perfumed Paris turn and fly.
—Longfellow.

O friends, be men, and let your hearts be strong,
And let no warrior in the heat of fight
Do what may bring him shame in others' eyes;
For more of those who shrink from shame are safe
Than fall in battle, while with those who flee
Is neither glory nor reprieve from death.
—Homer.

None of the prophets old,
So lofty or so bold!
No form of danger shakes his dauntless breast;
In loneliness sublime
He dares confront the time,
And speak the truth, and give the world no rest:
No kingly threat can cowardize his breath,
He with majestic step goes forth to meet his death. —Abraham Coles.

Religion gives a man courage. * * * I men the higher moral courage which can look danger in the face unawed and undismayed; the courage that can encounter loss of ease, of wealth, of friends, of your own good name; the courage that can face a world full of howling and of scorn—

ay, of loathing and of hate; can see all this with a smile, and, suffering it all, can still toil on, conscious of the result, yet fearless still.—Theodore Parker.

In the whole range of earthly experience, no quality is more attractive and ennobling than moral courage. Like that mountain of rock which towers aloft in the Irish Sea, the man possessed of this principle is unmoved by the swelling surges which fret and fume at his feet. And yet, unlike that same Ailsa Craig, he is sensitive beyond measure to every adverse influence—battling against it, and triumphing over it by a power which proceeds from God's throne, and pervades his entire being.—J. McC. Holmes.

Courage, the highest gift, that scorns to bend
To mean devices for a sordid end.
Courage—an independent spark from heaven's bright throne,
By which the soul stands raised, triumphant, high, alone.
Great in itself, not praises of the crowd,
Above all vice, it stoops not to be proud.
Courage, the mighty attribute of powers above,
By which those great in war are great in love.
The spring of all brave acts is seated here,
As falsehoods draw their sordid birth from fear. —Farquhar.

Courage, by keeping the senses quiet and the understanding clear, puts us in a condition to receive true intelligence, to make computations upon danger, and pronounce rightly upon that which threatens us. Innocence of life, consciousness of worth, and great expectations, are the best foundations of courage. These ingredients make a richer cordial than youth can prepare; they warm the heart at eighty, and seldom fail in operation.—Elmes.

Let him not imagine who aims at greatness that all is lost by a single adverse cast of fortune; for if fortune has at one time the better of courage, courage may afterwards recover the advantage. He who is prepossessed with the assurance of overcoming at least overcomes the fear of failure; whereas he who is apprehensive of losing loses, in reality, all hopes of subduing. Boldness and power are such inseparable companions that they appear to be born together; and when once divided, they both decay and die at the same time. —Archbishop Venn.

Court — Courtiers

A court is an assemblage of noble and distinguished beggars.—Talleyrand.

The court does not render a man contented, but it prevents his being so elsewhere.—Bruyère.

The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
Which I have sworn to weed and pluck away. —Shakespeare.

Courts can give nothing to the wise and good,
But scorn of pomp, and love of solitude.
—Young.

Poor wretches that depend
On greatness' favor, dream as I have done;
Wake, and find nothing. —Shakespeare.

Not a courtier, although they wear their faces to the bent of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not glad at the thing they scowl at.—Shakespeare.

They smile and bow, and hug, and shake the hand,
E'en while they whisper to the next assistant
Some curs'd plot to blast its owner's head.
—Beller.

A lazy, proud, unprofitable crew,
The vermin gender'd from the rank corruption
Of a luxurious state. —Cumberland.

Fly from the court's pernicious neighborhood;
Where innocence is sham'd, and blushing modesty
Is made the scorner's jest; where hate, deceit,
And deadly ruin wear the mask of beauty,
And draw deluded fools with shows of pleasure. —Rowe.

The chief requisites for a courtier are a flexible conscience and an inflexible politeness.—Lady Blessington.

I am no courtier, no fawning dog of state,
To lick and kiss the hand that buffets me;
Nor can I smile upon my guest and praise
His stomach, when I know he feeds on poison,
And death disguised sits grinning at my table.
—Sewell.

Live loath'd and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, trencher friends, time's flies,
Cap and knee slaves, vapors, and minute jacks.
—Shakespeare.

Men that would blush at being thought sincere,
And feign, for glory, the few faults they want;
That love a lie, where truth would pay as well;
As if to them, vice shone her own reward.
—Young.

How many men
Have spent their blood in their dear country's service,
Yet now pine under want; while selfish slaves,
That even would cut their throats whom now they fawn on,
Like deadly locusts, eat the honey up,
Which those industrious bees so hardly toil'd for.
—Otway.

Those that go up hill, use to bow,
Their bodies forward, and stoop low
To poise themselves, and sometimes creep,
When th' way is difficult and steep:
So those at court, that do address,
By low ignoble offices,
Can stoop at anything that's base,
To wriggle into trust and grace,
Are like to rise to greatness sooner,
Than those that go by worth and honor.
—Butler.

See there he comes, th' exalted idol comes!
The circle's form'd, and all his fawning slaves
Devoutly bow to earth; from every mouth
The nauseous flattery flows, which he returns
With promises which die as soon as born.
Vile intercourse, where virtue has no place!
Frown but the monarch, all his glories fade;
He mingles with the throng, outcast, undone,
The pageant of a day; without one friend
To soothe his tortur'd mind; all, all are fled,
For though they bask'd in his meridian ray,
The insects vanish as his beams decline.
—Somerville.

Courtesy

I am the very pink of courtesy.—Shakespeare.

Approved valor is made precious by natural courtesy.—Sir P. Sidney.

A churlish courtesy rarely comes but either for gain or falsehood.—Sir P. Sidney.

There is no outward sign of courtesy that does not rest on a deep moral foundation.—Goethe.

O dissembling courtesy! how fine this tyrant can tickle where she wounds!—Shakespeare.

The small courtesies sweeten life; the greater ennoble it.—Bovee.

What fairer cloak than courtesy for fraud?—Earl of Stirling.

Nothing costs less nor is cheaper than compliments of civility.—Cervantes.

Civility is a desire to receive civility, and to be accounted well-bred.—Rochefoucauld.

When my friends are blind of one eye, I look at them in profile.—Joubert.

Whilst thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.—Shakespeare.

Courtesy is a duty public servants owe to the humblest member of the public.—Lord Lytton.

We must be as courteous to a man as we are to a picture, which we are willing to give the advantage of a good light.—Emerson.

There is a courtesy of the heart; it is allied to love. From it springs the purest courtesy in the outward behavior.—Goethe.

If ever I should affect injustice, it would be in this, that I might do courtesies and receive none.—Feltham.

Life is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy.—Emerson.

A moral, sensible, and well-bred man
Will not affront me, and no other can.
—Cowper.

A good word is an easy obligation; but not to speak ill requires only our silence, which costs us nothing.—Tillotson.

Courtesy which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds, with smoky rafters, than in tapestry halls and courts of princes, where it first was named.—Milton.

When we are saluted with a salutation, salute the person with a better salutation, or at least return the same, for God taketh an account of all things.—Koran.

The whole of heraldry and of chivalry is in courtesy. A man of fine manners shall pronounce your name with all the ornament that titles of nobility could ever add.—Emerson.

By a union of courtesy and talent an adversary may be made to grace his own defeat, as the sandal-tree perfumes the hatchet that cuts it down.—Chatfield.

This Florentine's a very saint, so meek
And full of courtesy, that he would lend
The devil his cloak, and stand i' th' rain himself.
—Davenant.

As the sword of the best-tempered metal is the most flexible; so the truly generous are most pliant and courteous in their behavior to their inferiors.—Fuller.

Ill seemes (sayd he) if he so valiant be,
That he should be so sterne to stranger wight;
For seldom yet did living creature see
That courtesie and manhood ever disagree.
—Spenser.

Hail! ye small sweet courtesies of life, for smooth do ye make the road of it, like grace and beauty, which beget inclinations to love at first sight; it is ye who open the door and let the stranger in.—Sterne.

Shepherd, I take thy word,
And trust thy honest offer'd courtesy,
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
With smoky rafters, than in tap'stry halls,
And courts of princes. —Milton.

When Zachariah Fox, the great merchant of Liverpool, was asked by what means he contrived to realize so large a fortune as he possessed, his reply was: "Friend, by one article alone, and in which thou mayest deal too, if thou pleasest,—it is civility."—Bentley.

How sweet and gracious, even in common speech,
Is that fine sense which men call Courtesy!
Wholesome as air and genial as the light,
Welcome in every clime as breath of flowers—
It transmutes aliens into trusting friends,
And gives its owner passport round the globe.
—James T. Fields.

Courtesy, like grace and beauty, that which begets liking and inclination to love one another at the first sight, and in the very beginning of our acquaintance and familiarity; and, consequently, that which first opens the door for us to better ourselves by the example of others, if there be anything in the society worth notice.—Montaigne.

Courtesy is a science of the highest importance. It is, like grace and beauty in the body, which charm at first sight, and lead on to further intimacy and friendship, opening a door that we may derive instruction from the example of others, and at the same time enabling us to benefit them by our example, if there be anything in our character worthy of imitation.—Montaigne.

Great talents, such as honor, virtue, learning, and parts, are above the generality of the world, who neither possess them themselves, nor judge of them rightly in others; but all people are judges of the lesser talents, such as civility, affability, and an obliging, agreeable address and manner, because they feel the good effects of

them, as making society easy and pleasing.—Chesterfield.

Nothing is a courtesy unless it be meant us, and that friendly and lovingly. We owe no thanks to rivers that they carry our boats, or winds that they be favoring and fill our sails, or meats that they be nourishing; for these are what they are necessarily. Horses carry us, trees shade us; but they know it not.—Ben Jonson.

Courtship

The pleasantest part of a man's life.—Addison.

She most attracts who longest can refuse.—Aaron Hill.

See how the skilful lover spreads his toils.—Stillingfleet.

She half consents who silently denies.—Ovid.

Men dream in courtship, but in wedlock wake!—Pope.

A feast is more fatal to love than a fast.—Colton.

Ah, fool! faint heart fair lady ne'er could win.—Spenser.

What a woman says to her lover should be written on air or swift water.—Catullus.

The acceptance of favors from the other sex is a woman's first step towards self-committal.—Mme. de Puisieux.

So, with decorum all things carried,
Miss frown'd, and blush'd, and then was married. —Goldsmith.

O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!
—Shakespeare.

She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won.
—Shakespeare.

That man that has a tongue, I say, is no man if with his tongue he cannot win a woman.—Shakespeare.

A woman that wishes to retain her suitor must keep him in the trenches. —Colton.

Men are April when they woo, December when they wed.—Shakespeare.

I knelt, and with the fervor of a lip unused to the cool breath of reason, told my love.—Willis.

With women worth the being won,
The softest lover ever best succeeds.
—Hill.

It is your virtue, being men, to try;
And it is ours, by virtue to deny.
—Drayton.

Who listens once will listen twice; her heart be sure is not of ice, and one refusal no rebuff.—Byron.

A fellow who lives in a windmill has not a more whimsical dwelling than the heart of a man that is lodged in a woman.—Congreve.

Every man in the time of courtship and in the first entrance of marriage, puts on a behavior like my correspondent's holiday suit.—Addison.

Courtship consists in a number of quiet attentions, not so pointed as to alarm, nor so vague as not to be understood.—Sterne.

If you cannot inspire a woman with love of you, fill her above the brim with love of herself; all that runs over will be yours.—Colton.

A man is in no danger so long as he talks his love; but to write it is to impale himself on his own pothooks.—Douglas Jerrold.

I profess not to know how women's hearts are wooed and won. To me they have always been matters of riddle and admiration.—Washington Irving.

God has put into the heart of man love and the boldness to sue, and into the heart of woman fear and the courage to refuse.—Marguerite de Valois

When a woman is deliberating with herself whom she shall choose of many near each other in other pretensions, certainly he of the best understanding is to be preferred.—Steele.

Now from the world,
Sacred to sweet retirement, lovers steal,
And pour their souls in transport.
—Thomson.

Into these ears of mine,
These credulous ears, he pour'd the sweetest words
That art or love could frame.—Beaumont.

Rejected lovers need never despair! There are four-and-twenty hours in a day, and not a moment in the twenty-four in which a woman may not change her mind.—De Finod.

The Greek epigram intimates that the force of love is not shown by the courting of beauty, but where the like desire is inflamed for one who is ill-favored.—Emerson.

If fathers are sometimes sulky at the appearance of the destined son-in-law, is it not a fact that mothers become sentimental and, as it were, love their own loves over again—Thackeray.

Tom hinted at his dislike at some trifle his mistress had said; she asked him how he would talk to her after marriage if he talked at this rate before.—Addison.

She that with poetry is won,
Is but a desk to write upon;
And what men say of her they mean
No more than on the thing they lean.
—Butler.

He that would win his dame must do
As love does when he draws his bow;
With one hand thrust the lady from,
And with the other pull her home.
—Butler.

Wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold or sums in sealed bags;
And 'tis the very riches of thyself
That now I aim at. —Shakespeare.

How would that excellent mystery, wedded life, irradiate the world with its blessed influences, were the generous impulses and sentiments of courtship but perpetuated in all their exuberant fullness during the sequel of marriage!—Frederic Saunders.

Women are angels, wooing:
Things won are done; joy's soul lies in the doing:
That she beloved knows naught, that knows not this—
Men prize the thing ungained more than it is. —Shakespeare.

Do proper homage to thine idol's eyes,
But not too humbly, or she will despise
Thee and thy suit though told in moving tropes;
Disguise even tenderness, if thou art wise.
—Byron.

Like a lovely tree
She grew to womanhood, and between whiles
Rejected several suitors, just to learn
How to accept a better in his turn.
—Byron.

Like conquering tyrants you our breasts in vade,
Where you are pleas'd to ravage for awhile;
But soon you find new conquests out and leave
The ravag'd province ruinate and bare.
—Otway.

There is, sir, a critical minute in
Ev'ry man's wooing, when his mistress may
Be won, which if he carelessly neglect
To prosecute, he may wait long enough
Before he gain the like opportunity.
—Marmion.

The pleasantest part of a man's life is generally that which passes in courtship, provided his passion be sincere, and the party beloved kind with discretion. Love, desire, hope, all the pleasing emotions of the soul, rise in the pursuit.—Addison.

He that can keep handsomely within rules, and support the carriage of a companion to his mistress, is much more likely to prevail than he who lets her see the whole relish of his life depends upon her. If possible, therefore, divert your mistress rather than sigh for her.—Steele.

Let a woman once give you a task, and you are hers, heart and soul; all your care and trouble lend new charms to her for whose sake they are taken

To rescue, to revenge, to instruct, or protect a woman is all the same as to love her.—Richter.

If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you:
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;
For why, the fools are mad if left alone.
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;
For—get you gone—she doth not mean—away. —Shakespeare.

Every man ought to be in love a few times in his life, and to have a smart attack of the fever. You are better for it when it is over: the better for your misfortune, if you endure it with a manly heart; how much the better for success, if you win it and a good wife into the bargain!—Thackeray.

Courtship is a fine bowling-green turf, all galloping round and sweet-hearting, a sunshine holiday in summer time; but when once through matrimony's turnpike, the weather becomes wintry, and some husbands are seized with a cold, aguish fit, to which the faculty give the name of indifference.—G. A. Stevens.

His folded flock secure, the shepherd home
Hies merry-hearted; and by turns relieves
The ruddy milk-maid of her brimming pail;
The beauty whom perhaps his witless heart,
Unknowing what the joy-mix'd anguish means,
Sincerely loves, by that best language shown
Of cordial glances, and obliging deeds.
—Thomson.

And otherwhyles with amorous delights
And pleasing toyes he would her entertaine,
Now singing sweetly to surprise her sprights,
Now making layes of love and lover's paine,
Bransles, ballads, virelayes, and verses vaine!
Oft purposes, oft riddles, he devys'd;
And thousands like which flowed in his braine,
With which he fed her fancy, and entys'd
To take to his new love, and leave her old despys'd. —Spenser.

Maggie and Stephen were in that stage of courtship which makes the most exquisite moment of youth, the freshest blossom-time of passion,—when each is sure of the other's love, but no formal declaration has been made, and all is mutual divination, exalting the most trivial words, the lightest gestures, into thrills delicate and delicious as wafted jasmine scent. —George Eliot.

Say that she rail; why then I'll tell her plain,
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale;
Say that she frown; I'll say she looks as clear
As morning roses, newly wash'd with dew;
Say she be mute and will not speak a word,
Then I'll commend her volubility
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence.
—Shakespeare.

O days remember'd well! remember'd all!
The bitter sweet, the honey and the gall;
Those garden rambles in the silent night,
Those trees so shady, and that moon so bright,
That thickset alley by the arbor clos'd,
That woodbine seat where we at last re pos'd;
And then the hopes that came and then were gone,
Quick as the clouds beneath the moon past on. —Crabbe.

A town, before it can be plundered and deserted, must first be taken; and in this particular Venus has borrowed a law from her consort Mars. A woman that wishes to retain her suitor must keep him in the trenches; for this is a siege which the besieger never raises for want of supplies, since a feast is more fatal to love than a fast, and a surfeit than a starvation. Inanition may cause it to die a slow death, but repletion always destroys it by a sudden one.—Colton.

Covetousness

Covetousness, which is idolatry.—
—Bible.

The soul of man is infinite in what it covets.—Ben Jonson.

The covetous man.—Horace.

We never desire earnestly what we desire in reason.—La Rochefoucauld.

To the covetous man life is a nightmare, and God lets him wrestle with it as best he may.—Henry Ward Beecher

Covetousness is ever attended with solicitude and anxiety.—Benjamin Franklin.

He deservedly loses his own property, who covets that of another.—Phædrus.

Those who give not till they die show that they would not then if they could keep it any longer.—Bishop Hall.

Covetousness swells the principal to no purpose, and lessens the use to all purposes.—Jeremy Taylor.

The covetous man heaps up riches, not to enjoy them, but to have them. —Tillotson.

The covetous person lives as if the world were made altogether for him, and not he for the world.—South.

The covetous man explores the whole world in pursuit of a subsistence, and fate is close at his heels.—Saadi.

Some men are so covetous, as if they were to live forever; and others so profuse, as if they were to die the next moment.—Aristotle.

The things which belong to others please us more, and that which is ours, is more pleasing to others.—Syrus.

Take heed and beware of covetousness; for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.—Bible.

Covetous men need money least, yet they most affect it; but prodigals, who need it most have the least regard for it.—Alexander Wilson.

Why are we so blind? That which we improve, we have, that which we hoard is not for ourselves.—Madame Deluzy.

Covetousness, by a greediness of getting more, deprives itself of the true end of getting; it loses the enjoyment of what it has got.—Sprat.

When all sins are old in us, and go upon crutches, covetousness does but then lie in her cradle.—Decker.

When workmen strive to do better than well, they do confound their skill in covetousness.—Shakespeare.

Covetousness is a sort of mental gluttony, not confined to money, but craving honor, and feeding on selfishness.—Chamfort.

Covetousness, like a candle ill made, smothers the splendor of a happy fortune in its own grease.—F. Osborn.

Poor in abundance, famished at a feast, man's grief is but his grandeur in disguise, and discontent is immortality.—Young.

Those that much covet are with gain so fond,
That what they have not, that which they possess,
They scatter and unloose it from their bond,
And so, by hoping more, they have but less.
—Shakespeare.

The only sovereign remedy is to give Christ the pre-eminence in our hearts; for then we shall undervalue all temporal things in comparison of Him.—Fisher's Catechism.

The covetous man is like a camel with a great hunch on his back; heaven's gate must be made higher and broader, or he will hardly get in. —Thomas Adams.

The only instance of a despairing sinner left upon record in the New Testament is that of a treacherous and greedy Judas.

Covetousness, like jealousy, when it has once taken root, never leaves a man but with his life.—Thomas Hughes.

If money be not thy servant, it will be thy master. The covetous man cannot so properly be said to possess wealth, as that it may be said to possess him.—Bacon.

The covetous man pines in plenty, like Tantalus up to the chin in water, and yet thirsty.—Rev. T. Adams.

Where necessity ends, desire and curiosity begin; and no sooner are we supplied with everything nature can demand than we sit down to contrive artificial appetites.—Johnson.

Of covetousness we may truly say that it makes both the Alpha and Omega in the devil's alphabet, and that it is the first vice in corrupt nature which moves, and the last which dies.—South.

To think well of every other man's condition, and to dislike our own, is one of the misfortunes of human nature. "Pleased with each other's lot, our own we hate."—Burton.

He that visits the sick, in hopes of a legacy, let him be never so friendly in all other cases, I look upon him in this, to be no better than a raven, that watches a weak sheep only to peck out its eyes.—Seneca.

Although the beauties, riches, honors, sciences, virtues, and perfections of all men living were in the present possession of one, yet somewhat above and beyond all this would still be sought and earnestly thirsted for.—Hooker.

Covetousness teaches men to be cruel and crafty, industrious and evil, full of care and malice; and after all this, it is for no good to itself, for it dares not spend those heaps of treasure which it has snatched.—Jeremy Taylor.

Covetous men are fools, miserable wretches, buzzards, madmen, who live by themselves, in perpetual slavery, fear, suspicion, sorrow, discontent, with more of gall than honey in their enjoyments; who are rather possessed by their money than possessors of it. —Burton.

A circle cannot fill a triangle, so neither can the whole world, if it were to be compassed, the heart of man; a man may as easily fill a chest with grace as the heart with gold. The air fills not the body, neither doth money the covetous mind of man.—Spenser.

Suppose a more complete assemblage of sublunary enjoyments, and a more perfect system of earthly felicity than ever the sun beheld, the mind of man would instantly devour it, and, as if it was still empty and unsatisfied, would require something more.—Leighton.

I am not covetous for gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But if it be a sin to covet honor
I am the most offending soul alive.
—Shakespeare.

The covetous man heaps up riches, not to enjoy them, but to have them; and starves himself in the midst of plenty, and most unnaturally cheats and robs himself of that which is his own; and makes a hard shift, to be as poor and miserable with a great estate, as any man can be without it. —Tillotson.

It was with good reason that God commanded through Moses that the vineyard and harvest were not to be gleaned to the last grape or grain; but something to be left for the poor. For covetousness is never to be satisfied; the more it has, the more it wants. Such insatiable ones injure themselves, and transform God's blessings into evil.—Luther.

There is not a vice which more effectually contracts and deadens the feelings, which more completely makes a man's affections center in himself, and excludes all others from partaking in them, than the desire of accumulating possessions. When the desire has once gotten hold on the heart, it shuts out all other considerations, but such as may promote its views. In its zeal for the attainment of its end, it is not delicate in the choice of means. As it closes the heart, so also it clouds the understanding. It cannot discern between right and wrong; it takes evil for good, and good for evil; it calls darkness light, and light darkness. Beware, then, of the beginning of covetousness, for you know not where it will end.—Bishop Mant.

Cow

A cow is a very good animal in the field; but we turn her out of a garden.—Samuel Johnson.

Coward — Cowardice

Cowards die many times before their death.—Shakespeare.

All men would be cowards if they durst.—Earl of Rochester.

Cowards have no luck.—Elizabeth Kulman.

Cruel people are ever cowards in emergency.—Swift.

To wish for death is a coward's part.—Ovid.

Cowardice, the dread of what will happen.—Epictetus.

A plague of all cowards, I say.—Shakespeare.

A coward's fear can make a coward valiant.—Owen Feltham.

It is the misfortune of worthy people that they are cowards.—Voltaire.

What masks are these uniforms to hide cowards!—Duke of Wellington.

The craven's fear is but selfishness, like his merriment.—Whittier.

A cowardly cur barks more fiercely than it bites.—Quintus Curtius Rufus.

A coward; a most devout coward; religious in it.—Shakespeare.

It is only in little matters that men are cowards.—W. H. Herbert.

The native hue of resolution is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.—Shakespeare.

Commonly they use their feet for defence, whose tongue is their weapon. Sir P. Sidney.

To see what is right and not to do it is want of courage.—Confucius.

Fear is the virtue of slaves; but the heart that loveth is willing.—Longfellow.

Mankind are dastardly when they meet with opposition.—Franklin.

The coward never on himself relies,
But to an equal for assistance flies.
—Crabbe.

Cowards falter, but danger is often overcome by those who nobly dare.—Queen Elizabeth.

Strange that cowards cannot see that their greatest safety lies in dauntless courage.—Lavater.

Plenty and peace breed cowards; hardness ever of hardiness is mother.—Shakespeare.

Cowards fear to die; but courage stout,
Rather than live in snuff, will be put out.
—Sir Walter Raleigh.

A coward is the kindest animal;
'Tis the most forgiving creature in a fight.
—Dryden.

That same man that rennith awaie,
Maie again fight, an other daie.
—Erasmus.

I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety.—Shakespeare.

When all the blandishments of life are gone,
The coward sneaks to death, the brave live on. —Dr. Sewell.

Cowards are cruel, but the brave
Love mercy, and delight to save.
—Gay.

Fear is my vassal, when I frown he flies;
A hundred times in life a coward dies.
—Marston.

But look for ruin when a coward wins;
For fear and cruelty are ever twins.
—Aleyn.

When desperate ills demand a speedy cure, distrust is cowardice, and prudence folly.—Dr. Johnson.

Men lie, who lack courage to tell truth—the cowards!—Joaquin Miller.

My valor is certainly going!—it is sneaking off!—I feel it oozing out, as it were, at the palms of my hands.—Sheridan.

Go—let thy less than woman's hand
Assume the distaff—not the brand.
—Byron.

He who fears to venture as far as his heart urges and his reason permits, is a coward; he who ventures further than he intended to go, is a slave.—Heine.

The man that lays his hand on woman,
Save in the way of kindness, is a wretch
Whom 'twere gross flattery to name a coward. —Tobin.

All mankind is one of these two cowards—either to wish to die when he should live, or live when he should die.—Sir Robert Howard.

It is the coward who fawns upon those above him. It is the coward that is insolent whenever he dares be so.—Junius.

It is vain for the coward to fly; death follows close behind; it is by defying it that the brave escape.—Voltaire.

For cowards the road of desertion should be left open. They will carry over to the enemy nothing but their fears.—Bovee.

Dangers are light, if they seem light; and more dangers have deceived men than forced them.—Bacon.

Some are brave men one day and cowards another, as great captains have often told me, from their own experience and observation.—Sir W. Temple.

Dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs. —Shakespeare.

To be afraid is the miserable condition of a coward. To do wrong, or omit to do right from fear, is to superadd delinquency to cowardice.—David Dudley Field.

Cowardice encroaches fast upon such as spend their lives in company of persons higher than themselves.—Dr. Johnson.

Cowardice is not synonymous with prudence. It often happens that the better part of discretion is valor.—Hazlitt.

The coward wretch whose hand and heart
Can bear to torture aught below,
Is ever first to quail and start
From slightest pain or equal foe.
—Eliza Cook.

He who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day.
But he who is in battle slain,
Can never rise to fight again.
—Goldsmith.

If cowardice were not so completely a coward as to be unable to look steadily upon the effects of courage, he would find that there is no refuge so sure as dauntless valor.—Jane Porter.

Lie not, neither to thyself, nor man, nor God. Let mouth and heart be one; beat and speak together, and make both felt in action. It is for cowards to lie.—George Herbert.

It is a law of nature that faint-hearted men should be the fruit of luxurious countries, for we never find that the same soil produces delicacies and heroes.—Herodotus.

To die, and thus avoid poverty or love, or anything painful, is not the part of a brave man, but rather of a coward; for it is cowardice to avoid trouble, and the suicide does not undergo death because it is honorable, but in order to avoid evil.—Aristotle.

What is in reality cowardice and faithlessness, we call charity, and consider it the part of benevolence sometimes to forgive men's evil practice for the sake of their accurate faith, and sometimes to forgive their confessed heresy for the sake of their admirable practice.—Ruskin.

The fact is, that to do anything in this world worth doing, we must not

stand back shivering and thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can.—Sydney Smith.

The courage that grows from constitution very often forsakes a man when he has occasion for it; and when it is only a kind of instinct in the soul, it breaks out on all occasions, without judgment or discretion.—Addison.

How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk. —Shakespeare.

When the passengers gallop by as if fear made them speedy, the cur follows them with an open mouth; let them walk by in confident neglect, and the dog will not stir at all; it is a weakness that every creature takes advantage of.—J. Beaumont.

Cowards die many times before their deaths:
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.
—Shakespeare.

He
That kills himself to avoid misery, fears it,
And, at the best, shows but a bastard valor.
This life's a fort committed to my trust,
Which I must not yield up, till it be forced:
Nor will I. He's not valiant that dares die,
But he that boldly bears calamity.
—Massinger.

Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward!
Thou little valiant, great in villainy!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou Fortune's champion, that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety. —Shakespeare.

The reign of terror to which France submitted has been more justly termed "the reign of cowardice." One knows not which most to execrate,—the nation that could submit to suffer such atrocities, or that low and bloodthirsty demagogue that could inflict them. France, in succumbing to such a wretch as Robespierre, exhibited, not her patience, but her pusillanimity.—Colton.

A great deal of talent is lost in the world for want of a little courage. Every day sends to their graves a number of obscure men who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort.—Sydney Smith.

Coxcomb

Once a coxcomb, always a coxcomb. —Dr. Johnson.

A coxcomb is the blockhead's man of merit.—La Bruyère.

A coxcomb is ugly all over with the affectation of the fine gentleman.—Johnson.

A coxcomb is four-fifths affectation and one-fifth vanity.—Haliburton.

A man of sense and gravity is less apt to succeed with a fine woman than the gay, the giddy, the flattering coxcomb.—Henry Horne.

This is he
That kiss'd away his hand in courtesy;
This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,
That when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honorable terms; nay, he can sing
A mean most meanly; and in ushering,
Mend him who can; the ladies call him, sweet;
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet. —Shakespeare.

He was perfum'd like a milliner:
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose: and still he smil'd and talk'd;
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corpse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
—Shakespeare.

A vulgar man is captious and jealous; eager and impetuous about trifles He suspects himself to be slighted, and thinks everything that is said meant at him.—Chesterfield.

All the world says of a coxcomb that he is a coxcomb; but no one dares to say so to his face, and he dies without knowing it.—Bruyère.

None are so seldom found alone, and are so soon tired of their own company, as those coxcombs who are on the best terms with themselves.—Colton.

A coxcomb begins by determining that his own profession is the first; and he finishes by deciding that he is the first of his profession.—Colton.

Craft

When the fox hath once got in his nose,
He'll soon find means to make the body follow.
—Shakespeare.

For he
That sows in craft does reap in jealousy.
—Middleton.

That for ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar.
—Bret Harte.

This is the fruit of craft:
Like him that shoots up high, looks for the shaft,
And finds it in his forehead.—Middleton.

Creation

Creation is great, and cannot be understood.—Carlyle.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul.
—Pope.

Silently as a dream the fabric rose;
No sound of hammer or of saw was there.
—Cowper.

As Thou has created me out of mingled air and glitter, I thank Thee for it.—Rückert.

God only opened His hand to give flight to a thought that He had held imprisoned from eternity.—Timothy Titcomb.

God may rationally be supposed to have framed so great and admirable an automaton as the world for special ends and purposes.—Robert Boyle.

A spontaneous production is against matter of fact; a thing without example, not only in man, but the vilest of weeds.—Bentley.

The chain that's fixed to the throne of Jove,
On which the fabric of our world depends,
One link dissolved, the whole creation ends.
—Edmund Waller.

One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves.
—Tennyson.

Though to recount almighty works
What words of tongue or seraph can suffice,
Or heart of man suffice to comprehend?
—Milton.

Open, ye heavens, your living doors; let in
The great Creator from His work return'd
Magnificent, His six days' work, a world!
—Milton.

Had I been present at the creation, I would have given some useful hints for the better ordering of the universe. —Alphonso the Wise.

Nature, they say, doth dote,
And cannot make a man
Save on some worn-out plan,
Repeating us by rote. —Lowell.

The wisdom and goodness of the Maker plainly appears in the parts of this stupendous fabric, and the several degrees and ranks of creatures in it.—Locke.

A wonder it must be, that there should be any man found so stupid as to persuade himself that this most beautiful world could be produced by the fortuitous concourse of atoms.—John Ray.

God is a worker: He has thickly strewn
Infinity with grandeur: God is love:
He shall wipe away creation's tears,
And all the worlds shall summer in His smile.
—Smith.

No man saw the building of the New Jerusalem, the workmen crowded together, the unfinished walls and unpaved streets; no man heard the clink of trowel and pickaxe; it descended out of heaven from God.—Seeley.

It became Him who created it to set it in order; and if he did so, it is unphilosophical to seek for any other origin of the world, or to pretend that it might arise out of a chaos by the mere laws of Nature.—Newton.

Through knowledge we behold the world's creation,
How in his cradle first he fostered was;
And judge of Nature's cunning operation,
How things she formed of a formless mass.
—Spenser.

What cause
Moved the Creator in His holy rest
Through all eternity so late to build
In chaos, and, the work begun, how soon
Absolved. —Milton.

Whoever considers the study of anatomy I believe will never be an atheist; the frame of man's body and coherence of his parts being so strange and paradoxical that I hold it to be the greatest miracle of Nature.—Herbert of Cherbury.

In the vast, and the minute, we see
The unambiguous footsteps of the God,
Who gives its lustre to an insect's wing
And wheels His throne upon the rolling worlds. —Cowper.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began:
From harmony, to harmony,
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in man.
—Dryden.

Then tower'd the palace, then in awful state
The temple rear'd its everlasting gate.
No workman steel, no ponderous axes rung,
Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung. —Bishop Heber.

Let no presuming impious railer tax
Creative wisdom as if aught was form'd
In vain, or not for admirable ends.
Shall little haughty ignorance pronounce
His works unwise of which the smallest part
Exceeds the narrow vision of his mind?
—Thomson.

The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge. There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard—Bible.

For wonderful indeed are all His works,
Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all
Had in remembrance always with delight;
But what created mind can comprehend
Their number, or the wisdom infinite
That brought them forth, but hid their causes deep? —Milton.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame
Their great Original proclaim.
* * * * * * *
Forever singing as they shine
The hand that made us is divine.
—Addison.

How often might a man, after he had jumbled a set of letters in a bag, fling them out upon the ground before they would fall into an exact poem,—yea, or so much as make a good discourse in prose? And may not a little book be as easily made by chance as this great volume of the world?—Tillotson.

From nature's constant or eccentric laws,
The thoughtful soul this general inference draws,
That an effect must pre-suppose a cause;
And, while she does her upward flight sustain,
Touching each link of the continued chain,
At length she is oblig'd and forc'd to see
A first, a source, a life, a Deity;
Which has forever been, and must forever be. —Prior.

The ever varying brilliancy and grandeur of the landscape, and the magnificence of the sky, sun, moon and stars, enter more extensively into the enjoyment of mankind than we, perhaps ever think, or can possibly apprehend, without frequent and extensive investigation. This beauty and splendour of the objects around us, it is ever to be remembered, is not necessary to their existence, nor to what we commonly intend by their usefulness. It is therefore to be regarded as a source of pleasure, gratuitously superinduced upon the general nature of the objects themselves, and in this light, a testimony of the di-

vine goodness, peculiarly affecting.—Dwight.

We cannot look around us, without being struck by the surprising variety and multiplicity of the sources of beauty of creation, produced by form, or by colour, or by both united. It is scarcely too much to say, that every object in nature, animate or inanimate, is in some manner beautiful, so largely has the Creator provided for our pleasures, through the sense of sight. It is rare to see anything, which is in itself distasteful, or disagreeable to the eye, or repulsive.—Macculloch.

Credit — Creditor

Public credit is suspicion asleep.—Thomas Paine.

What is bought is cheaper than a gift.—Cervantes.

If confidence is a plant of slow growth, credit is one which matures much more slowly—Beaconsfield.

Lose not thine own for want of asking for it; 'twill get thee no thanks.—Fuller.

Blest paper-credit! last and best supply!
That lends corruption lighter wings to fly.
—Pope.

Every man's credit and consequence are proportioned to the sums which he holds in his chest.—Juvenal.

The creditor whose appearance gladdens the heart of a debtor may hold his head in sunbeams and his foot on storms.—Lavater.

Creditors have better memories than debtors; and creditors are a superstitious sect, great observers of set days and times.—Franklin.

Private credit is wealth; public honor is security. The feather that adorns the royal bird supports its flight; strip him of his plumage, and you pin him to the earth.—Junius.

He smote the rock of the national resources, and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth. He touched the dead corpse of Public Credit, and it sprung upon its feet.—Daniel Webster.

We have now learned that rashness and imprudence will not be deterred from taking credit; let us try whether fraud and avarice may be more easily restrained from giving it.—Dr. Johnson.

Credit is a matter so subtle in its essence, that, as it may be obtained almost without reason, so, without reason, may it be made to melt away.—Anthony Trollope.

The most trifling actions that affect a man's credit are to be regarded. The sound of your hammer at five in the morning or nine at night, heard by a creditor, makes him easy six months longer; but if he sees you at a billiard table, or hears your voice at a tavern, when you should be at work, he sends for his money the next day.—Franklin.

There is nothing in this world so fiendish as the conduct of a mean man when he has the power to revenge himself upon a noble one in adversity. It takes a man to make a devil; and the fittest man for such a purpose is a snarling, waspish, red-hot, fiery creditor.—Beecher.

Credulity

Your noblest natures are most credulous.—Chapman.

Quick believers need broad shoulders—George Herbert.

Credulity thinks others short-sighted.—Abbé Guerguil.

The only disadvantage of an honest heart is credulity.—Sir P. Sidney.

You believe that easily which you hope for earnestly.—Terence.

It is as wise to moderate our belief as our desires.—Landor.

We believe easily what we fear or what we desire.—La Fontaine.

When credulity comes from the heart it does no harm to the intellect. —Joubert.

Credulity is perhaps a weakness almost inseparable from eminently truthful characters.—Tuckerman.

I wish I was as sure of anything as Macaulay is of everything.—William Windham.

I cannot spare the luxury of believing that all things beautiful are what they seem.—Halleck.

Generous souls
Are still most subject to credulity.
—Davenant.

We believe at once in evil; we only believe in good upon reflection. Is not this sad?—Madame Deluzy.

Ignorant people are to be caught by the ears as one catches a pot by the handle.—From the French.

Men are most apt to believe what they least understand; and through the lust of human wit obscure things are more easily credited.—Pliny.

Women are sometimes drawn in to believe against probability by the unwillingness they have to doubt their own merit.—Richardson.

O credulity, thou hast as many ears as fame has tongues, open to every sound of truth as of falsehood.—Havard.

Let us believe neither half of the good people tell us of ourselves, nor half the evil they say of others.—J. Petit-Senn.

The incredulous are the most credulous. They believe the miracles of Vespasian that they may not believe those of Moses.—Pascal.

The more gross the fraud, the more glibly will it go down, and the more greedily will it be swallowed, since folly will always find faith wherever impostors will find impudence.—Bovee.

To be deceived by our enemies and betrayed by our friends is not to be borne; yet are we often content to be served so by ourselves. — Rochefoucauld.

The greatest and saddest defect is not credulity, but an habitual forgetfulness that our science is ignorance. —Thoreau.

The general goodness which is nourished in noble hearts makes every one think that strength of virtue to be in another whereof they find assured foundation in themselves.—Sir P. Sidney.

Superstition is certainly not the characteristic of this age. Yet some men are bigoted in politics who are infidels in religion. Ridiculous credulity!—Junius.

It is a curious paradox that precisely in proportion to our own intellectual weakness will be our credulity as to those mysterious powers assumed by others.—Colton.

Credulity is the common failing of inexperienced virtue, and he who is spontaneously suspicious may be justly charged with radical corruption.—Johnson.

What believer sees a disturbing omission or infelicity? The text, whether of prophet or of poet, expands for whatever we can put into it; and even his bad grammar is sublime.—George Eliot.

A man must have a good deal of vanity who believes, and a good deal of boldness who affirms, that all the doctrines he holds are true, and all he rejects are false.—Franklin.

In all places, and in all times, those religionists who have believed too much have been more inclined to violence and persecution than those who have believed too little.—Colton.

What the light of your mind, which is the direct inspiration of the Al-

mighty, pronounces incredible, that, in God's name, leave uncredited. At your peril do not try believing that!—Carlyle.

We all know that a lie needs no other grounds than the invention of the liar; and to take for granted as truth all that is alleged against the fame of others is a species of credulity that men would blush at on any other subject.—Jane Porter.

O credulity,
Security's blind nurse, the dream of fools,
The drunkard's ape, that feeling for his way
Ev'n when he thinks, in his deluded sense
To snatch at safety, falls without defence.
—Mason.

Blessed credulity, thou great great god of error,
Thou art the strong foundation of huge wrongs,
To thee give I my vows and sacrifice;
By thee, great deity, he doth believe
Falsehoods, that falsehood's self could not invent;
And from that misbelief doth draw a course
T' o'erwhelm e'en virtue, truth and sanctity.
Let him go on, blest stars, 'tis meet he fall,
Whose blindfold judgment hath no guide at all.
—Machen.

It is a curious paradox that precisely in proportion to our own intellectual weakness will be our credulity, to those mysterious powers assumed by others; and in those regions of darkness and ignorance where man cannot effect even those things that are within the power of man, there we shall ever find that a blind belief in feats that are far beyond those powers has taken the deepest root in the minds of the deceived, and produced the richest harvest to the knavery of the deceiver.—Colton.

Fear, if it be not immoderate, puts a guard about us that does watch and defend us; but credulity keeps us naked, and lays us open to all the sly assaults of ill-intending men: it was a virtue when man was in his innocence; but since his fall, it abuses those that own it.—Feltham.

Creed

Life is one, religion one, creeds are many and diverse.—A. Bronson Alcott.

He that will believe only what he can fully comprehend must have a very long head or a very short creed.—Colton.

Call your opinions your creed, and you will change it every week. Make your creed simply and broadly out of the revelation of God, and you may keep it to the end.—Phillips Brooks.

Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my side
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?
Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
If he kneel not before the same altar with me?
—Moore.

In politics, as in religion, it so happens that we have less charity for those who believe the half of our creed than for those who deny the whole of it, since if Servetus had been a Mahomedan he would not have been burnt by Calvin.—Colton.

And so the Word had breath, and wrought
With human hands the creed of creeds
In loveliness of perfect deeds,
More strong than all poetic thought.
—Tennyson.

Crime

One crime is everything; two nothing. —Madame Deluzy.

Responsibility prevents crimes.—Burke.

Crimes generally punish themselves.—Oliver Goldsmith.

For all guilt is avenged on earth.—Goethe.

Fear follows crime, and is its punishment.—Voltaire.

Every crime destroys more Edens than our own.—Hawthorne.

Those who are themselves incapable of great crimes are ever backward to suspect others.—Rochefoucauld.

Purposelessness is the fruitful mother of crime.—Charles H. Parkhurst.

No crime has been without a precedent.—Seneca.

Well does Heaven have care that no man secures happiness by crime.—Alfieri.

Most people fancy themselves innocent of those crimes of which they cannot be convicted.—Seneca.

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes ill deeds done. —Shakespeare.

He who does not prevent a crime when he can, encourages it.—Seneca.

One crime is concealed by the commission of another.—Seneca.

Society prepares the crime; the criminal commits it.—Buckle.

Crime succeeds by sudden despatch; honest counsels gain vigor by delay.—Tacitus.

For he that but conceives a crime in thought,
Contracts the danger of an actual fault.
—Creech.

If poverty is the mother of crimes, want of sense is the father.—La Bruyère.

He who overlooks one crime invites the commission of another.—Syrus.

Whoever commits a crime strengthens his enemy.—Daniel O'Connell.

Crimes sometimes shock us too much; vices almost always too little. —Hare.

Those magistrates who can prevent crime, and do not, in effect encourage it.—Cato.

Most crimes are sanctioned in some form or other when they take grand names.—Ouida.

A man who has no excuse for crime is indeed defenseless!—Bulwer-Lytton.

Every crime will bring remorse to the man who committed it.—Juvenal.

For whoever meditates a crime is guilty of the deed.—Juvenal.

To be at peace in crime! ah, who can thus flatter himself?—Voltaire.

You are not to do evil that good may come of it.—Law Maxim.

Many commit the same crimes with a very different result. One bears a cross for his crime; another a crown. —Juvenal.

Crimes lead one into another; they who are capable of being forgers are capable of being incendiaries.—Burke.

No matter how you seem to fatten on a crime, that can never be good for the bee which is bad for the hive.—Emerson.

There are crimes which become innocent and even glorious through their splendor, number and excess.—Rochefoucauld.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream.
—Shakespeare.

But many a crime deemed innocent on earth
Is registered in heaven; and these no doubt
Have each their record, with a curse annex'd. —Cowper.

Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes. —Shakespeare.

The perfection of a thing consists in its essence; there are perfect criminals, as there are men of perfect probity.—La Roche.

Man's crimes are his worst enemies, following,
Like shadows, till they drive his steps into
The pit he dug. —Creon.

Where have you ever found that man who stopped short after the perpetration of a single crime?—Juvenal

For the credit of virtue we must admit that the greatest misfortunes of men are those into which they fall through their crimes.—La Rochefoucauld.

It is supposable that, in the eyes of angels, a struggle down a dark lane and a battle of Leipsic differ in nothing but excess of wickedness.—Willmott.

We want a state of things in which crime will not pay, a state of things which allows every man the largest liberty compatible with the liberty of every other man.—Emerson.

'Tis no sin love's fruits to steal;
But the sweet thefts to reveal;
To be taken, to be seen,
These have crimes accounted been.
—Ben Jonson.

Every crime
Has, in the moment of its perpetration,
Its own avenging angel—dark misgiving,
An ominous sinking at the inmost heart.
—Coleridge.

The contagion of crime is like that of the plague. Criminals collected together corrupt each other; they are worse than ever when at the termination of their punishment they re-enter society.—Napoleon.

There is no den in the wide world to hide a rogue. Commit a crime, and the earth is made of glass. Commit a crime, and it seems as if a coat of snow fell on the ground, such as reveals in the woods the track of every partridge and fox, and squirrel and mole.—Emerson.

We are easily shocked by crimes which appear at once in their full magnitude; but the gradual growth of our wickedness, endeared by interest and palliated by all the artifices of self-deceit, gives us time to form distinctions in our favor.—Dr. Johnson.

Small crimes always precede great crimes. Whoever has been able to transgress the limits set by law may afterwards violate the most sacred rights; crime, like virtue, has its degrees, and never have we seen timid innocence pass suddenly to extreme licentiousness.—Racine.

Of all the adult male criminals in London, not two in a hundred have entered upon a course of crime who have lived an honest life up to the age of twenty; almost all who enter upon a course of crime do so between the ages of eight and sixteen.—Earl of Shaftesbury.

If little faults, proceeding on distemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,
Appear before us? —Shakespeare.

Oh how will crime engender crime! throw guilt
Upon the soul, and like a stone cast on
The troubled waters of a lake,
'Twill form in circles round succeeding round,
Each wider than the first.
—Colman the Younger.

Crisis

Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward to what they were before.—Shakespeare.

In great straits, and when hope is small, the boldest counsels are the safest.—Livy.

There is always a moment in the pyramid of our lives when the apex is reached.—Ninon de Lenclos.

There is a moment of difficulty and danger at which flattery and falsehood can no longer deceive, and simplicity itself can no longer be misled.—Junius.

The nearer any disease approaches to a crisis, the nearer it is to a cure. Danger and deliverance make their advances together; and it is only in the last push that one or the other takes the lead.—Thomas Paine.

Critic — Criticism

Criticism is our weak point.—Goethe.

Criticism is not construction, it is observation.—George William Curtis

Criticism is easy, and art is difficult. —P. N. Destouches.

For I am nothing if not critical.—Shakespeare.

I criticise by creation, not by finding fault.—Michael Angelo.

Cavil you may, but never criticise. —Pope.

Sir, there is no end of negative criticism.—Johnson.

He wreathed the rod of criticism with roses.—Disraeli.

Ten censures wrong for one who writes amiss.—Pope.

It is much easier to be critical than to be correct.—Beaconsfield.

Hold their farthing candle to the sun.—Young.

A wise scepticism is the first attribute of a good critic.—Lowell.

Good by reason of its exceeding badness.—Macaulay.

You know who the critics are? The men who have failed in literature and art.—Disraeli.

Spite of all the criticising elves, those who make us feel must feel themselves.—Churchill.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be. —Pope.

In truth it may be laid down as an almost universal rule that good poets are bad critics.—Macaulay.

The most noble criticism is that in which the critic is not the antagonist so much as the rival of the author.—Isaac Disraeli.

The eyes of critics, whether in commending or carping, are both on one side, like a turbot's.—Landor.

It is a maxim with me that no man was ever written out of reputation but by himself.—Bentley.

But you with pleasure own your errors past,
And make each day a critic on the last.
—Pope.

Of all the cants in this canting world, deliver me from the cant of criticism.—Sterne.

Let those teach others who themselves excel; and censure freely, who have written well.—Pope.

It is easy to criticise an author, but it is difficult to appreciate him.—Vauvenargues.

Criticism often takes from the tree caterpillars and blossoms together.—Richter.

Those readiest to criticise are often least able to appreciate.—Joubert.

The strength of criticism lies only in the weakness of the thing criticised.—Longfellow.

Those who do not read criticism will rarely merit to be criticised.—Isaac Disraeli.

It is the heart that makes the critic, not the nose.—Max Müller.

The man who becomes a critic by trade ceases, in reality, to be one at all.—Tuckerman.

I had rather be hissed for a good verse than applauded for a bad one.—Victor Hugo.

The press, the pulpit, and the stage,
Conspire to censure and expose our age.
—Wentworth Dillon.

Blame where you must, be candid where you can,
And be each critic the good-natured man.
—Goldsmith

Sympathy is the first condition of criticism; reason and justice presuppose, at their origin, emotion.—Amiel

A critic must accept what is best in a poet, and thus become his best encourager.—Stedman.

A critic should be a pair of snuffers. He is oftener an extinguisher, and not seldom a thief.—J. C. and A. W. Hare.

An over-readiness to criticise or to depreciate a minister of Christ is proof of a lack of devotion to Christ.—H. Clay Trumbull.

The pleasure of criticism takes from us that of being deeply moved by very beautiful things.—Bruyère.

The generous Critic fann'd the Poet's fire,
And taught the world with reason to admire.
—Pope.

To what base ends, and by what abject ways,
Are mortals urg'd through sacred lust of praise!
Ah, ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,
Nor in the critic let the man be lost.
—Pope.

Criticism is a study by which men grow important and formidable at very small expense.—Dr. Johnson.

Comparative criticism teaches us that moral and æsthetic defects are more nearly related than is commonly supposed.—Lowell.

The purity of the critical ermine, like that of the judicial, is often soiled by contact with politics.—Whipple.

The rule in carving holds good as to criticism: never cut with a knife what you can cut with a spoon.—Charles Buxton.

He whose first emotion, on the view of an excellent production, is to undervalue it, will never have one of his own to show.—Aiken.

Who shall dispute what the reviewers say?
Their word's sufficient; and to ask a reason,
In such a state as theirs, is downright treason.
—Churchill.

A poet that fails in writing becomes often a morose critic. The weak and insipid white wine makes at length excellent vinegar.—Shenstone.

The severest critics are always those who have either never attempted, or who have failed in original composition.—Hazlitt.

How many people would like to get up in a social prayer-meeting to say a few words for Christ, but there is such a cold spirit of criticism in the church that they dare not do it.

Get your enemies to read your works in order to mend them, for your friend is so much your second self that he will judge too like you.—Pope.

There is scarcely a good critic of books born in our age, and yet every fool thinks himself justified in criticising persons.—Bulwer-Lytton.

If a faultless poem could be produced, I am satisfied it would tire the critics themselves, and annoy the whole reading world with the spleen.—Walter Scott.

It behooves the minor critic who hunts for blemishes to be a little distrustful of his own sagacity.—Junius.

Criticism, as it was first introduced by Aristotle, was meant as a standard of judging well.—Johnson.

Criticism even should not be without its charms. When quite devoid of all amenities, it is no longer literary.—Joubert.

Critics are sentinels in the grand army of letters, stationed at the corners of newspapers and reviews, to challenge every new author.—Longfellow.

Not all on books their criticism waste; the genius of a dish some justly taste, and eat their way to fame.—Young.

Though by whim, envy, or resentment led,
They damn those authors whom they never read.
—Churchill.

The floods of nonsense printed in the form of critical opinions seem to me a chief curse of the times, a chief obstacle to true culture.—George Eliot.

Reviewers are forever telling authors they can't understand them. The author might often reply: Is that my fault?—J. C. and A. W. Hare.

It may be observed of good writing, as of good blood, that it is much easier to say what it is composed of than to compose it.—Colton.

Criticism is as often a trade as a science; it requiring more health than wit, more labor than capacity, more practice than genius.—Bruyère.

It is ridiculous for any man to criticise on the works of another who has not distinguished himself by his own performances.—Addison.

What a blessed thing it is that nature, when she invented, manufactured and patented her authors, contrived to make critics out of the chips that were left!—Holmes.

Why will you be always sallying out to break lances with other people's wind-mills, when your own is not capable of grinding corn for the horse you ride?—J. G. Holland.

Criticism is above all a gift, an intuition, a matter of tact and *flair;* it cannot be taught or demonstrated—it is an art.—Amiel.

When I read rules of criticism I inquire immediately after the works of the author who has written them, and by that means discover what it is he likes in a composition.—Addison.

All truth is valuable, and satirical criticism may be considered as useful when it rectifies error and improves judgment. He that refines the public taste is a public benefactor.—Johnson.

Grant me patience, just Heaven! Of all the cants which are canted in this canting world—though the cant of hypocrites may be the worst—the cant of criticism is the most tormenting.—Laurence Sterne.

Properly speaking, we learn from those books only that we cannot judge. The author of a book that I am competent to criticise would have to learn from me.—Goethe.

Of his shallow species there is not a more unfortunate, empty and conceited animal than that which is generally known by the name of a critic.—Addison.

A servile race
Who, in mere want of fault, all merit place;
Who blind obedience pay to ancient schools,
Bigots to Greece, and slaves to musty rules.
—Churchill.

In the world's affairs there is no design so great or good but it will take twenty wise men to help it forward a few inches; and a single fool can stop it.—Ruskin.

We rarely meet with persons that have true judgment; which, to many, renders literature a very tiresome knowledge. Good judges are as rare as good authors.—St. Evremond.

Is it in destroying and pulling down that skill is displayed? The shallowest understanding, the rudest hand, is more than equal to that task.—Burke.

Critics must excuse me if I compare them to certain animals called asses, who, by gnawing vines, originally taught the great advantage of pruning them.—Shenstone.

Neither praise nor blame is the object of true criticism. Justly to discriminate, firmly to establish, wisely to prescribe and honestly to award—these are the true aims and duties of criticism.—Simms.

Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer:
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike.
—Pope.

To be a mere verbal critic is what no man of genius would be if he could; but to be a critic of true taste and feeling is what no man without genius could be if he would.—Colton.

He who would reproach an author for obscurity should look into his own mind to see whether it is quite clear there. In the dusk the plainest writing is illegible.—Goethe.

The opinion of the great body of the reading public is very materially influenced even by the unsupported assertions of those who assume a right to criticise.—Macaulay.

If men of wit and genius would resolve never to complain in their works of critics and detractors, the next age would not know that they ever had any.—Swift.

Thou shalt not write, in short, but what I choose.
This is true criticism, and you may kiss,
Exactly as you please, or not, the rod.
—Byron.

Criticism is not religion, and by no process can it be substituted for it. It is not the critic's eye, but the child's heart that most truly discerns the countenance that looks out from the pages of the gospel.—J. C. Shairp.

It is quite cruel that a poet cannot wander through his regions of enchantment without having a critic forever, like the Old Man of the Sea, upon his back.—Moore.

Those fierce inquisitors of wit, the critics, spare no flesh that ever writ; but just as tooth-drawers find among the rout their own teeth work in pulling others out.—Samuel Butler.

Critics on verse, as squibs on triumphs wait,
Proclaim their glory, and augment the state;
Hot, envious, noisy, proud, the scribbling fry
Burn, hiss, and bounce, waste paper, ink, and die.
—Young.

He was in Logic a great critic,
Profoundly skilled in Analytic;
He could distinguish, and divide
A hair 'twixt south and southwest side.
—Butler.

The critic's first labor is the task of distinguishing between men, as history and their works display them, and the ideals which one and another have conspired to urge upon his acceptance. —Stedman.

Critics to plays for the same end resort
That surgeons wait on trials in a court;
For innocence condemn'd they've no respect,
Provided they've a body to dissect.
—Congreve.

It is advantageous to an author that his book should be attacked as well as praised. Fame is a shuttlecock. If it be struck only at one end of the room it will soon fall to the ground. To keep it up it must be struck at both ends.—Johnson.

The great contention of criticism is to find the faults of the moderns and the beauties of the ancients. While an author is yet living we estimate his powers by his worst performance, and when he is dead we rate them by his best.—Johnson.

Men of great talents, whether poets or historians, seldom escape the attacks of those who, without ever favoring the world with any production of their own, take delight in criticising the works of others.—Cervantes.

A critic is never too severe when he only detects the faults of an author. But he is worse than too severe when, in consequence of this detection, he presumes to place himself on a level with genius.—Landor.

A true critic ought rather to dwell upon excellences than imperfections, to discern the concealed beauties of a writer, and communicate to the world such things as are worth their observation.—Addison.

I never knew a critic who made it his business to lash the faults of other writers that was not guilty of greater himself—as the hangman is generally a worse malefactor than the criminal that suffers by his hand.—Addison.

Men have commonly more pleasure in the criticism which hurts than in that which is innocuous, and are more

tolerant of the severity which breaks hearts and ruins fortunes than of that which falls impotently on the grave.—Ruskin.

Censure and criticism never hurt anybody. If false, they can't hurt you unless you are wanting in manly character; and if true, they show a man his weak points, and forewarn him against failure and trouble.—Gladstone.

Modern criticism discloses that which it would fain conceal, but conceals that which it professes to disclose; it is therefore read by the discerning, not to discover the merits of an author, but the motives of his critic. —Colton.

There is a certain race of men that either imagine it their duty, or make it their amusement, to hinder the reception of every work of learning or genius, who stand as sentinels in the avenues of fame, and value themselves upon giving ignorance and envy the first notice of a prey.—Johnson.

Of all mortals a critic is the silliest; for, inuring himself to examine all things whether they are of consequence or not, never looks upon anything but with a design of passing sentence upon it; by which means he is never a companion, but always a censor.—Steele.

The exercise of criticism always destroys for a time our sensibility to beauty by leading us to regard the work in relation to certain laws of construction. The eye turns from the charms of nature to fix itself upon the servile dexterity of art.—Alison.

Doubtless criticism was originally benignant, pointing out the beauties of a work rather than its defects. The passions of men have made it malignant, as the bad heart of Procrustes turned the bed, the symbol of repose, into an instrument of torture.—Longfellow.

There is a certain meddlesome spirit which, in the garb of learned research, goes prying about the traces of history, casting down its monuments, and marring and mutilating its fairest trophies. Care should be taken to vindicate great names from such pernicious erudition.—Washington Irving.

As soon
Seek roses in December—ice in June,
Hope, constancy in wind, or corn in chaff;
Believe a woman or an epitaph,
Or any other thing that's false, before
You trust in critics. —Byron.

The critic is a literary educator, a professor of literature with a class which embraces the entire reading community. He is to instruct, if he can; he is to judge fairly and to "give his own to each;" but his main business is to stimulate the minds of people, to conduct a live conversation with the public concerning the books they are reading.—E. S. Nadal.

Reviewers are usually people who would have been poets, historians, biographers, etc., if they could; they have tried their talents at one or the other, and have failed; therefore they turn critics.—Coleridge.

The most exquisite words and finest strokes of an author are those which very often appear the most doubtful and exceptionable to a man who wants a relish for polite learning; and they are those which a sour undistinguishing critic generally attacks with the greatest violence.—Addison.

Critics are a kind of freebooters in the republic of letters—who, like deer, goats and divers other graminivorous animals, gain subsistence by gorging upon buds and leaves of the young shrubs of the forest, thereby robbing them of their verdure, and retarding their progress to maturity.—Washington Irving.

A true critic, in the perusal of a book, is like a dog at a feast, whose thoughts and stomach are wholly set upon what the guests fling away, and consequently is apt to snarl most when there are the fewest bones.—Swift.

Professional critics are incapable of distinguishing and appreciating either diamonds in the rough state or gold in bars. They are traders, and in literature know only the coins that are current. Their criticism has scales and weights, but neither crucible nor touchstone.—Joubert.

There are some books and characters so pleasant, or rather which contain so much that is pleasant, that criticism is perplexed or silent. The hounds are perpetually at fault among the sweet-scented herbs and flowers that grow at the base of Etna.—J. F. Boyes.

Nature fits all her children with something to do,
He who would write and can't write, can surely review;
Can set up a small booth as critic and sell us his
Petty conceit and his pettier jealousies.
—Lowell.

It is not enough for a reader to be unprejudiced. He should remember that a book is to be studied, as a picture is hung. Not only must a bad light be avoided, but a good one obtained. This taste supplies. It puts a history, a tale, or a poem in a just point of view, and there examines the execution.—Willmott.

The critic, as he is currently termed, who is discerning in nothing but faults, may care little to be told that this is the mark of unamiable dispositions or of bad passions; but he might not feel equally easy were he convinced that he thus gives the most absolute proofs of ignorance and want of taste.—Macculloch.

Critics are a kind of wild flies, that breed
In wild fig trees, and when they're grown up feed
Upon the raw fruit of the nobler kind,
And by their nibbling on the outer rind,
Open the pores, and make way for the sun
To ripen it sooner than he would have done.
—Butler.

Criticism is like champagne, nothing more execrable if bad, nothing more excellent if good; if meagre, muddy, vapid and sour, both are fit only to engender colic and wind; but if rich, generous and sparkling, they communicate a genial glow to the spirits, improve the taste, and expand the heart.—Colton.

Some critics are like chimney-sweepers; they put out the fire below, and frighten the swallows from their nests above; they scrape a long time in the chimney, cover themselves with soot, and bring nothing away but a bag of cinders, and then sing from the top of the house as if they had built it. —Longfellow.

It is necessary a writing critic should understand how to write. And though every writer is not bound to show himself in the capacity of critic, every writing critic is bound to show himself capable of being a writer; for if he be apparently impotent in this latter kind, he is to be denied all title or character in the other.—Shaftesbury.

The fangs of a bear, and the tusks of a wild boar, do not bite worse and make deeper gashes than a goose-quill sometimes; no, not even the badger himself, who is said to be so tenacious of his bite that he will not give over his hold till he feels his teeth meet and the bones crack.—Howell.

'Tis not the wholesome sharp morality,
Or modest anger of a satiric spirit,
That hurts or wounds the body of a state,
But the sinister application
Of the malicious, ignorant, and base
Interpreter; who will distort and strain
The general scope and purpose of an author
To his particular and private spleen.
—Ben Jonson.

Malherbe, on hearing a prose work of great merit much extolled, dryly asked if it would reduce the price of bread. Neither was his appreciation of poetry much higher, when he observed that a good poet was of no more use to the church or the state than a good player at ninepins.—Colton.

Criticism must never be sharpened into anatomy. The delicate veins of

fancy may be traced, and the rich blood that gives bloom and health to the complexion of thought be resolved into its elements. Stop there. The life of the imagination, as of the body, disappears when we pursue it.—Willmott.

We should be wary what persecution we raise against the living labors of public men, how we spill that seasoned life of man, preserved and stored up in books, since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a martyrdom; and if it extend to the whole impression, a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at the ethereal and fifth essence, the breath of reason itself; slays an immortality rather than a life.—Milton.

How good it would be if we could learn to be rigorous in judgment of ourselves, and gentle in our judgment of our neighbors! In remedying defects, kindness works best with others, sternness with ourselves. It is easy to make allowances for our faults, but dangerous; hard to make allowances for others' faults, but wise. "If thy hand offend thee, cut it off," is a word for our sins; for the sins of others, "Father, forgive them."—Maltie Babcock.

A man must serve his time to ev'ry trade,
Save censure; critics all are ready made:
Take hackney'd jokes from Miller, got by rote,
With just enough of learning to misquote;
A mind well skill'd to find or forge a fault,
A turn for punning—call it Attic salt—
Fear not to lie—'twill seem a lucky hit;
Shrink not from blasphemy—'twill pass for wit;
Care not for feeling, pass your proper jest—
And stand a critic, hated, yet caress'd.
—Byron.

One interesting feature of criticism is seen in the ease with which it discovers what Addison called the specific quality of an author. In Livy, it will be the manner of telling the story; in Sallust, personal identification with the character; in Tacitus, the analysis of the deed into its motive. If the same test be applied to painters, it will find the prominent faculty of Correggio to be manifested in harmony of effect; of Poussin, in the sentiment of his landscapes; and of Raffaelle, in the general comprehension of his subject. —Willmott.

The malignant deity Criticism dwelt on the top of a snowy mountain in Nova Zembla; Momus found her extended in her den upon the spoils of numberless volumes half devoured. At her right sat Ignorance, her father and husband, blind with age; at her left Pride, her mother, dressing her up in the scraps of paper herself had torn. There was Opinion, her sister, light of foot, hoodwinked and headstrong, yet giddy and perpetually turning. About her played her children, Noise and Impudence, Dullness and Vanity, Positiveness, Pedantry and Ill Manners.—Swift.

A critic was of old a glorious name,
Whose sanction handed merit up to fame;
Beauties as well as faults he brought to view,
His judgment great, and great his candor too.
No servile rules drew sickly taste aside;
Secure he walked, for nature was his guide.
But now, O strange reverse! our critics bawl
In praise of candor with a heart of gall,
Conscious of guilt, and fearful of the light;
They lurk enshrouded in the veil of night;
Safe from destruction, seize th' unwary prey,
And stab like bravoes, all who come that way.
—Churchill.

In the whole range of literature nothing is more entertaining, and, I might add, more instructive, than sound, legitimate criticism, the disinterested convictions of a man of sensibility, who enters rather into the spirit, than the letter of his author, who can follow him to the height of his compass, and while he sympathizes with every brilliant power and genuine passion of the poet, is not so far carried out of himself as to indulge his admiration at the expense of his judgment, but who can afford us the double pleasure of being first pleased with his author, and secondly

with himself, for having given us such just and incontrovertible reason for our approbation.—Colton.

Crocus

Hail to the King of Bethlehem,
Who weareth in His diadem
The yellow crocus for the gem
Of His authority! —Longfellow.

Welcome, wild harbinger of spring!
To this small nook of earth;
Feeling and fancy fondly cling
Round thoughts which owe their birth
To thee, and to the humble spot
Where chance has fixed thy lowly lot.
—Bernard Barton.

Cross

Welcome, welcome, cross of Christ, if Christ be with it.—Rutherford.

How soon would faith freeze without a cross!—Rutherford.

Weak Christians are afraid of the shadow of the cross.—Thomas Brooks.

There is an immeasurable distance between submission to the cross and acceptance of it.—Charlotte Elizabeth Tonna.

Losses and crosses are heavy to bear; but when our hearts are right with God, it is wonderful how easy the yoke becomes.—C. H. Spurgeon.

If Jesus bore the cross, and died on it for me, ought I not to be willing to take it up for Him?—D. L. Moody.

The cross is not only imposed upon the saints as their burden, but bequeathed unto them as their legacy. It is given unto them as an honor and privilege.—Richard Alleine.

He who tears down the cross, what is there left to lift him to heaven? The church claiming to be a Christian church is false to the title, if she make the cross of Christ of none effect.—Herrick Johnson.

O, cross of my bleeding Lord, may I meditate on thee more, may I feel thee more, may I resolve to know nothing but thee.—Richard Fuller.

All you have really to do is to keep your back as straight as you can; and not think about what is upon it. The real and essential meaning of "virtue" is that straightness of back.—John Ruskin.

Dear Lord, forgive my sinful, foolish fears
And give me daily, strengthening grace, I pray,
And one thing more I ask with humble tears,
Take not my cross away.
—Susan O. Curtis.

We must bear our crosses; self is the greatest of them all. If we die in part every day of our lives, we shall have but little to do on the last. O how utterly will these little daily deaths destroy the power of the final dying!—Fénelon.

And now my cross is all supported—
Part on my Lord, and part on me;
But as He is so much the stronger,
He seems to bear it—I go free.
—Anna Warner.

In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.
—John Bowring.

When our will runs parallel with the will of God, no cross is formed; but when our will runs counter to God's will, a cross is formed which is heavy to be borne.—Aughey.

There is no man that goeth to heaven but he must go by the cross. The cross is the standing way-mark which all they that go to glory must pass by.—Aughey.

The cross is the center of the world's history; the incarnation of Christ and the crucifixion of our Lord are the pivot round which all the events of the ages revolve. The testimony of Christ was the spirit of prophecy, and the growing power of Jesus is the spirit of history.—Alexander Maclaren.

And how high is Christ's cross? As high as the highest heaven, and the throne of God, and the bosom of the Father—that bosom out of which for-

ever proceed all created things. Ay, as high as the highest heaven! for—if you will receive it—when Christ hung upon the cross, heaven came down on earth, and earth ascended into heaven. —Charles Kingsley.

Nothing like one honest look, one honest thought of Christ upon His cross. That tells us how much He has been through, how much He endured, how much He conquered, how much God loved us, who spared not His only begotten Son, but freely gave Him for us. Dare we doubt such a God? Dare we murmur against such a God?—Charles Kingsley.

A cross borne in simplicity, without the interference of self-love to augment it, is only half a cross. Suffering in this simplicity of love, we are not only happy in spite of the cross, but because of it; for love is pleased in suffering for the Well Beloved, and the cross which forms us into His image is a consoling bond of love.—Fénelon.

To deny one's self, to take up the cross, denotes something immeasurably grander than self-imposed penance or rigid conformity to a divine statute. It is the surrender of self to an ennobling work, an absolute subordination of personal advantages and of personal pleasures for the sake of truth and the welfare of others, and a willing acceptance of every disability which their interests may entail.—George C. Lorimer.

There under the cross is the sinner's sanctuary—there, my friend, is the place for you and me. The first smiling look we shall get from God will be when looking unto Jesus; and the first time that we shall experience the alacrity of a lightened conscience, the relief and elasticity of the great life-burden lifted off, will be when we have laid our sins on the Lamb of God.—James Hamilton.

Christianity without the cross is nothing. The cross was the fitting close of a life of rejection, scorn and defeat. But in no true sense have these things ceased or changed. Jesus is still He whom man despiseth, and the rejected of men. The world has never admired Jesus, for moral courage is yet needed in every one of its high places by him who would "confess" Christ. The "offense" of the cross, therefore, has led men in all ages to endeavor to be rid of it, and to deny that it is the power of God in the world.—William H. Thomson.

God makes crosses of great variety; He makes some of iron and lead, that look as if they must crush; some of straw, that seem so light, and yet are no less difficult to carry; some He makes of precious stones and gold, that dazzle the eye and excite the envy of spectators, but in reality are as well able to crucify as those which are so much dreaded.—Aughey.

Thou, Everlasting Strength, hast set Thyself forth to bear our burdens. May we bear Thy cross, and bearing that, find there is nothing else to bear; and touching that cross, find that instead of taking away our strength, it adds thereto. Give us faith for darkness, for trouble, for sorrow, for bereavement, for disappointment; give us a faith that will abide though the earth itself should pass away—a faith for living, a faith for dying.—H. W. Beecher.

To do Thy holy will;
To bear Thy cross;
To trust Thy mercy still,
In pain or loss;
Poor gifts are these to bring,
Dear Lord, to Thee,
Who hast done everything
For me!
—George Cooper.

Nothing but the cross of Christ can so startle the spiritual nature from its torpor, as to make it an effectual counterpoise to the debasing and sensual tendencies of the race. Favored by temperament and education, individuals may measurably escape; but if the race is to triumph in the conflict between the flesh and the spirit, between the lower propensities and the higher nature, they must, as Constantine is said to have done, see

the cross, and on it the motto, "*In hoc signo vinces.*" By this sign we conquer.—Mark Hopkins.

At the foot of the cross, in all humility and in all adoration, we have learned at once the depth and the height of human nature; we have learned to think all wisdom but foolishness for the knowledge of Christ; all purity but sin, unwashed by His atonement; all hope in earth, of all hopes the most miserable, but in the faith of His most blessed resurrection: content to bear the struggles of life, at His command; and submitting to the grave, with a consciousness that it can sting no more.—George Croly.

Crow

To shoot at crows is powder flung away.—Gay.

Even the blackest of them all, the crow,
Renders good service as your man-at-arms,
Crushing the beetle in his coat of mail,
And crying havoc on the slug and snail.
—Longfellow.

If the old shower-foretelling crow
Croak not her boding note in vain,
To-morrow's eastern storm shall strow
The woods with leaves, with weeds the main. —Francis Horace.

Crown

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.—Shakespeare.

Within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps death his court; and there the antick sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp.
—Shakespeare.

A crown
Golden in show, is but a wreath of thorns;
Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights
To him who wears the regal diadem,
When on his shoulders each man's burden lies;
For therein stands the office of a king,
His honor, virtue, merit, and chief praise,
That for the public all this weight he bears.
—Milton.

Cruelty

Detested sport, that owes its pleasures to another's pain.—Cowper.

Cruelty and fear shake hands together.—Balzac.

All just laws condemn cruelty.—Calderon.

All cruelty springs from weakness.—Seneca.

I must be cruel, only to be kind.—Shakespeare.

A good thing can't be cruel.—Dickens.

Much more may a judge overweigh himself in cruelty than in clemency.—Sir P. Sidney.

An infallible characteristic of meanness is cruelty.—Dr. Johnson.

It is cruelty to be humane to rebels, and humanity is cruelty.—Attributed to Charles IX.

Cruelty is the highest pleasure to the cruel man; it is his love.—Landor.

The cruelty of the effeminate is more dreadful than that of the hardy.—Lavater.

———those whose cruelty makes many mourn
Do by the fires, which they first kindle, burn. —Earl of Stirling.

A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch,
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy. —Shakespeare.

The man who prates about the cruelty of angling will be found invariably to beat his wife.—Christopher North.

Let me be cruel, not unnatural; I will speak daggers to her; but use none; my tongue and soul in this be hypocrites.—Shakespeare.

Cruelty, like every other vice, requires no motive outside of itself; it only requires opportunity. — George Eliot.

Cruelty, if we consider it as a crime, is the greatest of all; if we consider it

as a madness, we are equally justifiable in applying to it the readiest and the surest means of oppression.—Landor.

O Saxon cruelty! how it cheers my heart to think that you dare not attempt such a thing again! — Daniel O'Connell.

We ought never to sport with pain and distress in any of our amusements, or treat even the meanest insect with wanton cruelty.—Blair.

Cruelty in all countries is the companion of anger; but there is only one, and never was another on the globe, where she coquets both with anger and mirth.—Landor.

I would not enter on my list of friends (though graced with polished manners and fine sense, yet wanting sensibility) the man who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—Cowper.

Cruelty is no more the cure of crimes than it is the cure of sufferings. Compassion, in the first instance, is good for both; I have known it to bring compunction when nothing else would.—Landor.

That cruelty which children are permitted to show to birds and other animals will most probably exert itself on their fellow creatures when at years of maturity.—Richardson.

Men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been; 'tis a cruelty
To load a falling man. —Shakespeare.

Nothing is so pregnant as cruelty; so multifarious, so rapid, so ever teeming a mother is unknown to the animal kingdom; each of her experiments provokes another and refines upon the last; though always progressive, yet always remote from the end.—Lavater.

When the cruel fall into the hands of the cruel, we read their fate with horror, not with pity. Sylla commanded the bones of Marius to be broken, his eyes to be pulled out, his hands to be cut off, and his body to be torn in pieces with pinchers; and Catiline was the executioner. "A piece of cruelty," says Seneca, "only fit for Marius to suffer, Catiline to execute, and Sylla to command."—Colton.

Cuckoo

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year!
—John Logan.

The merry cuckow, messenger of spring,
His trumpet shrill hath thrice already sounded. —Spenser.

Oh, could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the spring.
—John Logan.

O blithe newcomer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice;
O cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird,
Or but a wandering Voice?
—Wordsworth.

List—'twas the cuckoo—O with what delight
Heard I that voice! and catch it now, though faint,
Far off and faint, and melting into air,
Yet not to be mistaken. Hark again!
Those louder cries give notice that the bird,
Although invisible as Echo's self,
Is wheeling hitherward. —Wordsworth.

Culinary — Cooks

Cookery is become an art, a noble science; cooks are gentlemen.—Burton.

Heaven sends us good meat, but the devil sends us cooks.—David Garrick.

Cultivation — Culture

Meditation is culture.—Earl of Beaconsfield.

Men of culture are the true apostles of equality.—Matthew Arnold.

Reading makes a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man.—Bacon.

Partial culture runs to the ornate; extreme culture to simplicity.—Bovee

Cultivation to the mind is as necessary as food is to the body.—Cicero.

Many-sidedness of culture makes our vision clearer and keener in particulars.—Lowell.

Great culture is often betokened by great simplicity.—Mme. Deluzy.

Culture is like wealth; it makes us more ourselves, it enables us to express ourselves.—Hamerton.

The foundation of culture, as of character, is at last the moral sentiment.—Emerson.

Unless above himself he can erect himself, how poor a thing is man!—Daniel.

Greece appears to be the fountain of knowledge; Rome of elegance.—Dr. Johnson.

Culture is then properly described not as having its origin in curiosity, but as having its origin in the love of perfection; it is a study of perfection.—Matthew Arnold.

A man's nature runs either to herbs or weeds; therefore let him seasonably water the one and destroy the other.—Lady Gethin.

Man is born barbarous—he is ransomed from the condition of beasts only by being cultivated.—Lamartine.

It matters little whether a man be mathematically or philologically or artistically cultivated, so he be but cultivated.—Goethe.

That is true cultivation which gives us sympathy with every form of human life, and enables us to work most successfully for its advancement.—Henry Ward Beecher.

As the soil, however rich it may be, cannot be productive without culture, so the mind, without cultivation, can never produce good fruit.—Seneca.

I am very sure that any man of common understanding may, by culture, care, attention and labor, make himself whatever he pleases, except a great poet.—Chesterfield.

The highest purpose of intellectual cultivation is to give a man a perfect knowledge and mastery of his own inner self; to render our consciousness its own light and its own mirror.—Novalis.

A well-cultivated mind is, so to speak, made up of all the minds of preceding ages; it is only one single mind which has been educated during all this time.—Fontenelle.

Though men of delicate taste be rare, they are easily to be distinguished in society by the soundness of their understanding, and the superiority of their faculties above the rest of mankind.—Hume.

It is very rare to find ground which produces nothing; if it is not covered with flowers, with fruit trees and grains, it produces briers and pines. It is the same with man; if he is not virtuous, he becomes vicious.—Bruyère.

Culture, far from giving us freedom, only develops, as it advances, new necessities; the fetters of the physical close more tightly around us, so that the fear of loss quenches even the ardent impulse toward improvement, and the maxims of passive obedience are held to be the highest wisdom of life.—Schiller.

The great law of culture is, Let each become all that he was created capable of being; expand, if possible, to his full growth; resisting all impediments, casting off all foreign, especially all noxious adhesions, and show himself at length in his own shape and stature be these what they may.—Carlyle.

The only worthy end of all learning, of all science, of all life, in fact, is that human beings should love one another better. Culture merely for culture's

sake can never be anything but a sapless root, capable of producing at best a shriveled branch.—John Walter Cross.

High culture always isolates, always drives men out of their class, and makes it more difficult for them to share naturally and easily the common class-life around them. They seek the few companions who can understand them, and when these are not to be had within a traversable distance, they sit and work alone.—Hamerton.

Not that the moderns are born with more wit than their predecessors, but, finding the world better furnished at their coming into it, they have more leisure for new thoughts, more light to direct them, and more hints to work upon.—Jeremy Collier.

The prosperity of a country depends, not on the abundance of its revenues, nor on the strength of its fortifications, nor on the beauty of its public buildings; but it consists in the number of its cultivated citizens, in its men of education, enlightenment and character.—Luther.

Whatever expands the affections, or enlarges the sphere of our sympathies —whatever makes us feel our relation to the universe, and all that it inherits, in time and in eternity, to the great and beneficent Cause of all, must unquestionably refine our nature, and elevate us in the scale of being.—Channing.

There is no reason why the brown hand of labor should not hold Thomson as well as the sickle. Ornamental reading shelters and even strengthens the growth of what is merely useful. A cornfield never returns a poorer crop because a few wild-flowers bloom in the hedge. The refinement of the poor is the triumph of Christian civilization.—Willmott.

Where no interest is taken in science, literature and liberal pursuits, mere facts and insignificant criticisms necessarily become the themes of discourse; and minds, strangers alike to activity and meditation, become so limited as to render all intercourse with them at once tasteless and oppressive.—Mme. de Staël.

What sort of tree is there which will not, if neglected, grow crooked and unfruitful; what but will, if rightly ordered, prove productive and bring its fruit to maturity? What strength of body is there which will not lose its vigor and fall to decay by laziness, nice usage, and debauchery?—Plutarch.

The earth flourishes, or is overrun with noxious weeds and brambles, as we apply or withhold the cultivating hand. So fares it with the intellectual system of man. If you are a parent, then, consider that the good or ill dispositions and principles you please to cultivate in the mind of your infant may hereafter preserve a nation in prosperity, or hang its fate on the point of the sword.—Horace Mann.

There are few delights in any life so high and rare as the subtle and strong delight of sovereign art and poetry; there are none more pure and more sublime. To have read the greatest works of any great poet, to have beheld or heard the greatest works of any great painter or musician, is a possession added to the best things of life.—Swinburne.

Culture looks beyond machinery, culture hates hatred; culture has one great passion—the passion for sweetness and light. It has one even yet greater, the passion for making them all prevail. It is not satisfied till we all come to a perfect man; it knows that the sweetness and light of the few must be imperfect until the raw and unkindly masses of humanity are touched with sweetness and light.—Matthew Arnold.

It does not try to reach down to the level of inferior classes; it does not try to win them for this or that sect of its own, with ready-made judgments and watchwords of its own. It seeks

to do away with classes, to make the best that has been taught and known in the world current everywhere, to make all men live in an atmosphere of sweetness and light, where they may use ideas, as it uses them itself, freely —nourished, and not bound by them. —Matthew Arnold.

The wealthy and the noble, when they expend large sums in decorating their houses with the rare and costly efforts of genius, with busts from the chisel of a Canova and with cartoons from the pencil of a Raphael, are to be commended, if they do not stand still here, but go on to bestow some pains and cost, that the master himself be not inferior to the mansion, and that the owner be not the only thing that is little, amidst everything else that is great.—Colton.

Culture implies all which gives the mind possession of its own powers, as languages to the critic, telescope to the astronomer. Culture alters the political status of an individual. It raises a rival royalty in a monarchy. 'Tis king against king. It is ever the romance of history in all dynasties—the co-presence of the revolutionary force in intellect. It creates a personal independence which the monarch cannot look down, and to which he must often succumb.—Emerson.

To the highest culture, evenness of development, resulting in roundness and symmetry, is essential. The ideal man possesses, in addition to all his other qualities, that quality which is figured in the bloom of the flowering plant, in the fragrance of blossoms, in the blush and flavor of fruit—a quality which cannot be counterfeited any more than you can counterfeit a flower's perfume, which cannot be hidden any more than you can hide the fragrance of an orchard in May. It is the precious flavor of the ripened man. As the full fragrance of the apple, as the velvety cheek of the peach, comes only when the fruit has reached its highest development, so this quality comes only as the result of that wise self-enlargement, that deliberate catholicity, that cultivated charity of opinion, which characterizes the man of culture.—Joseph Anderson.

Cunning

Cunning is the dwarf of wisdom.—W. R. Alger.

Stratagem is the right hand of cunning.—G. W. Curtis.

Cunning has only private selfish aims.—Addison.

Cleverness and cunning are incompatible.—Byron.

In a great business there is nothing so fatal as cunning management.—Junius.

Cunning and treachery are the offspring of incapacity.—La Rochefoucauld.

All my own experience of life teaches me the contempt of cunning, not the fear.—Mrs. Jameson.

A cunning man overreaches no one half as much as himself.—Beecher.

Cunning pays no regard to virtue, and is but the low mimic of reason.—Bolingbroke.

Cunning is the art of concealing our own defects, and discovering other people's weaknesses.—Hazlitt.

Knowledge without justice ought to be called cunning rather than wisdom. —Plato.

When the fox hath once got in his nose, he'll soon find means to make the body follow.—Shakespeare.

The bounds of a man's knowledge are easily concealed, if he has but prudence.—Goldsmith.

The fox is very cunning, but he is more cunning who catches the fox.—Calderon.

Cunning cheats itself wholly, and other people partially.—Cervantes.

The very cunning conceal their cunning; the indifferently shrewd boast of it.—Bovee.

Cunning is none of the best nor worst qualities. It floats between virtue and vice.—Bruyère.

Cunning is the intensest rendering of vulgarity, absolute and utter.—Ruskin.

The most sure method of subjecting yourself to be deceived is to consider yourself more cunning than others.—La Rochefoucauld.

Nobody was ever so cunning as to conceal their being so; and everybody is shy and distrustful of crafty men.—Locke.

We should do by our cunning as we do by our courage—always have it ready to defend ourselves, never to offend others.—Greville.

Hurry and cunning are the two apprentices of despatch and skill; but neither of them ever learn their master's trade.—Colton.

Surely the continual habit of dissimulation is but a weak and sluggish cunning, and not greatly politic.—Bacon.

Cunning differs from widom as twilight from open day.—Dr. Johnson.

Whoever appears to have much cunning has in reality very little; being deficient in the essential article, which is, to hide cunning.—Henry Home.

This is the fruit of craft; like him that shoots up high, looks for the shaft, and finds it in his forehead.—Middleton.

Cunning leads to knavery; it is but a step from one to the other, and that very slippery; lying only makes the difference; add that to cunning, and it is knavery.—La Bruyère.

It is a remarkable circumstance in reference to cunning persons that they are often deficient not only in comprehensive, far-sighted wisdom, but even in prudent, cautious circumspection.—Whately.

Those who are overreached by our cunning are far from appearing to us as ridiculous as we appear to ourselves when the cunning of others has overreached us.—Rochefoucauld.

The animals to whom nature has given the faculty we call cunning know always when to use it, and use it wisely; but when man descends to cunning he blunders and betrays.—Thomas Paine.

Cunning is only the mimic of discretion, and may pass upon weak men, in the same manner as vivacity is often mistaken for wit, and gravity for wisdom.—Addison.

The greatest of all cunning is to seem blind to the snares which we know to be laid for us. Men are never so easily deceived as while they are endeavoring to deceive others.—Rochefoucauld.

The common practice of cunning is the sign of a small genius; it almost always happens that those who use it to cover themselves in one place lay themselves open in another.—Rochefoucauld.

Cunning is none of the best nor worst qualities; it floats between virtue and vice; there is scarce any exigence where it may not, and perhaps ought not to be supplied by prudence. Bruyère.

Taking things not as they ought to be, but as they are, I fear it must be allowed that Macchiavelli will always have more disciples than Jesus.—Colton.

It has been a sort of maxim that the greatest art is to conceal art; but I know not how, among some people we meet with, their greatest cunning is to appear cunning.—Steele.

We take cunning for a sinister or crooked wisdom; and certainly there is a great difference between a cunning man and a wise man, not only in point of honesty, but in point of ability.—Bacon.

All my own experience of life teaches me the contempt of cunning, not the fear. The phrase "profound cunning" has always seemed to me a contradiction in terms. I never knew a cunning mind which was not either shallow or on some point diseased.—Mrs. Jameson.

Cunning has only private selfish aims, and sticks at nothing which may make them succeed. Discretion has large and extended views, and, like a well-formed eye, commands a whole horizon; cunning is a kind of short-sightedness, that discovers the minutest objects which are near at hand, but is not able to discern things at a distance.—Addison.

The whole power of cunning is privative; to say nothing, and to do nothing, is the utmost of its reach. Yet men, thus narrow by nature and mean by art, are sometimes able to rise by the miscarriages of bravery and the openness of integrity, and, watching failures and snatching opportunities, obtain advantages which belong to higher characters.—Johnson.

Cupid

That blind, rascally boy that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out.—Shakespeare.

Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.
—Shakespeare.

Love, well thou knowest, no partnership allows; Cupid averse rejects divided vows.—Prior.

Love is a child that talks in broken language, yet then he speaks most plain.—Dryden.

The wounds invisible that Love's keen arrows make.—Shakespeare.

Thou art figured blind, and yet we borrow our best sight from thee.—Massinger.

Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind.
—Shakespeare.

There is music in the beauty, and the silent note which Cupid strikes, far sweeter than the sound of an instrument.—Sir Thomas Browne.

There is an English song beginning, "Love knocks at the door." He knocks less often than he finds it open.—Mme. Swetchine.

Love is ever busy with his shuttle, is ever weaving into life's dull warp bright, gorgeous flowers, and scenes Arcadian.—Longfellow.

According to the Asiatics, Cupid's bow is strung with bees which are apt to sting, sometimes fatally, those who meddle with it.—Miss Edgeworth.

This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid:
Regent of love rhymes, lord of folded arms,
The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents.
—Shakespeare.

Before the birth of Love, many fearful things took place through the empire of necessity; but when this god was born, all things rose to men.—Socrates.

Cupid is a casuist,
A mystic and a cabalist—
Can your lurking thought surprise,
And interpret your device. * * *
Heralds high before him run;
He has ushers many a one;
He spreads his welcome where he goes,
And touches all things with his rose.
All things wait for and divine him—
How shall I dare to malign him?
—Emerson.

We say love is blind, and the figure of Cupid is drawn with a bandage around his eyes. Blind—yes, because he does not see what he does not like; but the sharpest-sighted hunter in the universe is Love for finding what he seeks, and only that.—Emerson.

In the true mythology, Love is an immortal child, and Beauty leads him as guide; nor can we express a deeper sense than when we say Beauty is the pilot of the young soul.—Emerson.

Love can take what shape he pleases; and when once begun his fiery inroad in the soul, how vain the after knowledge which his presence gives! We weep or rave; but still he lives, and lives master and lord, amidst pride and tears and pain.—Barry Cornwall.

Curiosity

A penny for your thought.—Swift.

The over curious are not over wise. —Massinger.

Curiosity is the thirst of the soul.—Dr. Johnson.

I loathe that low vice, curiosity.—Byron.

Curiosity is lying in wait for every secret.—Emerson.

Curiosity is one of the forms of feminine bravery.—Victor Hugo.

Curiosity is thought on its entering edge.—Charles H. Parkhurst.

Curiosity is a little more than another name for hope.—J. C. and A. W. Hare.

He who would pry behind the scenes oft sees a counterfeit.—Dryden.

The curiosity of knowing things has been given to man for a scourge.—Bible.

Curiosity is as much the parent of attention as attention is of memory.—Whately.

The enquiring spirit will not be controll'd,
We would make certain all, and all behold.
—Sprague.

Men are more inclined to ask curious questions than to obtain necessary instruction.—Pasquier Quesnel.

Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no fibs.—Goldsmith.

Talk to him of Jacob's ladder, and he would ask the number of steps.—Douglas Jerrold.

Curiosity has lost more young girls than love.—Mme. de Puisieux.

The first and simplest emotion which we discover in the human mind is curiosity.—Burke.

The first vice of the first woman was curiosity, and it runs through the whole sex.—Richardson.

Curiosity in children Nature has provided to remove the ignorance they were born with.—Locke.

Curiosity is one of the permanent and certain characteristics of a vigorous intellect.—Johnson.

People of a lively imagination are generally curious, and always so when a little in love.—Longfellow.

Avoid him who from mere curiosity asks three questions running about a thing that cannot interest him.—Lavater.

Curiosity is a kernel of the forbidden fruit, which still sticketh in the throat of a natural man, sometimes to the danger of his choking.—Fuller.

O this itch of the ear, that breaks out at the tongue! Were not curiosity so over-busy, detraction would soon be starved to death.—Douglas Jerrold.

Inquisitive people are the funnels of conversation; they do not take in anything for their own use, but merely to pass it to another.—Steele.

No heart is empty of the humor of curiosity, the beggar being as attentive in his station to an improvement of knowledge as the prince.—Osborn.

The world is the book of women. What knowledge they may possess is

acquired by watchful observation rather than by reading.—Rousseau.

The knowledge that women lack stimulates their imagination; the knowledge that men possess blunts theirs.—Mme. de Sartory.

Talkativeness has another plague attached to it, even curiosity; for praters wish to hear much that they may have much to say.—Plutarch.

Curiosity is, in great and generous minds, the first passion and the last, and perhaps always predominates in proportion to the strength of the contemplative faculties.—Dr. Johnson.

Man is distinguished not only by his reason, but also by this singular passion, from all other animals.—Thomas Hobbes.

Curiosity, or the love of knowledge, has a very limited influence, and requires youth, leisure, education, genius and example to make it govern any person.—Hume.

Who forces himself on others is to himself a load. Impetuous curiosity is empty and inconstant. Prying intrusion may be suspected of whatever is little.—Lavater.

Of all the faculties of the human mind, curiosity is that which is the most fruitful or the most barren in effective results, according as it is well or badly directed.—Palmieri.

He that questioneth much shall learn much, and content much; but especially if he apply his questions to the skill of the persons whom he asketh.—Bacon.

As those things which engage us merely by their novelty cannot attach us for any length of time, curiosity is the most superficial of all the affections.—Burke.

A person who is too nice an observer of the business of the crowd, like one who is too curious in observing the labor of the bees, will often be stung for his curiosity.—Pope.

There are different kinds of curiosity—one of interest, which causes us to learn that which would be useful to us, and the other of pride which springs from a desire to know that of which others are ignorant.—Rochefoucauld.

There is philosophy in the remark that every man has in his own life follies enough, in the performance of his duty deficiencies enough, in his own mind trouble enough, without being curious after the affairs of others.—Dibdin.

Curiosity is the most superficial of all the affections; it changes its object perpetually; it has an appetite which is very sharp, but very easily satisfied, and it has always an appearance of giddiness, restlessness and anxiety.—Burke.

Curiosity is a languid principle, where access is easy and gratification is immediate; remoteness and difficulty are powerful incentives to its vigorous and lasting operation.—Munro.

Curiosity is the direct incontinency of the spirit. Knock therefore at the door before you enter upon your neighbor's privacy; and remember that there is no difference between entering into his house and looking into it.—Jeremy Taylor.

Inquire not too much into your bosom companion's griefs, nor compel him to tell all the tale of his life. Much and all will be told to those that do not ask; and you shall have the secrets into which you do not pry.—Bartol.

The curiosity of an honorable mind willingly rests there, where the love of truth does not urge it farther onward, and the love of its neighbor bids it stop; in other words, it willingly stops at the point where the interests of truth do not beckon it onward, and charity cries, Halt!—Coleridge.

Curiosity is but vanity. Oftenest one wishes to know but to talk of it. Otherwise one would not go to sea if he were never to say anything about it, and for the sole pleasure of seeing, without hope of ever communicating what he has seen.—Pascal.

Curse

A curse is like a cloud—it passes.—Bailey.

Curses are like young chickens,
And still come home to roost!
—Lytton.

We let our blessings get mouldy, and then call them curses.—Beecher.

Oh! I will curse thee till thy frighted soul
Runs mad with horror. —Lee.

Down to the dust! and as thou rott'st away,
Even worms shall perish on thy poisonous clay. —Byron.

All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease! —Shakespeare.

Whip me, ye devils,
Blow me about in winds, roast me in sulphur,
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire.
—Shakespeare.

May the grass wither from thy feet; the woods
Deny thee shelter! earth a home! the dust
A grave! the sun his light! and heaven her God! —Byron.

Plagues and palsy,
Disease and pestilence consume the robber,
Infect his blood, and wither ev'ry pow'r.
—Brown.

But no, I will not curse them: thro' the world
A curse will follow them, like the black plague,
Tracking their footsteps ever—day and night,
Morning and eve, summer and winter—ever. —Proctor.

Dinna curse him, sir; I have heard a good man say that a curse was like a stone flung up to the heavens, and maist like to return on his head that sent it.—Walter Scott.

You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornful eyes!—Infect her beauty,
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,
To fall and blister her pride!
—Shakespeare.

Villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption;
Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man;
Snakes in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart;
Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas. —Shakespeare.

May never glorious sun reflex his beams
Upon the country where you make abode!
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death
Environ you till mischief and despair
Drive you to break your necks, or hang yourselves. —Shakespeare.

Poison be their drink!
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest meat that they taste!—
Their softest touch as smart as lizards' stings!
Their music frightful as the serpent's hiss!
And boding screech-owls make the concert full! —Shakespeare.

All the contagion of the south light on you,
You shames of Rome! you herd of—boils and plagues
Plaster you o'er; that you may be abhorr'd
Further than seen, and one infect another
Against the wind a mile! —Shakespeare.

Custom

Custom is the law of fools.—Vanburgh.

Custom does often reason overrule.—Rochester.

Custom doth make dotards of us all.—Carlyle.

Custom is the best interpreter of laws.—Law Maxim.

Custom is held to be as a law.—Law Maxim.

Experience is the mother of custom.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Ancient custom is always held or regarded as law.—Law Maxim.

Custom reconciles to everything.—Burke.

How use doth breed a habit in a man!—Shakespeare.

As the world leads we follow.—Seneca.

A deep meaning often lies in old customs.—Schiller.

Custom, though never so ancient, without truth, is but an old error.—Cyprian.

Custom calls me to 't—
What custom wills, in all things should we do 't? —Shakespeare.

There is nothing more nearly permanent in human life than a well-established custom.—Joseph Anderson.

Be not so bigoted to any custom as to worship at the expense of truth.—Zimmermann.

Great things astonish us, and small dishearten us. Custom makes both familiar.—De La Bruyère.

To follow foolish precedents, and wink
With both our eyes, is easier than to think.
—Cowper.

Habit with him was all the test of truth,
"It must be right: I've done it from my youth." —Crabbe.

There is no tyrant like custom, and no freedom where its edicts are not resisted.—Bovee.

The ancients tell us what is best; but we must learn of the moderns what is fittest.—Franklin.

Custom may lead a man into many errors; but it justifies none.—Fielding.

Custom is the tyranny of the lower human faculties over the higher.—Mme. Necker.

The way of the world is to make laws, but follow customs.—Montaigne.

Strange customs do not thrive in foreign soil.—Schiller.

It is a custom,
More honor'd in the breach than the observance. —Shakespeare.

The breach of custom
Is breach of all.
—Shakespeare.

Custom, which diminishes the intense, increases the moderate, pleasures.—Ramsay.

The custom of the manor and the place must be observed.—Law Maxim.

Custom, 'tis true, a venerable tyrant
O'er servile man extends her blind dominion. —Thomson.

There are not unfrequently substantial reasons underneath for customs that appear to us absurd.—Charlotte Bronte.

The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down.
—Shakespeare.

New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are followed.
—Shakespeare.

The laws of conscience, which we pretend to be derived from nature, proceed from custom.—Montaigne.

The influence of custom is incalculable; dress a boy as a man and he will at once change his own conception of himself.—Bayle St. John.

Choose always the way that seems the best, however rough it may be. Custom will render it easy and agreeable.—Pythagoras.

The custom and fashion of to-day will be the awkwardness and outrage of to-morrow. So arbitrary are these transient laws.—Dumas.

The customs and fashions of men change like leaves on the bough, some of which go and others come.—Dante

Can there be any greater dotage in the world than for one to guide and direct his courses by the sound of a bell, and not by his own judgment.—Rabelais.

Man yields to custom as he bows to fate.
In all things ruled—mind, body and estate;
In pain or sickness, we for cure apply
To them we know not, and we know not why. —Crabbe.

Custom forms us all.
Our thoughts, our morals, our most fix'd belief
Are consequences of our place of birth.
—Hill.

The slaves of custom and established mode,
With pack-horse constancy, we keep the road
Crooked or straight, through quags or thorny dells,
True to the jingling of our leader's bells.
—Cowper.

Men commonly think according to their inclinations, speak according to their learning and imbibed opinions; but generally act according to custom. —Bacon.

Custom is the great leveller. It corrects the inequality of fortune by lessening equally the pleasures of the prince and the pains of the peasant.—Henry Home.

Their origin is commonly unknown; for the practice often continues when the cause has ceased, and concerning superstitious ceremonies it is in vain to conjecture; for what reason did not dictate, reason cannot explain.—Dr. Johnson.

Such dupes are men to custom, and so prone
To rev'rence what is ancient, and can plead
A course of long observance for its use,
That even servitude, the worst of ills,
Because deliver'd down from sire to son,
Is kept and guarded as a sacred thing!
—Cowper.

Be not too rash in the breaking of an inconvenient custom; as it was gotten, so leave it by degrees. Danger attends upon too sudden alterations; he that pulls down a bad building by the great may be ruined by the fall, but he that takes it down brick by brick may live to build a better.—Quarles.

Custom is the law of one description of fools, and fashion of another; but the two parties often clash—for precedent is the legislator of the first, and novelty of the last. Custom, therefore, looks to things that are past, and fashion to things that are present.—Colton.

When all moves equally (says Pascal), nothing seems to move, as in a vessel under sail; and when all run by common consent into vice, none appear to do so. He that stops first, views as from a fixed point the horrible extravagance that transports the rest.—Colton.

Parents fear the destruction of natural affection in their children. What is this natural principle so liable to decay? Habit is a second nature, which destroys the first. Why is not custom nature? I suspect that this nature itself is but a first custom, as custom is a second nature.—Pascal.

Custom is a violent and treacherous school mistress. She, by little and little, slyly and unperceived, slips in the foot of her authority; but having by this gentle and humble beginning, with the benefit of time, fixed and established it, she then unmasks a furious and tyrannic countenance, against which we have no more the courage or the power so much as to lift up our eyes.—Montaigne.

Cynic — Cynicism

There is so much trouble in coming into the world, and so much more, as well as meanness, in going out of it, that it is hardly worth while to be here at all.—Lord Bolingbroke.

Don't hang a dismal picture on the wall, and do not daub with sables and glooms in your conversation. Don't be a cynic and disconsolate preacher. Don't bewail and bemoan. Omit the negative propositions. Nerve us with incessant affirmatives. Don't waste

yourself in rejection, nor bark against the bad, but chant the beauty of the good. When that is spoken which has a right to be spoken, the chatter and the criticism will stop. Set down nothing that will not help somebody.—Emerson.

I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music;
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort
As if he mocked himself and scorned his spirit
That could be moved to smile at anything.
—Shakespeare.

Indifference to all the actions and passions of mankind was not supposed to be such a distinguished quality at that time, I think. I have known it very fashionable indeed. I have seen it displayed with such success that I have encountered some fine ladies and gentlemen who might as well have been born caterpillars.—Dickens.

The cynic is one who never sees a good quality in a man, and never fails to see a bad one. He is the human owl, vigilant in darkness and blind to light, mousing for vermin, and never seeing noble game. The cynic puts all human actions into two classes—openly bad and secretly bad. All virtue and generosity and disinterestedness are merely the appearance of good; but selfish at the bottom. He holds that no man does a good thing except for profit. The effect of his conversation upon your feelings is to chill and sear them; to send you away sour and morose. His criticisms and hints fall indiscriminately upon every lovely thing, like frost upon flowers.—Beecher.

Nil admirari is the motto which men of the world always affect. They think it vulgar to wonder, or be enthusiastic. They have so much corruption and so much charlatanism that they think the credit of all high qualities must be delusive.—Sir Egerton Brydges.

Cypress

Dark tree! still sad when others' grief is fled,
The only constant mourner o'er the dead.
—Byron.

D

Daffodil

Daffodils
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath. —Shakespeare.

Dainties

Such dainties to them, their health it might hurt;
It's like sending them ruffles, when wanting a shirt. —Goldsmith.

Daisy

The poet's darling.—Wordsworth.

Thou unassuming commonplace
Of nature. —Wordsworth.

That well by reason men it call may
The daisie, or els the eye of the day,
The emprise, and floure of floures all.
—Chaucer.

Small service is true service while it lasts:
Of humblest friends, bright creature! scorn not one:
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun. —Wordsworth.

Myriads of daisies have shown forth in flower
Near the lark's nest, and in their natural hour
Have passed away; less happy than the one
That, by the unwilling ploughshare, died to prove
The tender charm of poetry and love.
—Wordsworth.

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem:
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonnie gem.—Burns.

Of all the floures in the mede,
Than love I most these floures white and rede,
Soch that men callen daisies in our toun.
—Chaucer.

Dancing

No man in his senses will dance.—Cicero.

Those elegant delights of jig and vaulting.—Elijah Fenton.

All are not merry that dance lightly.—George Herbert.

Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
In a light fantastic round. —Milton.

To brisk notes in cadence beating
Glance their many-twinkling feet. —Gray.

While his off-heel, insidiously aside,
Provokes the caper which he seems to chide.
—Sheridan.

Come and trip it as ye go,
On the light fantastic toe.
—Milton.

Others import yet nobler arts from France,
Teach kings to fiddle, and make senates dance. —Pope.

They who love dancing too much seem to have more brains in their feet than their head, and think to play the fool with reason.—Terence.

Dance, laugh, and be merry; but be also innocent.—Théodore Barriere.

Social dissipation, as witnessed in the ball-room, is the abettor of pride, the instigator of jealousy, it is the sacrificial altar of health, it is the defiler of the soul, it is the avenue of lust and it is the curse of every town in America.—Talmage.

The dancing pair, that simply sought renown,
By holding out, to tire each other down. —Goldsmith.

But O, she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter-day,
Is half so fine a sight.
—Sir John Suckling.

And the dancing has begun now,
And the dancers whirl round gaily
In the waltz's giddy mazes,
And the ground beneath them trembles. —Heine.

Fashionable dances as now carried on are revolting to every feeling of delicacy and propriety and are fraught with the greatest danger to millions. —Horace Bushnell.

Charity balls are a curse. The name is a subtle argument in favor of their existence, but if ever anything belied its name, it is a charity ball.—Geo. F. Hall.

Well was it said by a man of sagacity that dancing was a sort of privileged and reputable folly, and that the best way to be convinced of this was to close the ears and judge of it by the eyes alone.—Gotthold.

On with the dance! let joy be unconfined!
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet,
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet. —Byron.

The gymnasium of running, walking on stilts, climbing, etc., steels and makes hardy single powers and muscles, but dancing, like a corporeal poesy, embellishes, exercises, and equalizes all the muscles at once.—Richter.

The rout is Folly's circle, which she draws
With magic wand. So potent is the spell,
That none decoy'd into that fatal ring,
Unless by heaven's peculiar grace, escape.
There we grow early gray, but never wise. —Cowper.

The ball-room is one way and a very broad way, too, to ruin. May God help every lover of the race to sound a note of alarm both to those already astray and to those who thus far have not set foot in the slippery path.—Hall.

Alike all ages: dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze;
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisked beneath the burden of threescore. —Goldsmith.

Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances
Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the meadows;
Old folk and young together, and children mingled among them.
—Longfellow.

Where wildness and disorder are visible in the dance, there Satan, death and all kinds of mischief are likewise upon the floor. For this reason I could wish that the dance of death were painted on the walls of all ball-rooms, in order to warn the dancers, not by the levity of their deportment, to provoke the God of righteousness to visit them with a sudden judgment.—Gotthold.

No amusement seems more to have a foundation in our nature. The animation of youth overflows spontaneously in harmonious movements. The true idea of dancing entitles it to favor. Its end is to realize perfect grace in motion; and who does not know that a sense of the graceful is one of the higher faculties of our nature?—Channing.

I saw her at a country ball:
There when the sound of flute and fiddle
Gave signal sweet in that old hall,
Of hands across and down the middle.
Hers was the subtlest spell by far
Of all that sets young hearts romancing;
She was our queen, our rose, our star;
And when she danced—oh, heaven, her dancing! —Praed.

A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell. —Byron.

And beautiful maidens moved down in the dance,
With the magic of motion and sunshine of glance:
And white arms wreathed lightly, and tresses fell free
As the plumage of birds in some tropical tree. —Whittier.

He who esteems the Virginia reel
A bait to draw saints from their spiritual weal,
And regards the quadrille as a far greater knavery
Than crushing His African children with slavery,
Since all who take part in a waltz or cotillon
Are mounted for hell on the devil's own pillion,
Who, as every true orthodox Christian well knows,
Approaches the heart through the door of the toes. —Lowell.

The uniform testimony of all religious specialists is that as the love of dancing increases, the love of the Lord and his work decreases. The spirit of the dance is not the spirit of the Master. If the one be harbored the other will not remain. Where the experiment is tried of retaining both, a horrible muddle is the result, a corruption that disgraces the holy vocation wherewith we are called. The dance is a deadly poison to the higher life and he who professing Christianity takes it into his spiritual system wounds our Lord afresh, and by the act classes himself with the traitors of old who killed the world's only hope by nailing Christ to the cross.—Sam Jones.

I love these rural dances—from my heart I love them. This world, at best, is full of care and sorrow; the life of a poor man is so stained with the sweat of his brow, there is so much toil and struggling and anguish and disappointment here below, that I gaze with delight on a scene where all those are laid aside and forgotten, and the heart of the toil-worn peasant seems to throw off its load.—Longfellow.

I love to go and mingle with the young
In the gay festal room—when every heart
Is beating faster than the merry tune,
And their blue eyes are restless, and their lips
Parted with eager joy, and their round cheeks
Flush'd with the beautiful motion of the dance. —Willis.

And then he danced—all foreigners excel
The serious Angles in the eloquence
Of pantomine—he danced, I say, right well
With emphasis, and also with good sense—
A thing in footing indispensable:
He danced without theatrical pretence,
Not like a ballet-master in the van
Of his drill'd nymphs, but like a gentleman. —Byron.

What may we expect of people who work all day and dance all night? After a while they will be thrown on society nervous, exhausted imbeciles.—Talmage.

I wish that I could marshall all the young to an appreciation of the fact that you have an earnest work in life and your amusements and recreations are only to help you along in that work.—Talmage.

Chaste were his steps, each kept within due bound,
And elegance was sprinkled o'er his figure:
Like swift Camilla, he scarce skimm'd the ground,
And rather held in than put forth his vigor.
And then he had an ear for music's sound,
Which might defy a crotchet critic's rigor.
Such classic pas—sans flaws—set off our hero,
He glanced like a personified Bolero.
—Byron.

Once on a time, the wight Stupidity
For his throne trembled,
When he discovered in the brains of men
Something like thoughts assembled,
And so he searched for a plausible plan—
One of validity—
And racked his brains, if rack his brains he can,
None having, or a very few!
At last he hit upon a way
For putting to rout,
And driving out
From our dull clay
These same intruders new—
This Sense, these Thoughts, these Speculative ills—
What could he do? He introduced quadrilles. —Ruskin.

Such pains, such pleasures now alike are o'er,
And beaus and etiquette shall soon exist no more
At their speed behold advancing
Modern men and women dancing;
Step and dress alike express
Above, below, from heel to toe,
Male and female awkwardness.
Without a hoop, without a ruffle,
One eternal jig and shuffle,
Where's the air and where's the gait?
Where's the feather in the hat?
Where the frizzed toupee? and where
Oh! where's the powder for the hair?
—Catherine Fanshawe.

Dandy

Dandyism is a species of genius.—Hazlitt.

Dandyism is refined vulgarity.—G. F. Goss.

Clothes form the intellect of the dandy.—H. W. Shaw.

All finery is a sign of littleness.—Lavater.

Dandies, when first-rate, are generally very agreeable men.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Oh! save me, ye powers, from these pinks of the nation,
These tea-table heroes! these lords of creation. —Salmagundi.

A dandy is a clothes-wearing man—a man whose trade, office, and existence consist in the wearing of clothes. Every faculty of his soul, spirit, person and purse is heroically consecrated to this one object—the wearing of clothes wisely and well; so that, as others dress to live, he lives to dress. —Carlyle.

A fool may have his coat embroidered with gold, but it is a fool's coat still.—Rivarol.

Danger

Danger comes the sooner when it is despised.—Syrus.

That danger which is despised arrives the soonest.—Laberius.

For danger levels man and brute
And all are fellows in their need.
—Dryden.

The absent danger greater still appears
Less fears he, who is near the thing he fears. —Daniel.

Man is never watchful enough against dangers that threaten him every hour.—Horace.

In extreme danger, fear turns a deaf ear to every feeling of pity.—Cæsar.

Danger for danger's sake is senseless.—Leigh Hunt.

Our dangers and delights are near allies,
From the same stem the rose and prickle rise. —Aleyn.

Speak, speak, let terror strike slaves mute,
Much danger makes great hearts most resolute. —Marston.

Nothing is strong that may not be endangered even by the weak.—Quintus Curtius Rufus.

If we must fall, we should boldly meet the danger.—Tacitus.

He is safe from danger who is on his guard even when safe.—Syrus.

He knows that the man is overcome ingloriously who is overcome without danger.—Seneca.

Thou dwarf dressed up in giant's clothes, that showest far off still greater than thou art.—Suckling.

There is no person who is not dangerous for some one.—Mme. de Sévigné.

Keep together here, lest, running thither,
We unawares run into danger's mouth.
—Milton.

Constant exposure to dangers will breed contempt for them.—Seneca.

Let every eye negotiate for itself, and trust no agent.—Shakespeare.

Danger levels man and brute, and all are fellows in their need.—Byron.

It is the danger which is least expected that soonest comes to us.—Voltaire.

Out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety.—Shakespeare.

We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it,
She'll close, and be herself! whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
—Shakespeare.

A timid person is frightened before a danger, a coward during the time, and a courageous person afterwards.—Richter.

Fools and sensible men are equally innocuous. It is in the half fool and the half wise that the danger lies.—Goethe.

Danger knows full well,
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he:
We are two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible.
—Shakespeare.

What is danger
More than the weakness of our apprehensions?
A poor cold part o' th' blood; who takes it hold of?
Cowards and wicked livers: valiant minds
Were made the masters of it.
—Beaumont and Fletcher.

A man's opinion of danger varies at different times, in consequence of an irregular tide of animal spirits; and he is actuated by considerations which he dares not avow.—Smollett.

It is better to meet danger than to wait for it. He that is on a lee shore, and foresees a hurricane, stands out to sea and encounters a storm to avoid a shipwreck.—Colton.

Let the fear of a danger be a spur to prevent it; he that fears otherwise gives advantage to the danger; it is less folly not to endeavor the prevention of the evil thou fearest than to fear the evil which thy endeavor cannot prevent.—Quarles.

Thou little know'st
What he can brave, who, born and nurst
In danger's paths, has dared her worst!
Upon whose ear the signal-word
Of strife and death is hourly breaking;
Who sleeps with head upon the sword
His fever'd hand must grasp in waking.
—Moore.

Dangers are no more light if they once seem light, and more dangers have deceived men than forced them; nay, it were better to meet some dangers half-way, though they come nothing near, than to keep too long a watch upon their approaches: for if a man watch too long it is odds he will fall fast asleep.—Bacon.

He led on; but thoughts
Seem'd gathering round which troubled him. The veins
Grew visible upon his swarthy brow,
And his proud lip was press'd as if with pain.
He trod less firmly; and his restless eye
Glanc'd forward frequently, as if some ill
He dared not meet were there.—Willis.

We should never so entirely avoid danger as to appear irresolute and cowardly; but, at the same time, we should avoid unnecessarily exposing ourselves to danger, than which nothing can be more foolish.—Cicero.

Daring

Fortune helps the bold.—Virgil.

I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.
—Shakespeare.

And what he greatly thought, he nobly dared.—Homer.

By daring, great fears are concealed. —Lucan.

Be bolde, be bolde, and everywhere be bolde.—Spenser.

Dare to act! Even Venus aids the bold.—Tibullus.

A decent boldness ever meets with friends.—Homer.

And what they dare to dream of, dare to do.—Lowell.

In great straits and when hope is small, the boldest counsels are the safest.—Livy.

And dar'st thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall? —Scott.

He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch
To gain or lose it all.
—Marquis of Montrose.

He that climbs the tall tree has won right to the fruit,
He that leaps the wide gulf should prevail in his suit. —Scott.

No one reaches a high position without daring.—Syrus.

Darkness

Darkness which may be felt.—Bible.

Darkness visible.—Milton.

Weep, for the light is dead.—Schiller.

At one stride comes the dark.—Coleridge.

Darkness, thou first great parent of us all,
Thou art our great original!
—Yalden.

Lo! darkness bends down like a mother of grief
On the limitless plain, and the fall of her hair
It has mantled a world.
—Joaquin Miller.

There is no darkness but ignorance. —Shakespeare.

The repose of darkness is deeper on the water than on the land.—Victor Hugo.

Melt, and dispel, ye spectre doubts that roll
Cimmerian darkness o'er the parting soul.
—Campbell.

There is such a thing as the pressure of darkness.—Victor Hugo.

Daughter

Good daughters make good mothers. —Abigail G. Whittlesey.

Still harping on my daughter.—Shakespeare.

A daughter is an embarrassing and ticklish possession.—Menander.

Marry your daughters betimes, lest they marry themselves.—Burleigh.

With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a daughter's heart.—Tennyson.

If thy daughter marry well, thou hast found a son; if not, thou hast lost a daughter.—Quarles.

Happy is it to place a daughter; yet it pains a father's heart when he delivers to another's house a child, the object of his tender care.—Euripides.

To a father waxing old, nothing is dearer than a daughter; sons have spirits of a higher pitch, but less inclined to endearing fondness.—Euripides.

If a daughter you have, she's the plague of your life,
No peace shall you know though you've buried your wife!
At twenty she mocks at the duty you taught her—
Oh, what a plague is an obstinate daughter!
—Sheridan.

Trust to me, judicious mother: do not make of your daughter an honest man, as if to give the lie to Nature; make her an honest woman, and be assured that she will be of more worth both to herself and to us.—Rousseau

See, indeed, that your daughter is thoroughly grounded and experienced in household duties; but take care, through religion and poetry, to keep her heart open to heaven.—Richter.

Who can describe the transports of a heart truly parental on beholding a daughter shoot up like some fair and modest flower, and acquire, day after day, fresh beauty and growing sweetness, so as to fill every eye with pleasure and every heart with admiration? —Fordyce.

When a mother, as fond mothers will, vows that she knows every thought in her daughter's heart, I think she pretends to know a great deal too much.—Thackeray.

Dawn

There is no solemnity so deep, to a right-thinking creature, as that of dawn.—Ruskin.

The morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness. —Shakespeare.

Yon grey lines
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.
—Shakespeare.

The dawn is overcast, the morning lowers,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day.
—Addison.

The quiet night, now dappling, 'gan to wane,
Dividing darkness from the dawning main.
—Byron.

Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops.
—Shakespeare.

The gray-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light. —Shakespeare.

The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.
—Shakespeare.

Look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill. —Shakespeare.

The sun had not risen, but the vault of heaven was rich with the winning softness that "brings and shuts the day," while the whole air was filled with the carols of birds, the hymns of the feathered tribe.—James Fenimore Cooper.

Look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of gray.
—Shakespeare.

The eastern gate, all fiery red,
Opening on Neptune, with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams. —Shakespeare.

Faster and more fast,
O'er night's brim, day boils at last;
Boils, pure gold, o'er the cloud-cup's brim.
—Robert Browning.

See the dapple coursers of the morn
Beat up the light with their bright silver hoofs,
And chase it through the sky.
—Marston.

Night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;
At whose approach, ghosts, wand'ring here and there,
Troop home to churchyards.
—Shakespeare.

'Tis beautiful, when first the dewy light
Breaks on the earth! while yet the scented air
Is breathing the cool freshness of the night
And the bright clouds a tint of crimson wear. —Elizabeth M. Chandler.

At last the golden oriental gate
Of greatest heaven 'gan to open fair;
And Phœbus, fresh as bridegroom to his mate,
Came dancing forth shaking his dewy hair,
And hurl'd his glist'ing beams through gloomy air. —Spenser.

Color, in the outward world, answers to feeling in man; shape, to thought; motion, to will. The dawn of day is the nearest outward likeness of an act of creation; and it is, therefore, also the closest type in nature for that in us which most approaches to creation—the realization of an idea by an act of the will.—John Sterling.

Day

Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.—Bible.

Each day is the scholar of yesterday.—Publius Syrus.

A day for God to stoop, and man to soar.—Tennyson.

One of the heavenly days that cannot die.—Wordsworth.

No day is without its innocent hope.—Ruskin.

Thinking of the days that are no more.—Tennyson.

He who has lived a day has lived an age.—Bruyère.

One glance of Thine creates a day.—Watts.

The spirit walks of every day deceased.—Young.

What is a day to an immortal soul!
A breath, no more. —T. B. Aldrich.

One day, with life and heart,
Is more than time enough to find a world.
—James Russell Lowell.

The long days are no happier than the short ones.—Bailey.

Frail empire of a day!
That with the setting sun extinct is lost.
—Somerville.

Not all Apollo's Pythian treasures hold can bribe the poor possession of a day.—Homer.

Days, that need borrow
No part of their good morrow
From a fore-spent night of sorrow.
—Richard Crashaw.

The sun is in the heaven; and the proud day, attended with the pleasures of the world, is all too wanton.—Shakespeare.

Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.—Bible.

One day spent well, and agreeably to your precepts, is preferable to an eternity of error.—Yonge.

O beautiful, awful summer day,
what hast thou given, what taken away?—Longfellow.

Philip. Madam, a day may sink or save a realm.
Mary. A day may save a heart from breaking too. —Tennyson.

What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done,
That it in golden letters should be set
Among the high tides in the calendar?
—Shakespeare.

Day is a snow-white Dove of heaven
That from the East glad message brings:
Night is a stealthy, evil Raven,
Wrapt to the eyes in his black wings.
—T. B. Aldrich.

Day is the Child of Time,
And Day must cease to be:
But Night is without a sire,
And cannot expire,
One with Eternity.
—R. H. Stoddard.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die. —Herbert.

How troublesome is day!
It calls us from our sleep away;
It bids us from our pleasant dreams awake,
And sends us forth to keep or break
Our promises to pay.
How troublesome is day!
—Thomas Love Peacock.

O summer day beside the joyous sea!
O summer day so wonderful and white,
So full of gladness and so full of pain!
Forever and forever shalt thou be
To some the gravestone of a dead delight,
To some the landmark of a new domain.
—Longfellow.

Blest power of sunshine! genial day!
What balm, what life is in thy ray;
To feel thee is such real bliss,
That had the world no joy but this,
To sit in sunshine calm and sweet—
It were a world too exquisite,
For man to leave it for the gloom.
The deep cold shadow of the tomb.
—Moore.

Enjoy the blessings of this day if God sends them; and the evils bear

patiently and sweetly. For this day only is ours; we are dead to yesterday, and we are not born to to-morrow.—Jeremy Taylor.

The days are made on a loom whereof the warp and woof are past and future time. They are majestically dressed, as if every god brought a thread to the skyey web.—Emerson.

Dead

Let the dead bury their dead.—Bible.

De mortuis nil nisi bonum.—Of the dead be nothing said but what is good.—Riley.

Death puts an end to rivalship and competition. The dead can boast no advantage over us, nor can we triumph over them.—Hazlitt.

He who hath bent him o'er the dead,
Ere the first day of death is fled—
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress,
(Before Decay's effacing fingers,
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers)—
And mark'd the mild angelic air,
The rapture of repose that's there.
—Byron.

We hold reunions, not for the dead, for there is nothing in all the earth that you and I can do for the dead. They are past our help and past our praise. We can add to them no glory, we can give to them no immortality. They do not need us, but forever and forever more we need them.—Garfield.

Death

Death is the crown of life.—Young.

Not dead, but gone before.—Samuel Rogers.

Death is the gate of life.—Bailey.

Death is another life.—Bailey.

Death comes but once.—Beaumont and Fletcher.

Every moment of life is a step towards death.—Corneille.

Death is a mighty, universal truth.—Dickens.

God's finger touched him, and he slept.—Tennyson.

Passing through Nature to eternity.—Shakespeare.

Death is the quiet haven of us all.—Wordsworth.

God giveth quietness at last.—Whittier.

In the midst of life we are in death—Burial Service.

Death levels all things.—Claudianus.

O death! thou gentle end of human sorrows.—Rowe.

The blind cave of eternal night.—Shakespeare.

Where all life dies death lives.—Milton.

There are remedies for all things but death.—Carlyle.

Death is Life's high meed.—Keats.

Death hath a thousand doors to let out life.—Massinger.

A man can die but once.—Shakespeare.

I want to meet my God awake.—Carlyle.

Death will have his day.—Shakespeare.

Tell me, my soul! can this be death?—Pope.

Death robs the rich and relieves the poor.—J. L. Basford.

I must sleep now.—Dying words of Byron.

Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O death!—Mrs. Hemans.

Cruel as death and hungry as the grave.—Thomson.

Death, thou art infinite; it is life is little.—Bailey.

What can they suffer that do not fear to die?—Plutarch.

This is the last of earth! I am content.—John Quincy Adams.

The breathing miracle into silence passed!—Gerald Massey.

Dear beauteous death, the jewel of the just.—Henry Vaughan.

Death is the greatest evil, because it cuts off hope.—Hazlitt.

Death ready stands to interpose his dart.—Milton.

Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow.—Young.

The young may die, but the old must!—Longfellow.

Heaven gives its favorites early death.—Byron.

Is it then so sad a thing to die?—Virgil.

Tired he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.—Pope.

Death lays his icy hand on kings.—Shirley.

The sense of death is most in apprehension.—Shakespeare.

Death is a release from and an end of all pains.—Seneca.

'Tis long since death had the majority.—Blair.

If some men died and others did not, death would indeed be a most mortifying evil.—Bruyère.

Death, as the psalmist saith, is certain to all; all shall die.—Shakespeare.

Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries.—Shakespeare.

Death is the last limit of all things.—Horace.

Good men but see death, the wicked taste it.—Ben Jonson.

Death is not an end. It is a new impulse.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Man makes a death, which nature never made.—Young.

It is infamy to die, and not be missed.—Carlos Wilcox.

The most happy ought to wish for death.—Seneca.

Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.—Shakespeare.

The relations of all living end in separation.—Mahabharata.

He that dies pays all debts.—Shakespeare.

The sleeping partner of life—a change of existence.—Paul Chatfield.

Men fear death as children fear to go in the dark.—Bacon.

To have to die is a distinction of which no man is proud.—Alexander Smith.

He that dies this year is quit for the next.—Shakespeare.

There are few die well that die in a battle.—Shakespeare.

Death's but a path that must be trod,
If man would ever pass to God.
—Parnell.

Kings and mightiest potentates must die,
For that's the end of human misery.
—Shakespeare.

Ah! surely nothing dies but something mourns.—Byron.

That which is so universal as death must be a benefit.—Schiller.

Is death the last sleep? No, it is the last final awakening.—Walter Scott.

Death gives us sleep, eternal youth, and immortality.—Richter.

I heard that God had called your mother home to heaven. It will seem more than ever like home to you now. —Babcock.

It is not I who die, when I die, but my sin and misery.—Gotthold.

I have often thought of death, and I find it the least of all evils.—Jeremy Taylor.

All my possessions for a moment of time.—Last words of Queen Elizabeth.

I regret not death. I am going to meet my friends in another world.—Ariosto.

No king nor nation one moment can retard the appointed hour.—Dryden.

The farthest from the fear are often nearest to the stroke of fate.—Young.

What is death, after all? We leave only mortals behind us.—Ninon de Lenclos.

The eyes of our souls only then begin to see when our bodily eyes are closing. —William Law.

That golden key that opes the palace of eternity.—Milton.

Death is the waiting-room where we robe ourselves for immortality.—Spurgeon.

One may live as a conquerer, a king, or a magistrate; but he must die as a man.—Daniel Webster.

Death, so called, is a thing that makes men weep,
And yet a third of life is pass'd in sleep.
—Byron.

How much of love lies buried in dusty graves!—F. A. Durivage.

The heart is the first part that quickens, and the last that dies.—John Ray.

Gone before
To that unknown and silent shore.
—Charles Lamb.

We are dying from our very birth, and our end hangs on our beginning.—Manilius.

Dead! God, how much there is in that little word!—Byron.

Faith builds a bridge across the gulf of death.—Young.

Death is a black camel, which kneels at the gates of all.—Abd-el-Kader.

Soon as man, expert from time, has found the key of life, it opes the gates of death.—Young.

He that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.
—Horace.

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead.
—Longfellow.

Jesus does not want us to say, "dead," for, He said, "all live unto Him," though they seem dead to us.—Babcock.

Life is the jailer, death the angel sent to draw the unwilling bolts and set us free.—Lowell.

How wonderful is Death, Death and his brother Sleep! —Shelley.

Pale death enters with impartial step the cottages of the poor and the palaces of the rich.—Horace.

Men drop so fast, ere life's mid stage we tread,
Few know so many friends alive, as dead.
—Young.

It were well to die if there be gods, and sad to live if there be none.—Marcus Antoninus.

How wonderful is Death, Death and his brother Sleep!—Shelley.

To how many is the death of the beloved the parent of faith!—Bulwer-Lytton.

Death lies on her like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.
—Shakespeare.

Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die.—Young.

Death is the ultimate boundary of human matters.—Horace.

We turn to dust, and all our mightiest works die too.—Cowper.

The ancients dreaded death: the Christian can only fear dying.—J. C. and A. W. Hare.

Yes, death—the hourly possibility of it—death is the sublimity of life.—Mountford.

The finest day of life is that on which one quits it.—Frederick the Great.

Death rides on every passing breeze,
He lurks in every flower.
—Bishop Heber.

The first dark day of nothingness.
The last of danger and distress.
—Byron.

There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended, but has one vacant chair!—Longfellow.

To fear death is the way to live long; to be afraid of death is to be long a dying.—Quarles.

There is nothing certain in man's life but this, that he must lose it.—Owen Meredith.

Knowledge by suffering endureth,
And life is perfected by Death.
—Mrs. Browning.

Death in itself is nothing; but we fear
To be we know not what, we know not where. —Dryden.

Death hath no advantage but where it comes a stranger.—Jeremy Taylor.

Death comes to us, under many conditions, with all the welcome serenity of sleep.—Hosea Ballou.

There is no death. The thing that we call death
Is but another, sadder name for life.
—Stoddard.

No better armor against the darts of death than to be busied in God's service.—Thomas Fuller.

Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust, or flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death?—Gray.

The hour conceal'd and so remote the fear,
Death still draws nearer, never seeming near. —Pope.

We understand death for the first time when he puts his hand upon one whom we love.—Mme. de Staël.

The good die first; and they whose hearts are dry as summer dust burn to the socket.—Wordsworth.

For in that sleep of death what dreams may come. —Shakespeare.

When a few years are come, then I shall go the way whence I shall not return.—Bible.

He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace. —Shakespeare.

Before decay's effacing fingers have swept the lines where beauty lingers.—Byron.

The tall, the wise, the reverend head,
Must lie as low as ours.
—Isaac Watts.

We thought her dying while she slept, and sleeping when she died.—Hood.

You who come my grave to view,
A moment stop and think,
That I am in eternity,
And you are on the brink.—Epitaph.

You should not fear, nor yet should you wish for your last day.—Martial

But, oh! fell Death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early.
—Burns.

To our graves we walk
In the thick footprints of departed men.
—Alex. Smith.

It is only to those who have never lived that death ever can seem beautiful.—Ouida.

My sole defense against the natural horror which death inspires is to love beyond it.—Mme. Swetchine.

Nor virtue, wit, or beauty, could preserve from death's hand this their heavenly mould.—Carew.

Death has made
His darkness beautiful with thee.
—Tennyson.

Of no distemper, of no blast he died
But fell like autumn fruit that mellow'd long.
—Dryden.

Death borders upon our birth; and our cradle stands in our grave.—Bishop Hall.

Good-bye, proud world; I'm going home:
Thou art not my friend, and I'm not thine.
—Emerson.

The shadow cloak'd from head to foot,
Who keeps the keys of all the creeds.
—Tennyson.

That last day does not bring extinction to us, but change of place.—Cicero.

Death is a friend of ours; and he that is not ready to entertain him is not at home.—Bacon.

The uncertainty of death is, in effect, the great support of the whole system of life.—Johnson.

It is silliness to live when to live is a torment; and then we have a prescription to die when death is our physician.—Shakespeare.

It is the cause, and not the death, that makes the martyr.—Napoleon I.

I looked, and behold a pale horse; and his name that sat on him was Death.—Bible.

Death but supplies the oil for the inextinguishable lamp of life.—Coleridge.

Death is the ugly fact which Nature has to hide, and she hides it well.—Alexander Smith.

There are countless roads on all sides to the grave.—Cicero.

Early, bright, transient, chaste as morning dew,
She sparkled, was exhal'd, and went to heaven.
—Young.

Death never happens but once, yet we feel it every moment of our lives.—La Bruyère.

If one was to think constantly of death the business of life would stand still.—Johnson.

Death comes equally to us all, and makes us all equal when it comes.—Donne.

Before mine eyes in opposition sits
Grim Death, my son and foe.
—Milton.

Death is appalling to those of the most iron nerves, when it comes quietly and in the stillness and solitude of night.—James Fenimore Cooper.

Death * * * openeth the gate to good fame, and extinguisheth envy.—Bacon.

Those only can thoroughly feel the meaning of death who know what is perfect love.—George Eliot.

Death is the universal salt of states;
Blood is the base of all things—law and war.
—Bailey.

Death is easier to bear without thinking of it, than the thought of death without peril.—Pascal.

He only half dies who leaves an image of himself in his sons.—Goldoni.

The angel of Death has been abroad throughout the land; you may almost hear the beating of his wings.—John Bright.

Neither the sun nor death can be looked at steadily.—La Rochefoucauld.

There is a remedy for everything but death, who, in spite of our teeth, will take us in his clutches.—Cervantes.

Men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.—Shakespeare.

This day which thou fearest so much, and which thou callest thy last, is the birthday of an eternity.—Seneca.

Is it courage in a dying man to go, in weakness and in agony, to affront an almighty and eternal God?—Pascal.

Going out into life—that is dying. Christ is the door out of life.—Henry Ward Beecher.

In the capacious urn of death, every name is shaken.—Horace.

He who fears death has already lost the life he covets.—Cato.

The time will come to every human being when it must be known how well he can bear to die.—Johnson.

Death is the dropping of the flower that the fruit may swell.—Beecher.

Death is dreadful to the man whose all is extinguished with his life; but not to him whose glory never can die.—Cicero.

Though in midst of life we be
Snares of death surround us.
—Martin Luther.

Life is the triumph of our mouldering clay; death, of the spirit infinite! divine!—Young.

To a father, when his child dies, the future dies; to a child, when his parents die, the past dies.—Auerbach.

Not where death hath power may love be blest.—Mrs. Hemans.

The gods conceal from men the happiness of death, that they may endure life.—Lucan.

That evil can never be great which is the last.—Cornelius Nepos.

A death-like sleep,
A gentle wafting to immortal life.
—Milton.

Here is my journey's end, here is my birth,
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
—Shakespeare.

There is no finite life except unto death; no death except unto higher life.—Bunsen.

A short death is the sovereign good hap of human life.—Pliny.

Death is an equal doom to good and bad, the common inn of rest.—Spenser.

Death? Translated into the heavenly tongue, that word means life!—Beecher.

It is uncertain at what place death awaits thee. Wait thou for it at every place.—Seneca.

The tongues of dying men enforce attention, like deep harmony.—Shakespeare.

Death and love are the two wings which bear man from earth to heaven.—Michael Angelo.

Death is as the foreshadowing of life. We die that we may die no more.—Hooker.

The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death.—Bible.

If Socrates died like a sage, Jesus died like a God.—Rousseau.

Believe that each day is the last to shine upon thee.—Horace.

The whole life of a philosopher is the meditation of his death.—Cicero.

If I must die, I will encounter darkness as a bride, and hug it in mine arms.—Shakespeare.

Death possesses a good deal of real estate, namely, the graveyard in every town.—Hawthorne.

Let no man fear to die, we love to sleep all,
And death is but the sounder sleep.
—Beaumont.

When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes. —Shakespeare.

He that hath a will to die by himself,
Fears it not from another.
—Shakespeare.

The sands are number'd, that make up my life;
Here must I stay, and here my life must end. —Shakespeare.

That death is best which comes appropriately at a ripe age.—Propertius.

Death only this mysterious truth unfolds,
The mighty soul how small a body holds.
—Dryden.

Look forward a little further to the period when all the noise and tumult and business of this world shall have closed forever.—J. G. Pike.

When I lived, I provided for everything but death; now I must die, and am unprepared.—Cæsar Borgia.

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! —Pope.

And when obedient nature knows his will,
A fly, a grapestone, or a hair can kill.
—Prior.

An honorable death is better than a dishonorable life.—Tacitus.

Death has left on her,
Only the beautiful. —Hood.

He who does not fear death cares naught for threats.—Corneille.

What! is there no bribing death?—Dying words of Cardinal Beaufort.

The long sleep of death closes our scars, and the short sleep of life our wounds.—Jean Paul Richter.

The divinity who rules within us forbids us to leave this world without his command.—Cicero.

No evil is honorable: but death is honorable; therefore death is not evil.—Zeno.

There is no death! What seems so is transition.—Longfellow.

This I ask, is it not madness to kill thyself in order to escape death!—Martial.

On this side and on that, men see their friends
Drop off like leaves in autumn. —Blair.

Who knows that 'tis not life which we call death, and death our life on earth?—Euripides.

Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it.
—Shakespeare.

Thou fool, what is sleep but the image of death? Fate will give an eternal rest.—Ovid.

Men must endure their going hence,
Even as their coming hither.
—Shakespeare.

Death alone discloses how insignificant are the puny bodies of men.—Juvenal.

All our days travel toward death, and the last one reaches it.—Montaigne.

Who now travels that dark path to the bourne from which they say no one returns.—Catullus.

Teach him how to live,
And, oh! still harder lesson! how to die.
—Bishop Porteus.

To die at the command of another is to die twice.—Syrus.

Wherever I look there is nothing but the image of death.—Ovid.

Death is not grievous to me, for I shall lay aside my pains by death.—Ovid.

Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.
—Scott.

Sometimes death is a punishment; often a gift; it has been a favor to many.—Seneca.

Beauty is fading, nor is fortune stable; sooner or later death comes to all.—Propertius.

When death gives us a long lease of life, it takes as hostages all those whom we have loved.—Mme. Necker.

The character wherewith we sink into the grave at death is the very character wherewith we shall reappear at the resurrection.—Thomas Chalmers.

Death is a silent, peaceful genius, who rocks our second childhood to sleep in the cradle of the coffin.—Chatfield.

Death, remembered, should be like a mirror, who tells us life is but a breath; to trust it, error.—Shakespeare.

Death shuns the naked throat and proffered breast; he flies when called to be a welcome guest.—Sir Charles Sedley.

Death is a stage in human progress, to be passed as we would pass from childhood to youth, or from youth to manhood, and with the same consciousness of an everlasting nature.—Sears.

And when no longer we can see Thee, may we reach out our hands, and find Thee leading us through death to immortality and glory.—H. W. Beecher.

The knell, the shroud, the mattock, and the grave, the deep, damp vault, the darkness and the worm.—Young.

Whatever crazy sorrow saith, no life that breathes with human breath has ever truly longed for death.—Tennyson.

Like other tyrants, death delights to smite what, smitten, most proclaims the pride of power and arbitrary nod.—Young.

Nothing can we call our own but death, and that small model of the barren earth which serves as paste and cover to our bones.—Shakespeare.

Death, of all estimated evils, is the only one whose presence never incommoded anybody, and which only causes concern during its absence.—Arcesilaus.

Setting is preliminary to brighter rising; decay is a process of advancement; death is the condition of higher and more fruitful life.—Chapin.

We sometimes congratulate ourselves at the moment of waking from a troubled dream—it may be so the moment after death.—Hawthorne.

Death is the only monastery; the tomb is the only cell, and the grave that adjoins the convent is the bitterest mock of its futility.—Bulwer-Lytton.

To the Christian, these shades are the golden haze which heaven's light makes, when it meets the earth, and mingles with its shadows.—H. W. Beecher.

Remember to think of your departed mother always as living, just away in another room of our Father's house.—Babcock.

Whatever stress some may lay upon it, a death-bed repentance is but a weak and slender plank to trust our all on.—Sterne.

Death is like thunder in two particulars: we are alarmed at the sound of it; and it is formidable only from that which preceded it.—C. C. Colton.

He that always waits upon God is ready whenever He calls. Neglect not to set your accounts even; he is a happy man who so lives as that death at all times may find him at leisure to die.—Owen Feltham.

Dead is she? No; rather let us call ourselves dead, who tire so soon in the service of the Master whom she has gone to serve forever.—W. S. Smart.

Death, which hateth and destroyeth a man, is believed; God, which hath made him and loves him, is always deferred.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

It seems to be remarkable that death increases our veneration for the good, and extenuates our hatred for the bad. —Johnson.

Death is not an end, but a transition crisis. All the forms of decay are but masks of regeneration—the secret alembics of vitality.—Chapin.

To close the eyes, and give a seemly comfort to the apparel of the dead, is poverty's holiest touch of nature.—Dickens.

The reconciling grave swallows distinction first, that made us foes, that all alike lie down in peace together.—Shakespeare.

It seems as though, at the approach of a certain dark hour, the light of heaven infills those who are leaving the light of earth.—Victor Hugo.

The darkness of death is like the evening twilight; it makes all objects appear more lovely to the dying.—Richter.

Birth into this life was the death of the embryo life that preceded, and the death of this will be birth into some new mode of being.—Rev. Dr. Hedge.

Earth has one angel less, and heaven one more since yesterday. Already, kneeling at the throne, she has received her welcome, and is resting on the bosom of her Saviour.—Hawthorne.

To neglect at any time preparation for death is to sleep on our post at a siege; to omit it in old age is to sleep at an attack.—Johnson.

In the destroyer's steps there spring up bright creations that defy his power and his dark path becomes a way of light to heaven.—Dickens.

We bury love; forgetfulness grows over it like grass; that is a thing to weep for, not the dead.—Alexander Smith.

'Tis the cessation of our breath.
Silent and motionless we lie;
And no one knoweth more than this.
—Longfellow.

If life be a pleasure, yet, since death also is sent by the hand of the same Master, neither should that displease us.—Michael Angelo.

Of all the evils of the world which are reproached with an evil character, death is the most innocent of its accusation.—Jeremy Taylor.

Approach thy grave like one that wraps the drapery of his couch about him, and lies down to pleasant dreams. —Bryant.

Death came with friendly care, the opening bud to heaven conveyed, and bade it blossom there.—Coleridge.

The premeditation of death is the premeditation of liberty; he who has learnt to die has forgot to serve.—Montaigne.

I look upon death to be as necessary to our constitution as sleep. We shall rise refreshed in the morning.—Franklin.

Death is not the monarch of the dead, but of the dying. The moment he obtains a conquest, he loses a subject.—Thomas Paine.

Let us live like those who expect to die, and then we shall find that we feared death only because we were unacquainted with it.—William Wake.

'Tis the only discipline we are born for; all studies else are but as circular lines, and death the center where they all must meet.—Massinger.

The night comes on that knows not morn,
When I shall cease to be all alone,
To live forgotten, and love forlorn.
—Tennyson.

Death is not rare, alas! nor burials few,
And soon the grassy coverlet of God
Spreads equal green above their ashes pale.
—Bayard Taylor.

Death is delightful. Death is dawn—
The waking from a weary night
Of fevers unto truth and light.
—Joaquin Miller.

All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. —Bryant.

Then Sleep and Death, two twins of winged race,
Of matchless swiftness, but of silent pace.
—Homer.

Like a led victim, to my death I'll go,
And, dying, bless the hand that gave the blow. —Dryden.

Men in general do not live as if they looked to die; and therefore do not die as if they looked to live.—Manton.

By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too. —Shakespeare.

Death is a commingling of eternity with time; in the death of a good man, eternity is seen looking through time. —Goethe.

Death is the liberator of him whom freedom cannot release, the physician of him whom medicine cannot cure, and the comforter of him whom time cannot console.—Colton.

It is as natural to die as to be born; and to a little infant, perhaps, the one is as painful as the other.—Bacon.

It is by no means a fact that death is the worst of all evils; when it comes it is an alleviation to mortals who are worn out with sufferings.—Metastasio.

Death is the only physician, the shadow of his valley the only journeying that will cure us of age and the gathering fatigue of years.—George Eliot.

The happiest of pillows is not that which love first presses! it is that which death has frowned on and passed over.—Landor.

A few feet under the ground reigns so profound a silence, and yet so much tumult on the surface!—Victor Hugo.

Oh, God! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood!
—Byron.

Death rides in triumph,—fell destruction
Lashes his fiery horse, and round about him
His many thousand ways to let out souls.
—Beaumont and Fletcher.

To die, I own, is a dread passage—terrible to nature, chiefly to those who have, like me, been happy.—Thomson.

How short is human life; the very breath,
Which frames my words, accelerates my death. —Hannah More.

Death itself is less painful when it comes upon us unawares than the bare contemplation of it, even when danger is far distant.—Pascal.

Suns may set and rise; we, when our short day is closed, must sleep on during one never-ending night.—Catullus.

To die is landing on some silent shore,
Where billows never break nor tempests roar;
Ere well we feel the friendly stroke 'tis o'er. —Sir Samuel Garth.

O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low? Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils, shrunk to this little measure?—Shakespeare.

If thou expect death as a friend, prepare to entertain it; if thou expect death as an enemy, prepare to overcome it; death has no advantage, but when it comes a stranger.—Quarles.

Man should ever look to his last day, and no one should be called happy before his funeral.—Ovid.

Lay her i' the earth;
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring! —Shakespeare.

A man after death is not a natural but a spiritual man; nevertheless he still appears in all respects like himself.—Swedenborg.

Death upon his face
Is rather shine than shade,
A tender shine by looks beloved made.
—Mrs. Browning.

I fled, and cried out Death!
Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sigh'd
From all her caves, and back resounded Death. —Milton.

Death to the Christian is the funeral of all his sorrows and evils, and the resurrection of all his joys.—Aughey.

He whom the gods love dies young, while he is in health, has his senses and his judgment sound.—Plautus.

When at last the angels come to convey your departing spirit to Abraham's bosom, depend upon it, however dazzling in their newness they may be to you, you will find that your history is no novelty, and you yourself no stranger to them.—James Hamilton.

So we fall asleep in Jesus. We have played long enough at the games of life, and at last we feel the approach of death. We are tired out, and we lay our heads back on the bosom of Christ, and quietly fall asleep.—H. W. Beecher.

Reflect on death as in Jesus Christ, not as without Jesus Christ. Without Jesus Christ it is dreadful, it is alarming, it is the terror of nature. In Jesus Christ it is fair and lovely, it is good and holy, it is the joy of saints. —Pascal.

The most heaven-like spots I have ever visited have been certain rooms in which Christ's disciples were awaiting the summons of death. So far from being a "house of mourning," I have often found such a house to be a vestibule of glory.—T. L. Cuyler.

How well he fell asleep!
Like some proud river, widening toward the sea;
Calmly and grandly, silently and deep,
Life joined eternity.—S. T. Coleridge.

When darkness gathers over all,
And the last tottering pillars fall,
Take the poor dust Thy mercy warms,
And mould it into heavenly forms.
—O. W. Holmes.

Death cannot come
To him untimely who is fit to die;
The less of this cold world, the more of heaven;
The briefer life, the earlier immortality.
—Millman.

Drawing near her death, she sent most pious thoughts as harbingers to heaven; and her soul saw a glimpse of happiness through the chinks of her sickness-broken body.—Thomas Fuller.

It is impossible that anything so natural, so necessary, and so universal as death should ever have been designed by Providence as an evil to mankind.—Swift.

Certainly the contemplation of death, as the wages of sin, and passage to another world, is holy and religious; but the fear of it, as a tribute due unto Nature, is weak.—Bacon.

He that would die well must always look for death, every day knocking at the gates of the grave; and then the grave shall never prevail against him to do him mischief.—Jeremy Taylor.

Death is so genuine a fact that it excludes falsehoods, or betrays its emptiness; it is a touchstone that proves the gold, and dishonors the baser metal.—Hawthorne.

Seek such union to the Son of God as, leaving no present death within, shall make the second death impossible and shall leave in all your future only that shadow of death which men call

dissolution, and which the gospel calls sleeping in Jesus.—James Hamilton.

All was ended now, the hope and the fear and the sorrow, all the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing, all the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience.—Longfellow.

When the dust of death has choked a great man's voice, the common words he said turn oracles, the common thoughts he yoked like horses draw like griffins.—Mrs. Browning.

The weariest and most loathed worldly life that age, ache, penury, and imprisonment can lay on nature is a paradise to what we fear of death.—Shakespeare.

Soon for me the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.
—Doane.

Love masters agony; the soul that seemed
Forsaken feels her present God again
And in her Father's arms
Contented dies away.
—John Keble.

Many persons sigh for death when it seems far off, but the inclination vanishes when the boat upsets, or the locomotive runs off the track, or the measles set it.—T. W. Higginson.

We die every day; every moment deprives us of a portion of life and advances us a step toward the grave; our whole life is only a long and painful sickness.—Massillon.

The fear of approaching death, which in youth we imagine must cause inquietude to the aged, is very seldom the source of much uneasiness.—Hazlitt.

O Death, what are thou? nurse of dreamless slumbers freshening the fevered flesh to a wakefulness eternal. —Tupper.

Everything dies, and on this spring morning, if I lay my ear to the ground, I seem to hear from every point of the compass the heavy step of men who carry a corpse to its burial.—Madame de Gasparin.

Death makes a beautiful appeal to charity. When we look upon the dead form, so composed and still, the kindness and the love that are in us all come forth.—Chapin.

There is nothing of evil in life for him who rightly comprehends that death is no evil; to know how to die delivers us from all subjection and constraint.—Montaigne.

Death is as near to the young as to the old; here is all the difference: death stands behind the young man's back, before the old man's face.—Rev. T. Adams.

Cullen whispered in his last moments: "I wish I had the power of writing or speaking, for then I would describe to you how pleasant a thing it is to die."—Dr. Derby.

Death to a good man is but passing through a dark entry, out of one little dusky room of his Father's house into another that is fair and large, lightsome and glorious, and divinely entertaining.—Adam Clarke.

All life is surrounded by a great circumference of death; but to the believer in Jesus, beyond this surrounding death is a boundless sphere of life. He has only to die once to be done with death forever.—James Hamilton.

How beautiful it is for a man to die on the walls of Zion! to be called like a watch-worn and weary sentinel, to put his armor off, and rest in heaven. —N. P. Willis.

Death opens the gate of fame, and shuts the gate of envy after it; it unlooses the chain of the captive, and puts the bondsman's task into another man's hand.—Sterne.

When a man dies they who survive him ask what property he has left behind. The angel who bends over the

dying man asks what good deeds he has sent before him.—Koran.

Life's race well run,
Life's work well done,
Life's crown well won,
Now comes rest.
—President Garfield's Epitaph.

The churchyard is the market-place where all things are rated at their true value, and those who are approaching it talk of the world and its vanities with a wisdom unknown before.—Baxter.

There are such things as a man shall remember with joy upon his death-bed; such as shall cheer and warm his heart even in that last and bitter agony.—South.

If human love hath power to penetrate the veil—and hath it not?—then there are yet living here a few who have the blessedness of knowing that an angel loves them.—Hawthorne.

We look at death through the cheap-glazed windows of the flesh, and believe him the monster which the flawed and cracked glass represents him.—Lowell.

I have heard that death takes us away from ill things, not from good. I have heard that when we pronounce the name of man we pronounce the belief of immortality.—Emerson.

To die,—to sleep,—
No more;—and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to. —Shakespeare.

And there at Venice gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long.
—Shakespeare.

How oft, when men are at the point of death,
Have they been merry! which their keepers call
A lightning before death. —Shakespeare.

Nature intends that, at fixed periods, men should succeed each other by the instrumentality of death. We shall never outwit Nature; we shall die as usual.—Fontenelle.

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
—Pope.

The prince, who kept the world in awe,
The judge, whose dictate fix'd the law,
The rich, the poor, the great, the small,
Are levell'd: death confounds 'em all.
—Gay.

The world will turn when we are earth
As though we had not come nor gone;
There was no lack before our birth,
When we are gone there will be none.
—Omar Khayyam.

Strange—is it not?—that of the myriads who
Before us passed the door of Darkness through,
Not one returns to tell us of the road
Which to discover we must travel too.
—Omar Khayyam.

For thee, O now a silent soul, my brother,
Take at my hands this garland and farewell.
Thin is the leaf, and chill the wintry smell,
And chill the solemn earth, a fatal mother
—Swinburne.

Death! to the happy thou art terrible;
But how the wretched love to think of thee,
O thou true comforter! the friend of all
Who have no friend beside!
—Southey.

There is no Death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call death.
—Longfellow.

Death is the port where all may refuge find,
The end of labor, entry into rest;
Death hath the bounds of misery confin'd
Whose sanctuary shrouds affliction best.
—Earl of Stirling

O death! the poor man's dearest friend,
The kindest and the best!
Welcome the hour, my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest! —Burns.

What is certain in death is somewhat softened by what is uncertain; it is an indefiniteness in the time

which holds a certain relation to the infinite, and what is called eternity.—La Bruyère.

And thou art terrible—the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier;
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine. —Halleck.

When we see our enemies and friends gliding away before us, let us not forget that we are subject to the general law of mortality, and shall soon be where our doom will be fixed forever. —Dr. Johnson.

As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death;
The young disease, that must subdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength. —Pope.

His last day places man in the same state as he was before he was born; nor after death has the body or soul any more feeling than they had before birth.—Pliny the Elder.

She thought our good-night kiss was given,
And like a lily her life did close;
Angels uncurtain'd that repose,
And the next waking dawn'd in heaven.
—Gerald Massey.

Then with no fiery throbbing pain,
No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And freed his soul the nearest way.
—Samuel Johnson.

The soul too soft its ills to bear,
Has left our mortal hemisphere,
And sought in better world the meed
To blameless life by heaven decreed.
—Scott.

But whether on the scaffold high,
Or in the battle's van,
The fittest place where man can die
Is where he dies for man.
—Michael J. Barry.

Dust, to its narrow house beneath!
Soul, to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die.
—Mrs. Hemans.

As the films of clay are removed from our eyes, Death loses the false aspect of the spectre, and we fall at last into its arms as a wearied child upon the bosom of its mother.—Bulwer.

But since, howe'er protracted, death will come,
Why fondly study, with ingenious pains,
To put it off?—To breathe a little longer
Is to defer our fate, but not to shun it.
—Hannah More.

First our pleasures die—and then
Our hopes, and then our fears—and when
These are dead, the debt is due,
Dust claims dust—and we die too.
—Shelley.

There is a Reaper whose name is Death,
And with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.
—Longfellow.

What day, what hour, but knocks at human hearts,
To wake the soul to sense of future scenes?
Deaths stand like Mercurys, in every way,
And kindly point us to our journey's end.
—Dr. Young.

Death is the king of this world: 'tis his park
Where he breeds life to feed him. Cries of pain
Are music for his banquet.
—George Eliot.

And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the consoler,
Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it forever. —Longfellow.

Death comes to all. His cold and sapless hand
Waves o'er the world, and beckons us away.
Who shall resist the summons?
—Thomas Love Peacock.

How shocking must thy summons be, O death!
To him that is at ease in his possessions;
Who, counting on long years of pleasure here,
Is quite unfurnish'd for that world to come!
—Blair.

Two hands upon the breast,
And labor's done;
Two pale feet cross'd in rest,
The race is won. —D. M. Mulock.

The truth of it is, there is nothing in history which is so improving to the reader as those accounts which we meet with of the death of eminent per-

sons and of their behavior in that dreadful season.—Addison.

But the grave is not deep; it is the shining tread of an angel that seeks us. When the unknown hand throws the fatal dart at the end of man, then boweth he his head and the dart only lifts the crown of thorns from his wounds.—Richter.

Brethren, we are all sailing home; and by and by, when we are not thinking of it, some shadowy thing (men call it death), at midnight, will pass by, and will call us by name, and will say, "I have a message for you from home; God wants you; heaven waits for you."—H. W. Beecher.

Death is the wish of some, the relief of many, and the end of all. It sets the slave at liberty, carries the banished man home, and places all mortals on the same level, insomuch that life itself were a punishment without it.—Seneca.

He that always waits upon God is ready whensoever He calls. Neglect not to set your accounts even; he is a happy man who so lives as that death at all times may find him at leisure to die.—Feltham.

When you take the wires of the cage apart, you do not hurt the bird, but help it. You let it out of its prison. How do you know that death does not help me when it takes the wires of my cage down?—that it does not release me, and put me into some better place, and better condition of life?—Bishop Randolph S. Foster.

Death is a mighty mediator. There all the flames of rage are extinguished, hatred is appeased, and angelic pity, like a weeping sister, bends with gentle and close embrace over the funeral urn. —Schiller.

"Come and see how a Christian can die," said the dying sage to his pupil; how would it do to say, "Come and see how an infidel can die?"—How would it have done for Voltaire to say this, who, in his panic at the prospect of eternity, offered his physician half his fortune for six weeks more of life? —James Hamilton.

Against specious appearances we must set clear convictions, bright and ready for use. When death appears as an evil, we ought immediately to remember that evils are things to be avoided, but death is inevitable.—Epictetus.

O, if the deeds of human creatures could be traced to their source, how beautiful would even death appear; for how much charity, mercy, and purified affection would be seen to have their growth in dusty graves!—Dickens.

What is our death but a night's sleep? For as through sleep all weariness and faintness pass away and cease, and the powers of the spirit come back again, so that in the morning we arise fresh and strong and joyous; so at the Last Day we shall rise again as if we had only slept a night, and shall be fresh and strong.—Martin Luther.

If life has not made you by God's grace, through faith, holy—think you, will death without faith do it? The cold waters of that narrow stream are no purifying bath in which you may wash and be clean. No! no! as you go down into them, you will come up from them.—Alexander Maclaren.

Let death and exile, and all other things which appear terrible, be daily before your eyes, but death chiefly; and you will never entertain any abject thought, nor too eagerly covet anything.—Epictetus.

Feasts and business and pleasure and enjoyments seem great things to us, whilst we think of nothing else; but as soon as we add death to them they all sink into an equal littleness. —William Law.

At the last, when we die, we have the dear angels for our escort on the

way. They who can grasp the whole world in their hands can surely also guard our souls, that they make that last journey safely.—Luther.

There is a sweet anguish springing up in our bosoms when a child's face brightens under the shadow of the waiting angel. There is an autumnal fitness when age gives up the ghost; and when the saint dies there is a tearful victory.—Chapin.

If I were a writer of books, I would compile a register, with the comment of the various deaths of men; and it could not but be useful, for who should teach men to die would at the same time teach them to live.—Montaigne.

Death alone of the gods loves not gifts, nor do you need to offer incense or libations; he cares not for altar nor hymn; the goddess of Persuasion alone of the gods has no power over him.—Horace.

Can we wonder that men perish and are forgotten, when their noblest and most enduring works decay? Death comes even to monumental structures, and oblivion rests on the most illustrious names.—Marcus Antoninus.

The bed of death brings every human being to his pure individuality; to the intense contemplation of that deepest and most solemn of all relations, the relation between the creature and his Creator.—Daniel Webster.

We so converse every night with the image of death that every morning we find an argument of the resurrection. Sleep and death have but one mother, and they have one name in common.—Jeremy Taylor.

Nature has lent us life, as we do a sum of money; only no certain day is fixed for payment. What reason then to complain if she demands it at pleasure, since it was on this condition that we received it?—Cicero.

I scarcely know how it is, but the deaths of children seem to me always less premature than those of older persons. Not that they are in fact so, but it is because they themselves have little or no relation to time or maturity.—Barry Cornwall.

To mourn deeply for the death of another loosens from myself the petty desire for, and the animal adherence to life. We have gained the end of the philosopher, and view without shrinking the coffin and the pall.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Who knows we have not lived before
In forms that felt delight and pain?
If death is not the open door
Through which we pass to life again?
—David Banks Sickels.

Few people know death, we only endure it, usually from determination, and even from stupidity and custom; and most men only die because they know not how to prevent dying.—La Rochefoucauld.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
—Gray.

Thy day without a cloud hath pass'd,
And thou wert lovely to the last;
Extinguish'd not decay'd!
As stars that shoot along the sky
Shine brightest as they fall from high.
—Byron.

Can that man be dead
Whose spiritual influence is upon his kind?
He lives in glory; and his speaking dust
Has more of life than half its breathing moulds.
—Miss Landon.

Let us not doubt that God has a father's pity towards us, and that in the removal of that which is dearest to us He is still loving and kind. Death separates, but it also unites. It reunites whom it separates.—Abraham Coles.

Philosophy has often attempted to repress insolence by asserting that all conditions are leveled by death; a position which, however it may deject the happy, will seldom afford much comfort to the wretched.—Dr. Johnson.

What is death but a ceasing to be what we were before? We are kindled, and put out, we die daily; nature that begot us expels us, and a better and safer place is provided for us.—Seneca.

Where the brass knocker, wrapt in flannel band,
Forbids the thunder of the footman's hand,
Th' upholder, rueful harbinger of death,
Waits with impatience for the dying breath.
—Gay.

One destin'd period men in common have,
The great, the base, the coward, and the brave,
All food alike for worms, companions in the grave. —Lord Lansdowne.

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
A shadow on those features fair and thin;
And softly, from that hushed and darkened room,
Two angels issued, where but one went in.
—Longfellow.

The hand that unnerved Belshazzar derived its most horrifying influence from the want of a body, and death itself is not formidable in what we do know of it, but in what we do not. —Colton.

Eyes, look your last!
Arms, take your last embrace! and lips O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death.
—Shakespeare.

Death wounds to cure: we fall; we rise; we reign!
Spring from our fetters; fasten in the skies;
Where blooming Eden withers in our sight:
Death gives us more than was in Eden lost.
This king of terrors is the prince of peace.
—Young.

Every man at time of Death,
Would fain set forth some saying that may live
After his death and better humankind;
For death gives life's last word a power to live,
And, like the stone-cut epitaph, remain
After the vanished voice, and speak to men.
—Tennyson.

I am not in the least surprised that your impression of death becomes more lively, in proportion as age and infirmity bring it nearer. God makes use of this rough trial to undeceive us in respect to our courage, to make us feel our weakness, and to keep us in all humility in His hands.—Fénelon.

The moment in which the spirit meets death is perhaps like the moment in which it is embraced in sleep. I suppose it never happened to any one to be conscious of the immediate transition from the waking to the sleeping state.—Mrs. Jameson.

The world is full of resurrections. Every night that folds us up in darkness is a death; and those of you that have been out early, and have seen the first of the dawn, will know it—the day rises out of the night like a being that has burst its tomb and escaped into life.—George MacDonald.

When the veil of death has been drawn between us and the objects of our regard, how quick-sighted do we become to their merits, and how bitterly do we remember words, or even looks, of unkindness which may have escaped in our intercourse with them.—Bishop Heber.

No man but knows that he must die; he knows that in whatever quarter of the world he abides—whatever be his circumstances—however strong his present hold of life—however unlike the prey of death he looks—that it is his doom beyond reverse to die.—Stebbing.

Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come.
—Shakespeare.

The world recedes; it disappears;
Heav'n opens on my eyes; my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting? —Pope.

All that nature has prescribed must be good; and as death is natural to us, it is absurdity to fear it. Fear loses its purpose when we are sure it cannot preserve us, and we should draw reso-

lution to meet it from the impossibility to escape it.—Steele.

O Earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delved gold, the wailer's heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God makes a silence through you all,
And "giveth His beloved, sleep."
—Mrs. Browning.

Yet 'twill only be a sleep:
When, with songs and dewy light,
Morning blossoms out of Night,
She will open her blue eyes
'Neath the palms of Paradise,
While we foolish ones shall weep.
—Edward Rowland Sill.

Sure 'tis a serious thing to die! My soul!
What a strange moment must it be, when, near
Thy journey's end, thou hast the gulf in view!
That awful gulf, no mortal e'er repass'd
To tell what's doing on the other side.
—Blair.

Death never takes one alone, but two!
Whenever he enters in at a door,
Under roof of gold or roof of thatch,
He always leaves it upon the latch,
And comes again ere the year is o'er,
Never one of a household only.
—Longfellow.

It is hard
To feel the hand of death arrest one's steps,
Throw a chill blight o'er all one's budding hopes,
And hurl one's soul untimely to the shades
Lost in the gaping gulf of blank oblivion.
—Kirk White.

A true philosopher
Makes death his common practice, while he lives,
And every day by contemplation strives
To separate the soul, far as he can,
From off the body. —May.

All at rest now—all dust!—wave flows on wave,
But the sea dries not! What to us the grave?
It brings no real homily; we sigh,
Pause for a while, and murmur, "All must die!"
Then rush to pleasure, action, sin, once more,
Swell the loud tide, and fret unto the shore! —The New Timon.

And now, with busy, but noiseless process, the Comforter is giving the last finish to the sanctifying work, and making the heir of glory meet for home, till, at a given signal, the portal opens, and even the numb body feels the burst of blessedness as the rigid features smile and say, "I see Jesus," then leave the vision pictured on the pale but placid brow.—James Hamilton.

Death is the tyrant of the imagination. His reign is in solitude and darkness, in tombs and prisons, over weak hearts and seething brains. He lives, without shape or sound, a phantasm, inaccessible to sight or touch—a ghastly and terrible apprehension.—Barry Cornwall.

The birds of the air die to sustain thee; the beasts of the field die to nourish thee; the fishes of the sea die to feed thee. Our stomachs are their common sepulchre. Good God! with how many deaths are our poor lives patched up! how full of death is the life of momentary man!—Quarles.

There is before the eyes of men, on the brink of dissolution, a glassy film, which death appears to impart, that they may have a brief prospect of eternity when some behold the angels of light, while others have the demons of darkness before them.—Cockton.

Oh that we may all be living in such a state of preparedness, that, when summoned to depart, we may ascend the summit whence faith looks forth on all that Jesus hath suffered and done, and exclaiming, "We have waited for Thy salvation, O Lord," lie down with Moses on Pisgah, to awake with Moses in paradise.—Henry Melvill.

Death brings us again to our friends. They are waiting for us, and we shall not be long. They have gone before us, and are like the angels in heaven. They stand upon the borders of the grave to welcome us with the countenance of affection which they wore on earth,—yet more lovely, more radiant, more spiritual.—Longfellow.

"Paid the debt of nature." No; it is not paying a debt; it is rather like

bringing a note to the bank to obtain solid gold for it. In this case you bring this cumbrous body which is nothing worth, and which you could not wish to retain long; you lay it down, and receive for it from the eternal treasures—liberty, victory, knowledge, rapture.—Foster.

For the fear of death is indeed the pretence of wisdom, and not real wisdom, being a pretended knowledge of the unknown; and no one knows whether death, which men in their fear apprehend to be the greatest evil, may not be the greatest good. Is there not here conceit of knowledge, which is a disgraceful sort of ignorance?—Plato.

The death-bed of the just is yet undrawn
By mortal hand—it merits a divine.
Angels should paint it—angels ever there—
There on a post of honour and of joy.
A death-bed's a detector of the heart;—
Here tired dissimulation drops her mask:
Virtue alone has majesty in death.
—Young.

I live,
But live to die: and living, see no thing
To make death hateful, save an innate clinging,
A loathsome and yet all invincible
Instinct of life, which I abhor, as I
Despise myself, yet cannot overcome—
And so I live. —Byron.

All buildings are but monuments of death,
All clothes but winding-sheets for our last knell,
All dainty fattings for the worms beneath,
All curious music but our passing bell:
Thus death is nobly waited on, for why?
All that we have is but death's livery.
—Shirley.

For I know that Death is a guest divine,
Who shall drink my blood as I drink this wine;
And he cares for nothing! a king is he—
Come on, old fellow, and drink with me!
With you I will drink to the solemn past,
Though the cup that I drain should be my last. —William Winter.

Death is but a word to us. One's own experience alone can teach us the real meaning of the word. The sight of the dying does little. What one sees of them is merely what precedes death: dull unconsciousness is all we see. Whether this be so,—how and when the spirit wakes to life again,—this is what all wish to know, and what never can be known until it is experienced.—Wilhelm von Humboldt.

Divinely fair as thine, O never more
Would strong hearts break o'er biers. There sleeps to-night
A sacred sweetness on thy silent lips,
A solemn light upon thy ample brow,
That I can never, never hope to find
Upon a living face. —Smith.

'Tis not the stoic's lesson got by rote,
The pomp of words, and pedant dissertation,
That can support thee in that hour of terror.
Books have taught cowards to talk nobly of it;
But when the trial comes, they start and stand aghast. —Rowe.

None who e'er knew her can believe her dead;
Though, should she die, they deem it well might be
Her spirit took its everlasting flight
In summer's glory, by the sunset sea,
That onward through the Golden Gate is fled.
Ah, where that bright soul is cannot be night. —R. W. Gilder.

So his life has flow'd
From its mysterious urn a sacred stream,
In whose calm depth the beautiful and pure
Alone are mirror'd, which though shapes of ill
May hover round its surface glides in light,
And takes no shadow from them.
—Talfourd.

It is very singular, how the fact of a man's death often seems to give people a truer idea of his character, whether for good or evil, than they have ever possessed while he was living and acting among them. Death is so genuine a fact that it excludes falsehood or betray its emptiness: it is a touch-stone that proves the gold, and dishonors the baser metal.—Hawthorne.

O eloquent, just and mightie Death! whom none could advise, thou hast perswaded; what none hath dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised: thou hast drawne together all the

farre stretchéd greatnesse, all the pride, crueltie and ambition of men, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, *Hic jacet!*—Sir Walter Raleigh.

It unfortunately happens that no man believes that he is likely to die soon. So every one is much disposed to defer the consideration of what ought to be done on the supposition of such an emergency; and while nothing is so uncertain as human life, so nothing is so certain as our assurance that we shall survive most of our neighbors. —Aughey.

I have seen those who have arrived at a fearless contemplation of the future, from faith in the doctrine which our religion teaches. Such men were not only calm and supported, but cheerful in the hour of death; and I never quitted such a sick chamber without a hope that my last end might be like theirs.—Sir Henry Halford.

Then 'tis our best, since thus ordain'd to die,
To make a virtue of necessity.
Take what he gives, since to rebel is vain,
The bad grows better which we well sustain,
And could we choose the time and choose aright,
'Tis best to die, our honor at the height.
—Dryden.

Living is death; dying is life. We are not what we appear to be. On this side of the grave we are exiles, on that citizens; on this side orphans, on that children; on this side captives, on that freemen; on this side disguised, unknown, on that disclosed and proclaimed as the sons of God.—Beecher.

Dying visions of angels and Christ and God and heaven are confined to credibly good men. Why do not bad men have such visions? They die of all sorts of diseases; they have nervous temperaments; they even have creeds and hopes about the future which they cling to with very great tenacity; why do not they rejoice in some such glorious illusions when they go out of the world?—E. F. Burr.

Death, whether it regards ourselves or others, appears less terrible in war than at home. The cries of women and children, friends in anguish, a dark room, dim tapers, priests and physicians, are what affect us the most on the death-bed. Behold us already more than half dead and buried. —Henry Home.

Who is it that called time the avenger, yet failed to see that death was the consoler. What mortal afflictions are there to which death does not bring full remedy? What hurts of hope and body does it not repair? "This is a sharp medicine," said Raleigh, speaking of the axe, "but it cures all disorders."—Simms.

He that dies in an earnest pursuit is like one that is wounded in hot blood; who, for the time, scarce feels the hurt; and therefore a mind fixed and bent upon somewhat that is good doth avert the dolors of death; but above all, believe it, the sweetest canticle is, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace."—Bacon.

The day of our decease will be that of our coming of age; and with our last breath we shall become free of the universe. And in some region of infinity, and from among its splendors, this earth will be looked back on like a lowly home, and this life of ours be remembered like a short apprenticeship to duty.—Mountford.

Could we but know one in a hundred of the close approachings of the skeleton, we should lead a life of perpetual shudder. Often and often do his bony fingers almost clutch our throat, or his foot is put out to give us a cross buttock. But a saving arm pulls him back ere we have seen so much as his shadow.—Prof. Wilson.

Friend to the wretch whom every friend forsakes, I woo thee, Death! Life and its joys I leave to those that prize them. Hear me, O gracious God! At Thy good time let Death approach; I reck not, let him but come in genuine form, not with Thy ven-

geance armed, too much for man to bear.—Bishop Porteus.

When death strikes down the innocent and young, for every fragile form from which he lets the panting spirit free, a hundred virtues rise, in shapes of mercy, charity, and love, to walk the world and bless it. Of every tear that sorrowing mortals shed on such green graves, some good is born, some gentler nature comes.—Dickens.

And when, in the evening of life, the golden clouds rest sweetly and invitingly upon the golden mountains, and the light of heaven streams down through the gathering mists of death, I wish you a peaceful and abundant entrance into that world of blessedness, where the great riddle of life will be unfolded to you in the quick consciousness of a soul redeemed and purified.—J. G. Holland.

Let dissolution come when it will, it can do the Christian no harm, for it will be but a passage out of a prison into a palace: out of a sea of troubles into a haven of rest; out of a crowd of enemies to an innumerable company of true, loving, and faithful friends; out of shame, reproach, and contempt, into exceeding great and eternal glory. —Bunyan.

Death did not first strike Adam, the first sinful man, nor Cain, the first hypocrite, but Abel, the innocent and righteous. The first soul that met with death, overcame death; the first soul that parted from earth went to heaven. Death argues not displeasure, because he whom God loved best dies first, and the murderer is punished with living.—Bishop Hall.

Death reigns in all the portions of our time. The autumn with its fruits provides disorders for us, and the winter's cold turns them into sharp diseases, and the spring brings flowers to strew our hearse, and the summer gives green turf and brambles to bind upon our graves. Calentures and surfeit, cold and agues, are the four quarters of the year, and all minister to death; and you can go no whither but you tread upon a dead man's bones.—Bishop Taylor.

There are flowers which only yield their fragrance to the night; there are faces whose beauty only fully opens out in death. No more wrinkles; no drawn, distorted lineaments; an expression of extreme humility, blended with gladness of hope; a serene brightness, and an ideal straightening of the outline, as if the Divine finger, source of supreme beauty, had been laid there.—Madame de Gasparin.

The more we sink into the infirmities of age, the nearer we are to immortal youth. All people are young in the other world. That state is an eternal spring, ever fresh and flourishing. Now, to pass from midnight into noon on the sudden, to be decrepit one minute and all spirit and activity the next, must be a desirable change. To call this dying is an abuse of language. —Jeremy Collier.

The realm of death seems an enemy's country to most men, on whose shores they are loathly driven by stress of weather; to the wise man it is the desired port where he moors his bark gladly, as in some quiet haven of the Fortunate Isles; it is the golden west into which his sun sinks, and, sinking, casts back a glory upon the leaden cloud-tack which had darkly besieged his day.—Lowell.

Ephemera die all at sunset, and no insect of this class has ever sported in the beams of the morning sun. Happier are ye, little human ephemera! Ye played only in the ascending beams, and in the early dawn, and in the eastern light; ye drank only of the prelibations of life: hovered for a little space over the world of freshness and of blossoms; and fell asleep in innocence before yet the morning dew was exhaled;—Richter.

Among the poor, the approach of dissolution is usually regarded with a quiet and natural composure, which it is consolatory to contemplate, and

which is as far removed from the dead palsy of unbelief as it is from the delirious raptures of fanaticism. Theirs is a true, unhesitating faith, and they are willing to lay down the burden of a weary life, in the sure and certain hope of a blessed immortality.—Southey.

Men fear death, as children fear the dark; and as that natural fear in children is increased by frightful tales, so is the other. Groans, convulsions, weeping friends, and the like show death terrible; yet there is no passion so weak but conquers the fear of it, and therefore death is not such a terrible enemy. Revenge triumphs over death, love slights it, honor aspires to it, dread of shame prefers it, grief flies to it, and fear anticipates it.—Bacon.

Death comes equally to us all, and makes us all equal when it comes. The ashes of an oak in a chimney are no epitaph of that, to tell me how high or how large that was; it tells me not what flocks it sheltered while it stood, nor what men it hurt when it fell. The dust of great persons' graves is speechless, too; it says nothing, it distinguishes nothing.—Donne.

All death in nature is birth, and at the moment of death appears visibly the rising of life. There is no dying principle in nature, for nature throughout is unmixed life, which, concealed behind the old, begins again and develops itself. Death as well as birth is simply in itself, in order to present itself ever more brightly and more like to itself.—Fichte.

Sometimes, I think, the angel Death
Comes down from realms above,
And grants to souls unfit for flight
More time to learn God's love.

Sometimes, I think, the pitying tears,
Like rain on parching sod,
Bring forth new life from wasted years,
And bring a soul to God. —J. C. H.

We hold death, poverty, and grief for our principal enemies; but this death, which some repute the most dreadful of all dreadful things, who does not know that others call it the only secure harbor from the storms and tempests of life, the sovereign good of nature, the sole support of liberty, and the common and sudden remedy of all evils?—Montaigne.

If I had thought thou couldst have died
I might not weep for thee;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be;
It never through my mind had passed,
That time would e'er be o'er
When I on thee should look my last,
And thou shouldst smile no more!
—Chas. Wolfe.

The golden ripple on the wall came back again, and nothing else stirred in the room. The old, old fashion! The fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion—Death! Oh, thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet—of Immortality!—Dickens.

One may live as a conqueror, a king or a magistrate; but he must die as a man. The bed of death brings every human being to his pure individuality; to the intense contemplation of that deepest and most solemn of all relations, the relation between the creature and his Creator. Here it is that fame and renown cannot assist us; that all external things must fail to aid us; that even friends, affection and human love and devotedness cannot succor us.—Webster.

So live, that, when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but sustain'd and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one that draws the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.
—Bryant.

When a friend is carried to his grave, we at once find excuses for every weakness, and palliation of every

fault. We recollect a thousand endearments, which before glided off our minds without impression, a thousand favors unrepaid, a thousand duties unperformed; and wish, vainly wish, for his return, not so much that we may receive as that we may bestow happiness, and recompense that kindness which before we never understood.—Dr. Johnson.

It is an exquisite and beautiful thing in our nature, that, when the heart is touched and softened by some tranquil happiness or affectionate feeling, the memory of the dead comes over it most powerfully and irresistibly. It would seem almost as though our better thoughts and sympathies were charms, in virtue of which the soul is enabled to hold some vague and mysterious intercourse with the spirits of those whom we loved in life. Alas! how often and how long may these patient angels hover around us, watching for the spell which is so soon forgotten!—Dickens.

When I remember all
The friends so link'd together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather;
I feel like one who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed.
—Tom Moore.

Ye living soldiers of the mighty war,
Once more from roaring cannon and the drums
And bugles blown at morn, the summons comes;
Forget the halting limb, each wound and scar:
Once more your Captain calls to you;
Come to his last review!
—R. W. Gilder.

Out—out are the lights—out all!
And, over each quivering form,
The curtain, a funeral pall,
Comes down with the rush of a storm,
And the angels, all pallid and wan,
Uprising, unveiling, affirm
That the play is the tragedy, "Man,"
And its hero the Conqueror Worm.
—Poe.

Our respect for the dead, when they are just dead, is something wonderful, and the way we show it more wonderful still. We show it with black feathers and black horses; we show it with black dresses and black heraldries; we show it with costly obelisks and sculptures of sorrow, which spoil half of our beautiful cathedrals. We show it with frightful gratings and vaults, and lids of dismal stone, in the midst of the quiet grass; and last, and not least, we show it by permitting ourselves to tell any number of falsehoods we think amiable or credible in the epitaph.—Ruskin.

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot:
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendant world. —Shakespeare.

O Death, what art thou? a Lawgiver that never altereth,
Fixing the consummating seal, whereby the deeds of life become established;
O Death, what art thou? a stern and silent usher,
Leading to the judgment for Eternity, after the trial scene of Time;
O Death, what art thou? an husbandman that reapeth always,
Out of season, as in season, with the sickle in his hand. —Tupper.

He who died at Azan sends
This to comfort all his friends:
Faithful friends! It lies I know
Pale and white and cold as snow;
And ye say, "Abdallah's dead"!
Weeping at the feet and head,
I can see your falling tears,
I can hear your sighs and prayers;
Yet I smile and whisper this:
I am not the thing you kiss.
Cease your tears and let it lie;
It was mine—it is not I.
—Edwin Arnold.

To what base uses may we return! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till it find it stopping a bunghole? As thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to dust; the dust is earth: of earth we make loam. And why of that loam, whereto he was con-

verted, might they not stop a beer barrel?—Shakespeare.

But know that thou must render up the dead,
And with high interest too! they are not thine
But only in thy keeping for a season,
Till the great promis'd day of restitution;
When loud diffusive sound of brazen trump
Of strong-lung'd cherub shall alarm thy captives,
And rouse the long, long sleepers into life,
Daylight and liberty. —Blair

The dead are like the stars, by day
Withdrawn from mortal eye,
But not extinct, they hold their way
In glory through the sky:
Spirits from bondage thus set free,
Vanish amidst immensity.
Where human thought, like human sight,
Fails to pursue their trackless flight.
—James Montgomery.

We do not die wholly at our deaths: we have mouldered away gradually long before. Faculty after faculty, interest after interest, attachment after attachment disappear; we are torn from ourselves while living, year after year sees us no longer the same, and death only consigns the last fragment of what we were to the grave.—Hazlitt.

Death should come
Gently to one of gentle mould, like thee,
As light winds, wandering through groves of bloom,
Detach the delicate blossoms from the tree,
Close thy sweet eyes calmly, and without pain,
And we will trust in God to see thee yet again. —Bryant.

Why should man's high aspiring mind
Burn in him with so proud a breath;
When all his haughty views can find
In this world, yield to death;
The fair, the brave, the vain, the wise,
The rich, the poor, the great, the small,
Are each but worms' anatomies,
To strew his quiet hall. —Marvel.

For the death of the righteous is like the descending of ripe and wholesome fruits from a pleasant and florid tree. Our senses entire, our limbs unbroken, without horrid tortures; after provision made for our children, with a blessing entailed upon posterity, in the presence of our friends, our dearest relatives closing our eyes and binding our feet, leaving a good name behind us.—Jeremy Taylor.

What is death? Oh! what is death?
'Tis slumber to the weary—
'Tis rest to the forlorn—
'Tis shelter to the dreary—
'Tis peace amid the storm—
'Tis the entrance to our home—
'Tis the passage to that God
Who bids His children come,
When their weary course is trod.
Such is death! yes, such is death.
—Anon.

Yet tell me, frighted senses! what is death?
Blood only stopp'd, and interrupted breath;
The utmost limit of a narrow span,
And end of motion, which with life began,
And smoke that rises from the kindling fires
Is seen this moment and the next expires;
As empty clouds by rising winds are toss'd
Their fleeting forms scarce sooner found than lost. —Prior.

All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings,—yet the dead are there;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep: the dead reign there alone. —Bryant.

It is not strange that that early love of the heart should come back, as it so often does when the dim eye is brightening with its last light. It is not strange that the freshest fountains the heart has ever known in its wastes should bubble up anew when the life-blood is growing stagnant. It is not strange that a bright memory should come to a dying old man, as the sunshine breaks across the hills at the close of a stormy day; nor that in the light of that ray, the very clouds that made the day dark should grow gloriously beautiful.—Hawthorne.

Do we not all, in this very hour, recall a death-bed scene in which some loved one has passed away? And, as we bring to mind the solemn reflec-

tions of that hour, are we not ready to hear and to heed the voice with which a dying wife once addressed him who stood sobbing by her side: "My dear husband, live for one thing, and only one thing; just one thing,—the glory of God, the glory of God!"—E. P. Tenney.

Beloved in the Lord, if you only will lay hold of the Saviour's strength, and cast yourself entirely on His kind arms, with His dying grace He will do wonders for you in the dying hour. A great trembling may come upon you when you think of going down to tread the verge of Jordan; "for ye have not passed this way heretofore." But Jesus has; and you shall see His footprints on the shore. He will be your guide unto death, and through death.—Alexander Dickson.

I do not know why a man should be either regretful or afraid, as he watches the hungry sea eating away this "bank and shoal of time" upon which he stands, even though the tide has all but reached his feet—if he knows that God's strong hand will be stretched forth to him at the moment when the sand dissolves from under him, and will draw him out of many waters, and place him high above the floods on the stable land where there is "no more sea."—Alexander Maclaren.

What is death
To him who meets it with an upright heart?
A quiet haven, where his shatter'd bark
Harbours secure, till the rough storm is past,
Perhaps a passage overhung with clouds,
But at its entrance, a few leagues beyond
Opening to kinder skies and milder suns,
And seas pacific as the soul that seeks them.
—Hurdis.

Every day His servants are dying modestly and peacefully—not a word of victory on their lips; but Christ's deep triumph in their hearts—watching the slow progress of their own decay, and yet so far emancipated from personal anxiety that they are still able to think and plan for others, not knowing that they are doing any great thing. They die, and the world hears nothing of them; and yet theirs was the completest victory. They came to the battle field, the field to which they had been looking forward all their lives, and the enemy was not to be found. There was no foe to fight with.—F. W. Robertson.

What a power has Death to awe and hush the voices of this earth! How mute we stand when that presence confronts us, and we look upon the silence he has wrought in a human life! We can only gaze, and bow our heads, and creep with our broken stammering utterances under the shelter of some great word which God has spoken, and in which we see through the history of human sorrow the outstretching and overshadowing of the eternal arms.—W. W. Battershall.

My friend, there will come one day to you a Messenger, whom you cannot treat with contempt. He will say, "Come with me;" and all your pleas of business cares and earthly loves will be of no avail. When his cold hand touches yours, the key of the counting-room will drop forever, and he will lead you away from all your investments, your speculations, your bank-notes and real estate, and with him you will pass into eternity, up to the bar of God. You will not be too busy to die.—A. E. Kittredge.

Death can never interrupt a faithful Christian life. When we feel the touch upon our shoulder and hear the word whispered in our ear, we may be at our work or on a journey, walking the street or asleep in our beds, praying at church or fishing in the country. What difference does it make? We are trying to please our God in what is our business just then. Sacred places and times have no superior advantage for the dying. Sacredness is in the motive of the heart that would do everything as unto the Lord, dying along with the rest. As heaven is still the glad doing of God's will, where is there any interruption?—Maltbie Babcock.

However dreary we may have felt life to be here, yet when that hour comes—the winding up of all things

the last grand rush of darkness on our spirits, the hour of that awful sudden wrench from all we have ever known or loved, the long farewell to sun, moon, stars, and light—brother man, I ask you this day, and I ask myself humbly and fearfully, "What will then be finished? When it is finished, what will it be? Will it be the butterfly existence of pleasure, the mere life of science, a life of uninterrupted sin and self-gratification, or will it be 'Father, I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do?'"—F. W. Robertson.

We shall be in the midst of some great work, when the tools shall drop from our relaxing fingers, and we shall work no more; we shall be planning some mighty project—house, business, society, book—when in one shattering moment all our thoughts shall perish. Life shall seem strong in us when we shall find that it is done. Oh, how happy they to whom all that remains is immortality; happy you who have that confidence in the Saviour, that, although nature start at the sudden midnight cry, "The Bridegroom cometh!" faith shall answer, the moment that we remember who He is, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus!"—James Hamilton.

When we come to die, we shall be alone. From all our worldly possessions we shall be about to part. Worldly friends—the friends drawn to us by our position, our wealth, or our social qualities,—will leave us as we enter the dark valley. From those bound to us by stronger ties—our kindred, our loved ones, children, brothers, sisters, and from those not less dear to us who have been made our friends because they and we are the friends of the same Saviour,—from them also we must part. Yet not all will leave us. There is One who "sticketh closer than a brother"—One who having loved His own which are in the world loves them to the end.—Albert Barnes.

"God giveth His beloved sleep;" and in that peaceful sleep, realities, not dreams, come round their quiet rest, and fill their conscious spirits and their happy hearts with blessedness and fellowship. In His own time He will make the eternal morning dawn, and the hand that kept them in their slumbers shall touch them into waking, and shall clothe them when they arise according to the body of His own glory; and they, looking into His face, and flashing back its love, its light, its beauty, shall each break forth into singing as the rising light of that unsetting day touches their transfigured and immortal heads, in the triumphant thanksgiving, "I am satisfied, for I awake in Thy likeness."—Alexander Maclaren.

Death is a great preacher of deathlessness. The protest of the soul against death, its reversion, its revulsion, is a high instinct of life. Dissatisfaction in his world who satisfieth the desire of every living thing has a grip on the future. As far as this goes, he has the least assurance of immortality who can be best satisfied with eating and drinking and "things"; he has the surest hope of ongoings and far distances who does not live by bread alone, whose eye is looking over the shoulder of things, whose ear hears mighty waters rolling evermore, who has "hopes naught can satisfy below." The limits of which death makes us aware, make us aware of life's limitlessness. The wing whose stretch touches the bars of its cage knows it was meant for an ampler ether and diviner air."—Maltbie Babcock.

No man who is fit to live need fear to die. Poor, timorous, faithless souls that we are! How we shall smile at our vain alarms when the worst has happened! To us here, death is the most terrible thing we know. But when we have tasted its reality, it will mean to us birth, deliverance, a new creation of ourselves. It will be what health is to the sick man. It will be what home is to the exile. It will be what the loved one given back is to the bereaved. As we draw near to it, a solemn gladness should fill our hearts. It is God's great morning lighting up the sky. Our fears are the terror of

children in the night. The night with its terrors, its darkness, its feverish dreams, is passing away; and when we awake, it will be into the sunlight of God.—George S. Merriam.

Debt

Debt is the worst poverty.—M. G. Lichtwer.

He that dies pays all debts.—Shakespeare.

A church debt is the devil's salary.—Beecher.

Who goes a-borrowing goeth a-sorrowing.—Tusser.

A small debt makes a debtor; a heavy one makes an enemy.—Publius Syrus.

If I owe Smith ten dollars, and God forgives me, that doesn't pay Smith.—R. G. Ingersoll.

Rather go to bed supperless than rise in debt.—Benjamin Franklin.

Many delight more in giving of presents than in paying their debts.—Sir P. Sidney.

Debt is like any other trap, easy enough to get into, but hard enough to get out of.—H. W. Shaw.

I hold every man a debtor to his profession.—Bacon.

Wilt thou seal up the avenues of ill?
Pay every debt as if God wrote the bill!
—Emerson.

Lose not thy own for want of asking for it; it will get thee no thanks.—Fuller.

Debt is the secret foe of thrift, as vice and idleness are its open enemies.—Aughey.

The ghost of many a veteran bill
Shall hover around his slumbers.
—Holmes.

Industry pays debts, while despair increaseth them.—Benjamin Franklin.

A national debt, if it is not excessive, will be to us a national blessing.—Alex. Hamilton.

The man who never has money enough to pay his debts has too much of something else.—J. L. Basford.

Creditors have better memories than debtors; and creditors are a superstitious sect, great observers of set days and times.—Franklin.

Debt is the fatal disease of republics, the first thing and the mightiest to undermine government and corrupt the people.—Wendell Phillips.

Paying of debts is, next to the grace of God, the best means in the world to deliver you from a thousand temptations to sin and vanity.—Delany.

Run not into debt, either for wares sold or money borrowed; be content to want things that are not of absolute necessity, rather than to run up the score.—Sir M. Hale.

Man hazards the condition and loses the virtues of freeman, in proportion as he accustoms his thoughts to view without anguish or shame his lapse into the bondage of debtor.—Lytton.

Debt is to man what the serpent is to the bird; its eye fascinates, its breath poisons, its coil crushes sinew and bone, its jaw is the pitiless grave.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Small debts are like small shot,—they are rattling on every side, and can scarcely be escaped without a wound; great debts are like cannon, of loud noise but little danger.—Johnson.

A public debt is a kind of anchor in the storm; but if the anchor be too heavy for the vessel, she will be sunk by that very weight which was intended for her preservation.—Colton.

Never be argued out of your soul, never be argued out of your honor, and never be argued into believing that soul and honor do not run a terrible

risk if you limp into life with the load of a debt on your shoulders.—Bulwer-Lytton.

To one that is not callous, a state of debt and embarrassment is a state of positive misery; the sufferer is as one haunted by an evil spirit, and his heart can know neither rest nor peace till it is cast out.—Bridges.

At the time we were funding our national debt, we heard much about "a public debt being a public blessing," that the stock representing it was a creation of active capital for the ailment of commerce, manufactures and agriculture.—Thomas Jefferson.

Debt, grinding debt, whose iron face the widow, the orphan, and the sons of genius fear and hate; debt, which consumes so much time, which so cripples and disheartens a great spirit with cares that seem so base, is a preceptor whose lessons cannot be foregone, and is needed most by those who suffer from it most.—Emerson.

Debt haunts the mind; a conversation about justice troubles it; the sight of a creditor fills it with confusion: even the sanctuary is not a place of refuge. The borrower is servant to the lender. Independence, so essential to the virtues and pleasures of a man, can only be maintained by setting bounds to our desires, and owing no man anything. A habit of boundless expense undermines and destroys the virtues even in the mind where they seem to dwell. It becomes difficult and at last impossible to pay punctually. When a man of sensibility thinks of the low rate at which his word must henceforth pass, he is little in his own eyes; but difficulties prompt him to study deceiving as an art, and at last he lies to his creditors without a blush. How desolate and how woeful does his mind appear, now that the fence of truth is broken down! Friendship is next dissolved. He felt it once; he now insinuates himself by means of professions and sentiments which were once sincere. He seizes the moment of unsuspecting affection to ensnare the friends of his youth, borrowing money which he never will pay, and binding them for debts which they must hereafter answer. At this rate he sells the virtuous pleasures of loving and being beloved. He swallows up the provisions of aged parents, and the portion of sisters and brethren. The loss of truth is followed by the loss of humanity. His calls are still importunate. He proceeds to fraud and walks on precipices. Ingenuity, which in a better cause might have illustrated his name, is exerted to evade the law, to deceive the world, to cover poverty with the appearance of wealth, to sow unobserved the seeds of fraud.—Chartery.

A man who owes a little can clear it off in a very little time, and, if he is a prudent man, will; whereas a man, who by long negligence, owes a great deal, despairs of ever being able to pay, and therefore never looks into his accounts at all.—Chesterfield.

Decay

Mutability is written upon all things.—Rivarol.

I sorrow that all fair things must decay.—Halleck.

A gilded halo hovering round decay. —Byron.

Ruins in some countries indicate prosperity, in others decay.—R. Anderson.

In the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells.
—Shakespeare.

An age that melts with unperceiv'd decay,
And glides in modest innocence away.
—Samuel Johnson.

Nature strips her garment gay,
And wears the vesture of decay.
—Logan.

A worm is in the bud of youth,
And at the root of age. —Cowper.

Man passes away; his name perishes from record and recollection; his history is as a tale that is told, and his

very monument becomes a ruin.—Washington Irving.

My way of life
Is fall'n into the sear and yellow leaf.
—Shakespeare.

Before decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers.
—Byron.

Can we wonder that men perish and are forgotten when their noblest and most enduring works decay?—Ausonius.

Devouring Time and envious Age, all things yield to you; and with lingering death you destroy, step by step, with venomed tooth whatever you attack.—Ovid.

All that's bright must fade,—
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest.
—Moore.

He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires;—
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.
—Thomas Carew.

There seems to be a constant decay of all our ideas; even of those which are struck deepest, and in minds the most retentive, so that if they be not sometimes renewed by repeated exercises of the senses, or reflection on those kinds of objects which at first occasioned them, the print wears out, and at last there remains nothing to be seen.—Locke.

It is sad
To see the light of beauty wane away,
Know eyes are dimming, bosoms shrivelling, feet
Losing their springs, and limbs their lily roundness;
But it is worse to feel the heart-spring gone,
To lose hope, care not for the coming thing,
And feel all things go to decay within us.
—Bailey.

History fades into fable; fact becomes clouded with doubt and controversy; the inscription moulders from the tablet: the statue falls from the pedestal. Columns, arches, pyramids, what are they but heaps of sand; and their epitaphs, but characters written in the dust?—Irving.

Deceit — Deception

Life is the art of being well-deceived. —Hazlitt.

We are our own aptest deceiver.—Goethe.

We are never deceived; we deceive ourselves.—Goethe.

It is a double pleasure to deceive the deceiver.—La Fontaine.

The best of women are hypocrites.—Thackeray.

Yet still we hug the dear deceit.—Nathaniel Cotton.

Wiles and deceit are female qualities.—Æschylus.

A pious fraud.—Ovid.

Trust not in him that seems a saint. —Fuller.

Trust not to outward show.—Juvenal.

Gold all is not that doth golden seem.—Spenser.

We are easily fooled by that which we love.—Molière.

Our distrust of another justifies his deceit.—La Rochefoucauld.

Think not I am what I appear.—Byron.

If the world will be gulled, let it be gulled.—Burton.

It is a pity that we so often succeed in our endeavors to deceive each other. —Empress Irene.

Oh, that deceit should dwell in such a gorgeous palace!—Shakespeare.

The cunning man uses deceit, but the more cunning man shuns deception.—Adam Ferguson.

Of darkness visible so much be lent, as half to show, half veil, the deep intent.—Pope.

But every thyng which schyneth as the gold,
Nis nat gold, as that I have herd it told.
—Chaucer.

Deadly poisons are often concealed under sweet honey.—Ovid.

With such deceits he gained their easy hearts, too prone to credit his perfidious arts.—Dryden.

There is nothing more contemptible than a bald man who pretends to have hair.—Martial.

Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
But why did you kick me down stairs?
—J. P. Kemble.

O, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practise to deceive.
—Scott.

No man was ever so much deceived by another as by himself.—Lord Greville.

Of all the evil spirits abroad at this hour in the world, insincerity is the most dangerous.—Froude.

Who makes the fairest show means most deceit.—Pericles.

There is a demand in these days for men who can make wrong conduct appear right.—Terence.

Cheats easily believe others as bad as themselves; there is no deceiving them, nor do they long deceive.—La Bruyère.

We must distinguish between speaking to deceive and being silent to be reserved.—Voltaire.

Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes, and with a virtuous visor hide deep vice!—Shakespeare.

You should not live one way in private, another in public.—Syrus.

We never deceive for a good purpose; knavery adds malice to falsehood.—Bruyère.

The surest way of making a dupe is to let your victim suppose you are his.—Bulwer-Lytton.

We deceive and flatter no one by such delicate artifices as we do our own selves.—Schopenhauer.

The first and worst of all frauds is to cheat one's self. All sin is easy after that.—Bailey.

Nothing is more easy than to deceive one's self, as our affections are subtle persuaders.—Demosthenes.

In olden times an enemy was sometimes poisoned by a bouquet,—deceit sugar-coated.—Latimer.

People would not long remain in social life if they were not the dupes of each other.—Rochefoucauld.

Men, like musical instruments, seem made to be played upon.—Bovee.

False face must hide what the false heart doth know.—Shakespeare.

He carries a stone in one hand, and offers bread with the other.—Plautus.

No one has deceived the whole world, nor has the whole world ever deceived any one.—Pliny the Younger.

It is the act of a bad man to deceive by falsehood.—Cicero.

Even the world, that despises simplicity, does not profess to approve of duplicity.—Trench.

Look to her, Moor; if thou hast eyes to see:
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.
—Shakespeare.

You tread on smoldering fires covered by deceitful ashes.—Horace.

To know how to dissemble is the knowledge of kings.—Richelieu.

Pretexts are not wanting when one wishes to use them.—Goldoni.

Stamps God's own name upon a lie just made,
To turn a penny in the way of trade.
—Cowper.

Dissimulation creeps gradually into the minds of men.—Cicero.

Things are not always what they seem; first appearances deceive many. —Phædrus.

The smooth speeches of the wicked are full of treachery.—Phædrus.

It is not being deceived, but undeceived, that renders us miserable.—Mme. Sophie Arnould.

Hypocrisy is the homage which vice renders to virtue.—La Rochefoucauld.

Don't tell me of deception; a lie is a lie, whether it be a lie to the eye or a lie to the ear.—Dr. Johnson.

If mankind were only just what they pretend to be, the problem of the millennium would be immediately solved. —H. W. Shaw.

When I was stamp'd, some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit. —Shakespeare.

Hateful to me as are the gates of hell is he who, hiding one thing in his heart, utters another.—Bryant.

A cunning woman is her own mistress because she confides in no one. She who deceives others anticipates deceit, and guards herself.—Ninon de Lenclos.

There is no quality so contrary to any nature which one cannot affect, and put on upon occasion, in order to serve an interest.—Swift.

Artifice is allowable in deceiving a rival; we may employ everything against our enemies.—Richelieu.

There is less misery in being cheated than in that kind of wisdom which perceives, or thinks it perceives, that all mankind are cheats.—Chapin.

All deception in the course of life is, indeed, nothing else but a lie reduced to practice and falsehood passing from words into things.—South.

There is no killing the suspicion that deceit has once begotten.—George Eliot.

Though thy face is glossed with specious art, thou retainest the cunning fox beneath thy vapid breast.—Persius.

Skilled in every trick, a worthy heir of his paternal craft, he would make black look white, and white look black. —Ovid.

Men are so simple, and yield so much to necessity, that he who will deceive will always find him who will lend himself to be deceived.—Machiavelli.

Deceit is the false road to happiness; and all the joys we travel through to vice, like fairy banquets, vanish when we touch them.—Aaron Hill.

We are so accustomed to masquerade ourselves before others that we end by deceiving ourselves.—Rochefoucauld.

It many times falls out that we deem ourselves much deceived in others because we first deceived ourselves.—Sir P. Sidney.

Mankind in the gross is a gaping monster, that loves to be deceived, and has seldom been disappointed.—Mackenzie.

'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts,
Or carry smiles and sunshine in my face,
When discontent sits heavy at my heart.
—Addison.

Cheaters must get some credit before they can cozen, and all falsehood, if

not founded in some truth, would not be fixed in any belief.—Fuller.

Dissimulation was his masterpiece; in which he so much excelled that men were not ashamed of being deceived but twice by him.—Clarendon.

I hate all explanations; they who make them deceive either themselves or the other party,—generally both.—Goethe.

The silly when deceived exclaim loudly; the fool complains; the honest man walks away and is silent.—La Noue.

There are falsehoods which represent truth so well that it would be judging ill not to be deceived by them. —Rochefoucauld.

It is as easy to deceive one's self without perceiving it as it is difficult to deceive others without their finding it out.—Rochefoucauld.

He seem'd
For dignity compos'd and high exploit:
But all was false and hollow. —Milton.

We have few faults that are not more excusable in themselves than are the means which we use to conceal them.—Rochefoucauld.

Men are such dupes by choice, that he who would impose upon others never need be at a loss to find ready victims.—Balzac.

With one hand he put
A penny in the urn of poverty,
And with the other took a shilling out.
—Pollok.

Shut, shut the door, good John! fatigu'd I said;
Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead.
—Pope.

You think him to be your dupe; if he feigns to be so, who is the greater dupe, he or you?—La Bruyère.

It is in disputes as in armies; where the weaker side sets up false lights, and makes a great noise, to make the enemy believe them more numerous and strong than they really are.—Swift.

Trust him not with your secrets, who, when left alone in your room, turns over your papers.—Lavater.

Smooth runs the water, where the brook is deep;
And in his simple show he harbors treason.
The fox barks not, when he would steal the lamb. —Shakespeare.

All false practices and affections of knowledge are more odious to God, and deserve to be so to men, than any want or defect of knowledge can be.—Sprat.

If a misplaced admiration shows imbecility, an affected criticism shows vice of character. Expose thyself rather to appear a beast than false.—Diderot.

There can be no greater labor than to be always dissembling; there being so many ways by which a smothered truth is apt to blaze and break out.—South.

Many an honest man practices upon himself an amount of deceit sufficient, if practised upon another, and in a little different way, to send him to the state prison.—Bovee.

The true motives of our actions, like the real pipes of an organ, are usually concealed; but the gilded and hollow pretext is pompously placed in the front for show.—Colton.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore;
To one thing constant never.
—Shakespeare.

It is dishonorable to say one thing and think another: how much more dishonorable to write one thing and think another.—Seneca.

No man for any considerable period can wear one face to himself and another to the multitude without finally

getting bewildered as to which may be true.—Hawthorne.

An evil soul producing holy witness
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart;
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!
—Shakespeare.

It is a pity we so often succeed in our attempts to deceive each other, for our double-dealing generally comes down upon ourselves. To speak a lie or to act a lie is alike contemptible in the sight of God and man.—Everton.

The deceptions which the two sexes play off upon each other bring as many ill-sorted couples into the bonds of Hymen as ever could be done by the arbitrary pairing of a legal match-maker.—Byron.

He was justly accounted a skilful poisoner who destroyed his victims by bouquets of lovely and fragrant flowers. The art has not been lost; nay, is practised every day,—by the world.—Latimer.

As that gallant can best affect a pretended passion for one woman who has no true love for another, so he that has no real esteem for any of the virtues can best assume the appearance of them all.—Colton.

A false mind is false in everything, just as a cross eye always looks askant. But one may err once, nay, a hundred times, without being double-minded. There can never be mental duplicity where there is sincerity.—Joubert.

The life of a woman is a long dissimulation. Candor, beauty, freshness, virginity, modesty,—woman has each of these but once. When lost, she must simulate them the rest of her life.—Rétif de la Bretonne.

The life even of a just man is a round of petty frauds; that of a knave a series of greater. We degrade life by our follies and vices, and then complain that the unhappiness which is only their accompaniment is inherent in the constitution of things.—Bovee.

Deceit and falsehood, whatever conveniences they may for a time promise or produce, are, in the sum of life, obstacles to happiness. Those who profit by the cheat distrust the deceiver; and the act by which kindness was sought puts an end to confidence.—Johnson.

Of all the agonies in life, that which is most poignant and harrowing—that which for the time annihilates reason, and leaves our whole organization one lacerated, mangled heart—is the conviction that we have been deceived where we placed all the trust of love.—Bulwer-Lytton.

He who attempts to make others believe in means which he himself despises is a puffer; he who makes use of more means than he knows to be necessary is a quack; and he who ascribes to those means a greater efficacy than his own experience warrants is an impostor.—Lavater.

I follow a more easy, and, in my opinion, a wiser course, namely—to inveigh against the levity of the female sex, their fickleness, their double-dealing, their rotten promises, their broken faith, and, finally, their want of judgment in bestowing their affections.—Cervantes.

For he who has acquired the habit of lying or deceiving his father, will do the same with less remorse to others. I believe that it is better to bind your children to you by a feeling of respect, and by gentleness, than by fear.—Terence.

Think'st thou there are no serpents in the world
But those who slide along the grassy sod,
And sting the luckless foot that presses them?
There are who in the path of social life
Do bask their spotted skins in Fortune's sun,
And sting the soul.
—Joanna Baillie.

Some frauds succeed from the apparent candor, the open confidence

and the full blaze of ingenuousness that is thrown around them. The slightest mystery would excite suspicion, and ruin all. Such strategems may be compared to the stars, they are discoverable by darkness and hidden only by light.—Colton.

The world is still deceiv'd with ornament,
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
—Shakespeare.

What man so wise, what earthly wit so ware,
As to descry the crafty cunning train,
By which deceit doth mask in visor fair,
And cast her colours dyed deep in grain,
To seem like truth, whose shape she well can feign,
And fitting gestures to her purpose frame,
The guiltless man with guile to entertain?
—Spenser.

Of Adam's first wife, Lilith, it is told
(The witch he loved before the gift of Eve)
That ere the snakes, her sweet tongue could deceive
And her enchanted hair was the first gold—
And still she sits, young while the earth is old
And, subtly of herself contemplative,
Draws men to watch the bright net she can weave,
Till heart and body and life are in its hold.
—Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

Man is nothing but insincerity, falsehood, and hypocrisy, both in regard to himself and in regard to others. He does not wish that he should be told the truth, he shuns saying it to others; and all these moods, so inconsistent with justice and reason, have their roots in his heart.—Pascal.

December

In cold December fragrant chaplets blow,
And heavy harvests nod beneath the snow.
—Pope.

In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy brook,
Thy bubblings ne'er remember
Apollo's summer look;
But with a sweet forgetting,
They stay their crystal fretting,
Never, never petting
About the frozen time. —Keats.

December drops no weak, relenting tear,
By our fond Summer sympathies ensnared,
Nor from the perfect circle of the year
Can even Winter's crystal gems be spared. —C. P. Cranch.

In December ring
Every day the chimes;
Loud the gleemen sing
In the streets their merry rhymes.
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire!
—Longfellow.

Shout now! The months with loud acclaim,
Take up the cry and send it forth;
May breathing sweet her Spring perfumes,
November thundering from the North.
With hands upraised, as with one voice,
They join their notes in grand accord;
Hail to December! say they all,
It gave to Earth our Christ the Lord!
—J. K. Hoyt.

Decency

The laws of decency enforce themselves.—Mme. Louise Colet.

Decency renders all things tolerable.—De Gerando.

Delicacy is the parent of decency.—Mme. Deluzy.

Decency is not defined by statute, but the laws of instinct are stronger.—Duclos.

Too great a display of delicacy can and does sometimes infringe upon decency.—Balzac.

Caprice in women often infringes upon the rules of decency.—Bruyère.

A woman without a degree of decency and delicacy is unsexed.—C. M. Yonge.

No law reaches it, but all right-minded people observe it.—Chamfort.

Decency is the least of all laws, yet the law which is most strictly observed.—Rochefoucauld.

If once a woman breaks through the barriers of decency, her case is desperate; and if she goes greater lengths

than the men, and leaves the pale of propriety farther behind her, it is because she is aware that all return is prohibited, and by none so strongly as by her own sex.—Colton.

Virtue and decency are so nearly related that it is difficult to separate them from each other but in our imagination.—Tully.

As beauty of body, with an agreeable carriage, pleases the eye, and that pleasure consists in that we observe all the parts with a certain elegance are proportioned to each other; so does decency of behavior which appears in our lives obtain the approbation of all with whom we converse, from the order, consistency, and moderation of our words and actions.—Steele.

Decision

I'll not budge an inch.—Shakespeare.

Here I stand; I can do no otherwise. God help me. Amen.—Martin Luther.

I am here; I shall remain here.—Marshal MacMahon.

All may do what has by man been done.—Young.

For what I will, I will, and there an end.—Shakespeare.

Joking decides great things,
Stronger and better oft than earnest can.
—Milton.

He only is a well-made man who has a good determination.—Emerson.

And her yes, once said to you,
Shall be Yes for evermore.
—E. B. Browning.

The souls of men of feeble purpose are the graveyards of good intentions.

Heaven never helps the man who will not act.—Shakespeare.

I take one decisive and immediate step, and resign my all to the sufficiency of my Saviour.—Thomas Chalmers.

I hate to see things done by halves. If it be right, do it boldly; if it be wrong, leave it undone.—Gilpin.

When desperate ills demand a speedy cure, distrust is cowardice and prudence folly.—Johnson.

There is no mistake; there has been no mistake; and there shall be no mistake.—Duke of Wellington.

Advise well before you begin; and when you have decided, act promptly. —Sallust.

Take time to deliberate; but when the time for action arrives, stop thinking and go in.—Andrew Jackson.

The power of uncontrollable decision is of the most delicate and dangerous nature.—James A. Bayard.

Choose a firm cloud before it fall, and in it
Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of this minute. —Pope.

Men must decide on what they will not do, and then they are able to act with vigor in what they ought to do.—Mencius.

Sighs, groans, and tears proclaim his inward pains,
But the firm purpose of his heart remains.
—Dryden.

The woman who is resolved to be respected can make herself to be so even amidst an army of soldiers.—Cervantes.

Once to every man and nation come the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side. —Lowell.

The keen spirit
Seizes the prompt occasion—makes the thought
Start into instant action, and at once
Plans and performs, resolves and executes!
—Hannah More.

Firmness, both in sufferance and exertion, is a character which I would

wish to possess. I have always despised the whining yelp of complaint and the cowardly, feeble resolve.—Robert Burns.

Decision is a vastly important thing with a convicted sinner. He must choose, or he must be lost. If he will not do it, he may expect the Divine Spirit to depart from him, and leave him to his own way.—Ichabod Spencer.

A man who has not learned to say "no"—who is not resolved that he will take God's way in spite of every dog that can bark at him, in spite of every silvery voice that can woo him aside—will be a weak and wretched man till he dies.—Alexander Maclaren.

I reverence the individual who understands distinctly what he wishes; who unweariedly advances, who knows the means conducive to his object, and can seize and use them.—Goethe.

There is nothing more to be esteemed than a manly firmness and decision of character. I like a person who knows his own mind and sticks to it; who sees at once what is to be done in given circumstances and does it.—Hazlitt.

Decide not rashly. The decision made
Can never be recalled. The Gods implore not,
Plead not, solicit not; they only offer
Choice and occasion, which once being passed
Return no more. Dost thou accept the gift? —Longfellow.

In such a world as this, with such hearts as ours, weakness is wickedness in the long run. Whoever lets himself be shaped and guided by any thing lower than an inflexible will, fixed in obedience to God, will in the end be shaped into a deformity, and guided to wreck and ruin.—Alexander Maclaren.

For a few brief days the orchards are white with blossoms. They soon turn to fruit, or else float away, useless and wasted, upon the idle breeze. So will it be with present feelings. They must be deepened into decision, or be entirely dissipated by delay.—T. L. Cuyler.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures. —Shakespeare.

To be energetic and firm where principle demands it, and tolerant in all else, is not easy. It is not easy to abhor wickedness, and oppose it with every energy, and at the same time to have the meekness and gentleness of Christ, becoming all things to all men for the truth's sake. The energy of patience, the most godlike of all, is not easy.—Mark Hopkins.

Whatever we think out, whatever we take in hand to do, should be perfectly and finally finished, that the world, if it must alter, will only have to spoil it; we have then nothing to do but unite the severed, to recollect and restore the dismembered.—Goethe.

Then to side with Truth is noble when we
share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and
'tis prosperous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the
coward stands aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord
is crucified. —James Russell Lowell.

Once to every man and nation comes the
moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for
the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah offering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the
sheep upon the right;
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that
darkness and that light.
—James Russell Lowell

Men first make up their minds (and the smaller the mind the sooner made up), and then seek for the reasons; and if they chance to stumble upon a good reason, of course they do not reject it. But though they are right they are only right by chance.—Whately.

Decoration Day

"It is the purpose of the commander-in-chief to inaugurate this observance with the hope that it will be kept up from year to year while a survivor of the war remains to honor the memory of the departed."—Gen. Logan.

The army of Grant and the army of Lee are together. They are one now in faith, in hope, in fraternity, in purpose, and in an invincible patriotism. And, therefore, the country is in no danger. In justice strong, in peace secure, and in devotion to the flag all one.—William McKinley.

We honor our heroic and patriotic dead by being true men, as true men by faithfully fighting the battles of our day as they fought the battles of their day.—David Gregg, D. D.

Let no vandalism of avarice or neglect, no ravages of time, testify to the present or to the coming generations, that we have forgotten, as a people, the cost of a free and undivided republic.—Gen. John A. Logan.

Other lands have had heroes, but ours were more—they were saviors, and by their sacrifices have saved the greatest land under the shining sun.—Rev. H. W. Bolton.

There is a shrine in the temple of ages, where lie forever embalmed the memories of such as have deserved well of their country and their race.—Col. John Mason Brown.

Soldiers of the Republic, the battles of the present are identical with the battles of the past. The form of warfare only is changed. The moral conflicts waged in our nation are as truly battles as were the conflicts of Gettysburg and Lookout Mountain.—David Gregg, D. D.

So long as its sons are willing to die for their motherland, so long will it endure to shelter and bless them and their children. At the hour when a people shall be unwilling to abide this test, they will find that they have no longer a country worth saving.—Capt. F. J. Babson.

It is good for us to be here. He who reverently and gratefully makes a pilgrimage to the spot where lies the patriot soldier, who gave his life for his country and for freedom, and for the expression of those emotions places a violet upon the soldier's grave, has received a re-consecration to the work which belongs to the citizen and the patriot.

It is but natural that flowers should give expression to our love for the departed; theirs is an oratory that speaks in perfumed silence. Joy and sorrow have their appropriate expression in these mute yet eloquent letters of "the blooming alphabet of creation."—A. T. Slade, Esq.

The immortal Lincoln bowed in prayer, and plead Heaven's almighty aid, vowing the proclamation of freedom through all the land to all the inhabitants thereof; and though the assassin's deadly arm cut short his high career, his soul went up to God with four million broken manacles in its hand.—American Wesleyan.

It is instructive to read the arguments of the statesmen of forty years ago; but the war settled the issue, and no State nor combination of States can extricate itself from the loving grasp of all the States. "United we stand." "Divided" we cannot be. *E Pluribus Unum.*—Christian Advocate.

The Union army demonstrated the stability of representative government. In the estimation of Europe the American Republic was an experiment. Would it go to pieces by the earthquake shock of civil war? Jealous kings said "Yes," but when the red lips of Grant's cannon thundered "No!" thrones trembled.—Rev. C. E. Allison.

Memorial Day is one of the most significant and beautiful occasions of the year. It shows the sentiment of the people toward those who gave their

lives for a good cause, and it teaches a lesson in patriotism which is without a parallel.—Rev. C. E. Allison.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the widening rivers be red;
Our anger is banished forever
When are laureled the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day—
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.
—F. M. Finch.

The passions of the titanic struggle will finally enter upon the sleep of oblivion, and only its splendid accomplishments for the cause of human freedom and a united nation, stronger and richer in patriotism because of the great strife, will be remembered.—General James Longstreet.

This precious slumbering dust, when animate, leaving the peaceful pursuits of life, sundering the ties of friendship and love, and assuming the habiliments of the soldier, incurred exposure, hardship, fatigue, danger, death, inspired by no such love of glory, but rather by the consciousness which animated the hero of Trafalgar, "Our country expects every man to do his duty."—Capt. W. H. Sweet.

For no such wretched end did our heroes die. In their last will and testament, sealed with their blood, they have bequeathed to us, as their dying legacy, a union stronger, nobler, freer than ever. "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church." By the gift of these men, and such as these, we have henceforth a more homogeneous country and a grander and higher civilization.—E. B. Fairfield.

Let us cherish their memories and treasure up their deeds!. Let us gather their ashes into the urn of immortality, and write every name on the national roll of honor! Our country's soil gives them all sepulture. They sleep beneath the Stripes and Stars, revered by a race freed from bondage, and the liberty-loving masses of the whole world.—J. E. Patterson.

Alas, many who went forth to the deadly fray returned not, save encoffined for the tomb, or smitten with a mortal wound or deadly disease, which claimed their lives at length. Over the memory of these, we drop the tear of affection, and strew above their sleeping dust the fragrant emblems of a nation's undying gratitude, and chant again their funeral requiem.—American Wesleyan.

Here sleeps heroic dust! It is meet that a redeemed nation should come, to pay it homage at such tombs, wreathing the memory of its patriot dead in the emblems of grateful affection. These grass-grown mounds, these flower-decked graves, awake the memories of the past, and the history of our nation's perils and its triumphs comes crowding on us here.—American Wesleyan.

Through all history, from the beginning, a noble army of martyrs have fought fiercely and fallen bravely for that unseen mistress, their country. So, through all history, to the end, as long as men believe in God, that army must still march and fall, recruited only from the flower of mankind, cheered only by their own hope of humanity, strong only in the confidence of their cause.—George William Curtis.

When the war began thousands of young men, the flower of American youth, were looking out of college halls upon a future bright with professional honors. They flung books aside and seized rifles. They became "History's Graduates." Hundreds of thousands of young Americans were anticipating a future replete with the profits and emoluments which reward business genius and integrity. Straightway they abandoned cherished life plans in order to defend free institutions.—Rev. Chas. E. Allison.

And every village graveyard will have its green mounds, that shall need no storied monument to clothe them with a peculiar consecration—graves that hold the dust of heroes—graves

that all men approach with reverent steps—graves out of whose solemn silence shall whisper inspiring voices, telling the young from generation to generation how great is their country's worth and cost, and how noble and beautiful it was to die for it.—Putnam.

As we honor their patriotism, emulate their example, glorify their heroism, and teach our children the sacredness of the great cause in which they offered up their young lives, let us scatter over their graves the brightest beauties of life—the glad tokens of a blessed immortality. And may the service, now inaugurated, be perpetuated through each recurring year, so long as the republic shall stand.—Captain G. C. Mitchell.

It is very pleasant to have the opportunity to grasp the friendly hand of those who thought so diametrically opposite, thirty years ago. It proves time not only heals, but also cools the blood, gives more mature judgment, enabling each to overlook the past, and while we do not claim to forget those dark hours in our life, nor withdraw an iota, nor impugn the motives or sincerity of an opponent, we can each forgive, and while we let the dead past bury its dead, rejoice in the sunshine of the present, that brings comfort and happiness to all parts of our native land, as we remember above and over all else, we are American citizens.—Rev. Clark Wright.

We are assembled to-day to call the roll of the honored dead anew, and to lay a fresh tribute of love and gratitude upon their graves. The occasion is complete in itself. It needs no help of speech to make it memorable. These eloquent flags waving at so many headstones, with no stripe erased, and no star obscured; these bayonets gleaming in the sunshine; these echoing cannon, this tap of drums; these beautiful flowers borne by loving hands, contributed by loving hearts; these sacred memories baptizing us all; speak to us to-day more eloquently than man can speak, in a language which we can all understand.—Rev. J. B. Moore.

'Tis quite enough for grief and shame,
That such a strife e'er smote the land;
And quite enough for praise and fame,
That Union, Law, and Freedom stand.
Forgive the strife, wash out the shame
In Lethe's unrevealing river;
But build a monument to fame,
And glorify these dead forever.
—J. W. Gordon.

Strew the fair garlands where slumber the dead,
Ring out the strains like the swell of the sea;
Heart-felt the tribute we lay on each bed:
Sound o'er the brave the refrain of the free,
Sound the refrain of the loyal and free,
Visit each sleeper and hallow each bed:
Waves the starred banner from sea-coast to sea;
Grateful the living and honored the dead.
—S. F. Smith.

The light that shines from a patriot's grave is a pure and holy light, and while we are guided by it we shall never go into the paths of treason and rebellion. Let that light illuminate our pathway, and the noble example of the dead strengthen our love of country and devotion to duty. When patriotism in the hearts of the people is dead all is lost. It is the life-blood and soul of the national existence, the animating fire which makes a people great, and their history grand and beautiful.

They pass before us like a long procession coming from their camping grounds amid the cemeteries, the battlefields, the graveyards of the south. To us they are no longer dead, they live—we can almost hear their well-known voices as with flashing eye, active limb, courageous lion hearts, once more they are with us, side by side, the blue, the gray, the private, the officer; on they pass, those who died at Roanoke, at Camden, at South Mountain, at Antietam, at Fredericksburg, and the battlefields of the south. Hayes and McComas, Kimbal, Sturges, Gadsden, Hamilton, Barnett, Wright, Reno, Jackson and Burnside, Grant and Lee.—Rev. Clark Wright.

With no jealousies to indulge and no envy to gratify, we seek to draw a lesson from the past that shall be to our future a beacon and a guide. To the sleeping martyrs, whose graves billow every battlefield, it matters little what we may now say or do. Our tender offerings of affection will be lost upon their mounds, and the sweet aroma of our scented flowers be uselessly exhaled to air, save as we revive our faith in the doctrines which they defended, and our zeal in the cause for which they died.—Col. John P. Jackson.

These saved the Union—union which had perished
But for the courage which their deeds revealed;
No stripes were taken from the flag they cherished,
No star was blotted from its azure field.

The old survivors of that fight victorious,
Some still remain, yet leave us one by one;
They die, but never die their actions glorious—
They die, but lives the work so nobly done. —Thomas Dunn English.

You who went forth with a mother's benediction; you who bade farewell to the children who received your last embrace at the place of embarkation; you who faced the enemy so boldly in the charge; you who died amid the carnage of battle alone, alone, while the very stars of God seemed to look in pity upon you. O yes, you, you, my countrymen, whether from Georgia or New York, tonight, these—the remnant of more than 2,000 men—these your comrades gathered here, salute you as we bring to mind your faithfulness as soldiers, and rejoice with you that our country has passed from the hurricane to the calm; from out of all that crash, of which we were part, to liberty, union, brotherly love, and peace.—Rev. Clark Wright.

In the book of nature, where every emotional, mental, and spiritual quality of humanity may find its correspondence and illustrations, flowers represent good affections, thoughts, and intentions toward others. As the flower precedes the fruit, and gives notice of its coming, so good thoughts, affections, and intentions precede and give promise of deeds in love to others. These cherished dead are now beyond the reach of our good deeds; to bring fruits to them would be vain, but to indulge good thoughts and affections toward them should enlarge our souls and wake in our breasts a more vigorous determination to sacrifice ourselves for the good of others.—Rev. Homer Everett.

The asperities and alienations engendered by the great struggle between freedom and slavery have largely passed away, and those who participated as soldiers on both sides, who are still living, fraternize with each other as brothers and fellow-citizens of one common country, on whose glorious banner is inscribed forever *E pluribus unum*. It is meet that those who sacrificed and died in the struggle, or who sacrificed and have since died, should be remembered and honored for the invaluable service they have rendered their country and humanity. Let the graves of the dead soldiers be decorated with flowers and wreaths of laurel, and the memory of their noble deeds revived anew in oratory and song.—Selected.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
With all their country's wishes blessed;
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mold,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there.
—Collins.

Then as oft as the 30th of May returns with time's annual round let a grateful nation remember its dead, and with a floral offering decorate the tombs of its fallen heroes, while the dropping tear moistens the cold sod that covers their sleeping dust. To them we owe the liberty we enjoy; to them we owe the preservation of our institutions; and shall we not hold them in grateful remembrance? And though we may often differ in opinion,

let us here be united. In God's name let us respect and love the dead who have died for us. Let this beautiful custom be perpetuated until the day shall become hallowed in the history of freedom. It carries with it the idea of our loss and the dear cost of liberty. It brings fresh to mind the deeds of our country's martyrs, it keeps alive and warm the greatest principles for which our sires poured out their blood, on which our republic is based.—Gen. John A. Logan.

Cover the thousands who sleep far away—
Sleep where their friends can not find them to-day;
They who in mountain, and hillside and dell
Rest where they wearied, and lie where they fell.
Softly the grass-blade creeps round their repose;
Sweetly above them the wild flow'ret blows;
Zephyrs of freedom fly gently o'erhead,
Whispering names for the patriot dead.
Cover the faces that motionless lie,
Shut from the blue of the glorious sky;
Faces once lighted with smiles of the gay—
Faces now marred with the frown of decay.
Eyes that beamed friendship and love to your own;
Lips that sweet thoughts of affection made known;
Brows you have soothed in the day of distress;
Cheeks you have flushed by the tender caress.
Faces that brightened at War's stirring cry;
Faces that streamed when they bade you good-by.
Faces that glowed in the battle's red flame,
Paling for naught, till the Death Angel came.
Cover them over yes, cover them over-
Parent, and husband, and brother, and lover:
Kiss in your hearts these dead heroes of ours,
And cover them over with beautiful flowers!
— Will Carleton.

For love of country they accepted death, and thus resolved all doubts, and made immortal their patriotism and their virtue. For the noblest man that lives there still remains a conflict. He must still withstand the assaults of time and fortune, must still be assailed with temptations, before which lofty natures have fallen; but with these the conflict ended, the victory was won, when death stamped on them the great seal of heroic character, and closed a record which years can never blot.—Rev. C. E. Allison.

When the life of the nation was attempted, when the cause of liberty and human rights called for their aid, they rushed forth to rally under the banner they loved, with grand singleness of purpose and heroic devotion—leaving all behind them, to meet toil and danger, hunger, sickness, wounds, and death, for nothing but the sublime satisfaction of doing their duty to their country and to mankind.—Gen. Carl Schurz.

The best men we had in each of these two regiments are not visibly present with us now; the best and truest of our number lie buried on the battlefields of the south; some were clad in gray, some in blue; no towering monument marks their resting place, nor massive monolith stands sentinel. Buried where they fell, baptizing the soil with their blood, forever consecrating the ground, making it holy, while their life and death tell the world the story of how an American will fight, and if necessary die for what he believes to be the right.—Rev. Clark Wright.

From age to age the honorable fame of this patriotic army will endure. It will not decrease, but rather increase with the flow of years. When the passions of the times are stilled in the grave and the men of this generation have passed away from the earth, the gathering plaudits of coming generations will greet the memory of the men who in a great crisis saved the national life.—Rev. Franklin Moore, D. D.

But the patriot dead are not only those who wore the blue and marched under the flag; not alone their graves do we honor. There were patriots who at home upheld the soldier's heart and inspired him to duty. There were the women, who gave their loved ones, who breathed up prayers for their safety and return, whose needles stitched for them, whose hands wrought for them, whose letters cheered them, whose love forever em-

bodied itself in something that should comfort and relieve them. The memory of those patriot women we too would honor, and did we know where their bodies sleep, their graves we would decorate.

The martyrs of all ages are illustrious, not so much by virtue of their personal position and merits as from the fact that the great cause for which they suffered and sacrificed themselves has reflected upon them its own imperishable luster and glory. And if any cause can confer honor upon its defenders and martyrs, surely the cause for which these men suffered is such a one.—Rev. William McKinley.

As a flash of lightning in a midnight tempest reveals the abysmal horrors of the sea, so did the flash of the first gun disclose the awful abyss into which rebellion was ready to plunge us. In a moment the fire was lighted in twenty million hearts. In a moment we were the most warlike nation on the earth. In a moment we were not merely a people with an army—we were a people in arms. The nation was in column—not all at the front, but all in the array. I love to believe that no heroic sacrifice is ever lost; that the characters of men are molded and inspired by what their fathers have done; that treasured up in American souls are all the unconscious influences of the great deeds of the Anglo-Saxon race, from Agincourt to Bunker Hill. It was such an influence that led a young Greek, two thousand years ago, when musing on the battle of Marathon, to exclaim, "The trophies of Miltiades will not let me sleep!" Could these men be silent in 1861; these, whose ancestors had felt the inspiration of battle on every field where civilization had fought in the last thousand years? Read their answer in this green turf. Each for himself gathered up the cherished purposes of life—its aims and ambitions, its dearest affections—and flung all, with life itself, into the scale of battle.—James A. Garfield.

A shot fired at the old flag aroused the anger of a great people. Who can describe those historic years? The heavens were suddenly black. Fierce eagles of war flew across the lurid clouds. The awful storm rolled thunders along the sky. Reverberating, they shook the Atlantic coast and the banks of the Mississippi. They crashed over Antietam, Vicksburg, and Gettysburg. Forked lightnings played among the clouds around Lookout Mountain. Fire ran along upon the ground in Tennessee, and in Virginia, swamps and rivers were turned to blood. It was the nation's midnight. The death angel was abroad with unsheathed sword. There was a great cry in the land, for there was not a house among half a million where there was not one dead. Four years the storm raged. The iron hail rattled incessantly, prostrating armed men, and crushing woman's tender heart. It was a deluge of blood. Then muttering thunders ceased; the clouds broke away, and out of the blue sky a dove came, and lo! in her mouth was an olive leaf. More than a quarter of a century has passed. Peace still abides. "Over the cannon's mouth the spider weaves his web." But while mighty people are busied with great enterprises, they do not forget—cannot forget—the brave men who purchased peace by their valor and blood.—Rev. Chas. E. Allison.

Great God! We thank Thee for this home,
This bounteous birthland of the free,
Where wanderers from afar may come,
And breathe the air of liberty;
Still may her flowers untrampled spring,
Her harvests wave, her cities rise,
And yet, till time shall fold her wing,
Remain earth's loveliest paradise.

Give me the death of those
Who for their country die;
And oh, be mine like their repose,
As cold and low they lie.
Their loveliest mother earth
Enshrines the fallen brave;
In her sweet lap who gave them birth,
They find a tranquil grave.
—Col. T. A. Green.

We hear much of the language of flowers. With them we crown the head of childhood, and deck the brow of beauty. They bring to the sick chamber the cheering remembrance of

the grand expanse of strength and loveliness that is spread abroad without. They grace the festival. They soothe the grief of the funeral. They tell the deepest secrets of love, and pass into the cells of memory, never to be forgotten. But where have flowers ever been applied by man to a nobler, fitter purpose than by us to-day? Have we not done well to give the sweetest products of our native land to the memory of those who died to defend it? May not these flowers best spend the brief hour of their unassuming lives in doing honor to heroes, and wither and meet death on the graves of the truest hearts that ever bled?—Rev. W. H. Dana.

Their heroic deeds take rank in that grandeur whose full appreciation requires the lapse of thoughtful years. Their greatness, heartily as it is recognized now, will grow more in splendor as the fruits of their victory shall fall in successive years to enrich the nation's history. It has happened to them as to all prominent actors in either religious or political contests, that the excellency of their deeds could not be fully discovered until the smoke and dust of battle had been swept away. In such time the aspirations of slandering enemies and the jealousy of lukewarm associates, and the timidity of friends in faintly claiming deserved praise, all conspire in withholding that generous award of honor which after generations take delight in bestowing. Thus the generations to come will continue the repetition of the tributes to these patriots which we have this day observed, rehearsing with ever-increasing praise the moral grandeur of their deeds.—Rev. Mr. Baumme.

But one way is open to the people of this country who would estimate the value of the services rendered by the union soldiers, living or dead. It is to try to imagine what the result would have been had the union been divided. There would have been two nations instead of one; twice as many foreign diplomats within the territory as now; twice as many possibilites of foreign complications; and much more than twice as much difficulty in settling them, while the influence of each fragment would be much less than half the amount exercised by the whole. Those who had a common ancestry which had been represented in the same halls of legislation, had cheered the same flag and fought together—not against each other—for freedom, would have been strangers and foreigners, aliens from the commonwealth of which Washington was the father. Mutual jealousies would make standing armies necessary, and war clouds would ever have lowered upon the political horizon. It was the valor of our soldiers that stood between the people of the United States and these evils.—New York Christian Advocate.

When we look at our vast country with all its resources of wealth and power, at our system of free government with all the appliances for further advancement in greatness and intelligence, reaching as it does from ocean to ocean, with its fields, and mines, and streams, its hills and valleys, smiling in the sunlight of freedom, inviting the poor and oppressed of all lands to come and occupy them, to plow and reap, to build and grow, and be happy—when we look at all this and think what we would have been had the rebellion proved a success, we feel that our comrades did not die in vain, and we feel that this is but a small token, indeed, of the love that we ought to show their memories. What tender emotions are awakened to-day in our minds as we bend over the silent, yet eloquent, mounds where the American soldier sleeps his last sleep.—Rev. J. F. Meredith.

Dedication

To be a living member of the church of Christ, and to enjoy its privileges is the highest honor God can confer on a man.—A. F. Behrends.

Strength is power in action. Beauty is the assemblage of all graces. The strength and the beauty, being connected with God's sanctuary, must be divine strength and divine beauty. In what, then, consist this strength and

beauty which so emphasize and make distinctive His sanctuary?—Rev. W. B. Stevens.

Solomon closed the prayer with which he dedicated the temple with these words: "Now, my God, let, I beseech Thee, Thine eyes be open, and let Thine ears be attent unto the prayer that is made in this place. Now therefore arise, O Lord God, into Thy resting-place, Thou, and the ark of Thy strength: let Thy priests, O Lord God, be clothed with salvation, and let Thy saints rejoice in goodness."—Rev. W. B. Stevens.

Behold this temple to Thy praise,
Make it Thy very own;
Here knit our waiting souls in one,
And bind us to Thy throne.

Come, Lord, and with Thy presence fill
This consecrated place;
Come, gather here through all the years
The trophies of Thy grace.

Great benefits are conferred by the churches upon communities in the educational advantages they afford, the moral life they impart the basal fluence they exert, and the power of their associations upon individual lives in the formation of character.—Bishop E. G. Andrews.

The consecration is a solemn transaction between God and the parish, as well as between the bishop and the parish—the parish, through its vestry and by a legal instrument, making the building over to God through the hands of the bishop; and God graciously accepting the gift and ratifying the transaction by the bishop's sentence of consecration, which declares it "separated henceforth from all unhallowed, ordinary, and common uses, and dedicated to the sole service of Almighty God." Henceforth this edifice is no more yours, but God's. Given to Him by your corporate and legal act, His name has been recorded here, His presence will be vouchsafed here, and each one of you, as you enter into these courts, can say with joyous hearts, "Strength and beauty are in His sanctuary."—Rev. W. B. Stevens.

In the sanctuary the strength of God's promises comes out with intense force. In the sanctuary do we find the strength of divine praise, when the swelling voices of the whole congregation ascend as the voice of many waters; and the strength of fervent prayer, when "all the people" with one mouth breathe the same prayers, which rise as a cloud of incense from the whole congregation. Thus I might go on and show that there is no conceivable strength that the soul needs which is not found in the sanctuary of the Lord.—Rev. W. B. Stevens.

Such in spirit is our prayer to-day. Make this house, O Lord God, Thy resting-place. Let the Christian priesthood which ministers here, like the Levitical priesthood of the temple, be clothed with salvation, ever showing forth the sacrificial death of Christ, as well as His perfect life in all its divine glory and beauty; and let Thy saints, Thy devout people, who worship here, ever rejoice in God's goodness, and shout aloud His praises in the beauty of holiness. Thus shall the services of this house prepare us for the higher services of the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens; and may this edifice prove to many successive generations of worshipers, as they pass in long procession through these courts, none other but the house of God and the very gate of heaven.—Rev. W. B. Stevens.

Especially is there "beauty" in the sanctuary when Christ, the "One altogether lovely," shines out of Zion, itself "the perfection of beauty." When He reveals Himself there, in all the fullness of His grace and in all the freeness of His salvation, then indeed do we "sit down under his shadow with great delight," and our hearts, transported with His loveliness, exclaim, "He brought me to the banqueting-house, and His banner over me was love." Let us now sum up in a few sentences the principal ideas of strength and beauty which are found in the sanctuary: Strength, in the strong doctrines, which uphold, like columns, the overarching dome of

divine truth. Beauty, in the worship of holiness, which is celebrated therein. Strength, in the Bible, God's majestic voice speaking to us from the lectern, the font, and the table.—Rev. W. B. Stevens.

It cannot be too strongly emphasized, in this day of secularism on the one hand and the love of a sensuous ceremonial on the other, that the true strength of the church does not lie in its historic continuity with the apostles' days; does not lie in its great creeds; does not lie in its hallowed liturgy; does not lie in its learned ministry; does not lie in its churches and cathedrals—it may have all these, and yet, like the apostolic church of Sardis, have a name to live, and yet be dead. Its apostolic ministry may be apostolic in lineage and not in spirit; its grand creeds may be but great petrifactions of orthodox faith; its venerable liturgy may be but the embroidered cerements of a corpse; its beautiful churches and basilicas may be but mausoleums of a lifeless worship. What the church must have, and by which only it can live, is the constant, realized, positive indwelling of the Holy Ghost. All our worship, all our teaching, must be subordinated to this divine Spirit.—Rev. W. B. Stevens.

Deeds

Deeds alone suffice.—Whittier.

Deeds, not words.—Beaumont and Fletcher.

'Tis deeds must win the prize.—Shakespeare.

Deeds survive the doers.—Horace Mann.

The gods see the deeds of the righteous.—Ovid.

Give me the ready hand rather than the ready tongue.—Garibaldi.

Men do not value a good deed unless it brings a reward.—Ovid.

"He wishes well" is worthless, unless the deed go with it.—Plautus.

Great things are not accomplished by idle dreams, but by years of patient study.—Aughey.

Contemplation is necessary to generate an object, but action must propagate it.—Feltham.

Heaven ne'er helps the man who will not help himself.—Sophocles.

A stirring dwarf we do allowance give before a sleeping giant.—Shakespeare.

The deeds of men never escape the gods.—Ovid.

Noble deeds that are concealed are most esteemed.—Pascal.

Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes. —Shakespeare.

Blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds,
And, though a late, a sure reward succeeds.
—Congreve.

Who doth right deeds
Is twice born, and who doeth ill deeds vile.
—Edwin Arnold.

How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.
—Shakespeare.

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it.
—Shakespeare.

Things of to-day?
Deeds which are harvest for Eternity!
—Ebenezer Elliott.

Our deeds determine us as much as we determine our deeds.—George Eliot.

Go put your creed into your deed,
Nor speak with double tongue.
—Emerson.

For as one star another far exceeds,
So souls in heaven are placed by their deeds. —Robert Greene.

Your deeds are known,
In words that kindle glory from the stone.
—Schiller.

Our deeds are like children born to us; they live and act apart from our

own will. Children may be strangled, but deeds never.—George Eliot.

Little deeds of kindness, little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden like the heaven above. —Julia A. Carney.

A mighty deed is like the Heaven's thunder,
That wakes the nation's slumberers from their rest. —Raupach.

'Tis not what man Does which exalts him, but what man Would do.
—Robert Browning.

However resplendent an action may be, it should not be accounted great unless it is the result of a great design.—La Rochefoucauld.

I on the other side
Us'd no ambition to commend my deeds;
The deeds themselves, though mute, spoke loud the doer. —Milton.

We are our own fates. Our own deeds
Are our doomsmen. Man's life was made
Not for men's creeds,
But men's actions. —Lord Lytton.

A word that has been said may be unsaid; it is but air. But when a deed is done, it cannot be undone, nor can our thoughts reach out to all the mischiefs that may follow.—Longfellow.

One improper word or act will neutralize the effect of many good ones; and one base deed, after years of noble service, will cover them all with shame.—Aughey.

So our lives
In acts exemplarie, not only winne
Ourselves good Names, but doth to others give
Matter for virtuous Deedes, by which wee live. —George Chapman.

Every one may know that to will and not to do, when there is opportunity, is in reality not to will; and that to love what is good and not to do it, when it is possible, is in reality not to love it. Will, which stops short of action, and love, which does not do the good that is loved, is a mere thought separate from will and love, which vanishes and comes to nothing. —Swedenborg.

Defeat

Defeat serves to enlighten us.—Lavater.

It is defeat which educates us.—Emerson.

Defeat is a school in which truth always grows strong.—Beecher.

Defeat should never be a source of discouragement, but rather a fresh stimulus.—South.

Ah! what seeds for a paradise I bore in my heart, of which birds of prey have robbed me.—Richter.

What is defeat? Nothing but education, nothing but the first step to something better.—Wendell Phillips.

Thirsting for the golden fountain of the fable, from how many streams have we turned away, weary and in disgust!—Bulwer-Lytton.

Such a numerous host
Fled not in silence through the frighted deep,
With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
Confusion worse confounded. —Milton.

There is something solid and doughty in the man that can rise from defeat, the stuff of which victories are made in due time, when we are able to choose our position better, and the sun is at our back.—Lowell.

No man is defeated without some resentment which will be continued with obstinacy while he believes himself in the right, and asserted with bitternes, if even to his own conscience he is detected in the wrong.—Johnson.

We mortals, men and women, devour many a disappointment between breakfast and dinner-time; keep back the tears and look a little pale about the lips, and in answer to inquiries say, "Oh, nothing!" Pride helps us; and pride is not a bad thing when it only urges us to hide our own hurts—not to hurt others.—George Eliot.

Defects

If we had no defects ourselves, we should not take so much pleasure in noting those of others.—La Rochefoucauld.

In the intercourse of life we please, often, more by our defects than by our good qualities.—La Rochefoucauld.

Defence

In cases of defence, 'tis best to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he seems;
So the proportions of defence are fill'd;
Which of a weak and niggardly projection
Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat with scanting a little cloth.—Shakespeare.

Deference

Deference often shrinks and withers as much upon the approach of intimacy as the sensitive plant does upon the touch of one's finger.—Shenstone.

Deference is the most complicate, the most indirect, and the most elegant of all compliments.—Shenstone.

Defiance

Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest. —Shakespeare.

Come one, come all—this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I.
—Scott.

Why, I will fight with him upon this theme
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.
—Shakespeare.

If thou deny'st it, twenty times thou liest;
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.
—Shakespeare.

I do defy him, and I spit at him;
Call him—a slanderous coward, and a villain:
Which to maintain, I would allow him odds;
And meet him, were I ty'd to run a-foot,
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps.
—Shakespeare.

If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime,
Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,
That you shall think the devil has come from hell. —Shakespeare.

Who sets me else? by heaven I'll throw at all;
I have a thousand spirits in one breast,
To answer twenty thousand such as you.
—Shakespeare.

I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,
And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than bear so low a sail, to strike to thee.
—Shakespeare.

Though all around is dark and cheerless,
And on high my star looks pale,
My heart is steadfast still and fearless,
Still my lips disdain to wail.
My spirit still stands up undaunted,
Still I on myself rely;
No craven thought my brain e'er haunted,
Fate and Fortune I defy!
—Frazer's Magazine.

Deformity

Do you suppose we owe nothing to Pope's deformity? He said to himself, "If my person be crooked, my verses shall be straight."—Hazlitt.

In nature there's no blemish but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind:
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks, o'er-flourish'd by the devil. —Shakespeare.

Deformity of the heart I call
The worst deformity of all;
For what is form, or what is face,
But the soul's index, or its case?
—Colton.

Deformity is either natural, voluntary or adventitious, being either caused by God's unseen Providence (by men nicknamed chance), or by men's cruelty.—Fuller.

Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionably,
That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them.
But I,—that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
I that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty,
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph.
—Shakespeare.

From whence comes it that a cripple in body does not irritate us, and that a crippled mind enrages us? It is because a cripple sees that we go right, and a distorted mind says that it is we who go astray. But for that we

should have more pity and less rage. —Pascal.

Deformity is daring;
It is its essence to o'ertake mankind
By heart and soul, and make itself the equal—
Ay, the superior of the rest. There is
A spur in its halt movements, to become
All that the others cannot, in such things
As still are free for both, to compensate
For stepdame Nature's avarice at first.
—Byron.

Nature herself started back when thou wert born,
And cried, "the work's not mine."
The midwife stood aghast; and when she saw
Thy mountain back and thy distorted legs,
Thy face itself,
Half-minted with the royal stamp of man,
And half o'ercome with beast, she doubted long
Whose right in thee were more;
And know not if to burn thee in the flames
Were not the holier work. —Lee.

Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb:
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub,
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to make my body;
To shape my legs of an unequal size;
To disproportion me in every part,
Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp,
That carries no impression like the dam.
And am I then a man to be belov'd?
—Shakespeare.

Am I to blame, if nature threw my body
In so perverse a mould! yet when she cast
Her envious hand upon my supple joints,
Unable to resist, and rumpled them
On heaps in their dark lodging; to revenge
Her bungled work, she stamped my mind more fair,
And as from chaos, huddled and deform'd,
The gods struck fire, and lighted up the lamps
That beautify the sky; so she inform'd
This ill-shap'd body with a daring soul,
And, making less than man, she made me more. —Lee.

. Many a man has risen to eminence under the powerful reaction of his mind in fierce counter-agency to the scorn of the unworthy, daily evoked by his personal defects, who with a handsome person would have sunk into the luxury of a careless life under the tranquillizing smiles of continual admiration.—De Quincey.

Degeneracy

O, that a mighty man of such descent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!
—Shakespeare.

What a falling off was there.
—Shakespeare.

In an age remarkable for good reasoning and bad conduct, for sound rules and corrupt manners, when virtue fills our heads, but vice our hearts; when those who would fain persuade us that they are quite sure of heaven, appear in no greater hurry to go there than other folks, but put on the livery of the best master only to serve the worst;—in an age when modesty herself is more ashamed of detection than delinquency; when independence of principle consists in having no principle on which to depend; and free thinking, not in thinking freely, but in being free from thinking; in an age when patriots will hold anything except their tongues; keep anything except their word; and lose nothing patiently except their character;—to improve such an age must be difficult; to instruct it dangerous; and he stands no chance of amending it who cannot at the same time amuse it.—Colton.

Delay

Delay is as hateful as it is dangerous.—Holcroft.

Dull not device by coldness and delay.—Shakespeare.

Every delay that postpones our joys is long.—Ovid.

Lingering labors come to naught.—Robert Southwell.

All delays are dangerous in war.—Dryden.

Away with delay; the chance of great fortune is short-lived.—Silius Italicus.

He that riseth late must tread all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night.—Benjamin Franklin.

Defer no time, delays have dangerous ends.—Shakespeare.

The opportunity is often lost by deliberating.—Syrus.

What reason could not avoid has often been cured by delay.—Seneca.

Your gift is princely, but it comes too late,
And falls like sunbeams on a blasted blossom.
—Suckling.

Every delay is too long to one who is in a hurry.—Seneca.

Away with delay—it always injures those who are prepared.—Lucan.

When a man's life is at stake no delay is too long.—Juvenal.

One man by delay restored the state, for he preferred the public safety to idle report.—Ennius.

Late, late, so late! but we can enter still.
Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.
—Tennyson.

Ah! nothing is too late
Till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate.
—Longfellow.

He that gives time to resolve gives leisure to deny, and warning to prepare.—Quarles.

Some one speaks admirably of "the well-ripened fruit of sage delay."—Balzac.

The procrastinator is not only indolent and weak, but commonly false, too; most of the weak are false.—Lavater.

He who prorogues the honesty of today till to-morrow will probably prorogue his to-morrows to eternity.—Lavater.

Be wise to-day; 't is madness to defer;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead
Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.
—Young.

When the death of a human being may be the consequence, no delay that is afforded is long.—Law Maxim.

Meet the disorder in the outset, the medicine may be too late, when the disease has gained ground through delay.—Ovid.

O my good lord, that comfort comes too late;
'T is like a pardon after execution:
That gentle physic, given in time, had cur'd me,
But now I'm past all comfort here but prayers.
—Shakespeare.

Procrastination is the thief of time; year after year it steals, till all are fled, and to the mercies of a moment leaves the vast concerns of an eternal scene.—Young.

Our greatest actions, or of good or evil,
The hero's and the murderer's spring at once
From their conception: O! how many deeds
Of deathless virtue and immortal crime
The world had wanted, had the actor said,
I will do this to-morrow.
—Lord John Russell.

Shun delays, they breed remorse;
Take thy time, while time is lent thee;
Creeping snails have weakest force;
Fly their fault, lest thou repent thee;
Good is best when soonest wrought,
Ling'ring labours come to naught.
Hoist up sail while gale doth last,
Tide and wind stay no man's pleasure;
Seek not time, when time is past,
Sober speed is wisdom's leisure,
After-wits are dearly bought,
Let thy fore-wit guide thy thought.
—Robert Southwell.

Time drinketh up the essence of every great and noble action, which ought to be performed, and is delayed in the execution.—Vishnu Sarma.

Delicacy

Delicacy is the genuine tint of virtue.—Marguerite de Valois.

Delicacy in woman is strength.—Lichtenberg.

Delicacy is an attribute of heaven.—James Ellis.

Delicacy is to affectation what grace is to beauty.—Mme. de Maintenon.

Delicacy is to the affections what grace is to the beauty.—Degerando.

If you destroy delicacy and a sense of shame in a young girl, you deprave her very fast.—Mrs. Stowe.

Delicacy is the coquetry of truth; fastidiousness is the prudery of falsehood.—H. W. Shaw.

Delicacy is to the mind what fragrance is to the fruit.—Achilles Poincelot.

The dependant who cultivates delicacy in himself very little consults his own tranquillity.—Dr. Johnson.

An appearance of delicacy is inseparable from sweetness and gentleness of character.—Mrs. Sigourney.

The hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.—Shakespeare.

An appearance of delicacy, and even of fragility, is almost essential to beauty.—Burke.

Love lessens woman's delicacy, and increases man's.—Richter.

In delicate souls love never presents itself but under the veil of esteem.—Mme. Roland.

It is against womanhood to be forward in their own wishes.—Sir P. Sidney.

True delicacy, that most beautiful heart-leaf of humanity, exhibits itself most significantly in little things.—Mary Howitt.

The finest qualities of our nature, like the bloom on fruits, can be preserved only by the most delicate handling.—Thoreau.

To a woman of delicate feeling the most persuasive declaration of love consists in the embarrassment of the lover.—Laténa.

A fine lady is a squirrel-headed thing, with small airs and small notions; about as applicable to the business of life as a pair of tweezers to the clearing of a forest.—George Eliot.

Women could take part in the processions, the songs, the dances, of old religion; no one fancied their delicacy was impaired by appearing in public for such a cause.—Margaret Fuller Ossoli.

Weak men often from the very principle of their weakness derive a certain susceptibility, delicacy and taste which render them, in those particulars, much superior to men of stronger and more consistent minds, who laugh at them.—Greville.

The commonest man, who has his ounce of sense and feeling, is conscious of the difference between a lovely, delicate woman and a coarse one. Even a dog feels a difference in her presence.—George Eliot.

Friendship, love, and piety ought to be handled with a sort of mysterious secrecy; they ought to be spoken of only in the rare moments of perfect confidence, to be mutually understood in silence. Many things are too delicate to be thought; many more, to be spoken.—Novalis.

There is a certain delicacy which in yielding conquers; and with a pitiful look makes one find cause to crave help one's self.—Sir P. Sidney.

Delight

A sip is the most that mortals are permitted from any goblet of delight. —A. Bronson Alcott.

I am convinced that we have a degree of delight, and that no small one, in the real misfortunes and pains of others.—Burke.

These violent delights have violent ends
And in their triumph die, like fire and powder,
Which as they kiss consume.
—Shakespeare.

A voice of greeting from the wind was sent;
The mists enfolded me with soft white arms;
The birds did sing to lap me in content,
The rivers wove their charms,—
And every little daisy in the grass
Did look up in my face, and smile to see me pass! —R. H. Stoddard.

The last excessive feelings of delight are always grave.—Leigh Hunt.

Delusion

The worst deluded are the self-deluded.—Bovee.

Delusions, like dreams, are dispelled by our awaking to the stern realities of life.—A. R. C. Dallas.

Delusion produces not one mischief the less because it is universal.—Burke.

When our vices quit us, we flatter ourselves with the belief that it is we who quit them.—Rochefoucauld.

Were we perfectly acquainted with the object, we should never passionately desire it.—Rochefoucauld.

No man is happy without a delusion of some kind. Delusions are as necessary to our happiness as realities.—Bovee.

You think a man to be your dupe; if he pretends to be so, who is the greatest dupe—he or you?—Bruyère.

We are always living under some delusion, and instead of taking things as they are, and making the best of them, we follow an ignis fatuus, and lose, in its pursuit, the joy we might attain.—James Ellis.

Demagogue

We strive as hard to hide our hearts from ourselves as from others, and always with more success; for in deciding upon our own case we are both judge, jury, and executioner, and where sophistry cannot overcome the first, or flattery the second, self-love is always ready to defeat the sentence by bribing the third.—Colton.

I do despise these demagogues that fret
The angry multitude: they are but as
The froth upon the mountain wave—the bird
That shrieks upon the sullen tempest's wing. —Sir A. Hunt.

Democracy

Democracy means not "I am as good as you are," but "You are as good as I am."—Theodore Parker.

Your little child is the only true democrat.—Mrs. Stowe.

Democracy is a mischievous dream. —O. A. Brownson.

The love of democracy is that of equality.—Montesquieu.

In Europe democracy is a falsehood. —Metternich.

Democracies are prone to war, and war consumes them.—William H. Seward.

Democracy is the government of the people, by the people, for the people. —Lincoln.

In every village there will arise a miscreant to establish the most grinding tyranny by calling himself the people.—Sir Robert Peel.

Christ was the first true democrat that ever breathed, as the old dramatist Dekkar said he was the first true gentleman.—Lowell.

Democracy will itself accomplish the salutary universal change from delusive to real, and make a new blessed world of us by and by.—Carlyle.

If there were a people consisting of gods, they would be governed democratically. So perfect a government is not suitable to men.—Rousseau.

Democracy is always the work of kings. Ashes, which in themselves are sterile, fertilize the land they are cast upon.—Landor.

The idea of bringing all men on an equality with each other has always been a pleasant dream; the law cannot equalize men in spite of nature.—Vauvenargues.

I cannot help concurring with the opinion that an absolute democracy, no more than absolute monarchy, is to be reckoned among the legitimate forms of government.—Burke.

He was a democrat in the best sense, earnestly desiring the elevation of the

people to a higher plane of intellectual and moral life, as well as their political emancipation.—Hamerton.

Democracy is the healthful life-blood which circulates through the veins and arteries, which supports the system, but which ought never to appear externally, and as the mere blood itself.—Coleridge.

To govern according to the sense, and agreeably to the interests of the people is a great and glorious object of government. This object cannot be obtained but through the medium of popular election, and popular election is a mighty evil.—Burke.

Lycurgus being asked why he, who in other respects appeared to be so zealous for the equal rights of men, did not make his government democratical rather than oligarchical, "Go you," replied the legislator, "and try a democracy in your own house."—Plutarch.

It is the most beautiful truth in morals that we have no such thing as a distinct or divided interest from our race. In their welfare is ours, and by choosing the broadest paths to effect their happiness we choose the surest and the shortest to our own.—Bulwer-Lytton.

A father of the church said that property was theft, many centuries before Proudhon was born. Bourdaloue reaffirmed it. Montesquieu was the inventor of national workshops and of the theory that the state owed every man a living. Nay, was not the church herself the first organized democracy?—Lowell.

There is still another inconveniency in conquests made by democracies; their government is ever odious to the conquered states. It is apparently monarchical, but in reality it is more oppressive than monarchy, as the experience of all ages and countries evinces.—Montesquieu.

That is the best government which desires to make the people happy, and knows how to make them happy. Neither the inclination nor the knowledge will suffice alone; and it is difficult to find them together. Pure democracy, and pure democracy alone, satisfies the former condition of this great problem.—Macaulay.

"It is a great blessing," says Pascal, "to be born a man of quality, since it brings one man as far forward at eighteen or twenty as another man would be at fifty, which is a clear gain of thirty years." These thirty years are commonly wanting to the ambitious characters of democracies. The principle of equality, which allows every man to arrive at everything, prevents all men from rapid advancement.—De Tocqueville.

A love of the republic in a democracy is a love of the democracy, as the latter is that of equality. A love of the democracy is likewise that of frugality. Since every individual ought here to enjoy the same happiness, and the same advantages, they should consequently taste the same pleasures and form the same hopes, which cannot be expected but from a general frugality.—Montesquieu.

Denial

The more a man denies himself the more he shall receive from heaven.—Horace.

They that do much themselves deny,
Receive more blessings from the sky.
—Creech.

To have what we want is riches, but to be able to do without it is power.

There are many seasons in a man's life—and the more exalted and responsible his position, the more frequently do these seasons recur—when the voice of duty and the dictates of feeling are opposed to each other; and it is only the weak and the wicked who yield that obedience to the selfish impulses of the heart which is due to reason and honor.—Aughey.

Denominationalism

Old religious factions are volcanoes burned out; on the lava and ashes and squalid scoriæ of old eruptions grow the peaceful olive, the cheering vine.

and the sustaining corn.—Edmund Burke.

O for less of an abstract, controversial Christianity, and more of a living, loving, personal Christ.—Richard Fuller.

It is not the actual differences of Christian men that do the mischief, but the mismanagement of those differences.—Philip Henry.

I do not want the walls of separation between different orders of Christians to be destroyed, but only lowered, that we may shake hands a little easier over them.—Rowland Hill.

Sects differ; but, with few exceptions they agree not only that a life of unselfish love will insure heaven, but that repentance and faith are the way by which one enters into this path of life.—The Independent.

God grant that we may contend with other churches as the vine with the olive, which of us shall bear the best fruit; but not as the brier with the thistle, which of us shall be most unprofitable.—Lord Bacon.

It is neither possible nor desirable to make all men think alike. Variety is the very basis of harmony; and, in the sphere of ecclesiastical experience, oneness of feeling is vastly preferable to unanimity of belief. The voice of God, however, as uttered in the events and experiences of the past hundred years, enjoins upon the private membership of the church the culture of that "unity of the Spirit" which is begotten of the Holy Ghost, and which derives from its Divine Author the life in which it resides, the elements of which it is composed, and the impulses under which it acts.—J. McC. Holmes.

Were we all one body, we should lose the tremendous stimulation that comes from the present arrangement, and I fear that our uniformity would become the uniformity of death and the tomb.—George C. Lorimer.

If God allows us to remain Methodist, Baptist, or Episcopalian, it may be on account of the unconverted, that they may be without excuse; that every type of man may be confronted with a corresponding type of doctrine and of method. Surely there are means adapted to your state, and ministries fitted to your peculiar temperament.—George C. Lorimer.

Dentistry (Toothache)

One said a tooth-drawer was a kind of unconscionable trade, because his trade was nothing else but to take away those things whereby every man gets his living.—Hazlitt.

For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently.
—Shakespeare.

Those cherries fairly do enclose
Of orient pearl a double row,
Which, when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rosebuds fill'd with snow.
—Howe.

My curse upon thy venom'd stang,
That shoots my tortured gums alang;
And through my lugs gies monie a twang,
Wi' gnawing vengeance,
Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,
Like racking engines! —Burns.

Dependence

There is no one subsists by himself alone. —Feltham.

God has made no one absolute.—Feltham.

Man is the circled oak; woman the ivy.—Aaron Hill.

Depend on no man, on no friend, but him who can depend on himself.—Lavater.

Heaven's eternal wisdom has decreed that man of man should ever stand in need.—Theocritus.

The greatest man living may stand in need of the meanest, as much as the meanest does of him.—Fuller.

Thou shalt know by experience how salt the savor is of others' bread, and how sad a path it is to climb and descend another's stairs.—Dante.

No degree of knowledge attainable by man is able to set him above the want of hourly assistance.—Johnson.

Dependence is a perpetual call upon humanity, and a greater incitement to tenderness and pity than any other motive whatever.—Addison.

People may live as much retired from the world as they please; but sooner or later, before they are aware, they will find themselves debtor or creditor to somebody.—Goethe.

He who imagines he can do without the world deceives himself much; but he who fancies the world cannot do without him is still more mistaken.—Rochefoucauld.

There is none made so great but he may both need the help and service, and stand in fear of the power and unkindness, even of the meanest of mortals.—Seneca.

In an arch each single stone which, if severed from the rest, would be perhaps defenceless is sufficiently secured by the solidity and entireness of the whole fabric, of which it is a part.—Boyle.

The beautiful must ever rest in the arms of the sublime. The gentle needs the strong to sustain it, as much as the rock-flowers need rocks to grow on, or the ivy the rugged wall which it embraces.—Mrs. Stowe.

Dependence goes somewhat against the grain of a generous mind; and it is no wonder that it should do so, considering the unreasonable advantage which is often taken of the inequality of fortune.—Jeremy Collier.

We are never without a pilot. When we know not how to steer, and dare not hoist a sail, we can drift. The current knows the way, though we do not. The ship of heaven guides itself, and will not accept a wooden rudder.—Emerson.

That acknowledgment of weakness which we make in imploring to be relieved from hunger and from temptation is surely wisely put in our daily prayer. Think of it, you who are rich, and take heed how you turn a beggar away.—Thackeray.

When we consider how weak we are in ourselves, yea, the very strongest of us, and how assaulted, we may justly wonder that we can continue one day in the state of grace; but when we look on the strength by which we are guarded, the power of God, then we see the reason of our stability to the end; for omnipotency supports us, and the everlasting arms are under us.—Leighton.

How beautifully is it ordered, that as many thousands work for one, so must every individual bring his labor to make the whole! The highest is not to despise the lowest, nor the lowest to envy the highest; each must live in all and by all. Who will not work neither shall he eat. So God has ordered that men, being in need of each other, should learn to love each other, and bear each other's burdens. —G. A. Sala.

I hate dependence on another's will,
Which changes with the breath of ev'ry whisper,
Just as the sky and weather with the winds:
Nay, with the winds, as they blow east or west,
To make his temper pleasant or unpleasant:
So are our wholesome or unwholesome days. —Crown.

Life is a system of relations rather than a positive and independent existence; and he who would be happy himself and make others happy must carefully preserve these relations. He cannot stand apart in surly and haughty egotism; let him learn that he is as much dependent on others as others are on him.—G. A. Sala.

Deportment

What's a fine person, or a beauteous face,
Unless deportment gives them decent grace?
Blest with all other requisites to please,
Some want the striking elegance of ease;
The curious eye their awkward movement tires;
They seem like puppets led about by wires. —Churchill.

Depravity

God's love seemed lost upon him.—Bailey.

There is not a beast of the field but may trust his nature and follow it; certain that it will lead him to the best of which he is capable. But as for us, our only invincible enemy is our nature.—William Arthur.

Human nature is said by many to be good; if so, where have social evils come from? For human nature is the only moral nature in that corrupting thing called "society." Every example set before the child of to-day is the fruit of human nature. It has been planted on every possible field—among the snows that never melt; in temperate regions, and under the line; in crowded cities, in lonely forests; in ancient seats of civilization, in new colonies; and in all these fields it has, without once failing, brought forth a crop of sins and troubles.—William Arthur.

Those that hold the doctrine of native depravity do not believe that there is a mass of corrupt matter lodged in the heart, which sends off noxious exhalations, like a dead body. But they maintain that the soul has entirely lost the image of God in which it was originally created; that there is nothing pure or good remaining in it; that in consequence of the withdrawment of those special Divine influences which were given to our first parents, the proper balance of the power is destroyed, they have lost their conformity to the law of God; and the holy dispositions, which were at first implanted in the soul, have given place to sinful dispositions, which are the source of all actual transgression.—H. A. Boardman.

If we take away this foundation, that man is by nature foolish and sinful, fallen short of the glorious image of God, the Christian system falls at once; nor will it deserve as honorable an appellation as that of a cunningly devised fable.—John Wesley.

We believe that man was created in holiness, under the law of his Maker; but by voluntary transgression fell from that holy and happy state; in consequence of which all mankind are now sinners, not by constraint, but choice; being by nature utterly void of that holiness required by the law of God, positively inclined to evil; and therefore under just condemnation to eternal ruin, without defense or excuse.—Baptist Church Manual.

Deserts

Use every man after his desert, and who should escape whipping? Use them after your own honor and dignity; the less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty.—Shakespeare.

Design

When any great design thou dost intend,
Think on the means, the manner, and the end. —Denham.

Honest designs
Justly resemble our devotions,
Which we must pay and wait for the reward.
—Sir Robert Howard.

He that intends well, yet deprives himself
Of means to put his good thoughts into deed,
Deceives his purpose of the due reward.
—Beaumont and Fletcher.

When men's intents are wicked, their guilt haunts them,
But when they are just they're arm'd, and nothing daunts them. —Middleton.

Desire

Can one desire too much of a good thing?—Shakespeare.

Life is a race; desire the goal.—Ramsay.

Perish the lore that deadens young desire!—Beattie.

Desires are the pulse of the soul.—Manton.

Heart's-ease is a flower which blooms from the grave of desire.—W. R. Alger.

Sordid desires are the children of indulgence.—J. L. Basford.

Happy the man who early learns the wide chasm that lies between his wishes and his powers!—Goethe.

We never desire ardently what we desire rationally.—Rochefoucauld.

We trifle when we assign limits to our desires, since nature has set none. —Bovee.

Each man has his own desires; all do not possess the same inclinations.—Persius.

We are always striving for things forbidden, and coveting those denied us.—Ovid.

It is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it. —Franklin.

The desires of man increase with his acquisitions.—Dr. Johnson.

It is much easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy those that follow.—Rochefoucauld.

It is not wishing and desiring to be saved will bring men to heaven; hell's mouth is full of good wishes.—Thomas Shepard.

Desire is the uneasiness a man finds in himself upon the absence of anything whose present enjoyment carries the idea of delight with it.—Lavater.

In moderating, not in satisfying desires, lies peace.—Heber.

What we seek, we shall find; what we flee from, flees from us.—Emerson.

What we wish for in youth comes in heaps to us in old age.—Goethe.

But O! for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!
—Tennyson.

We grow like flowers, and bear desire,
The odor of the human flowers.
R. H. Stoddard.

It is better to desire than to enjoy, to love than to be loved.—Hazlitt.

Keep you in the rear of your affection, out of the shot and danger of desire.—Shakespeare.

Troubles advance upon us rapidly; our desires travel in the opposite direction.—Alfred Mercier.

The shadows of our own desires stand between us and our better angels, and thus their brightness is eclipsed.—Dickens.

Some desire is necessary to keep life in motion, and he whose real wants are supplied must admit those of fancy. —Johnson.

As a general thing we obtain very surely and very speedily what we are not too anxious to obtain.—Rousseau.

There is no inborn longing that shall not be fulfilled. I think that is as certain as the forgiveness of sins.—George MacDonald.

Ah! *Vanitas vanitatum!* Which of us is happy in this world? Which of us has his desire, or, having it, is satisfied?—Thackeray.

When our desires are fulfilled, we never fail to realize the wealth of imagination and the paucity of reality.—Ninon de Lenclos.

O that I might have my request; and that God would grant me the thing that I long for.—Bible.

However rich or elevated, a nameless something is always wanting to our imperfect fortune.—Horace.

I have
Immortal longings in me.
—Shakespeare

Before we passionately desire anything which another enjoys, we should examine into the happiness of its possessor.—Rochefoucauld.

The reason that many men want their desires is because their desires want reason. He may do what he will that will do but what he may.—Warwick.

He who desires naught will always be free.—Lefebvre-Laboulaye.

Unlawful desires are punished after the effect of enjoying; but impossible desires are punished in the desire itself. —Sir P. Sidney.

Where necessity ends, curiosity begins; and no sooner are we supplied with everything that Nature can demand than we sit down to contrive artificial appetites.—Dr. Johnson.

Our desires always increase with our possessions. The knowledge that something remains yet unenjoyed impairs our enjoyment of the good before us.—Dr. Johnson.

The desire of the moth for the star—
Of the night for the morrow—
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow.
—Shelley.

O fierce desire, the spring of sighs and tears,
Reliev'd with want, impoverish'd with store,
Nurst with vain hopes, and fed with doubtful fears,
Whose force withstood, increaseth more and more! —Brandon.

Every desire is a viper in the bosom, who while he was chill was harmless; but when warmth gave him strength, exerted it in poison.—Johnson.

As long as the heart preserves desire, the mind preserves illusions.—Chateaubriand.

Ere yet we yearn for what is out of our reach, we are still in the cradle. When wearied out with our yearnings, desire again falls asleep; we are on the death-bed.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Our nature is inseparable from desires, and the very word "desire" (the craving for something not possessed) implies that our present felicity is not complete.—Hobbes.

There is nothing capricious in nature. In nature the implanting of a desire indicates that the gratification of that desire is in the constitution of the creature that feels it.—Emerson.

By annihilating the desires, you annihilate the mind. Every man without passions has within him no principle of action, nor motive to act.—Helvetius.

The passions and desires, like the two twists of a rope, mutually mix one with the other, and twine inextricably round the heart; producing good if moderately indulged; but certain destruction if suffered to become inordinate.—Burton.

He who can wait for what he desires takes the course not to be exceedingly grieved if he fails of it; he, on the contrary, who labors after a thing too impatiently thinks the success when it comes is not a recompense equal to all the pains he has been at about it. —Bruyère.

How large are our desires! and yet how few
Events are answerable! So the dew,
Which early on the top of mountains stood,
Meaning, at least, to imitate a flood;
When once the sun appears, appears no more,
And leaves that parch'd which was too moist before. —Gomersall.

Thou blind man's mark; thou fool's self-chosen snare,
Fond fancy's scum, and dregs of scatter'd thoughts;
Band of all evils; cradle of causeless care;
Thou web of ill, whose end is never wrought;
Desire! Desire! I have too dearly bought
With price of mangled mind thy worthless ware,
Too long, too long, asleep thou hast me brought,
Who should'st my mind to higher things prepare. —Sir P. Sidney.

Every desire bears its death in its very gratification. Curiosity languishes under repeated stimulants, and novelties cease to excite and surprise, until at length we cannot wonder even at a miracle.—Washington Irving.

Desolation

There is no creature loves me;
And if I die no soul shall pity me.
—Shakespeare.

No soul is desolate as long as there is a human being for whom it can feel trust and reverence.—George Eliot.

On rolls the stream with a perpetual sigh;
The rocks moan wildly as it passes by;
Hyssop and wormwood border all the strand,
And not a flower adorns the dreary land.
—Bryant.

I alone am left on earth!
To whom nor relative nor blood remains,
No! not a kindred drop that runs in human veins. —Campbell.

Gone—flitted away,
Taken the stars from the night and the sun from the day!
Gone, and a cloud in my heart.
—Tennyson.

No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own.
—Longfellow.

What is the worst of woes that wait on age?
What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the brow?
To view each loved one blotted from life's page,
And be alone on earth, as I am now.
—Byron.

Desolate! Life is so dreary and desolate.
Women and men in the crowd meet and mingle,
Yet with itself every soul standeth single,
Deep out of sympathy moaning its moan;
Holding and having its brief exultation;
Making its lonesome and low lamentation;
Fighting its terrible conflicts alone.
—Alice Cary.

The fountain of my heart dried up within me,—
With nought that loved me, and with nought to love,
I stood upon the desert earth alone.
And in that deep and utter agony,
Though then, then even most unfit to die
I fell upon my knees and prayed for death.
—Maturin.

Unhappy he! who from the first of joys,
Society, cut off, is left alone
Amid this world of death. Day after day,
Sad on the jutting eminence he sits,
And views the main that ever toils below;
Still fondly forming in the farthest verge,
Where the round ether mixes with the wave,
Ships, dim-discovered, dropping from the clouds;
At evening, to the setting sun he turns
A mournful eye, and down his dying heart
Sinks helpless. —Thomson.

Despair

God has prohibited despair.—Mme. Swetchine.

Despair defies even despotism.—Byron.

Despair is free.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Despair is infidelity and death.—Whittier.

Despair makes victims sometimes victors.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Despair swallows up cowardice.—Hazlitt.

There is a very life in our despair.—Byron.

For me—I hold no commerce with despair!—Dawes.

Despair is the greatest of our errors.—Vauvenargues.

That last dignity of the wretched.—Henry Giles.

And doubt, a greater mischief than despair.—Sir J. Denham.

Despair is a dauntless hero.—Holcroft.

Despair is the conclusion of fools.—Beaconsfield.

It is late before the brave despair.—Thomson.

Rage is for little wrongs; despair is dumb.—Hannah More.

All hope abandon, ye who enter here.—Dante.

The mild despairing of a heart resigned.—Coleridge.

Dreadful is their doom, whom doubt has driven
To censure fate, and pious hope forego.
—Beattie.

He is the truly courageous man who never desponds.—Confucius.

He that despairs measures Providence by his own little contracted model.—South.

Lean abstinence, pale grief, and haggard care,
The dire attendants of forlorn despair.
—Pattison.

Religion converts despair, which destroys, into resignation, which submits.—Lady Blessington.

My loss is such as cannot be repair'd,
And to the wretched, life can be no mercy.
—Dryden.

Despair is the damp of hell; rejoicing is the serenity of heaven.—Donne.

When pain can't bless, heaven quits us in despair.—Young.

Despair is a great incentive to honorable death.—Quintus Curtius Rufus.

Even every ray of hope destroyed and not a wish to gild the gloom.—Burns.

A speculative despair is unpardonable where it is our duty to act.—Burke.

Some noble spirits mistake despair for content.—Willis.

Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low.—Shakespeare.

Beware of desperate steps. The darkest day, live till to-morrow, will have passed away.—Cowper.

No change, no pause, no hope! Yet I endure.—Shelley.

Despair gives the shocking ease to the mind that a mortification gives to the body.—Lord Greville.

Despair doth strike as deep a furrow in the brain as mischief or remorse.—Barry Cornwall.

Hope, withering, fled—and Mercy sighed farewell. —Byron.

The fear that kills, and hope that is unwilling to be fed.—Wordsworth.

There are circumstances in which despair does not imply inactivity.—Burke.

O Lucius, I am sick of this bad world!
The day-light and the sun grow painful to me. —Addison.

Wouldst thou unlock the door to cold despair and knowing pensiveness?
—George Herbert.

There's no dew left on the daisies and clover; there's no rain left in heaven.—Jean Ingelow.

It is impossible for that man to despair who remembers that his Helper is omnipotent.—Jeremy Taylor.

Mr. Fearing had, I think, a slough of despond in his mind, a slough that he carried everywhere with him, or else he could never have been as he was.—John Bunyan.

The fact that God has prohibited despair gives misfortune the right to hope all things, and leaves hope free to dare all things.—Madame Swetchine.

All hope is lost of my reception into grace; what worse? For where no hope is left, is left no fear.—Milton.

Farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear;
Farewell remorse; all good to me is lost:
Evil, be thou my good! —Milton.

Talk not of comfort—'tis for lighter ills,
* * * * * * *
I will indulge my sorrow, and give way
To all the pangs and fury of despair.
—Addison.

I am one whom the vile blows and buffets of the world have so incensed that I am reckless what I do to spite the world.—Shakespeare.

O God! O God! How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable seem to me all the uses of this world!—Shakespeare.

Where Christ brings His cross He brings His presence; and where He is none are desolate, and there is no room for despair.—Mrs. Browning.

To doubt is worse than to have lost; and to despair is but to antedate those miseries that must fall on us.—Massinger.

Despair defies even despotism; there is that in my heart would make its way through hosts with leveled spears. —Byron.

Consider how the desperate fight;
Despair strikes wild,—but often fatal too—
And in the mad encounter wins success.
—Havard.

To tell men that they cannot help themselves is to fling them into recklessness and despair.—Froude.

Hark! to the hurried question of Despair:
"Where is my child?"—an Echo answers—
"Where?" —Byron.

My day is closed! the gloom of night is come! a hopeless darkness settles over my fate.—Joanna Baillie.

There are some vile and contemptible men who, allowing themselves to be conquered by misfortune, seek a refuge in death.—Agathon.

To him whose spirit is bowed down by the weight of piercing sorrow, the day and night are both of the same color.—Dschami.

* * * then black despair,
The shadow of a starless night, was thrown
Over the world in which I moved alone.
—Shelley.

Though plunged in ills and exercised in care,
Yet never let the noble mind despair.
—Phillips.

There is no despair so absolute as that which comes with the first moments of our first great sorrow, when we have not yet known what it is to have suffered and be healed, to have despaired and have recovered hope.—George Eliot.

He that despairs degrades the Deity, and seems to intimate that He is insufficient, or not just to His word; and in vain hath read the scriptures, the world, and man.—Feltham.

Despair, thou hast the noblest issues of all ill, which frailty brings us to; for to be worse we fear not, and who cannot lose is ever a frank gamester. —Sir Robert Howard.

To despond is to be ungrateful beforehand. Be not looking for evil. Often thou drainest the gall of fear while evil is passing thy dwelling.—Tupper.

Considering the unforeseen events of this world, we should be taught that no human condition should inspire men with absolute despair.—Fielding.

No man's credit can fall so low but that, if he bear his shame as he should do, and profit by it as he ought to do, it is in his own power to redeem his reputation.—Lord Nottingham.

I would not despair unless I knew the irrevocable decree was passed; saw my misfortune recorded in the book of fate, and signed and sealed by necessity.—Jeremy Collier.

Now cold despair
To livid paleness turns the glowing red:
His blood, scarce liquid, creeps within his veins,
Like water which the freezing wind constrains. —Dryden.

The passage of Providence lies through many crooked ways; a despairing heart is the true prophet of approaching evil; his actions may weave the webs of fortune, but not break them.—Quarles.

Despair is like forward children, who, when you take away one of their playthings, throw the rest into the fire for madness. It grows angry with itself, turns its own executioner, and revenges its misfortunes on its own head.—Charron.

Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress-trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
—Whittier.

Despair makes a despicable figure, and descends from a mean original.

'Tis the offspring of fear, of laziness and impatience; it argues a defect of spirit and resolution, and oftentimes of honesty, too. I would not despair unless I saw misfortune recorded in the book of fate, and signed and sealed by necessity.—Collier.

The world goes whispering to its own,
"This anguish pierces to the bone;"
And tender friends go sighing round,
"What love can ever cure this wound?"
My days go on, my days go on.
—E. B. Browning.

Oh, break, my heart! poor bankrupt, break at once!
To prison, eyes, ne'er look on liberty!
Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here;
And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier!
—Shakespeare.

A broken heart is a distemper which kills many more than is generally imagined, and would have a fair title to a place in the bills of mortality, did it not differ in one instance from all other diseases, namely, that no physicians can cure it.—Fielding.

Of all faults the greatest is the excess of impious terror, dishonoring divine grace. He who despairs wants love, wants faith; for faith, hope, and love are three torches which blend their light together, nor does the one shine without the other.—Metastasio.

I am one . . . whom the foul blows . . .
Have so incensed, that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world.
And I another,
So weary with disaster, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance
To mend it, or be rid of it.—Shakespeare.

Despair of ever being saved, "except thou be born again," or of seeing God "without holiness," or of having part in Christ except thou "love Him above father, mother, or thy own life." This kind of despair is one of the first steps to heaven.—Baxter.

Disordered nerves are the origin of much religious despair, when the individual does not suspect it; and then the body and mind have a reciprocal influence upon each other, and it is difficult to tell which influences the other most. The physician is often blamed, when the fault lies with the minister. Depression never benefits body or soul. We are saved by hope. —Ichabod Spencer.

Lachrymal counsellors, with one foot in the cave of despair, and the other invading the peace of their friends, are the paralyzers of action, the pests of society, and the subtlest homicides in the world; they poison with a tear; and convey a dagger to the heart while they press you to their bosoms.—Jane Porter.

Look on me in my sleep,
Or watch my watchings—come and sit by me!
My solitude is solitude no more,
But peopled with the furies;—I have gnash'd
My teeth in darkness till returning morn,
Then cursed myself till sunset;—I have pray'd
For madness as a blessing—'tis denied me.
—Byron.

Let her rave,
And prophesy ten thousand thousand horrors;
I could join with her now, and bid 'em come;
They fit the present fury of my soul.
The stings of love and rage are fix'd within,
And drive me on to madness. Earthquakes, whirlwinds,
A general wreck of nature now would please me. —Rowe.

As a general rule, those who are dissatisfied with themselves will seek to go out of themselves into an ideal world. Persons in strong health and spirits, who take plenty of air and exercise, who are "in favor with their stars," and have a thorough relish of the good things of this life, seldom devote themselves in despair to religion or the muses. Sedentary, nervous, hypochondriacal people, on the contrary, are forced, for want of an appetite for the real and substantial, to look out for a more airy food and speculative comforts.—Hazlitt.

Despatch

Despatch is the soul of business.—Chesterfield.

Business is bought at a dear hand where there is small despatch.—Bacon.

The swiftest despatch seems slow to desire.—Publius Syrus.

Reason and right give the quickest despatch.—Feltham.

Crimes succeed by sudden despatch; honest counsels gain vigor by delay.—Tacitus.

Generally it is good to commit the beginning of all great actions to Argus with his hundred eyes, and the end to Briareus with his hundred hands—first to watch, and then to speed.—Bacon.

To choose time is to save time; and an unseasonable motion is but beating the air. There be three parts of business—the preparation, the debate or examination, and the perfection; whereof, if you look for despatch, let the middle only be the work of many, and the first and last the work of few.—Bacon.

Despatch is taking time by the ears; hurry is taking it by the end of the tail.—H. W. Shaw.

Despondency

Sorrow comes soon enough without despondency. It does a man no good to carry around a lightning-rod to attract trouble.—Aughey.

Open your heart to sympathy, but close it against despondency. The flower which opens to receive the dew shuts against the rain.—Aughey.

All day the darkness and the cold
Upon my heart have lain,
Like shadows on the winter sky,
Like frost upon the pane. —Whittier.

The recollection of one upward hour
Hath more in it to tranquilize and cheer
The darkness of despondency, than years
Of gayety and pleasure. —Percival.

No thought within her bosom stirs,
But wakes some feeling dark and dread;
God, keep thee from a doom like hers,
Of living when the hopes are dead.
—Phœbe Carey.

Some persons depress their own minds, despond at the first difficulty; and conclude that making any progress in knowledge, farther than serves their ordinary business, is above their capacities.—Locke.

My heart is very tired—my strength is low—
My hands are full of blossoms pluck'd before
Held dead within them till myself shall die.
—Mrs. Browning.

To believe a business impossible is the way to make it so. How many feasible projects have miscarried through despondency, and been strangled in their birth by a cowardly imagination.—Jeremy Collier.

Despondency is not a state of humility; on the contrary, it is the vexation and despair of a cowardly pride—nothing is worse; whether we stumble or whether we fall, we must only think of rising again and going on in our course.—Fénelon.

Life is a warfare; and he who easily desponds deserts a double duty—he betrays the noblest property of man, which is dauntless resolution; and he rejects the providence of that All-Gracious Being who guides and rules the universe.—Jane Porter.

Despotism

Honor is unknown in despotic states.—Montesquieu.

A despot has always some good moments.—Voltaire.

Fear must rule in a despotism.—Kossuth.

Despotism and freedom of the press cannot exist together.—Gambetta.

Arbitrary power is but the first natural step from anarchy, or the savage life.—Swift.

Despotism is often the effort of nature to cure herself from a worse disease.—Robert Lord Lytton.

Despotism can no more exist in a nation until the liberty of the press be destroyed than the night can happen before the sun is set.—Colton.

Despotism sits nowhere so secure as under the effigy and ensigns of Freedom.—Landor.

Despotism is the only form of government which may, with safety to itself, neglect the education of its infant poor.—Bishop Horsley.

In times of anarchy one may seem a despot in order to be a saviour.—Mirabeau.

It is odd to consider the connection between despotism and barbarity, and how the making one person more than man makes the rest less.—Addison.

When men have become heartily wearied of licentious anarchy, their eagerness has been proportionately great to embrace the opposite extreme of rigorous despotism.—Whately.

When the savages of Louisiana wish to have fruit, they cut the tree at the bottom and gather the fruit. That is exactly a despotic government.—Montesquieu.

As virtue is necessary in a republic, and honor in a monarchy, fear is what is required in a despotism. As for virtue, it is not at all necessary, and honor would be dangerous there.—Montesquieu.

Travelers describe a tree in the island of Java whose pestiferous exhalations blight every tiny blade of grass within the compass of its shade. So it is with despotism.—Ruffini.

Many of the greatest tyrants on the records of history have begun their reigns in the fairest manner. But the truth is, this unnatural power corrupts both the heart and the understanding.—Burke.

I will believe in the right of one man to govern a nation despotically when I find a man born into the world with boots and spurs, and a nation born with saddles on their backs.—Algernon Sidney.

There is something among men more capable of shaking despotic power than lightning, whirlwind, or earthquake; that is, the threatened indignation of the whole civilized world.—Daniel Webster.

Despots govern by terror. They know that he who fears God fears nothing else; and therefore they eradicate from the mind, through their Voltaire, their Helvetius, and the rest of that infamous gang, that only sort of fear which generates true courage.—Burke.

Then shall they seek to avail themselves of names,
Places and titles, and with these to join
Secular pow'r though feigning still to act
By spiritual, to themselves appropriating
The spirit of God, promis'd alike and given
To all believers; and from that pretence,
Spiritual laws by carnal pow'r shall force
On every conscience; laws which none shall find
Left them enroll'd, or what the spirit within
Shall on the heart engrave. —Milton.

It is difficult for power to avoid despotism. The possessors of rude health; the individualities cut out by a few strokes, solid for the very reason that they are all of a piece; the complete characters whose fibers have never been strained by a doubt; the minds that no questions disturb and no aspirations put out of breath—these, the strong, are also the tyrants. —Mme. de Gasparin.

Destiny

Alas! we are the sport of destiny.—Thackeray.

Destiny is always dark.—George Herbert.

Destiny is our will, and our will is nature.—Disraeli.

How circumscribed is woman's destiny!—Goethe.

We are but as the instrument of heaven.—Owen Meredith.

Marriage is ever made by destiny.—Chapman.

Men must work, and women must weep.—Charles Kingsley.

Hanging and wiving goes by destiny. —Shakespeare.

Every man meets his Waterloo at last.—Wendell Phillips.

If we cannot shape our destiny there is no such thing as witchcraft.—Beaconsfield.

What a glorious thing human life is, * * * and how glorious man's destiny!—Longfellow.

For some must watch, while some must sleep;
So runs the world away. —Shakespeare.

All, soon or late, are doom'd that path to tread. —Homer.

That which God writes on thy forehead thou wilt come to.—Koran.

When I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother. —Shakespeare.

Vast, colossal destiny, which raises man to fame, though it may also grind him to powder!—Schiller.

What unknown power governs men! On what feeble causes do their destinies hinge!—Voltaire.

Resist as much as thou wilt; heaven's ways are heaven's ways.—Lessing.

Woman is born for love, and it is impossible to turn her from seeking it. —Margaret Fuller Ossoli.

Destiny bears us to our lot, and destiny is perhaps our own will.—Disraeli.

What fates impose, that men must needs abide.—Shakespeare.

Our deeds determine us, as much as we determine our deeds.—George Eliot.

We are all sure of two things, at least; we shall suffer, and we shall all die.—Goldsmith.

No man of woman born, coward or brave, can shun his destiny.—Bryant.

'Tis man himself makes his own god and his own hell.—Bailey.

Everything is done by immutable laws, and our destiny is already recorded.—Voltaire.

Each thing, both in small and in great, fulfilleth the task which destiny hath set down.—Hippocrates.

Maids must be wives and mothers to fulfill the entire and holiest end of woman's being.—Frances Anne Kemble.

If the course of human affairs be considered, it will be seen that many things arise against which heaven does not allow us to guard.—Machiavelli.

There are but two future verbs which man may appropriate confidently and without pride: "I shall suffer," and "I shall die."—Madame Swetchine.

Our minds are as different as our faces; we are all traveling to one destination—happiness; but few are going by the same road.—Colton.

That which is not allotted the hand cannot reach, and what is allotted will find you wherever you may be.—Saadi.

Stern is the onlook of necessity. Not without a shudder may the hand of man grasp the mysterious urn of destiny.—Schiller.

Life treads on life, and heart on heart;
We press too close in church and mart
To keep a dream or grave apart.
—E. B. Browning.

Man supposes that he directs his life and governs his actions, when his existence is irretrievably under the control of destiny.—Goethe.

No living man can send me to the shades
Before my time; no man of woman born,
Coward or brave, can shun his destiny.
—Homer.

That each thing, both in small and in great, fulfilleth the task which destiny hath set down.—Hippocrates.

Death and life have their determined appointments; riches and honor depend upon heaven.—Confucius.

Would the face of nature be so serene and beautiful if man's destiny were not equally so.—Thoreau.

Can man or woman choose duties? No more than they can choose their birthplace, or their father and mother. —George Eliot.

The heart of silver falls ever into the hands of brass. The sensitive herb is eaten as grass by the swine.—Ouida.

That old miracle—Love-at-first-sight—
Needs no explanations. The heart reads aright
Its destiny sometimes. —Owen Meredith.

They who talk much of destiny, their birth-star, etc., are in a lower dangerous plane, and invite the evil they fear. —Emerson.

Art and power will go on as they have done—will make day out of night, time out of space, and space out of time.—Emerson.

He whom the gods love dies young, while he is in health, has his senses and his judgment sound.—Plautus.

To be a Prodigal's favourite,—then, worse truth,
A Miser's Pensioner,—behold our lot!
—Wordsworth.

Unseen hands delay
The coming of what oft seems close in ken,
And, contrary, the moment, when we say
"'Twill never come!" comes on us even then. —Lord Lytton.

Alas! how easily things go wrong!
A sigh too deep, or a kiss too long,
And then comes a mist and a weeping rain,
And life is never the same again.
—George MacDonald.

Oh blindness to the future! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by heav'n;
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall. —Pope.

And all the bustle of departure—sometimes sad, sometimes intoxicating—just as fear or hope may be inspired by the new chances of coming destiny. —Madame De Staël.

Alas! what stay is there in human state,
Or who can shun inevitable fate?
The doom was written, the decree was past,
Ere the foundations of the world were cast.
—Dryden.

We met, hand to hand,
We clasped hands close and fast,
As close as oak and ivy stand;
But it is past:
Come day, come night, day comes at last.
—Christina G. Rossetti.

All has its date below; the fatal hour
Was register'd in Heav'n ere time began.
We turn to dust, and all our mightiest works
Die too. —Cowper.

For I am a weed,
Flung from the rock, on Ocean's foam, to sail,
Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath prevail. —Byron.

The scapegoat which we make responsible for all our crimes and follies; a necessity which we set down for invincible, when we have no wish to strive against it.—Mrs. Balfour.

The seed ye sow, another reaps;
The wealth ye find, another keeps;
The robes ye weave, another wears;
The arms ye forge, another bears.
—Shelley.

I know that nothing comes to pass but what God appoints; our fate is decreed, and things do not happen by chance, but every man's portion of joy and sorrow is predetermined.—Seneca.

Seek not to know what must not be reveal'd;
Joys only flow where Fate is most conceal'd;
Too busie man wou'd find his Sorrows more,
If future Fortunes he shou'd know before;
For by that knowledge of his Destiny
He would not live at all, but always die.
—Dryden.

Men are what their mothers made them. You may as well ask a loom which weaves huckabuck why it does not make cashmere as to expect poetry from this engineer or a chemical discovery from that jobber.—Emerson.

Philosophers never stood in need of Homer or the Pharisees, to be con-

vinced that everything is done by immutable laws, that everything is settled, that everything is a necessary effect of some previous cause.—Voltaire.

"It is destiny"—phrase of the weak human heart; dark apology for every error. The strong and the virtuous admit no destiny. On earth, guides conscience; in heaven, watches God. And destiny is but the phantom we invoke to silence the one, to dethrone the other.—Bulwer-Lytton.

And this is woman's fate: all her affections are called into life by winning flatteries, and then thrown back upon themselves to perish; and her heart, her trusting heart, filled with weak tenderness, is left to bleed or break!—L. E. Landon.

There are certain events which to each man's life are as comets to the earth, seemingly strange and erratic portents; distinct from the ordinary lights which guide our course and mark our seasons, yet true to their own laws, potent in their own influences.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing,
Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the darkness:
So on the ocean of life we pass and speak one another,
Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and a silence. —Longfellow.

The irrevocable Hand
That opes the year's fair gate, doth ope and shut
The portals of our earthly destinies;
We walk through blindfold, and the noiseless doors
Close after us forever. —D. M. Mulock.

Like warp and woof all destinies
Are woven fast,
Linked in sympathy like the keys
Of an organ vast.
Pluck one thread, and the web ye mar;
Break but one
Of a thousand keys, and the paining jar
Through all will run. —Whittier.

Take life too seriously, and what is it worth? If the morning wake us to no new joys, if the evening bring us not the hope of new pleasures, is it worth while to dress and undress? Does the sun shine on me to-day that I may reflect on yesterday? That I may endeavor to foresee and to control what can neither be foreseen nor controlled—the destiny of to-morrow?—Goethe.

Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do.
—Shakespeare.

The wheels of nature are not made to roll backward; everything presses on toward Eternity; from the birth of Time an impetuous current has set in, which bears all the sons of men toward that interminable ocean. Meanwhile heaven is attracting to itself whatever is congenial to its nature, is enriching itself by the spoils of earth, and collecting within its capacious bosom, whatever is pure, permanent and divine.—Robert Hall.

Determination

Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there's an end.
—Shakespeare.

Although
The air of paradise did fan the house,
And angels offic'd all; I will be gone.
—Shakespeare.

I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my peace. —Shakespeare.

Detraction

Black detraction will find faults where they are not.—Massinger.

The low desire, the base design
That makes another's virtues less.
—Longfellow.

Detraction's a bold monster, and fears not
To wound the fame of princes, if it find
But any blemish in their lives to work on.
—Massinger.

A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
At every word a reputation dies.—Pope.

Mankind praise against their will,
And mix as much detraction as they can.
—Dr. Young.

'Tis not the wholesome sharp morality,
Or modest anger of a satiric spirit,
That hurts or wounds the body of a state,
But the sinister application
Of the malicious, ignorant, and base
Interpreter, who will distort and strain
The general scope and purpose of an author
To his particular and private spleen.
—Ben Jonson.

Devil

The devil has his elect.—Carlyle.

Accursed be he who plays with the devil.—Schiller.

Every newspaper editor owes tribute to the devil.—La Fontaine.

He must have a long spoon that eats with the devil.—Marlowe.

He must needs go that the devil drives.—Shakespeare.

The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.—Shakespeare.

The devil hath power to assume a pleasing shape.—Shakespeare.

The prince of darkness is a gentleman.—Sir John Suckling.

Where God hath a temple, the devil will have a chapel.—Burton.

The devil is an ass, I do acknowledge it.—Ben Jonson.

The devil was sick, the devil a saint would be;
The devil was well, the devil a saint was he.
—Rabelais.

For, where God built a church there the devil would also build a chapel. They imitated the Jews also in this, namely, that as the Most Holiest was dark, and had no light, even so and after the same manner did they make their shrines dark where the devil made answer. Thus is the devil ever God's ape.—Martin Luther.

What, man! defy the devil? Consider, he's an enemy to mankind.—Shakespeare.

Satan; so call him now, his former name
Is heard no more in heaven. —Milton.

The Devil, my friends, is a woman just now.
'Tis a woman that reigns in Hell.
—Lord Lytton.

Go, poor devil, get thee gone; why should I hurt thee? This world surely is wide enough to hold both thee and me.—Sterne.

The devil is not, indeed, perfectly humorous, but that is only because he is the extreme of all humor.—Coleridge.

No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns.—Shakespeare.

From his brimstone bed, at break of day,
A-walking the Devil is gone,
To look at his little snug farm of the world,
And see how his stock went on.
—Southey.

With grave
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd
A pillar of state; deep on his front engraven
Deliberation sat and public care;
And princely counsel in his face yet shone,
Majestic though in ruin. —Milton.

If the devil take a less hateful shape to us than to our fathers, he is as busy with us as with them.—Lowell.

Black it stood as night,
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
And shook a dreadful dart; what seem'd his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.
Satan was now at hand. —Milton.

I call'd the devil, and he came,
And with wonder his form did I closely scan;
He is not ugly, and is not lame,
But really a handsome and charming man.
A man in the prime of life is the devil,
Obliging, a man of the world, and civil;
A diplomatist too, well skill'd in debate,
He talks quite glibly of church and state.
—Heine.

Satan is to be punished eternally in the end, but for a while he triumphs.—B. R. Haydon.

The meanest thing in the world is—the devil.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Let me say "amen" betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer.—Shakespeare.

It is Lucifer,
The son of mystery;
And since God suffers him to be,
He, too, is God's minister,
And labors for some good
By us not understood. —Longfellow.

The devil shall have his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs—he will give the devil his due.—Shakespeare.

Devotion

Devotion, like fire, goeth upward. —Zoroaster.

Complete self-devotion is woman's part.—Macaulay.

A woman whom we truly love is a religion.—Mme. de Girardin.

All is holy where devotion kneels.—Holmes.

Devotion's self shall steal a thought from heaven.—Pope.

That fabric rises high as heaven whose basis on devotion stands.—Prior.

Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it.—Bible.

Like Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought, love gives itself, but is not bought.—Longfellow.

Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of woman.—Bible.

One grain of incense with devotion offer'd
'S beyond all perfumes of Sabæan spices.
—Massinger.

Love without reverence and enthusiasm is only friendship.—George Sand.

Oh, only those whose souls have felt this one idolatry can tell how precious is the slightest thing affection gives and hallows.—L. E. Landon.

Real inward devotion knows no prayer but that arising from the depths of its own feelings.—Humboldt.

To feel, to love, to suffer, to devote herself, will always be the text of the life of woman.—Balzac.

Those who make use of devotion as a means and end generally are hypocrites.—Goethe.

The life of a devotee is a crusade of which the heart is the Holy Land.—Alfred de Musset.

The woman who has too easily and ardently yielded her devotion will find that its vitality, like a bright fire, soon consumes itself.—Rivarol.

Man may content himself with the applause of the world and the homage paid to his intellect, but woman's heart has holier idols.—George Eliot.

The perfect disinterestedness and self-devotion of which men seem incapable, but which is sometimes found in women.—Macaulay.

Devotion, when it does not lie under the check of reason, is apt to degenerate into enthusiasm.—Addison.

Seeming devotion does but gild a knave,
That's neither faithful, honest, just, nor brave;
But where religion does with virtue join,
It makes a hero like an angel shine.
—Waller.

As down in the sunless retreats of the ocean
Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can see,
So deep in my soul the still prayer of devotion
Unheard by the world, rises silent to Thee.
—Moore.

The secret heart is fair devotion's temple; there the saint, even on that living altar, lights the flame of purest sacrifice, which burns unseen, not unaccepted.—Hannah More.

Devotion is like the candle which Michael Angelo used to take in his pasteboard cap, so as not to throw his shadow upon the work in which he was engaged.—Phillips Brooks.

Love is not love which alters when it alteration finds; love alters not with his brief hours and weeks, but bears it out even to the edge of doom.—Shakespeare.

All who wait upon the Lord shall rise higher and higher upon the mighty pinions of strong devotion, and with the unblinking eye of faith, into the regions of heavenly-mindedness, and shall approach nearer and nearer to God, the Sun of our spiritual day.—John Angel James.

The best part of a woman's love is worship; but it is hard to her to be sent away with her precious spikenard rejected, and her long tresses, too, that were let fall, ready to soothe the wearied feet.—George Eliot.

Private devotions and secret offices of religion are like the refreshing of a garden with the distilling and petty drops of a water-pot; but addressed from the temple are like rain from heaven.—Jeremy Taylor.

I find no quality so easy for a man to counterfeit as devotion, though his life and manner are not conformable to it; the essence of it is abstruse and occult, but the appearances easy and showy.—Montaigne.

The days of chivalry are not gone, notwithstanding Burke's grand dirge over them; they live still in that far-off worship paid by many a youth and man to the woman of whom he never dreams that he shall touch so much as her little finger, or the hem of her robe.—George Eliot.

There are other books in a man's library besides Ovid, and after dawdling ever so long at a woman's knee, one day he gets up and is free. We have all been there; we have all had the fever—the strongest and the smallest, from Samson, Hercules, Rinaldo, downward: but it burns out, and you get well.—Thackeray.

Devout

To worship rightly is to love each other, each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.—Whittier.

Some persons are so devotional they have not one bit of true religion in them.—B. R. Haydon.

There is a divine depth in silence. We meet God alone.—F. W. Robertson.

"Draw nigh to God, and He will draw nigh to you." Keep near to the fountain-head and "with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation."—Gardiner Spring.

The inward sighs of humble penitence rise to the ear of heaven, when pealed hymns are scattered with the sounds of common air.—Joanna Baillie.

This is the spirit of prayer—sincere, humble, believing, submissive. Other prayer than this the Bible does not require—God will not accept.—Gardiner Spring.

Other hope had she none, nor wish in life,
but to follow
Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred
feet of her Saviour. —Longfellow.

The Christian life is a long and continual tendency of our hearts towards that eternal goodness which we desire upon earth.—Fénelon.

It is not he who knows most, nor he who hears most, nor yet he who talks most, but he who exercises grace most, who has most communion with God.—Thomas Brooks.

The hand is rais'd, the pledge is given,
One monarch to obey, one creed to own,
That monarch, God; that creed, His word
alone. —Sprague.

The Christian is not always praying; but within his bosom is a heaven-kindled love—fires of desire, fervent longings—which make him always ready to pray, and often engage him in prayer.—Thomas Guthrie.

Our activity should consist in placing ourselves in a state of susceptibility to Divine impressions, and pliability to all the operations of the Eternal Word.—Madame Guyon.

The inward sighs of humble penitence
Rise to the ear of Heaven, when peal'd hymns
Are scatter'd with the sounds of common air. —Joanna Baillie.

Like earth, awake, and warm, and bright
With joy the spirit moves and burns;
So up to thee! O Fount of Light!
Our light returns. —John Sterling.

He who receives a sacrament does not perform a good work; he receives a benefit. In the mass we give Christ nothing; we only receive from Him.—Luther.

Thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut the door pray to thy Father, which is in secret; and thy Father, which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly.—Bible.

That holy, humble, meek, modest, retiring Form, sometimes called the Spirit of Prayer, has been dragged from the closet, and so rudely handled by some of her professed friends that she has not only lost all her wonted loveliness, but is now stalking the street, in some places, stark mad.—Nettleton.

Only in the sacredness of inward silence does the soul truly meet the secret, hiding God. The strength of resolve, which afterward shapes life, and mixes itself with action, is the fruit of those sacred, solitary moments. There is a divine depth in silence. We meet God alone.—F. W. Robertson.

The Christian life is a long and continual tendency of our hearts toward that eternal goodness which we desire on earth. All our happiness consists in thirsting for it. Now this thirst is prayer. Ever desire to approach your Creator, and you will never cease to pray. Do not think it necessary to pronounce many words.—Fénelon.

There are two principal points of attention necessary for the preservation of this constant spirit of prayer which unites us with God; we must continually seek to cherish it, and we must avoid everything that tends to make us lose it.—Fénelon.

Dew

Earth's liquid jewelry, wrought of air.—Bailey.

Dew depends not on Parliament.—James Otis.

None can give us dew but God.—Bishop Reynolds.

The dew-bead gem, of earth and sky begotten.—George Eliot.

Liquid pearl.—Shakespeare.

And every dew-drop paints a bow.—Tennyson.

The dew waits for no voice to call it to the sun.—Rev. Joseph Parker.

As fresh as morning dew distill'd on flowers.—Shakespeare.

Every dew-drop and rain-drop had a whole heaven within it.—Longfellow.

Gems which adorn the beauteous tresses of the weeping morn.—Poole.

Dew-drops are the gems of morning but the tears of mournful eve!—Coleridge.

Those tears of the sky for the loss of the sun.—Chesterfield.

I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
—Shakespeare.

'Tis of the tears which stars weep, sweet with joy.—Bailey.

Or stars of morning, dew-drops which the sun
Impearls on every leaf and every flower.
—Milton.

The starlight dews all silently their tears of love instill.—Byron.

Hushed as the falling dews, whose noiseless showers impearl the folded leaves of evening flowers.—Congreve.

That same dew, which sometime on the buds was wont to swell, like round

and orient pearls, stood now within the pretty flowerets' eyes, like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.—Shakespeare.

Within the rose I found a trembling tear,
Close curtained in a gloom of crimson night
By tender petals from the outer light.
—Boyesen.

The dew-drop in the breeze of morn,
Trembling and sparkling on the thorn,
Falls to the ground, escapes the eye,
Yet mounts on sunbeams to the sky.
—Montgomery.

Dew-drops, Nature's tears, which she
Sheds in her own breast for the fair which die.
The sun insists on gladness; but at night,
When he is gone, poor Nature loves to weep.
—Bailey.

See how the orient dew
Shed from the bosom of the morn
Into the blowing roses
(Yet careless of its mansion new
For the clear region where 'twas born)
Round in itself incloses,
And in its little globe's extent
Frames, as it can, its native element.
—Andrew Marvell.

A globe of dew
Filling, in the morning new,
Some eyed flower, whose young leaves waken
On an unimagined world;
Constellated suns unshaken,
Orbits measureless are furl'd
In that frail and fading sphere,
With ten millions gathered there
To tremble, gleam and disappear.
—Shelley.

There is dew in one flower and not in another, because one opens its cup and takes it in, while the other closes itself and the drop runs off. So God rains goodness and mercy as wide as the dew, and if we lack them, it is because we do not open our hearts to receive them.—Aughey.

Diary

A man's diary is a record in youth of his sentiments, in middle age of his actions, in old age of his reflections. —J. Q. Adams.

Diet

Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour.—Shakespeare.

Simple diet is best.—Pliny.

Unquiet meals make ill digestion.—Shakespeare.

Many dishes bring many diseases.—Pliny.

One meal a day is enough for a lion, and it ought to suffice for a man. —Dr. George Fordyce.

Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both! —Shakespeare.

A fig for your bill of fare; show me your bill of company.—Swift.

Free-livers on a small scale, who are prodigal within the compass of a guinea.—Washington Irving.

It was Dean Swift who ignored the bill of fare, and asked for a bill of the company.—N. P. Willis.

In general, mankind, since the improvement of cookery, eat about twice as much as nature requires.—Franklin.

The chief pleasure (in eating) does not consist in costly seasoning or exquisite flavor, but in yourself. Do you seek for sauce by sweating.—Horace.

A chine of honest bacon would please my appetite more than all the marrow-puddings, for I like them better plain, having a very vulgar stomach.—Dryden.

If thou wouldst preserve a sound body, use fasting and walking; if a healthful soul, fasting and praying; walking exercises the body, praying exercises the soul, fasting cleanses both.—Quarles.

Food, improperly taken, not only produces original diseases, but affords those that are already engendered both matter and sustenance; so that, let the father of disease be what it may, In-

temperance is certainly its mother.—Burton.

Your worm is your only emperor for diet; we fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots.—Shakespeare.

All courageous animals are carnivorous, and greater courage is to be expected in a people, such as the English, whose food is strong and hearty, than in the half starved commonalty of other countries.—Sir W. Temple.

Difficulties

Out of difficulties grow miracles.—Bruyère.

It is difficulties which give birth to miracles.—Rev. Dr. Sharpe.

How strangely easy difficult things are!—Charles Buxton.

Difficulties strengthen the mind, as well as labor does the body.—Seneca.

Many things difficult to design prove easy to performance.—Sam'l Johnson.

To bear adversity with an equal mind is both the sign and glory of a brave spirit.—Quarles.

It is the surmounting of difficulties that makes heroes.—Kossuth.

There is such a choice of difficulties, that I own myself at a loss how to determine.—James.

The illustration which solves one difficulty by raising another, settles nothing.—Horace.

There are few difficulties that hold out against real attacks; they fly, like the visible horizon, before those who advance.

Wisdom is not found with those who dwell at their ease; rather nature, when she adds brain, adds difficulty.—Emerson.

The greatest difficulties lie where we are not looking for them.—Goethe.

It is as hard to come, as for a camel to thread the postern of a needle's eye.—Shakespeare.

Difficulties, by bracing the mind to overcome them, assist cheerfulness, as exercise assists digestion.—Bovee.

Every noble acquisition is attended with its risks; he who fears to encounter the one must not expect to obtain the other.—Metastasio.

The three things most difficult are—to keep a secret, to forget an injury, and to make good use of leisure.—Chilo.

Difficulty excites the mind to the dignity which sustains and finally conquers misfortunes, and the ordeal refines while it chastens.—Aughey.

There is no merit where there is no trial; and, till experience stamps the mark of strength, cowards may pass for heroes, faith for falsehood.—Aaron Hill.

Fortune is the best school of courage when she is fraught with anger, in the same way as winds and tempests are the school of the sailorboy.—Metastasio.

Difficulties are God's errands; and when we are sent upon them we should esteem it a proof of God's confidence—as a compliment from God.—Beecher.

What is difficulty? Only a word indicating the degree of strength requisite for accomplishing particular objects; a mere notice of the necessity for exertion; a bugbear to children and fools; only a mere stimulus to men.—Samuel Warren.

The more powerful the obstacle, the more glory we have in overcoming it; and the difficulties with which we are met are the maids of honor which set off virtue.—Molière.

Accustom yourself to master and overcome things of difficulty; for if you observe, the left hand for want of practice is insignificant, and not

adapted to general business; yet it holds the bridle better than the right, from constant use.—Pliny.

Our energy is in proportion to the resistance it meets. We can attempt nothing great but from a sense of the difficulties we have to encounter; we can persevere in nothing great but from a pride in overcoming them.—Hazlitt.

Difficulty is a severe instructor, set over us by the supreme ordinance of a paternal guardian and legislator, who knows us better than we know ourselves, as He loves us better too. He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper.—Burke.

The wise and active conquer difficulties
By daring to attempt them; sloth and folly
Shiver and shrink at sight of toil and hazard,
And make the impossibility they fear.
—Rowe.

Hath fortune dealt thee ill cards? let wisdom make thee a good gamester. In a fair gale, every fool may sail, but wise behavior in a storm commends the wisdom of a pilot; to bear adversity with an equal mind is both the sign and glory of a brave spirit. —Quarles.

Difficulties are things that show what men are. In case of any difficulty remember that God, like a gymnastic trainer, has pitted you against a rough antagonist. For what end? That you may be an Olympic conqueror, and this cannot be without toil.—Epictetus.

It is not every calamity that is a curse, and early adversity is often a blessing. Perhaps Madame de Maintenon would never have mounted a throne had not her cradle been rocked in a prison. Surmounted obstacles not only teach, but hearten us in our future struggles; for virtue must be learnt, though, unfortunately, some of the vices come as it were by inspiration.—Rev. Dr. Sharpe.

Diffidence

Diffidence is a sort of false modesty. —Thackeray.

Diffidence is not always innocence. —Mme. Necker.

Mere bashfulness without merit is awkward.—Thomas Hughes.

We are as often duped by diffidence as by confidence.—Chesterfield.

Persons extremely reserved are like old enamelled watches, which had painted covers, that hindered your seeing what o'clock it was.—Walpole.

A tardiness in nature,
Which often leaves the history unspoke,
That it intends to do. —Shakespeare.

Diffidence may check resolution and obstruct performance, but compensates its embarrassments by more important advantages; it conciliates the proud, and softens the severe; averts envy from excellence, and censure from miscarriage.—Johnson.

Dignity

Ease with dignity.—Cicero.

Dignity and love do not blend.—Mme. Necker.

All celebrated people lose on a close view.—Napoleon I.

There is even the dignity of vice.—Rivarol.

Dignity increases more easily than it begins.—Seneca.

Dignity and love were never yet boon companions.—Fielding.

Dignity consists not in possessing honors, but in deserving them.—Aristotle.

Dignity and love do not blend well, nor do they continue long together.—Ovid.

Dignity of manner always conveys a sense of reserved force.—Alcott.

Let none presume to wear an undeserved dignity.—Shakespeare.

As vivacity is the gift of woman, gravity is that of man.—Addison.

There is a healthful hardiness about real dignity that never dreads contact and communion with others, however humble.—Washington Irving.

Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love.
—Milton.

True dignity is never gained by place,
And never lost when honours are withdrawn. —Massinger.

A fit of anger is as fatal to dignity as a dose of arsenic to life.—J. G. Holland.

The nearer we approach great men, the clearer we see that they are men. —Bruyère.

Clay and clay differs in dignity, whose dust is both alike.—Shakespeare.

Dignity is often a veil between us and the real truth of things.—Whipple.

It is of very little use in trying to be dignified, if dignity is no part of your character.—Bovee.

She is calm because she is the mistress of her subject,—the secret of self-possession.—Beaconsfield.

The dignity of truth is lost with much protesting.—Ben Jonson.

True dignity is his whose tranquil mind virtue has raised above the things below.—Beattie.

In order that she may be able to give her hand with dignity, she must be able to stand alone.—Margaret Fuller Ossoli.

Remember this,—that there is a proper dignity and proportion to be observed in the performance of every act of life.—Marcus Aurelius.

She hath a natural, wise sincerity, a simple truthfulness; and these have lent her a dignity as moveless as the centre.—Lowell.

Men possessing minds which are morose, solemn, and inflexible enjoy generally a greater share of dignity than of happiness.—Bacon.

It is at once the thinnest and most effective of all the coverings under which duncedom sneaks and skulks.—Whipple.

We have exchanged the Washingtonian dignity for the Jeffersonian simplicity, which was in truth only another name for the Jeffersonian vulgarity.—Bishop Henry C. Potter.

Dignity of position adds to dignity of character, as well as to dignity of carriage. Give us a proud position, and we are impelled to act up to it. —Bovee.

True dignity abides with him alone who, in the silent hour of inward thought, can still suspect and still revere himself in lowliness of heart.—Wordsworth.

The dignity of man into your hands is given;
Oh, keep it well, with you it sinks or lifts itself to heaven. —Schiller.

True dignity is his whose tranquil mind
Virtue has raised above the things below;
Who, every hope and fear to heaven resign'd
Shrinks not, though fortune aims her deadliest blow. —Beattie.

With grave
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd
A pillar of state; deep on his front engraven
Deliberation sat, and public care;
And princely counsel in his face yet shone
Majestic, though in ruin. Sage he stood,
With Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear
The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look
Drew audience and attention still as night
Or summer's noontide air. —Milton.

Lord Chatham and Napoleon were as much actors as Garrick or Talma. Now, an imposing air should always be taken as evidence of imposition. Dignity is often a veil between us and the real truth of things.—Whipple.

Digression

Digressions incontestibly are the sunshine; they are the life, the soul of reading.—Sterne.

Diligence

Diligence is the mother of good fortune.—Cervantes.

Diligence, above all, is the mother of good luck.—Samuel Smiles.

Who makes quick use of the moment, is a genius of prudence.—Lavater.

That which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in; and the best of me is diligence.—Shakespeare.

What we hope ever to do with ease we may learn first to do with diligence.—Johnson.

It is want of diligence rather than want of means that causes most failures.—Alfred Mercier.

Prefer diligence before idleness, unless you esteem rust above brightness. —Plato.

The more the marble wastes, the more the statue grows.—Michael Angelo.

The expectations of life depend upon diligence; and the mechanic that would perfect his work, must first sharpen his tools.—Confucius.

Like clocks, one wheel another on must drive,
Affairs by diligent labors only thrive.
—Chapman.

To be rich be diligent; move on
Like heav'ns great movers that enrich the earth;
Whose moment's sloth would show the world undone;
And make the spring straight bury all her birth.
Rich are the diligent who can command
Time—nature's stock. —Davenant.

As he that lives longest lives but a little while, every man may be certain that he has no time to waste. The duties of life are commensurate to its duration; and every day brings its task, which, if neglected, is doubled on the morrow.—Dr. Johnson.

Diligence is the mother of good luck, and God gives all things to industry. Then plough deep while sluggards sleep, and you shall have corn to sell and to keep.—Benjamin Franklin.

Diligence which, as it avails in all things, is also of the utmost moment in pleading causes. Diligence is to be particularly cultivated by us; it is to be constantly exerted; it is capable of effecting almost everything.—Cicero.

Dimples

Then did she lift her hands unto his chin,
And praise the pretty dimpling of his skin.
—Beaumont.

In each cheek appears a pretty dimple;
Love made those hollows; if himself were slain
He might be buried in a tomb so simple;
Foreknowing well, if there he came to lie,
Why, there Love lived, and there he could not die. —Shakespeare.

Dinner — Dining

The tocsin of the soul—the dinner bell!—Byron.

He fell upon whate'er was offer'd, like
A priest, a shark, an alderman, or pike.
—Byron.

When dinner has oppress'd one,
I think it is perhaps the gloomiest hour
Which turns up out of the sad twenty-four.
—Byron.

Their various cares in one great point combine
The business of their lives, that is—to dine.
—Young.

All human history attests
That happiness for man—the hungry sinner—
Since Eve ate apples, much depends on dinner! —Byron.

'Twas a public feast and public day—
Quite full, right dull, guests hot, and dishes cold,
Great plenty, much formality, small cheer.
And everybody out of their own sphere.
—Byron.

A good dinner sharpens wit, while it softens the heart.—Doran

Before dinner men meet with great inequality of understanding; and those who are conscious of their inferiority have the modesty not to talk; when they have drunk wine, every man feels himself happy, and loses that modesty, and grows impudent and vociferous; but he is not improved; he is only not sensible of his defects.—Johnson.

Dirt

Dirt is not dirt, but only something in the wrong place.—Lord Palmerston.

Dirt has been shrewdly termed "misplaced material."—Victor Hugo.

By those who look close to the ground dirt will be seen. I hope I see things from a greater distance.—Dr. Johnson.

I confess I could never see any good reason why dirt should always be a necessary concomitant of poverty.—W. G. Clark.

In Nature there is no dirt, everything is in the right condition; the swamp and the worm, as well as the grass and the bird,—all is there for itself. Only because we think that all things have a relation to us, do they appear justifiable or otherwise.—Auerbach.

"Ignorance," says Ajax, "is a painless evil"; so, I should think, is dirt, considering the merry faces that go along with it.—George Eliot.

Disappointment

Disappointment is the nurse of wisdom.—Sir Bayle Roche.

Disappointment is often the salt of life.—Theodore Parker.

O world, how many hopes thou dost engulf!—Alfred de Musset.

Bearing a life-long hunger in his heart.—Tennyson.

Thus ever fade my fairy dreams of bliss.—Byron.

How Disappointment tracks the steps of Hope!—L. E. Landon.

Disappointments are to the soul what a thunder-storm is to the air.—Schiller.

Oh! that a dream so sweet, so long enjoy'd,
Should be so sadly, cruelly destroy'd!
—Moore.

As distant prospects please us, but when near
We find but desert rocks and fleeting air.
—Sir Sam'l Garth.

His early dreams of good outstripp'd the truth,
And troubled manhood follow'd baffled youth. —Byron.

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale, vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.—Shakespeare.

Women suffer more from disappointment than men, because they have more of faith and are naturally more credulous.—Marguerite de Valois.

Of all the uses of adversity which are sweet, none are sweeter than those which grow out of disappointed love.—Henry Taylor.

Disappointment to a noble soul is what cold water is to burning metal; it strengthens, tempers, intensifies, but never destroys it.—Eliza Tabor.

Life often seems like a long shipwreck, of which the debris are friendship, glory, and love; the shores of existence are strewn with them.—Mme. de Staël.

Man must be disappointed with the lesser things of life before he can comprehend the full value of the greater.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Oft expectation fails, and most oft there where it most promises; and oft it hits where hope is coldest, and despair most sits.—Shakespeare.

We mount to heaven mostly on the ruins of our cherished schemes, finding our failures were successes.—Alcott.

Mean spirits under disappointment, like small beer in a thunder-storm, always turn sour.—Randolph.

When we meet with better fare than was expected, the disappointment is overlooked even by the scrupulous. When we meet with worse than was expected, philosophers alone know how to make it better.—Zimmermann.

Impell'd with steps unceasing to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view,
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies.
—Goldsmith.

A thousand years a poor man watched
Before the gate of Paradise:
But while one little nap he snatched,
It oped and shut. Ah! was he wise?
—Wm. R. Alger.

It never yet happened to any man since the beginning of the world, nor ever will, to have all things according to his desire, or to whom fortune was never opposite and adverse.—Burton.

In the light of eternity we shall see that what we desired would have been fatal to us, and that what we would have avoided was essential to our well-being.—Fénelon.

The best-laid schemes o' mice and men,
Gang aft a-gley,
And leave us nought but grief and pain,
For promised joy. —Burns.

O! ever thus from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away!
—Moore.

Out of the same substances one stomach will extract nutriment, another poison; and so the same disappointments in life will chasten and refine one man's spirit, and embitter another's.—Wm. Matthews.

It is generally known that he who expects much will be often disappointed; yet disappointment seldom cures us of expectation, or has any other effect than that of producing a moral sentence or peevish exclamation. —Johnson.

He that will do no good offices after a disappointment must stand still, and do just nothing at all. The plough goes on after a barren year; and while the ashes are yet warm, we raise a new house upon the ruins of a former. —Seneca.

It is sometimes of God's mercy that men in the eager pursuit of worldly aggrandizement are baffled; for they are very like a train going down an inclined plane,—putting on the brake is not pleasant, but it keeps the car on the track.—Beecher.

An old man once said, "When I was young I was poor; when old I became rich; but in each condition I found disappointment. When the faculties of enjoyment were, I had not the means; when the means came, the faculties were gone."—Madame de Gasparin.

It is folly to pretend that one ever wholly recovers from a disappointed passion. Such wounds always leave a scar. There are faces I can never look upon without emotion, there are names I can never hear spoken without almost starting.—Longfellow.

Full little knowest thou that hast not tried,
What hell it is in suing long to bide:
To loose good dayes, that might be better spent;
To waste long nights in pensive discontent;
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow;
To feed on hope, to pine with feare and sorrow. —Spenser.

Young ladies may have been crossed in love, and have had their sufferings, their frantic moments of grief and tears, their wakeful nights, and so forth: but it is only in very sentimental novels that people occupy themselves perpetually with that passion, and I believe what are called broken hearts are a very rare article indeed. —Thackeray.

The darling schemes and fondest hopes of man are frequently frustrated by time. While sagacity contrives, patience matures, and labor industriously executes, disappointment laughs at the curious fabric, formed by so many efforts, and gay with so many brilliant colors, and, while the artists imagine

the work arrived at the moment of completion, brushes away the beautiful web, and leaves nothing behind.—Dwight.

Welcome, Disappointment! Thy hand is cold and hard, but it is the hand of a friend. Thy voice is stern and harsh, but it is the voice of a friend. Oh, there is something sublime in calm endurance, something sublime in the resolute, fixed purpose of suffering without complaining, which makes disappointment oftentimes better than success!—Longfellow.

Disaster

Disasters teach us humility.—St. Anselm.

Defeat may be victory in disguise.—Longfellow.

The cruelest foe is a masked benefactor. The wars which make history so dreary have served the cause of truth and virtue.—Emerson.

It is in periods of apparent disaster, during the sufferings of whole generations, that the greatest improvement in human character has been effected.—Sir A. Alison.

When the foot of the mountain is enveloped in mist, the mountain appears to us much loftier than it is; so also when the ground and basis of a disaster is not clear to us.—Auerbach.

Discernment

Lynx-eyed toward our equals, and moles to ourselves.—La Fontaine.

Good men can more easily see through bad men than the latter can the former.—Jean Paul Richter.

The rarest things in world, next to a spirit of discernment, are diamonds and pearls.—La Bruyère.

There seems to be no part of knowledge in fewer hands than that of discerning when to have done.—Swift.

Discernment is a power of the understanding in which few excel. Is not that owing to its connection with impartiality and truth? for are not prejudice and partiality blind?—Greville.

If you give me six lines written by the hand of the most honest of men, I will find something in them which will hang him.—Richelieu.

To succeed in the world, it is much more necessary to possess the penetration to discern who is a fool than to discover who is a clever man.—Talleyrand.

The idiot, the Indian, the child, and unschooled farmer's boy stand nearer to the light by which nature is to be read, than the dissector or the antiquary.—Emerson.

Simple creatures, whose thoughts are not taken up, like those of educated people, with the care of a great museum of dead phrases, are very quick to see the live facts which are going on about them.—Holmes.

Discipline

It is never wise to slip the bands of discipline.—Lew Wallace.

A stern discipline pervades all nature, which is a little cruel that it may be very kind.—Spenser.

No pain, no palm; no thorns, no throne; no gall, no glory; no cross, no crown.—William Penn.

No evil propensity of the human heart is so powerful that it may not be subdued by discipline.—Seneca.

Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old he will not depart from it.—Bible.

We have all to be laid upon an altar; we have all, as it were, to be subjected to the action of fire.—G. J. W. Melville.

The strength one can eke from little, who knows till he has been subjected to the trial?—Lew Wallace.

Has it never occurred to us, when surrounded by sorrows, that they may

be sent to us only for our instruction, as we darken the cages of birds when we wish to teach them to sing.—Richter.

He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune, for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief. * * * Certainly wife and children are a kind of discipline of humanity.—Bacon.

A dull axe never loves grindstones, but a keen workman does; and he puts his tool on them in order that it may be sharp. And men do not like grinding; but they are dull for the purposes which God designs to work out with them, and therefore He is grinding them.—Beecher.

The heart must be divorced from its idols. Age does a great deal in curing the man of his frenzy; but if God has a special work for a man, he takes a shorter and sharper course with him. This grievous loss is only a further and more expensive education for the work of the ministry; it is but saying more closely, "Will you pay the price?"—Cecil.

Discipline, like the bridle in the hand of a good rider, should exercise its influence without appearing to do so; should be ever active, both as a support and as a restraint, yet seem to lie easily in hand. It must always be ready to check or to pull up, as occasion may require; and only when the horse is a runaway should the action of the curb be perceptible.

Discontent

What is more miserable than discontent?—Shakespeare.

Men would be angels; angels would be gods.—Pope.

Discontent is the want of self-reliance: it is infirmity of will.—Emerson.

We love in others what we lack ourselves, and would be everything but what we are.—R. H. Stoddard.

O thoughts of men accurst! Past and to come seems best; things present, worst.—Shakespeare.

The lazy ox wishes for horse-trappings, and the steed wishes to plough.—Horace.

'T is not my talent to conceal my thoughts, or carry smiles and sunshine in my face when discontent sits heavy at my heart.—Addison.

Discontent is the source of all trouble, but also of all progress in individuals and in nations.—Auerbach.

That which makes people dissatisfied with their condition is the chimerical idea they form of the happiness of others.—Thomson.

It happens as with cages; the birds without despair to get in, and those within despair of getting out.—Montaigne.

Man hath a weary pilgrimage,
As through the world he wends;
On every stage, from youth to age,
Still discontent attends. —Southey.

Such is the emptiness of human enjoyment that we are always impatient of the present. Attainment is followed by neglect, and possession by disgust.—Dr. Johnson.

How does it happen, Mæcenas, that no one is content with that lot in life which he has chosen, or which chance has thrown in his way, but praises those who follow a different course?—Horace.

There's discontent from sceptre to the swain
And from the peasant to the king again,
The whatsoever in thy will afflict thee,
Or in thy pleasure seem to contradict thee,
Give it a welcome as a wholesome friend
That would instruct thee to a better end.
Since no condition from defect is free,
Think not to find what here can never be.
—Nicholes.

Discontents are sometimes the better part of our life. I know not well which is the most useful; joy I may choose for pleasure, but adversities are the best for profit; and sometimes

those do so far help me, as I should, without them, want much of the joy I have.—Feltham.

It's hardly in a body's power
To keep at times, frae being sour,
To see how things are shar'd;
How best o' chiels are whyles in want,
While coofs on countless thousands rant,
And ken na how to wear't. —Burns.

Against our peace we arm our will;
Amidst our plenty something still;
For horses, houses, pictures planting,
To thee, to me, to him is wanting;
That cruel something unpossest
Corrodes and leavens all the rest,
That something if we could obtain,
Would soon create a future pain.
—Prior.

The malcontent is neither well, full nor fasting; and though he abounds with complaints, yet nothing dislikes him but the present; for what he condemns while it was, once passed, he magnifies and strives to recall it out of the jaw of time. What he hath he seeth not, his eyes are so taken up with what he wants; and what he sees he careth not for, because he cares so much for that which is not.—Bishop Hall.

Men are merely on a lower or higher stage of an eminence, whose summit is God's throne, infinitely above all; and there is just as much reason for the wisest as for the simplest man being discontent with his position, as respects the real quantity of knowledge he possesses.—Ruskin.

Discord

A modicum of discord is the very spice of courtship.—Chamfort.

Discord oft in music makes the sweeter lay.—Spenser.

Untimely conduct is the discord of manners.—Mme. Louise Colet.

How sour sweet music is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept!
—Shakespeare.

Unity, agreement, is always silent or soft-voiced: it is only discord that loudly proclaims itself.—Carlyle.

Our life is full of discord; but by forbearance and virtue this same discord can be turned to harmony.—James Ellis.

From hence, let fierce contending nations know
What dire effects from civil discord flow.
—Addison.

Discord, a sleepless hag, who never dies,
With snipe-like nose and ferret-glowing eyes
Lean sallow cheeks, long chin, with beard supplied,
Poor crackling joints, and wither'd parchment hide,
As if old drums, worn out with martial din,
Had clubb'd their yellow heads to form her skin. —Peter Pindar.

The peacemakers shall be called the sons of God, who came to make peace between God and man. What then shall the sowers of discord be called, but the children of the devil? And what must they look for but their father's portion?—St. Bernard.

Discoveries

A new principle is an inexhaustible source of new views.—Vauvenargues.

All great discoveries are made by men whose feelings run ahead of their thinkings.—Charles H. Parkhurst.

Obedience does not stop for mystery, but, going on, sees twilight brighten into day. How can wheat and corn become energy to think, and love, and work? Who can tell, but who can doubt? When we obey God's laws, it is as if an angel troubled the water, and instantly life and power emerge. Loyalty discovers. It is not merely the illumination, but the transfiguration of life; a brave departure, and then a discovery: "Westward-ho," and then a new world.

It is a mortifying truth, and ought to teach the wisest of us humility, that many of the most valuable discoveries have been the result of chance, rather than of contemplation, and of accident, rather than of design.—Colton.

Discovery Day

The spirit of Columbus hovers over us to-day.—Chauncey Depew.

The Old World owes scarcely less to Columbus than the New.—Rev. W. W. Wilson.

Every man has in himself a continent of undiscovered character. Happy is he who acts the Columbus to his own soul.—Theo. L. Cuyler, D. D.

And he went out not knowing whither he went.—Bible.

I will command your fleet and discover for you new realms.—Columbus.

Neither realism nor romance furnishes a more striking and picturesque figure than that of Christopher Columbus. The mystery about his origin heightens the charm of his story.—Chauncey Depew.

It was for Columbus, when the right hour struck, forced and propelled by this fresh life, to reveal the land where these new principles were to be brought, and where the awaited trial of the new civilization was to be made. —Chauncey Depew.

The tomb of the Saviour was a narrow and empty vault, precious only for its memories of the supreme tragedy of the centuries, but the new continent was to be the home and temple of the living God.—Chauncey Depew.

Columbus stood in his age as the pioneer of progress and achievement. The system of universal education is in our age the most prominent and salutary feature of the spirit of enlightenment, and it is peculiarly appropriate that the schools be made by the people the center of the day's demonstration. Let the national flag float over every school-house in the country, and the exercises be such as shall impress upon our youth the patriotic duties of American citizenship.—Benjamin Harrison.

England of late has been the elect nation, but now the star of empire is passing westward to this land. There is no question but that now and in the future this land is to be the elect nation under God for solving the problems of liberty, of the amelioration of mankind, and of the best Christian civilization.—Rev. M. M. Smith.

If we claim heritage in Bacon, Shakespeare and Milton, we also acknowledge that it was for liberties guaranteed Englishmen by sacred charters our fathers triumphantly fought. While wisely rejecting throne and caste and privilege and an Established Church in their new-born state, they adopted the substance of English liberty and the body of English law. —Chauncey Depew.

A great revolution has happened—a revolution made, not by chopping and changing of power in any of the existing states, but by the appearance of a new state, of a new species, in a new part of the globe. It has made as great a change in all the relations and balances and gravitations of power as the appearance of a new planet would in the system of the solar world.—Burke.

Columbus was an Abraham, for he went out not knowing whither he went. Columbus was a Moses, for he endured as seeing Him who is invisible. Only the man of faith is the man of power. Only he who can see the invisible can do the impossible. God grant that to-day in that bark we may be wafted by God's blessing, and may land at last on the shores of Heaven, where we shall sing a sweeter Te Deum than that which awoke the echoes on the soil of virgin America, or those amid the splendors of the court at Barcelona.—Rev. R. S. MacArthur.

He, too, went out not knowing whither he went, and he never fully knew; he died under an utter misapprehension of the nature of the country he had visited and of the character of the discoveries he had made. He, too, realized the necessity of great faith, and of divine guidance. God went before Abraham, and before even Columbus, altho he was a very imperfect man, as truly as when by the pillar of cloud by day, and the pillar of fire by night, He went before the

children of Israel on their weary march.—Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D. D.

Till the English-speaking and God-fearing colonists came there were none who dwelt on this continent who had thoughts worth keeping alive in the world. If all the ideas our forerunners had were utterly dropped out of history men would not miss them. These people lived after a fashion, but what did they stand for? What principles, what causes were incarnate in them? People who only live must die the death. It is Heaven's law.—Bishop Haygood.

Columbus died in utter ignorance of the true nature of his discovery. He supposed he had found India, but never knew how strangely God had used him. So God piloted the fleet. The great discoverer, with all his heroic virtues, did not know whither he went. "He sailed for the back door of Asia, and landed at the front door of America, and knew it not." He never settled the continent. Thus far and no farther, said the Lord. His providence was over all.—Rev. L. J. Burrill, D. D.

From the discovery of the New World, the mercantile spirit has been rapidly gaining upon its old antagonist; and the establishment upon these shores of our Republic, whose union was the immediate result of commercial necessities, whose independence found its original impulse in commercial oppression, and of whose Constitution the regulation of commerce was the first leading idea, may be regarded as the epoch at which the martial spirit finally lost its supremacy, which, it is believed and trusted, it can never again acquire.—Robert C. Winthrop.

His perseverance never failed; when rejected at Genoa, rejected at Venice, rejected in Portugal, delayed in England and delayed in Spain, he still persevered, amid all the trials of his immortal voyage until on the morning of the 12th of October, 1492, he saw the sand glistening on the shores of the New World, and in a little while heard one of the men on the Pinta call out, "Land! land!" and a new world was discovered.

Our country for the World! we sing,
But in no worldly way:
Our country to the Lord we bring
And fervent for her pray:
God make her true; God make her pure;
God make her wise and good;
And through her may the Christ make sure
Man's world-wide Brotherhood!
America! America!
'Gainst wrong thy might be hurled;
For thee we lift our loud Huzza!
Our Country for the World!
—Denis Wortman, D. D.

Ours is the last experiment among the nations. Other nations may possibly arise and mar their future or make it, but it is in no undue spirit of self-importance that we say to-day that no other nation can arise with so great an inheritance and so great opportunities as the God of Nations has given us. Great danger lurks in our country's rapid growth in material wealth. The rich are growing richer and the poor poorer, and all are selfish. I hope that the problem of our civilization may be solved without bloodshed.—Rev. Dr. Rainsford.

All hail, Columbus, discoverer, dreamer, hero, and apostle! We here, of every race and country, recognize the horizon which bounded his vision and the infinite scope of his genius. The voice of gratitude and praise for all the blessings which have been showered upon mankind by his adventure is limited to no language, but is uttered in every tongue. Neither marble nor brass can fitly form his statue. Continents are his monument, and unnumbered millions present and to come, who enjoy in their liberties and their happiness the fruits of his faith, will reverently guard and preserve, from century to century, his name and fame.—World's Best Orations.

The history of the connection of the Spaniards with the Indians of the New World shows that, far from being actuated by a desire for the spiritual welfare of the unfortunate red men, their sole purpose was to use them as instruments for gaining wealth, regardless of their health or even of their

lives. History does not contain a blacker record than the dealings of the Spaniards with the Indians. Columbus himself set the example in Hayti, when he and his companions ruthlessly butchered the miserable savages simply to create terror. The pages of Las Casas are full of the records of deeds of which demons should be ashamed. —St. Louis Advocate.

Without a parallel in history the name of Christopher Columbus stands alone, and like some great oak towering above the forest trees, so does he stand far in advance of his age with a work which is the most important since the birth of the Saviour of mankind. And I believe that as surely as men have been chosen by God for any work, so surely was he the chosen vessel to reveal the marvels of a New World to the wondering vision of the Old.—Rev. E. S. Holloway.

Force was the factor in the government of the world when Christ was born, and force was the source and exercise of authority both by Church and State when Columbus sailed from Palos. The Wise Men traveled from the East toward the West under the guidance of the Star of Bethlehem. The spirit of the equality of all men before God and the law moved westward from Calvary with its revolutionary influence upon old institutions, to the Atlantic Ocean. Columbus carried it westward across the seas.—Chauncey M. Depew.

He wrote the sacred name of Christ on his banner and gave Him all honor. He landed on the shores of this New World dressed in the resplendent robes of an admiral, with a sword in one hand and the banner of Christ in the other. The company fell upon their knees and praised God for His wonderful goodness. This New World was consecrated to God from the very moment of its first discovery. This country is a Christian land; the highest authority has recently pronounced it to be a Christian land, and it ought to be recognized as a Christian land, and the holy Sabbath be observed. Woe to us as a people if we lower our flag, if we dishonor our history, if we forsake our God!—Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D. D.

We, therefore, on this anniversary of America, present the Public School as the proudest and noblest expression of the principle of enlightenment which Columbus grasped by faith. We uplift the system of free and universal education as the master-force which, under God, has been informing each of our generations with the peculiar truths of Americanism. America, therefore, gathers her sons around the schoolhouse to-day as the institution closest to the people, most characteristic of the people, and fullest of hope for the people. To-day America's fifth century begins. The world's twentieth century will soon be here. To the thirteen millions now in the American schools the command of the coming years belongs. We, the youth of America, who to-day unite to march as one army under the sacred flag, understand our duty. We pledge ourselves that the flag shall not be stained, and that America shall mean equal opportunity and justice for every citizen, and brotherhood for the world.—Francis Bellamy.

What are we here for? I answer, as a Christian—as one who believes in God and his Christ, and therefore does not despair of man. We are here to build a Christian nation. Nothing less would vindicate the wisdom of the Creator in preparing such a country; nothing less vindicate the Providence that first settled these shores with English-speaking Christian men and women, by divine laws of life driving hence and away the people who would not use their gifts; nothing less than a Christian state makes life worth living for us or our children.—Bishop Haygood.

Columbus is always a good subject for meditation. His piety, his courage, his confidence in Providence and in himself, his ceaseless industry, his enterprise and indomitable self-control are strongly marked in every step of his romantic and extraordinary career. Had he been a man who could be turned from his high purpose by his

couragements his name would be unknown to-day. His life and work are a monument to faith and determination. He felt within him the power to do, and he had the courage to dare.—N. Y. Herald.

Many blessings and advantages were bequeathed to all nations by the discoveries of the great captain: First, in securing large space for the multiplying millions of the Old World; second, in affording opportunity for experiments in government, unburdened by the evil traditions and prejudices which have so often defeated efforts toward political equality; and, third, in liberating the world's thought and sympathies by showing how men of all creeds and conceits might dwell together in the same political household in perfect good will.—Dr. Rylance.

The advent of the United States as a Sixth Power in the world has made obsolete all the traditions and diplomacy that have known only the Five Great Powers of Europe. Six months have made the United States one of the greatest factors in the history of the future by making this Nation the disinterested champion of freedom in the world. The die is cast. There can be no retreat, no drawing back. It is demanded of our Government and people, that they shall take their place in the councils of the nations, and inaugurate and carry out, in the spirit of disinterestedness, a Christian policy and diplomacy, in accomplishing the extraordinary task providentially assigned to them.—Gregory.

We are to-day treading in the same steps that other historic republics have taken and regretted—luxury and extravagance attending upon wealth, general laxity in morality and religion, jealousies and discontents incident to poverty among the masses, bitter conflicts between political parties, abuse heaped upon public servants, favors shown to the most dangerous classes when they can be used to promote party interests. These were the reasons why the historic republics fell into degradation, disgrace, and death. The greatest danger threatening our republic to-day is promiscuous immigration, and from this giant evil flow many perils, chief among which is the wholesale placing of the sacred ballot in the hands of those who have as yet done nothing entitling them to American citizenship. More than one republic has been wrecked on this rock.—Rev. C. H. Parkhurst.

Among the thoughts suggested by this day the first is one of humiliation. As a people we are disposed to brag and boast and have an inordinate confidence in our powers. We are possessed with an idea that American ingenuity can accomplish anything. We regard our own things as far the best in the world, our own institutions as the most perfect. But if we come to view things with an unprejudiced eye and to pass judgment free from self-interest, we must say that, as a rule, our own things are not the best, the productions of our skilled labor are not always equal to those of older countries. The only things we have any shadow of reason to boast of are those things the production of which we have nothing to do with, namely, those things which are our natural resources and are the gift of God.—Rev. J. Nevitt Steele.

My native land, my native land,
To her my thoughts will fondly turn;
For her the warmest hopes expand,
For her the heart with fears will yearn.
Oh, may she keep her eye, like thee,
Proud eagle of the rocky wild,
Fixed on the sun of Liberty.
By rank, by faction, unbeguiled;
Remembering still the rugged road
Our venerable fathers trod,
When they through toil and danger pressed
To gain their glorious bequest,
And from each lip the caution fell
To those who followed, "Guard it well."
—Col. S.

Before Columbus and the one hundred and twenty men embarked on board the Santa Maria, the Pinta, and the Nina, on their eventful voyage, what did they do? Took the Sacrament of our Lord Jesus Christ. Coming in sight of land, what song goes up from all three decks? "Gloria in Excelsis." What did they first do stepping from shipboard to solid ground? All knelt in prayer, consecrating the

New World to God. What did the Huguenots do, landing in the Carolinas; and the Hollanders, landing in New York; and the Puritans, landing in New England? With bent knees, uplifted faces and heaven-beseeching prayer, they took possession of this Continent for God. How did they open the First American Congress? With prayer in the name of Christ. Beside that, see what God has done for us. Open the map of our North American Continent, and see how the land was shaped for immeasurable prosperities. Behold the navigable rivers, greater and more numerous than those of any other land, running down to the sea in all directions—prophecy of large manufactures and easy commerce. Look at the great ranges of mountains, timbered with wealth on the tops and sides, and metaled with wealth underneath; 180,000 square miles of coal; 180,000 square miles of iron. The land so contoured that extreme weather seldom lasts more than three days. For the most of the year the climate is bracing, and favorable for brawn and brain. All fruits, all minerals, all harvests. Scenery which displays an autumnal pageantry which no other land pretends to rival. No South American earthquakes. No Scotch mists. No English fogs. No Egyptian plagues. No Germanic divisions. The happiest people on the earth are the people of the United States. The poor man has more chance, the industrious man more opportunity. How good God was to our fathers! How good God is to us and our children!

Discretion

Great ability without discretion comes almost invariably to a tragic end.—Gambetta.

Even in a hero's heart
Discretion is the better part.
—Churchill.

Discretion and hard valor are the twins of honor. — Beaumont and Fletcher.

To make another person hold his tongue, be you first silent.—Seneca.

The better part of valor is discretion.—Shakespeare.

Discretion in speech is more than eloquence.—Bacon.

If thou art a master, be sometimes blind; if a servant, sometimes deaf.—Fuller.

Neither coquetry nor love is imbued with discretion.—Mme. Sophie Arnould.

Remember the divine saying, He that keepeth his mouth, keepeth his life.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
Not to outsport discretion. —Shakespeare.

All persons are not discreet enough to know how to take things by the right handle.—Cervantes.

Partake of love as a temperate man partakes of wine; do not become intoxicated.—Alfred de Musset.

Let your own discretion be your tutor; suit the action to the word, the word to the action.—Shakespeare.

I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion.—Shakespeare.

A sound discretion is not so much indicated by never making a mistake as by never repeating it.—Bovee.

In a state where discretion begins, law, liberty, and safety end.—Junius.

Discretion is the salt, and fancy the sugar of life; the one preserves, the other sweetens it.—Bovee.

The better part of valour is discretion; in the which better part I have saved my life.—Shakespeare.

Discreet women have sometimes neither eyes nor ears.—Mme. Deluzy.

There are many more shining qualities in the mind of man, but there is none so useful as discretion.—Addison.

What is denominated discretion in man we call cunning in brutes.—La Fontaine.

Discretion is the perfection of reason, and a guide to win all the duties of life.—Addison.

Never join with your friend when he abuses his horse or his wife, unless the one is about to be sold, and the other to be buried.—Colton.

For 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness: old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.—Shakespeare.

Discretion is more necessary to women than eloquence, because they have less trouble to speak well than to speak little.—Father du Bosc.

There are three things that ought to be considered before some things are spoken,—the manner, the place, and the time.—Southey.

Had Windham possessed discretion in debate, or Sheridan in conduct, they might have ruled their age.—Swift.

Some delicate matters must be treated like pins, because if they are not seized by the right end, we get pricked. —J. Petit-Senn.

Without discretion, people may be overlaid with unreasonable affection, and choked with too much nourishment.—Jeremy Collier.

If a cause be good, the most violent attack of its enemies will not injure it so much as an injudicious defence of it by its friends.—Colton.

Open your purse and your mouth cautiously; and your stock of wealth and reputation shall, at least in repute, be great.—Zimmermann.

Swift calls discretion low prudence; it is high prudence, and one of the most important elements entering into either social or political life.—Chapin.

There is no talent so useful towards rising in the world, or which puts men more out of the reach of fortune, than discretion, a species of lower prudence.—Swift.

If we look into communities and divisions of men, we observe that the discreet man, not the witty, nor the learned, nor the brave, guides the conversation, and gives measure to society. —Addison.

Quoth he, That man is sure to lose,
That fouls his hands with dirty foes;
For where no honor's to be gain'd,
'Tis thrown away in being maintain'd.
—Butler.

You are old;
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine: you should be ruled and led
By some discretion, that discerns your state
Better than you yourself. —Shakespeare.

I do not contend against the advantages of distrust. In the world we live in, it is but too necessary. Some of old called it the very sinews of discretion.—Burke.

The greatest parts, without discretion, as observed by an elegant writer, may be fatal to their owner; as Polyphemus, deprived of his eyes, was only the more exposed on account of his enormous strength and stature.—Addison.

Jest not openly at those that are simple, but remember how much thou art bound to God, who hath made thee wiser. Defame not any woman publicly, though thou know her to be evil; for those that are faulty cannot endure to be taxed, but will seek to be avenged of thee; and those that are not guilty cannot endure unjust reproach.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

Always man needs woman for his friend. He needs her clearer vision, her subtler insight, her softer thought, her winged soul, her pure and tender heart. Always woman needs man to be her friend. She needs the vigor of his purpose, the ardor of his will, his calmer judgment, his braver force of action, his reverence and his devotion. —Mary Clemmer

There is no talent so useful towards rising in the world, or which puts men more out of the power of fortune, than that quality generally possessed by the dullest sort of men, and in common speech called "discretion,"—a species of lower prudence, by the assistance of which people of the meanest intellectuals pass through the world in great tranquillity, neither giving nor taking offence. For want of a reasonable infusion of this aldermanly discretion, everything fails.—Swift.

Discretion is the perfection of reason, and a guide to us in all the duties of life; cunning is a kind of instinct, that only looks out after our immediate interests and welfare. Discretion is only found in men of strong sense and good understanding; cunning is often to be met with in brutes themselves, and in persons who are but the fewest removes from them.—Bruyère.

Discrimination

I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following, but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you.—Shakespeare.

You ought to choose both physician and friend, not the most agreeable, but the most useful.—Epictetus.

Discussion

The bitter clamor of two eager tongues.—Shakespeare.

Religious contention is the devil's harvest.—La Fontaine.

Free and fair discussion will ever be found the firmest friend to truth.—George Campbell.

Men are never so likely to settle a question rightly as when they discuss it freely.—Macaulay.

The fair way of conducting a dispute is to exhibit, one by one, the arguments of your opponent, and, with each argument, the precise and specific answer you are able to make to it.—Paley.

The skilful disputant well knows that he never has his enemy at more advantage than when, by allowing the premises, he shows him arguing wrong from his own principles.—Warburton.

Of a certain class of disputants it has been wittily observed that their conclusions are always right and their reasons for them invariably wrong.—J. C. Jeaffreson.

Whoever is afraid of submitting any question, civil or religious, to the test of free discussion, is more in love with his own opinion than with truth.—Bishop Watson.

The great enemy of knowledge is not error, but inertness. All that we want is discussion; and then we are sure to do well, no matter what our blunders may be. One error conflicts with another, each destroys its opponent, and truth is evolved.—Buckle.

Disease

Disease is the retribution of outraged Nature.—Hosea Ballou.

Disease is a hot-house plant.—Haller.

Desperate diseases need desperate cures.—Proverb.

Just disease to luxury succeeds.—Pope.

Sickness seizes the body from bad ventilation.—Ovid.

Against diseases here the strongest fence,
Is the defensive virtue, abstinence.
—Herrick.

That dire disease, whose ruthless power
Withers the beauty's transient flower.
—Goldsmith.

This sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprise.
—Shakespeare.

O, he's a limb, that has but a disease;
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.
—Shakespeare.

He who cures a disease may be the skilfullest, but he that prevents it is the safest physician.—T. Fuller.

Diseases of the mind impair the bodily powers.—Ovid.

A wounded heart can with difficulty be cured.—Goethe.

It is not the disease but neglect of the remedy which generally destroys life.—From the Latin.

Diseases desperate grown
By desperate appliance are reliev'd,
Or not at all. —Shakespeare.

Before the curing of a strong disease, even in the instant of repair and health, the fit is strongest.—Shakespeare.

Decay and disease are often beautiful, like the pearly tear of the shellfish and the hectic glow of consumption.—Thoreau.

A bodily disease which we look upon as whole and entire within itself, may, after all, be but a symptom of some ailment in the spiritual part.—Nath. Hawthorne.

Diseases crucify the soul of man, attenuate our bodies, dry them, wither them, shrivel them up like old apples, make them as so many anatomies.—Burton.

The surest road to health, say what they will,
Is never to suppose we shall be ill.
Most of those evils we poor mortals know
From doctors and imagination flow.
—Churchill.

So when a raging fever burns,
We shift from side to side by turns;
And 'tis a poor relief we gain,
To change the place but keep the pain.
—Watts.

As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death,
The young disease, that must subdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength. —Pope.

The canker which the trunk conceals is revealed by the leaves, the fruit, or the flower.—Metastasio.

Disenchantment

A blaze first pleases and then tires the sight.—Dr. Johnson.

Which of us that is thirty years old has not had his Pompeii? Deep under ashes lies Life, Youth, the careless sports, the pleasures and passions, the darling joy.—Thackeray.

Year by year, more and more of the world gets disenchanted. Even the icy privacy of the arctic and antarctic circles is invaded. We have played Jack Horner with our earth, till there is never a plum left in it.—Lowell.

Disgrace

No one can disgrace us but ourselves.—J. G. Holland.

Disgrace is the synonym of discovery.—Alfred de Musset.

Come, Death, and snatch me from disgrace.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Dishonor is like the Aaron's Beard in the hedgerows; it can only poison if it be plucked.—Ouida.

Reason bears disgrace, courage combats it, patience surmounts it.—Mme. de Sévigné.

Disgrace is immortal, and living even when one thinks it dead.—Plautus.

That only is a disgrace to a man which he has deserved to suffer.—Phædrus.

Could he with reason murmur at his case
Himself sole author of his own disgrace?
—Cowper.

Whatever disgrace we may have deserved, it is almost always in our power to re-establish our character.—La Rochefoucauld.

The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise, is gone!—Burke.

It is disgraceful when the passers-by exclaim, "O ancient house, alas, how

unlike is thy present master to thy former one."—Cicero.

And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,
To tumble down thy husband and thyself
From top of honour to disgrace's feet?
—Shakespeare.

Since you go where all have gone before, why do you torment your disgraceful life with such mean ambitions, O miser?—Phædrus.

Disguise

We become so accustomed to disguise ourselves to others, that at last we are disguised to ourselves.—La Rochefoucauld.

'Tis great, 'tis manly, to disdain disguise;
It shows our spirit, or it proves our strength.
—Young.

Were we to take as much pains to be what we ought to be as we do to disguise what we really are, we might appear like ourselves without being at the trouble of any disguise at all.—Rochefoucauld.

Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it for the proper false
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we:
For, such as we are made of, such are we.
—Shakespeare.

Men would not live long in society, were they not the mutual dupes of each other.—Rochefoucauld.

Dishonesty

Ill-gotten wealth is never stable.—Euripides.

Who purposely cheats his friend, would cheat his God.—Lavater.

What is dishonestly got vanishes in profligacy.—Cicero.

The gains of the wicked bring short-lived pleasure, but afterwards long-continued grief.—Antiphanes.

Dishonor waits on perfidy. A man should blush to think a falsehood; it is the crime of cowards.—Johnson.

Dishonesty is a forsaking of permanent for temporary advantages.—Bovee.

Dishonesty is so grasping it would deceive God Himself, were it possible.—Bancroft.

Dishonest men conceal their faults from themselves as well as others; honest men know and confess them.—Rochefoucauld.

It is hard to say which of the two we ought most to lament,—the unhappy man who sinks under the sense of his dishonor, or him who survives it.—Junius.

That which is won ill, will never wear well, for there is a curse attends it, which will waste it; and the same corrupt dispositions which incline men to the sinful ways of getting, will incline them to the like sinful ways of spending.—Matthew Henry.

If you attempt to beat a man down and to get his goods for less than a fair price, you are attempting to commit burglary, as much as though you broke into his shop to take the things without paying for them. There is cheating on both sides of the counter, and generally less behind it than before it.—Beecher.

I have known a vast quantity of nonsense talked about bad men not looking you in the face. Don't trust that conventional idea. Dishonesty will stare honesty out of countenance any day in the week, if there is anything to be got by it.—Dickens.

Disinterestedness

How difficult it is to get men to believe that any other man can or does act from disinterestedness!—B. R. Haydon.

Men of the world hold that it is impossible to do a disinterested action, except from an interested motive; for the sake of admiration, if for no grosser, more tangible gain. Doubtless they are also convinced that, when the sun is showering light from the sky,

he is only standing there to be stared at.

The slightest emotion of disinterested kindness that passes through the mind, improves and refreshes that mind, producing generous thought and noble feeling. We should cherish kind wishes, for a time may come when we may be enabled to put them in practice.—Miss Mitford.

Disobedience

Wherever there is authority. there is a natural inclination to disobedience.—Haliburton.

Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe. —Milton.

She is peevish, sullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that she is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father.
—Shakespeare.

Disparagement

They praise, and they admire, they know not what,
And know not whom, but as one leads the other,
And what delight to be by such extoll'd,
To live upon their tongues, and be their talk,
Of whom to be dispraised were no small praise? —Milton.

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red:
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak; yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound:
I grant, I never saw a goddess go;
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground. —Shakespeare.

Disparity

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together:
Youth is full of pleasance, age is full of care;
Youth like summer morn, age like winter weather;
Youth like summer brave, age like winter bare;
Youth is full of sport, age's breath is short;
Youth is nimble, age is lame:
Youth is hot and bold, age is weak and cold;
Youth is wild, and age is tame.
—Shakespeare.

Display

Display is as false as it is costly.—Franklin.

They that govern most make least noise.—Selden.

Narrow waists and narrow minds go together.—Chamfort.

She who desires to see, desires also to be seen.—Cervantes.

Loud-dressing men and women have also loud characters.—Haliburton.

People newly emerged from obscurity generally launch out into indiscriminate display.—Jean Ingelow.

A fop of fashion is the mercer's friend, the tailor's fool, and his own foe.—Lavater.

Display is like shallow water, where you can see the muddy bottom.—Alphonse Karr.

The lowest people are generally the first to find fault with show or equipage; especially that of a person lately emerged from his obscurity. They never once consider that he is breaking the ice for themselves.—Shenstone.

If a young lady has that discretion and modesty without which all knowledge is little worth, she will never make an ostentatious parade of it, because she will rather be intent on acquiring more than on displaying what she has.—Hannah More.

I have often reflected within myself on this unaccountable humor in womankind of being smitten with everything that is showy and superficial, and on the numberless evils that befall the sex from this light fantastical disposition.—Addison.

The horses which make the most show are, in general, those which ad-

vance the least. It is the same with men; and we ought not to confound that perpetual agitation which exhausts itself in vain efforts, with the activity which goes right to the end.—Baron de Stassart.

Beauty gains little, and homeliness and deformity lose much, by gaudy attire. Lysander knew this when he refused the rich garments that the tyrant Dionysius proffered to his daughter, saying that they were fit only to make unhappy faces more remarkable.—Zimmermann.

Dispute

Could we forbear dispute, and practice love,
We should agree, as angels do above.
—Waller.

The pain of dispute exceeds by much its utility. All disputation makes the mind deaf; and when people are deaf I am dumb.—Joubert.

'Tis strange how some men's tempers suit,
Like bawd and brandy, with dispute,
That for their own opinions stand fast,
Only to have them claw'd and canvass'd.
—Butler.

The more discussion the better, if passion and personality be eschewed; and discussion, even if stormy, often winnows truth from error—a good never to be expected in an uninquiring age.—Channing.

Some say, compared to Bononcini,
That Mynheer Handel's but a ninny;
Others aver that he to Handel
Is scarcely fit to hold a candle.
Strange that all this diff'rence should be
'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee.
—J. Byrom.

It is true there is nothing displays a genius, I mean a quickness of genius, more than a dispute; as two diamonds, encountering, contribute to each other's luster. But perhaps the odds is much against the man of taste in this particular.—Shenstone.

Dissatisfaction

Let not the stream of your life be a murmuring stream.—Aughey.

Opposition embitters the enthusiast, but never converts him.—Schiller.

The fastidious are unfortunate; nothing can satisfy them.—La Fontaine.

Dissension

Dissensions, like small streams at first begun,
Unseen they rise, but gather as they run.
—Garth.

Civil dissension is a viperous worm
That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.
—Shakespeare.

If they perceive dissension in our looks
And that within ourselves we disagree,
How will their grudging stomachs be provoked
To wilful disobedience and rebel!
—Shakespeare.

Alas! how light a cause may move
Dissension between hearts that love!
Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
And sorrow but more closely tied;
That stood the storm, when waves were rough,
Yet in a sunny hour fall off. —Moore.

Dissimulation

All men wear a disguised habit.—Terence.

We endeavor to conceal our vices under the disguise of the opposite virtues.—Fielding.

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies.
—Shakespeare.

He who knows not how to dissimulate knows not how to rule.—Metellus of Macedon.

Away and mock the time with fairest show;
False face must hide what false heart doth know. —Shakespeare.

Thus 'tis with all—their chief and constant care
Is to seem everything but what they are.
—Goldsmith.

We are so much accustomed to disguise ourselves to others that at length we disguise ourselves to ourselves.—Rochefoucauld.

Dissimulation, even the most innocent in its nature, is ever productive of embarrassment; whether the design is evil or not artifice is always danger-

ous and almost inevitably disgraceful. —La Bruyère.

Dissimulation is the only thing that makes society possible; without its amenities the world would be a beargarden.—Ouida.

Dissimulation is but a faint kind of policy or wisdom; for it asketh a strong wit and a strong heart to know when to tell truth, and to do it; therefore, it is the weaker sort of politicians that are the greatest dissemblers.—Bacon.

Dissimulation in youth is the forerunner of perfidy in old age; its first appearance is the fatal omen of growing depravity and future shame. It degrades parts and learning, obscures the luster of every accomplishment and sinks us into contempt. The path of falsehood is a perplexing maze. After the first departure from sincerity, it is not in our power to stop; one artifice unavoidably leads on to another, till, as the intricacy of the labyrinth increases, we are left entangled in our snare.—Blair.

Dissolution

Like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. —Shakespeare.

Distance

Distance sometimes endears friendship and absence sweeteneth it.—Howell.

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.
—Campbell.

Wishes, like painted landscapes, best delight,
Whilst distance recommends them to the sight.
Plac'd afar off, they beautiful appear:
But show their coarse and nauseous colors near. —Dr. Yalden.

She pleased while distant, but when near she charm'd.—Shenstone.

Distinction

Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan, puffing at all, winnows the light away.—Shakespeare.

There's but the twinkling of a star
Between a man of peace and war;
A thief and justice, fool and knave.
A huffing off'cer and a slave;
A crafty lawyer and a pickpocket,
A great philosopher and a blockhead;
A formal preacher and a player,
A learn'd physician and man-slayer.
—Butler.

All that causes one man to differ from another is a very slight thing. What is it that is the origin of beauty or ugliness, health or weakness, ability or stupidity? A slight difference in the organs, a little more or a little less bile. Yet this more or less is of infinite importance to men; and when they think otherwise they are mistaken.—Vauvenargues.

All our distinctions are accidental; beauty and deformity, though personal qualities, are neither entitled to praise nor censure; yet it so happens that they color our opinion of those qualities to which mankind have attached responsibility.—Zimmermann.

Distrust

What loneliness is more lonely than distrust?—George Eliot.

In love the deceit generally outstrips the distrust.—Rochefoucauld.

The best use one can make of his mind is to distrust it.—Fénelon.

A usurper always distrusts the whole world.—Alfieri.

Doubt the man who swears to his devotion.—Mme. Louise Colet.

Women distrust men too much in general, and too little in particular.—Commerson.

It is difficult for a woman to try to be anything good when she is not believed in.—George Eliot.

Jealousy lives upon distrust, becomes madness, or ceases entirely

when we pass from doubt to certainty. —Rochefoucauld.

The saddest thing that can befall a soul is when it loses faith in God and woman. —Alexander Smith.

This feeling of distrust is always the last which a great mind acquires; he is deceived for a long time.—Racine.

Excessive distrust is not less hurtful than its opposite. Most men become useless to him who is unwilling to risk being deceived.—Vauvenargues.

Zoroaster said, when in doubt abstain; but this does not always apply. At cards, when in doubt take the trick. —H. W. Shaw.

Self-reliance is demanded in woman; the supreme fall of falls is the first doubt of one's self.—Mme. de Gasparin.

As health lies in labor, and there is no royal road to it but through toil, so there is no republican road to safety but in constant distrust.—Wendell Phillips.

Three things a wise man will not trust,
The wind, the sunshine of an April day,
And woman's plighted faith. —Southey.

A certain amount of distrust is wholesome, but not so much of others as of ourselves; neither vanity nor conceit can exist in the same atmosphere with it.—Madame Necker.

The doubts of love are never to be wholly overcome; they grow with its various anxieties, timidities, and tenderness, and are the very fruits of the reverence in which the admired object is beheld.—Jane Porter.

Self-distrust is the cause of most of our failures. In the assurance of strength there is strength, and they are the weakest, however strong, who have no faith in themselves or their powers.—Bovee.

Nothing is more certain of destroying any good feeling that may be cherished towards us than to show distrust. To be suspected as an enemy is often enough to make a man become so; the whole matter is over, there is no farther use of guarding against it. On the contrary, confidence leads us naturally to act kindly, we are affected by the good opinion which others entertain of us, and we are not easily induced to lose it.—Madame de Sévigné.

Divinity

There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.
—Shakespeare.

Docility

A docile disposition will, with application, surmount every difficulty.—Manilius.

Doctor

An ignorant doctor is the aide-de-camp of death.—Abu Avicenna.

By medicine life may be prolonged, yet death
Will seize the doctor, too.—Shakespeare.

It is not much trouble to doctor sick folks, but to doctor healthy ones is troublesome.—H. W. Shaw.

Though fancy may be the patient's complaint, necessity is often the doctor's.—Zimmermann.

The doctor is not unfrequently death's pilot-fish.—G. D. Prentice.

Doctrine

Live to explain thy doctrine by thy life.—Prior.

The question is not whether a doctrine is beautiful, but whether it is true.—Guesses at Truth.

All sects seem to me to be right in what they assert, and wrong in what they deny.—Goethe.

Every one cleaves to the doctrine he has happened upon, as to a rock against which he has been thrown by tempest. —Cicero.

Doctrine is nothing but the skin of truth set up and stuffed.—Beecher.

How absurd to try to make two men think alike on matters of religion, when I cannot make two timepieces agree!—Charles V.

Go put your creed into your deed
Nor speak with double tongue.
—Emerson.

"Orthodoxy, my Lord," said Bishop Warburton, in a whisper—"orthodoxy is my doxy—heterodoxy is another man's doxy."—Joseph Priestly.

Doctrine is something that is taught. Applied to religion it is something that God teaches.—Joseph Shipps.

He knew how to weaken his divinity, on occasion, as well as an old housewife to weaken her tea, lest it should keep people awake.—O. W. Holmes.

The Athanasian creed is the most splendid ecclesiastical lyric ever poured forth by the genius of man.—Benj. Disraeli.

Logic has its use and metaphysics has its use, but neither of them is of much help in the making of a creed.—Talmage.

That doctrine which rectifies the conscience, purifies the heart and produces love to God and men is necessarily true.—Walker.

In religion as in politics it so happens that we have less charity for those who believe half our creed, than for those who deny the whole of it.—Colton.

I move for a creed for all our denominations made out of Scripture quotations, pure and simple. That would be impregnable against infidelity and Appolyonic assault. That would be beyond human criticism. Let us make it simpler and plainer for people to get into the Kingdom of God.—Talmage.

Religion, as embodied in the character and conduct of its disciples, cannot survive without doctrinal purity. In the absence of this element, religious feeling inevitably decays; while even religious necessity becomes a thing of naught.—J. McC. Holmes.

Doctrine is the framework of life; it is the skeleton of truth, to be clothed and rounded out by the living graces of a holy life. It is only the lean creature whose bones become offensive. —A. J. Gordon.

Go on your knees before God. Bring all your idols; bring self-will, and pride, and every evil lust before Him, and give them up. Devote yourself, heart and soul, to His will; and see if you do not "know of the doctrine."—H. W. Beecher.

The question is not whether a doctrine is beautiful, but whether it is true. When we want to go to a place, we don't ask whether the road leads through a pretty country, but whether it is the right road, the road pointed out by authority, the turnpike-road.—Hare.

Don't turn your back upon your doctrinal doubts and difficulties. Go up to them and examine them. Perhaps the ghastly object which looks to you in the twilight like a sheeted ghost may prove to be no more than a table-cloth hanging upon a hedge.—A. H. Boyd.

Shall I ask the brave soldier, who fights by my side
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?
Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
If he kneel not before the same altar with me?
From the heretic girl of my soul should I fly,
To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss?
No! perish the hearts, and the laws that try
Truth, valor, or love, by a standard like this!
—Moore.

As those wines which flow from the first treading of the grape are sweeter and better than those forced out by the press, which gives them the roughness of the husk and stone, so are those doctrines best and sweetest which flow from a gentle crush of the scriptures.

and are not wrung into controversies and commonplaces.—Bacon.

And after hearing what our Church can say,
If still our reason runs another way,
That private reason, 'tis more just to curb,
Than by disputes the public peace disturb:
For points obscure are of small use to learn,
But common quiet is mankind's concern.
—Dryden.

We are not called on to believe this or that doctrine which may be proposed to us till we can do so from honest conviction. But we are called on to trust—to trust ourselves to God, being sure that He will lead us right—to keep close to Him—and to trust the promises which He whispers through our conscience; this we can do, and we ought to do.—J. C. Shairp.

Dog

Every dog must have his day.—Swift.

Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day.
—Shakespeare.

I am his highness' dog at Kew;
Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you?
—Pope.

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature to. —Watts.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp and hound,
And curs of low degree. —Goldsmith.

I have a dog of Blenheim birth,
With fine long ears and full of mirth;
And sometimes, running o'er the plain,
He tumbles on his nose:
But quickly jumping up again
Like lightning on he goes! —Ruskin.

Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are 'clept
All by the name of dogs: the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The housekeeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him closed. —Shakespeare.

We are two travelers, Roger and I.
Roger's my dog—come here, you scamp!
Jump for the gentleman—mind your eye!
Over the table—look out for the lamp!
The rogue is growing a little old;
Five years we've tramped through wind and weather,
And slept out-doors when nights were cold,
And ate and drank and starved together.
—John T. Trowbridge.

Dogmatism

Nothing can be more unphilosophical than to be positive or dogmatical on any subject.—Hume.

They utter all they think with violence.—Ben Jonson.

When men are the most sure and arrogant, they commonly are the most mistaken.—Hume.

Those who differ most from the opinions of their fellow men are the most confident of the truth of their own.—Mackintosh.

He who is certain, or presumes to say he knows, is, whether he be mistaken or in the right, a dogmatist.—William Fleming.

Those who refuse the long drudgery of thought, and think with the heart rather than the head, are ever the most fiercely dogmatic in tone.—Bayne.

It is a wrong use of my understanding to make it the rule and measure of another man's—a use which it is neither fit for nor capable of.—Locke.

A dogmatical spirit inclines a man to be censorious of his neighbors. Every one of his opinions appears to him written, as it were, with sunbeams, and he grows angry that his neighbors do not see it in the same light. He is tempted to disdain his correspondents as men of low and dark understandings because they do not believe what he does.—Watts.

Nothing can be more unphilosophical than to be positive or dogmatical on any subject; and even if excessive scepticism could be maintained it would not be more destructive to all just reasoning and inquiry. When

men are the most sure and arrogant, they are commonly the most mistaken, and have there given reins to passion, without that proper deliberation and suspense which can alone secure them from the grossest absurdities.—Hume.

Domesticity

Home joys are blessed of heaven.—Seneca.

Home is the sacred refuge of our life.—Dryden.

Home is the chief school of human virtue.—Channing.

A cottage will hold as much happiness as would stock a palace.—James Hamilton.

Home should be the center of joy, equatorial and tropical.—Beecher.

Silence and chaste reserve is woman's genuine praise, and to remain quiet within the house.—Euripides.

Apelles used to paint a good housewife on a snail, to import that she was home-keeping.—James Howell.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss of paradise that hath survived the fall. —Cowper.

The sober comfort, all the peace which springs from the large aggregate of little things.—Hannah More.

Lord Lyttleton says true domestic bliss shuns too strong a light.—J. C. Hare.

A prince wants only the pleasure of private life to complete his happiness. —Bruyère.

Women do act their part when they do make their ordered houses know them.—Sheridan Knowles.

A woman is not a woman until she has been baptized in her love and devotion to home and children.—Mrs. F. C. Croly.

The nest may be constructed, so far as the sticks go, by the male bird; but only the hen can line it with moss and down!—Frances Power Cobbe.

The grandest of heroic deeds are those which are performed within four walls and in domestic privacy.—Richter.

Only so far as a man is happily married to himself is he fit for married life, and family life generally.—Novalis.

The parted bosom clings to wonted home, if aught that's kindred cheer the welcome hearth.—Byron.

Domestic happiness is the end of almost all our pursuits, and the common reward of all our pains.—Fielding.

The domestic man, who loves no music so well as his kitchen clock, and the airs which the logs sing to him as they burn on the hearth, has solaces which others never dream of.—Emerson.

The only fountain in the wilderness of life, where man drinks of water totally unmixed with bitterness, is that which gushes for him in the calm and shady recess of domestic life.—William Penn.

The best school of discipline is home. Family life is God's own method of training the young, and homes are very much as women make them. —Samuel Smiles.

She was little known beyond her home; but there she silently spread around her that soft, pure light, the preciousness of which is never fully understood till it is quenched.—Channing.

Oh, trebly blest the placid lot of those whose hearth foundations are in pure love laid, where husband's breast with tempered ardor glows, and wife, oft mother, is in heart a maid!—Euripides.

The man at the head of the house can mar the pleasure of the household,

but he cannot make it; that must rest with the woman, and it is her great privilege.—Arthur Helps.

Housekeepers, homemakers, wives, and mothers are fundamental social relations, which rest upon woman's characteristics, physical, mental, and moral.—R. Herbert Newton.

A house kept to the end of prudence is laborious without joy; a house kept to the end of display is impossible to all but a few women, and their success is dearly bought.—Emerson.

No money is better spent than what is laid out for domestic satisfaction. A man is pleased that his wife is dressed as well as other people, and the wife is pleased that she is dressed. —Johnson.

Our notion of the perfect society embraces the family as its center and ornament. Nor is there a paradise planted until the children appear in the foreground, to animate and complete the picture.—Alcott.

Father, mother, child, are the human trinity, whose substance must not be divided nor its persons confounded. As well reconstruct your granite out of the grains it is disintegrated into as society out of the dissolution of wedded love.—Bartol.

If a woman is not fit to manage the internal matters of a house, she is fit for nothing, and should never be put in a house or over a house, any way. Good housekeeping lies at the root of all the real ease and satisfaction in existence.—Harriet Prescott Spofford.

Men talk in raptures of youth and beauty, wit and sprightliness; but after seven years of union not one of them is to be compared to good family management, which is seen at every meal, and felt every hour in the husband's purse.—Witherspoon.

Domestic happiness is the end of almost all our pursuits, and the common reward of all our pains. When men find themselves forever barred from this delightful fruition, they are lost to all industry, and grow careless of all their worldly affairs. Thus they become bad subjects, bad relations, bad friends, and bad men.—Fielding.

Dominion Day

We are nere a nation, composed of the most heterogeneous elements—Protestants and Catholics, English, French, German, Irish, Scotch, every one, let it be remembered, with his traditions, with his prejudices. In each of these conflicting antagonistic elements, however, there is a common spot of patriotism, and the only true policy is that which reaches that common patriotism and makes it vibrate in all toward common ends and common aspirations.—Wilfrid Laurier.

Ye sons of Canada, awake!
Stretch forth the mighty arm of toil;
Embattle, beautify the soil
Your fathers won by brave turmoil;
And, while your glory swells, behold
Your virgin empire still unfold
Her halcyon hope, her wealth untold.
—A. M. Taylor.

Blest land of peace!—O may'st thou ever be
Even as now the land of liberty!
Treading serenely thy bright upward road,
Honored of nations, and approved of God!
On thy fair front emblazoned clear and bright—
Freedom, fraternity, and equal right!
—Pamelia S. Vining.

One hundred years have passed away since the conquest of Quebec, but here we sit, the children of the victor and the vanquished, all avowing hearty attachment to the British crown, all earnestly deliberating how we shall best extend the blessings of British institutions; how a great people may be established on this continent, in close and hearty connection with Great Britain. Where, sir, in the page of history, shall we find a parallel to this? Will it not stand as an imperishable monument to the generosity of British rule? And it is not in Canada alone that this scene has been witnessed. Four other colonies are at this moment occupied as we are—declaring their hearty love for the parent state, and deliberating with us how they may best discharge the great duty entrusted to their hands

and give their aid in developing the teeming resources of these vast possessions.—Hon. George Brown.

We should strengthen the faith of our people in their own future, the faith of every Canadian in Canada, and of every province in its sister province. This faith wrongs no one; burdens no one; menaces no one; dishonors no one; and, as it was said of old, faith moves mountains, so I venture reverently to express my own belief that if the difficulties of our future as a dominion were as high as the peaks of the Alps or Andes, yet that the pure patriotic faith of a united people would be all sufficient to overcome and ultimately to triumph over all such difficulties.—Hon. D'Arcy McGee.

We wear no haughty tyrant's chain—
We bend no servile knee,
When to the mistress of the main
We pledge our fealty.
She binds us with the cords of love—
All others we disown;
The rights we owe to God above
We yield to Him alone.
May He our future course direct
By His unerring hand;
Our laws and liberties protect,
And bless our native land!
—Helen M. Johns.

Here's to the land of the rock and the pine;
Here's to the land of the raft and the river!
Here's to the land where the sunbeams shine,
And the night that is bright with the north-light's quiver!
Here's to the land of the ax and the hoe!
Here's to the stalwarts that give them their glory—
With stroke upon stroke, and with blow upon blow,
The might of the forest has passed into story!
—William Wye Smith.

Other countries have seen their territories enlarged and their destinies determined by trouble and war, but no blood has stained the bonds which have knit together your free and order-loving populations, and yet in this brief period, so brief in the life of a nation, you have attained to a union whose characteristics from sea to sea are the same. A judicature above suspicion, a strong central government to direct all national interests, the toleration of all faiths with favor to none, a franchise recognizing the rights of labor by the exclusion only of the idler, a government ever susceptible to the change of public opinion and ever open, through a responsible ministry, to the scrutiny of the people—these are the features of your rising power.—Lord Lorne.

He must have a dull and sluggish soul who can look without emotion on the quiet graves of the early settlers of this country, who can tread upon their moldering bones without a thought of their privations and their toils, who can, from their tombs, look out upon the rural loveliness—the fruitfulness and peace by which he is surrounded, nor drop a tear to the memories of the dead, who won, by the stoutness of their hearts, and the sweat of their brows, the blessings their children have only to cherish and enjoy.

Why should not these three great branches of the family flourish, under different systems of government, it may be, but forming one grand whole, proud of a common origin and of their advanced civilization? The clover lifts its trefoil leaves to the evening dew, yet they draw their nourishment from a single stem. Thus distinct, and yet united, let us live and flourish. Why should we not? For nearly two thousand years we were one family. Our fathers fought side by side at Hastings, and heard the curfew toll. They fought in the same ranks for the sepulchre of our Saviour. In the earlier and later civil wars, we can wear our white and red roses without a blush, and glory in the principles those conflicts established. Our common ancestors won the great charter and the bill of rights—established free parliaments, the habeas corpus, and trial by jury. Our jurisprudence comes down from Coke and Mansfield to Marshall and Story, rich in knowledge and experience which no man can divide. From Chaucer to Shakespeare our literature is a common inheritance. Tennyson and Longfellow write in one language, which is enriched by the genius devel-

oped on either side of the Atlantic. In the great navigators from Cortereal to Hudson, and in all their "moving accidents by flood and field" we have a common interest.—Joseph Howe.

Awake, my country, the hour of dreams is done.
Doubt not, nor dread the greatness of thy fate,
Tho' faint souls fear the keen, confronting sun
And fain would bid the morn in splendor wait!
Tho' dreamers wrapped in starry visions cry:
"Lo, yon thy future, yon thy faith, thy fame!"
And stretch vain hands to stars. Thy fame is nigh,
Here in Canadian hearth, and home and name;
This name which yet shall grow till all the nations know
Us for a patriot people, heart and hand,
Loyal to our native hearth, our native land.
—C. D. Roberts.

What can we say as to our future? What of our destiny? Our destiny under a kind Providence will be just what we will make it. It rests in our own hands. We may in the face of all our advantages mar it if we will. As it is with individual destiny, so is it with national destiny; we are largely the architects of our own fortunes. We have laid, as I have shown, deep and safe and broad foundations for a bright future. What country can show legislation more advanced or leading up to better results than ours? In what land do we find a people enjoying more fully than we do the rights of self-government, or where is there a people more fitted to be entrusted with that precious right? Our laws have been well administered. Our courts of justice have won the unlimited confidence of the people. Imbued with the healthy sentiment which has prevailed in the mother land for centuries, attached to her forms of government, cherishing her precedents and traditions, we have passed from childhood to youth. We are approaching manhood, and its strength and vigor must depend upon ourselves. What is needed, then? We must appease interprovincial jealousies; we must modify mere local patriotism; we must cultivate an increased national feeling and show in every way we can that we have crossed the line of youth and pupilage.—Richard Harcourt.

Doubt

Doubt indulged soon becomes doubt realized.—F. R. Havergal.

When you doubt, abstain.—Zoroaster.

Human knowledge is the parent of doubt.—Lord Greville.

Doubt is the accomplice of tyranny. —Amiel.

When in doubt, lean to the side of mercy.—Cervantes.

Misgive that you may not mistake. —Whately.

Doubt is hell in the human soul.—Mme. de Gasparin.

To be once in doubt is once to be resolved.—Shakespeare.

Our distrust justifies the deceit of others.—Rochefoucauld.

Doubt is the vestibule of faith.—Colton.

Doubt is the shadow of truth.—Bailey.

I love sometimes to doubt, as well as know.—Dante.

Man was not made to question, but adore.—Young.

There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.
—Tennyson.

Doubt comes in at the window when inquiry is denied at the door.—Prof. Jowett.

Doubting charms me not less than knowledge.—Dante.

Every body drags its shadow, and every mind its doubt.—Victor Hugo.

Never do anything, concerning the rectitude of which you have a doubt. —Pliny, Junior.

I run the gauntlet of a file of doubts,
Each one of which down hurls me to the ground. —Bailey.

Who never doubted never half believed,
Where doubt there truth is—'tis her shadow. —Bailey.

To believe with certainty we must begin to doubt.—Stanislaus.

A bitter and perplexed "What shall I do?"
Is worse to man than worse necessity.
—Coleridge.

Many with trust, with doubt few, are undone.—Greville.

Modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise.
—Shakespeare.

Uncertain ways unsafest are,
And doubt a greater mischief than despair.
—Sir John Denham.

Who knows most, doubts most; entertaining hope means recognizing fear.—Browning.

Doubt springs from the mind; faith is the daughter of the soul.—J. Petit-Senn.

Galileo called doubt the father of invention; it is certainly the pioneer. —Bovee.

No sadder proof can be given by a man of his own littleness than disbelief in great men.—Carlyle.

There is no weariness like that which rises from doubting. It is unfixed reason.—South.

Faith keeps many doubts in her pay. If I could not doubt, I should not believe.—Thoreau.

Doubt follows white-winged hope with trembling steps.—Balzac.

The doubts of an honest man contain more moral truth than the profession of faith of people under a worldly yoke.—X. Doudan.

We know accurately only when we know little; with knowledge doubt increases.—Goethe.

You prove but too clearly that seeking to know
Is too frequently learning to doubt.
—Madame Deshoulières.

Our doubts are traitors
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt. —Shakespeare.

Weary the path that does not challenge reason. Doubt is an incentive to truth, and patient inquiry leadeth the way.—Hosea Ballou.

Servile doubt argues an impotence of mind, that says we fear because we dare not meet misfortunes.—Aaron Hill.

To doubt is worse than to have lost; and to despair is but to antedate those miseries that must fall on us.—Massinger.

But the gods are dead—
Ay, Zeus is dead, and all the gods but Doubt,
And Doubt is brother devil to Despair!
—John Boyle O'Reilly.

In contemplation, if a man begin with certainties, he shall end in doubts, but if he will be content to begin with doubts, he shall end in certainties.—Bacon.

Can that which is the greatest virtue in philosophy, doubt (called by Galileo the father of invention), be in religion what the priests term it, the greatest of sins?—Bovee.

The wound of peace is surety, surety secure; but modest doubt is called the beacon of the wise; the tent that searches to the bottom of the worst.—Shakespeare.

Doubt thou the stars are fire;
Doubt that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt, I love.
—Shakespeare.

To doubt is a misfortune, but to seek when in doubt is an indispensable

duty. So he who doubts and seeks not is at once unfortunate and unfair.—Pascal.

Fain would I but I dare not; I dare, and yet I may not;
I may, although I care not for pleasure when I play not.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

Remember Talleyrand's advice, "If you are in doubt whether to write a letter or not, don't!" The advice applies to many doubts in life besides that of letter-writing.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Known mischiefs have their cure; but doubts have none;
And better is despair than fruitless hope
Mix'd with a killing fear. —May.

Beware of doubt—faith is the subtle chain
Which binds us to the infinite: the voice
Of a deep life within, that will remain
Until we crowd it thence.
—Mrs. E. Oakes Smith.

Give unqualified assent to no propositions but those the truth of which is so clear and distinct that they cannot be doubted. The enunciation of this first great commandment of science consecrated doubt.—Huxley.

People, when asked if they are Christians, give some of the strangest answers you ever heard. Some will say if you ask them: "Well—well—well, I—I hope I am." Suppose a man should ask me if I am an American. Would I say: "Well, I—well, I—I hope I am?"—D. L. Moody.

The clear, cold question chills to frozen doubt;
Tired of beliefs, we dread to live without;
O then, if reason waver at thy side,
Let humbler Memory be thy gentle guide,
Go to thy birth-place, and, if faith was there,
Repeat thy father's creed, thy mother's prayer. —O. W. Holmes.

To get rid of your doubts, part with your sin. Put away your intemperance, your dishonesty, your unlawful ways of making money, your sensuality, your falsehood, acted or spoken, and see if a holy life be not the best disperser of unwelcome doubts, and new obedience the most certain guide to fresh assurance.—James Hamilton.

There is no weariness like that which rises from doubting, from the perpetual jogging of unfixed reason. The torment of suspense is very great; and as soon as the wavering, perplexed mind begins to determine, be the determination which way soever, it will find itself at ease.—South.

Nothing is more perplexing than the power, but nothing is more durable than the dynasty of doubt; for he reigns in the hearts of all his people, but gives satisfaction to none of them, and yet he is the only despot who can never die while any of his subjects live.—Colton.

When we are in doubt and puzzle out the truth by our own exertions, we have gained a something that will stay by us, and which will serve us again. But, if to avoid the trouble of the search, we avail ourselves of the superior information of a friend, such knowledge will not remain with us; we have not bought, but borrowed it. —Colton.

Life's sunniest hours are not without
The shadow of some lingering doubt—
Amid its brightest joys will steal
Spectres of evil yet to feel—
Its warmest love is blent with fears,
Its confidence a trembling one—
Its smile—the harbinger of tears—
Its hope—the change of April's sun!
A weary lot—in mercy given,
To fit the chastened soul for heaven.
—Whittier.

Cold hearts are not anxious enough to doubt. Men who love will have their misgivings at times; that is not the evil. But the evil is, when men go on in that languid, doubting way, content to doubt, proud of their doubts, morbidly glad to talk about them, liking the romantic gloom of twilight, without the manliness to say, "I must and will know the truth." That did not John the Baptist. Brethren, John appealed to Christ.—F. W. Robertson.

You ask bitterly, like Pontius Pilate, "What is truth?" In such an hour

what remains? I reply, "Obedience." Leave those thoughts for the present. Act—be merciful and gentle—honest; force yourself to abound in little services; try to do good to others; be true in the duty that you know. That must be right, whatever else is uncertain. And by all the laws of the human heart, by the word of God, you shall not be left to doubt. Do that much of the will of God which is plain to you, and "You shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God."—F. W. Robertson.

Of the terrible doubt of appearances,
Of the uncertainty after all, that we may be deluded,
That maybe reliance and hope are but speculations after all,
That maybe indentity beyond the grave is a beautiful fable only,
Maybe the things I perceive, the animals, plants, men, hills, shining and flowing waters,
The skies of day and night, colors, densities, forms, maybe these are (as doubtless they are) only apparitions, and the real something has yet to be known.
—Walt. Whitman.

Fear not to confront realities. The Saviour lives; and the first joy that you will give to Him is when, leaving off your false excuses, you throw yourself with a full heart and empty hands into His arms of mercy. The Saviour lives; and were you now to die looking for salvation only from that Friend of Sinners, verily this day should you be with Him in a better than Adam's paradise. The Saviour lives; and in full sympathy with that wondrous lover of men's souls, the Holy Spirit is even now ready if besought to begin His sanctifying process in your mind. The Saviour lives; and even now He stretches out toward you an arm which, if you only grasp in thankful love, your faith shall strengthen while you cling, and it will be from no weakness in that arm, if you are not ere long exalted to a point of holy attainment which at this moment you view with despair, and by and by to that region of unveiled realities where you will ask in wonder at yourself, "Wherefore did I doubt?" —James Hamilton.

Dove

And there my little doves did sit
With feathers softly brown
And glittering eyes that showed their right
To general Nature's deep delight.
—E. B. Browning.

The thrustelcok made eek hir lay,
The wode dove upon the spray
She sang ful loude and cleere.
—Chaucer.

As when the dove returning bore the mark
Of earth restored to the long laboring ark;
The relics of mankind, secure of rest,
Oped every window to receive the guest,
And the fair bearer of the message bless'd.
—Dryden.

Oh! when 'tis summer weather,
And the yellow bee, with fairy sound,
The waters clear is humming round,
And the cuckoo sings unseen,
And the leaves are waving green—
Oh! then 'tis sweet,
In some retreat,
To hear the murmuring dove,
With those whom on earth alone we love,
And to wind through the greenwood together. —Rev. Wm. Lisle Bowles.

Drama

The drama is the book of the people. —Willmott.

The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,
For we that live to please, must please to live. —Dr. Johnson.

A passion for the dramatic art is inherent in the nature of man.—Edwin Forrest.

All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players.—Shakespeare.

It is remarkable how virtuous and generously disposed every one is at a play.—Hazlitt.

The seat of wit, when one speaks as a man of the town and the world, is the playhouse.—Steele.

The real object of the drama is the exhibition of the human character.—Macaulay.

Men of wit, learning and virtue might strike out every offensive or unbecoming passage from plays.—Swift.

The drama is the looking-glass in which we see the hideousness of vice and the beauties of virtue.—Frances Anne Kemble.

Dramatical or representative poesy is, as it were, a visible history; for it sets out the image of things as if they were present.—Bacon.

The propriety of thoughts and words, which are the hidden beauties of a play, are but confusedly judged in the vehemence of action.—Dryden.

I maintain, against the enemies of the stage, that patterns of piety, decently represented, may second the precepts.—Dryden.

There is so much of the glare and grief of life connected with the stage that it fills me with most solemn thoughts.—Henry Giles.

The business of the dramatist is to keep himself out of sight, and to let nothing appear but his characters. As soon as he attracts notice to his personal feelings, the illusion is broken. —Macaulay.

On the Greek stage a drama, or acted story, consisted in reality of three dramas, called together a trilogy, and performed consecutively in the course of one day.—Coleridge.

Every movement of the theater by a skilful poet is communicated, as it were, by magic, to the spectators; who weep, tremble, resent, rejoice, and are inflamed with all the variety of passions which actuate the several personages of the drama.—Hume.

The drama embraces and applies all the beauties and decorations of poetry. The sister arts attend and adorn it. Painting, architecture, and music are her handmaids. The costliest lights of a people's intellect burn at her show. All ages welcome her.—Willmott.

The tragedy of "Hamlet" is critically considered to be the masterpiece of dramatic poetry; and the tragedy of "Hamlet" is also, according to the testimony of every sort of manager, the play of all others which can invariably be depended on to fill a theater.—G. A. Sala.

The dramatist, like the poet, is born, not made. * * * There must be inspiration back of all true and permanent art, dramatic or otherwise, and art is universal: there is nothing national about it. Its field is humanity, and it takes in all the world; nor does anything else afford the refuge that is provided by it from all troubles and all the vicissitudes of life.—William Winter.

The drama is not a mere copy of nature, not a facsimile. It is the free running hand of genius, under the impression of its liveliest wit or most passionate impulses, a thousand times adorning or feeling all as it goes; and you must read it, as the healthy instinct of audiences almost always does, if the critics will let them alone, with a grain of allowance, and a tendency to go away with as much of it for use as is necessary, and the rest for the luxury of laughter, pity, or poetical admiration.—Leigh Hunt.

Dreams

The visions of a busy brain.—Joanna Baillie.

The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.—Milton.

Our waking dreams are fatal.—Young.

But if, as morning rises, dreams are true.—Dante.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.—Byron.

His fancy lost in pleasant dreams. —Addison.

Yet eat in dreams, the custard of the day.—Pope.

A dream itself is but a shadow.—Shakespeare.

For dhrames always go by contraries, my dear.—Samuel Lover.

Ground not upon dreams, you know they are ever contrary.—Thos. Middleton.

Sleep brings dreams; and dreams are often most vivid and fantastical before we have yet been wholly lost in slumber.—Robert Montgomery Bird.

Dreams are excursions into the limbo of things, a semi-deliverance from the human prison.—Amiel.

Our dreams drench us in sense, and sense steeps us again in dreams.—A. Bronson Alcott.

But dreams full oft are found of real events
The form and shadows. —Joanna Baillie.

As a wild maiden, with love-drinking eyes, sees in sweet dreams a beaming youth of glory.—Alexander Smith.

Like the dreams,
Children of night, of indigestion bred.
—Churchill.

The dreamer is a madman quiescent, the madman is a dreamer in action.—F. H. Hedge.

Regard not dreams, since they are but the images of our hopes and fears.—Cato.

We are near waking when we dream that we dream.—Novalis.

Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls.—Shakespeare.

When monarch reason sleeps, this mimic wakes.—Dryden.

For his dreams, I wonder he's so simple to trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers.—Shakespeare.

If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand. —Shakespeare.

When we die, we shall find we have not lost our dreams; we have only lost our sleep.—Richter.

In waking whispers and repeated dreams, to hint pure thoughts and warn the favored soul.—Thomson.

Dreams where thought, in fancy's maze, runs mad.—Young.

Dreams are like portraits; and we find they please because they are confessed resemblances.—Crabbe.

In sleep, when fancy is let loose to play,
Our dreams repeat the wishes of the day.
—Claudius.

Till their own dreams at length deceive 'em,
And, oft repeating, they believe 'em.
—Prior.

Beneath closed lids and folds of deepest shade we think we see.—N. L. Frothingham.

Friday night's dreams on Saturday told
Are sure to come true—be they never so old. —Old Sayings.

There are a kind of men so loose of soul
That in their sleep will utter their affairs.
—Shakespeare.

I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream—past the wit of man to say what dream it was.—Shakespeare.

The day seems long, but night is odious; no sleep, but dreams; no dreams but visions strange.—Sir P. Sidney.

Alas! that dreams are only dreams!
That fancy cannot give
A lasting beauty to those forms,
Which scarce a moment live!
—Rufus Dawes.

What studies please, what most delight,
And fill men's thoughts, they dream them o'er at night. —Creech.

Sorrow returned with the dawning of morn, and the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.—Campbell.

Every one turns his dreams into realities as far as he can; man is cold as ice to the truth, hot as fire to falsehood.—La Fontaine.

We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. —Shakespeare.

In this retirement of the mind from the senses, it retains a yet more inco-

herent manner of thinking, which we call dreaming.—Locke.

As dreams are the fancies of those that sleep, so fancies are but the dreams of those awake.—Sir T. P. Blount.

True, I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy.
—Shakespeare.

A body may as well lay too little as too much stress upon a dream; but the less he heed them the better.—L'Estrange.

Nothing so much convinces me of the boundlessness of the human mind as its operations in dreaming.—W. B. Clulow.

For never yet one hour in his bed
Have I enjoyed the golden dew of sleep,
But have been waked by his timorous dreams. —Shakespeare.

Dreaming is an act of pure imagination, attesting in all men a creative power which, if it were available in waking, would make every man a Dante or a Shakespeare.—F. H. Hedge.

I'll dream no more—by manly mind
Not even in sleep is will resigned.
My midnight orisons said o'er,
I'll turn to rest, and dream no more.
—Scott.

Dreams are the children of an idle brain, begot of nothing but vain fantasy; which is as thin of substance as the air, and more inconstant than the wind.—Shakespeare.

Divinity hath oftentimes descended
Upon our slumbers, and the blessed troupes
Have, in the calm and quiet of the soule,
Conversed with us. —Shirley.

That holy dream—that holy dream,
While all the world were chiding,
Hath cheered me as a lovely beam
A lonely spirit guiding. —Poe.

I believe it to be true that dreams are the true interpreters of our inclinations; but there is art required to sort and understand them.—Montaigne.

What the tender and poetic youth dreams to-day, and conjures up with inarticulate speech, is to-morrow the vociferated result of public opinion, and the day after is the character of nations.—Emerson.

Dreams are rudiments
Of the great state to come. We dream what is
About to happen. —Bailey.

One of those passing rainbow dreams,
Half light, half shade, which fancy's beams
Paint on the fleeting mists that roll,
In trance or slumber, round the soul!
—Moore.

Some dreams we have are nothing else but dreams,
Unnatural and full of contradictions;
Yet others of our most romantic schemes
Are something more than fictions.
—Hood.

The dream
Dreamed by a happy man, when the dark east,
Unseen, is brightening to his bridal morn.
—Tennyson.

'Twas but a dream—let it pass—let it vanish like so many others!
What I thought was a flower is only a weed, and is worthless.
—Longfellow.

In blissful dream, in silent night,
There came to me, with magic might,
With magic might, my own sweet love,
Into my little room above. —Heine.

Dream after dream ensues;
And still they dream that they shall still succeed;
And still are disappointed. —Cowper.

The chambers in the house of dreams
Are fed with so divine an air,
That Time's hoar wings grow young therein,
And they who walk there are most fair.
—Francis Thomson.

Dreams, which, beneath the hov'ring shades of night,
Sport with the ever-restless minds of men,
Descend not from the gods. Each busy brain
Creates its own.—Thomas Love Peacock.

Dreams are the bright creatures of poem and legend, who sport on the earth in the night season, and melt away with the first beam of the sun

which lights grim care and stern reality on their daily pilgrimage through the world.—Dickens.

In this world of dreams, I have chosen my part.
To sleep for a season and hear no word
Of true love's truth or of light love's art,
Only the song of a secret bird.
—Swinburne.

If we can sleep without dreaming, it is well that painful dreams are avoided. If, while we sleep, we can have any pleasing dreams, it is as the French say, *tant gagné*, so much added to the pleasure of life.—Franklin.

Dreams in their development have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy,
They have a weight upon our waking thoughts,
They take a weight from off our waking toils,
They do divide our being. —Byron.

Oh! I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days. —Shakespeare.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted dreams,
And into glory peep. —Vaughan.

When to soft Sleep we give ourselves away,
And in a dream as in a fairy bark
Drift on and on through the enchanted dark
To purple daybreak—little thought we pay
To that sweet bitter world we know by day.
—T. B. Aldrich.

We are somewhat more than ourselves in our sleep; and the slumber of the body seems to be but the waking of the soul. It is the ligation of sense, but the liberty of reason; and our waking conceptions do not match the fancies of our sleeps.—Sir Thomas Browne.

I believe that everyone, some time or other, dreams that he is reading papers, books, or letters; in which case the invention prompts so readily that the mind is imposed upon, and mistakes its own suggestions for the composition of another.—Addison.

As one who in some frightful dream would shun
His pressing foe, labors in vain to run
And his own slowness in his sleep bemoans.
In short thick sighs, weak cries, and tender groans. —Dryden.

I dreamt my lady came and found me dead,
(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think),
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.
—Shakespeare.

Sweet sleep be with us, one and all!
And if upon its stillness fall
The visions of a busy brain,
We'll have our pleasure o'er again,
To warm the heart, to charm the sight,
Gay dreams to all! good night, good night.
—Joanna Baillie.

What was your dream?

It seemed to me that a woman in white raiment, graceful and fair to look upon, came towards me and calling me by name said:

On the third day, Socrates, thou shalt reach the coast of fertile Phthia. —Plato.

The fisher droppeth his net in the stream,
And a hundred streams are the same as one;
And the maiden dreameth her love-lit dream;
And what is it all, when all is done?
The net of the fisher the burden breaks
And always the dreaming the dreamer wakes. —Alice Cary.

And the dream that our mind had sketched in haste
Shall others continue, but never complete.
For none upon earth can achieve his scheme;
The best as the worst are futile here:
We wake at the self-same point of the dream—
All is here begun, and finished elsewhere. —Victor Hugo.

In dreams we are true poets; we create the persons of the drama; we give them appropriate figures, faces, costumes; they are perfect in their organs, attitudes, manners: moreover they speak after their own characters, not ours; and we listen with surprise to what they say.—Emerson.

Dreams ought to produce no conviction whatever on philosophical minds. If we consider how many dreams are dreamt every night, and how many events occur every day, we shall no longer wonder at those accidental coincidences which ignorance mistakes for verifications.—Colton.

Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow
Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream:
And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden haste.
—Shakespeare.

Those dreams, that on the silent night intrude,
And with false flitting shades our minds delude,
Jove never sends us downward from the skies;
Nor can they from infernal mansions rise;
But are all mere productions of the brain,
And fools consult interpreters in vain.
—Swift.

Metaphysicians have been learning their lessons for the last four thousand years, and it is high time that they should now begin to teach us something. Can any of the tribe inform us why all the operations of the mind are carried on with undiminished strength and activity in dreams, except the judgment, which alone is suspended and dormant?—Colton.

Dress

The dress does not make the monk.—Rabelais.

Dress changes the manners.—Voltaire.

A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn.—Pope.

Dress is an index of your contents.—Lavater.

She bears a duke's revenues on her back.—Shakespeare.

His dress was a volcano of silk with lava buttons.—Sydney Smith.

Ridiculous modes, invented by ignorance, and adopted by folly.—Smollett.

Dress does not give knowledge.—Yriarte.

Out of clothes out of countenance, out of countenance out of wit.—Ben Jonson.

Oft in dreams invention we bestow
To change a flounce or add a furbelow.—Pope.

No man is esteemed for gay garments but by fools and women.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

Eat to please thyself, but dress to please others.—Franklin.

Who seems most hideous when adorned the most.—Ariosto.

The only medicine which does women more good than harm is dress.—Richter.

It is not every man who can afford to wear a shabby coat.—Colton.

In the matter of dress one should always keep below one's ability.—Montesquieu.

In clothes clean and fresh there is a kind of youth with which age should surround itself.—Joubert.

No real happiness is found
In trailing purple o'er the ground.
—Parnell.

Gay mellow silks her mellow charms infold, and nought of Lyce but herself is old.—Young.

My dear, your everlasting blue velvet quite tires me.—Thackeray.

The fashion wears out more apparel than the man.—Shakespeare.

Next to dressing for a rout or ball, undressing is a woe.—Byron.

In cloths cheap handsomeness doth bear the bell.—George Herbert.

The wanton lawns, more soft and white than milk.—Beaumont and Fletcher.

Beauty, like truth, never is so glorious as when it goes plainest.—Sterne.

There can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is in his clothes.—Shakespeare.

There is not so variable a thing in nature as a lady's head-dress.—Addison.

Dress is the great business of all women, and the fixed idea of some.—Alphonse Karr.

An ugly woman in a rich habit set out with jewels nothing can become.—Dryden.

When a soldier is hit by a cannon-ball, rags are as becoming as purple.—Thoreau.

Here's such a plague every morning, with buckling shoes, gartering, combing and powdering.—Farquhar.

Be plain in dress, and sober in your diet;
In short, my deary, kiss me! and be quiet.
—Lady M. W. Montagu.

The plainer the dress, with greater luster does beauty appear.—Lord Halifax.

As soon as a woman begins to dress "loud," her manners and conversation partake of the same element.—Haliburton.

There are female dandies as well as clothes-wearing men; and the former are as objectionable as the latter.—Carlyle.

There are some women who require much dressing, as some meats must be highly seasoned to make them palatable.—Rochebrune.

Worldly wisdom dictates to her disciples the propriety of dressing somewhat beyond their means, but of living somewhat within them.—Colton.

If a woman were about to proceed to her execution, she would demand a little time to perfect her toilet.—Chamfort.

Too great carelessness, equally with excess in dress, multiplies the wrinkles of old age, and makes its decay still more conspicuous.—Bruyère.

Let Harlequin be taken with a fit of the colic, and his trappings will have to serve that mood too.—Thoreau.

And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow: they toil not, neither do they spin.—Bible.

We sacrifice to dress till household joys and comforts cease. Dress drains our cellar dry, and keeps our larder lean.—Cowper.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, but not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy; for the apparel oft proclaims the man.—Shakespeare.

Oh, fair undress, best dress! It checks no vein, but every flowing limb in pleasure drowns, and heightens ease with grace.—Thomson.

Sturdy swains, in clean array, for rustic dance prepare, mixed with the buxom damsels hand in hand.—John Phillips.

A fine coat is but a livery when the person who wears it discovers no higher sense than that of a footman.—Addison.

As you treat your body, so your house, your domestics, your enemies, your friends. Dress is a table of your contents.—Lavater.

The peacock in all his pride does not display half the colors that appear in the garments of a British lady when she is dressed.—Addison.

Nothing can embellish a beautiful face more than a narrow band that indicates a small wound drawn crosswise over the brow.—Richter.

In the indications of female poverty there can be no disguise. No woman dresses below herself from caprice.—Lamb.

The vanity of loving fine clothes and new fashions, and valuing ourselves by them, is one of the most childish pieces of folly that can be.—Sir Matthew Hale.

A rich dress adds but little to the beauty of a person. It may possibly create a deference, but that is rather an enemy to love.—Shenstone.

I am convinced that if the virtuosi could once find out a world in the moon, with a passage to it, our women would wear nothing but what directly came from thence.—Swift.

A man's appearance falls within the censure of every one that sees him; his parts and learning very few are judges of.—Steele.

We believe that the dress that shows taste and sentiment is elevating to the home, and is one of the most feminine means of beautifying the world.—Miss Oakey.

We may hold it slavish to dress according to the judgment of fools and the caprice of coxcombs; but are we not ourselves both when we are singular in our attire?—Chatfield.

Those who think that in order to dress well it is necessary to dress extravagantly or grandly make a great mistake. Nothing so well becomes true feminine beauty as simplicity.—George D. Prentice.

Those who are incapable of shining out by dress would do well to consider that the contrast between them and their clothes turns out much to their disadvantage.—Shenstone.

He that is proud of the rustling of his silks, like a madman, laughs at the rattling of his fetters; for, indeed, clothes ought to be our remembrancers of our lost innocency.—Thomas Fuller.

That the women of the Old Testament were dressed with oriental richness there is no doubt, nor are they censured for so arraying themselves.—Charlotte M. Yonge.

Women always show more taste in adorning others than themselves; and the reason is that their persons are like their hearts—they read another's better than they can their own.—Richter.

A lady of genius will give a genteel air to her whole dress by a well-fancied suit of knots, as a judicious writer gives a spirit to a whole sentence by a single expression.—Gay.

Rich apparel has strange virtues; it makes him that hath it without means esteemed for an excellent wit; he that enjoys it with means puts the world in remembrance of his means.—Ben Jonson.

What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
—Shakespeare.

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor:
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honor peereth in the meanest habit.
—Shakespeare.

Women overrate the influence of fine dress and the latest fashions upon gentlemen; and certain it is that the very expensiveness of such attire frightens the beholder from all ideas of matrimony.—Abba Goold Woolson.

Her polish'd limbs,
Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
Beyond the pomp of dress; for loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.
—Thomson.

It is well known that a loose and easy dress contributes much to give to both sexes those fine proportions of body that are observable in the Grecian statues, and which serve as models to our present artists.—Rousseau.

I have heard with admiring submission the experience of the lady who declared that the sense of being well dressed gives a feeling of inward tranquillity which religion is powerless to bestow.—Emerson.

Through tattered clothes small vices do appear; robes and furred gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold, and the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks; arm it in rags, a pygmy's straw doth pierce it.—Shakespeare.

Good dressing includes a suggestion of poetry. One nowhere more quickly detects sentiment than in dress. A well-dressed woman in a room should fill it with poetic sense, like the perfume of flowers.—Miss Oakey.

Let women paint their eyes with tints of chastity, insert into their ears the word of God, tie the yoke of Christ around their necks, and adorn their whole persons with the silk of sanctity and the damask of devotion.—Tertullian.

Be neither too early in the fashion, nor too long out of it, nor too precisely in it; what custom hath civilized is become decent, till then ridiculous; where the eye is the jury thy apparel is the evidence.—Quarles.

To this end, nothing is to be more carefully consulted than plainness. In a lady's attire this is the single excellence; for to be what some people call fine, is the same vice, in that case, as to be florid is in writing or speaking. —Addison.

Many shiver from want of defence against the cold; but there is vastly more suffering among the rich from absurd and criminal modes of dress, which fashion has sanctioned, than among the poor from deficiency of raiment.—Channing.

Love in modern times has been the tailor's best friend. Every suitor of the nineteenth century spends more than his spare cash on personal adornment. A faultless fit, a glistening hat, tight gloves, and tighter boots proclaim the imminent peril of his position.—G. A. Sala.

Next to clothes being fine, they should be well made, and worn easily; for a man is only the less genteel for a fine coat, if, in wearing it, he shows a regard for it, and is not as easy in it as if it was a plain one.—Chesterfield.

Virgil has very finely touched upon the female passion for dress and shows, in the character of Camilla; who, though she seems to have shaken off all the other weaknesses of her sex, is still described as a woman in this particular.—Addison.

Beauty gains little, and homeliness and deformity lose much, by gaudy attire. Lysander knew this was in part true, and refused the rich garments that the tyrant Dionysius proffered to his daughters, saying "that they were fit only to make unhappy faces more remarkable."—Zimmermann.

Dress has a moral effect upon the conduct of mankind. Let any gentleman find himself with dirty boots, old surtout, soiled neckcloth and a general negligence of dress, and he will in all probability find a corresponding disposition by negligence of address.—Sir Jonah Barrington.

In Athens the ladies were not gaudily but simply arrayed, and we doubt whether any ladies ever excited more admiration. So also the noble old Roman matrons, whose superb forms were gazed on delightedly by men worthy of them, were always very plainly dressed.—George D. Prentice.

Men of quality never appear more amiable than when their dress is plain. Their birth, rank, title and its appendages are at best invidious; and as they do not need the assistance of dress, so, by their disclaiming the advantage of it, they make their superiority sit more easy.—Shenstone.

Processions, cavalcades, and all that fund of gay frippery, furnished out by tailors, barbers, and tire-women, me-

chanically influence the mind into veneration; an emperor in his nightcap would not meet with half the respect of an emperor with a crown.—Goldsmith.

I have always a sacred veneration for any one I observe to be a little out of repair in his person, as supposing him either a poet or a philosopher; because the richest minerals are ever found under the most ragged and withered surfaces of the earth.—Swift.

A simple garb is the proper costume of the vulgar; it is cut for them, and exactly suits their measure; but it is an ornament for those who have filled up their lives with great deeds. I liken them to beauty in dishabille, but more bewitching on that account.—Bruyère.

The person whose clothes are extremely fine I am too apt to consider as not being possessed of any superiority of fortune, but resembling those Indians who are found to wear all the gold they have in the world in a bob at the nose.—Goldsmith.

A majority of women seem to consider themselves sent into the world for the sole purpose of displaying dry goods, and it is only when acting the part of an animated milliner's block that they feel they are performing their appropriate mission.—Abba Goold Woolson.

Beauty in dress, as in other things, is largely relative. To admit this is to admit that a dress which is beautiful upon one woman may be hideous worn by another. Each should understand her own style, accept it, and let the fashion of her dress be built upon it.—Miss Oakey.

Never teach false modesty. How exquisitely absurd to teach a girl that beauty is of no value, dress of no use! Beauty is of value; her whole prospects and happiness in life may often depend upon a new gown or a becoming bonnet; if she has five grains of common sense she will find this out. The great thing is to teach her their proper value.—Sydney Smith.

A French woman is a perfect architect in dress: she never, with Gothic ignorance, mixes the orders; she never tricks out a snobby Doric shape with Corinthian finery; or, to speak without metaphor, she conforms to general fashion only when it happens not to be repugnant to private beauty.—Goldsmith.

The gracious and self-sacrificing and womanly women of our revolution wore dresses cut lower than those of their great-granddaughters, as any portrait gallery will show. The dress is indefensible, but let us not be too ready to condemn the wearer for worse sins than thoughtlessness and vanity.—Mrs. L. G. Calhoun.

A gentleman's taste in dress is, upon principle, the avoidance of all things extravagant. It consists in the quiet simplicity of exquisite neatness; but, as the neatness must be a neatness in fashion, employ the best tailor; pay him ready money, and, on the whole, you will find him the cheapest.—Bulwer-Lytton.

No man ever stood lower in my estimation for having a patch in his clothes; yet I am sure there is greater anxiety to have fashionable, or at least clean and unpatched clothes, than to have a sound conscience. I sometimes try my acquaintances by some such test as this—who could wear a patch, or two extra seams only, over the knee.—Thoreau.

As long as there are cold and nakedness in the land around you, so long can there be no question at all but that splendor of dress is a crime. In due time, when we have nothing better to set people to work at, it may be right to let them make lace and cut jewels; but as long as there are any who have no blankets for their beds, and no rags for their bodies, so long it is blanket-making and tailoring we must set people to work at, not lace.—Ruskin.

It is the saying of an old divine, "Two things in my apparel I will chiefly aim at—commodiousness and decency; more than these is not commendable, yet I hate an effeminate

spruceness as much as a fantastic disorder. A neglected comeliness is the best ornament." It is said of the celebrated Mr. Whitfield that he always was very clean and neat, and often said pleasantly "that a minister of the gospel ought to be without a spot."—J. Beaumont.

As the index tells us the contents of stories and directs to the particular chapter, even so does the outward habit and superficial order of garments (in man or woman) give us a taste of the spirit, and demonstratively point (as it were a manual note from the margin) all the internal quality of the soul; and there cannot be a more evident, palpable, gross manifestation of poor, degenerate, dunghilly blood and breeding than a rude, unpolished, disordered, and slovenly outside.—Massinger.

I would rather have a young fellow too much than too little dressed; the excess on that side will wear off, with a little age and reflection; but if he is negligent at twenty, he will be a sloven at forty, and stink at fifty years old. Dress yourself fine where others are fine, and plain where others are plain; but take care always that your clothes are well made and fit you, for otherwise they will give you a very awkward air.—Chesterfield.

Drink, Drunkenness

Habitual intoxication is the epitome of every crime.—Douglas Jerrold.

Drunkenness is nothing else than a voluntary madness.—Seneca.

Drink, pretty creature, drink!—Wordsworth.

Some folks are drunk, yet do not know it.—Prior.

Troops of furies march in the drunkard's triumph.—Zimmermann.

The drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty.—Prov. 23: 21.

Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning that they may follow strong drink.—Bible.

A drunkard is unprofitable for any kind of good service.—Plato.

Every inordinate cup is unbless'd, and the ingredient is a devil.—Shakespeare.

Thirst teaches all animals to drink, but drunkenness belongs only to man.—Fielding.

The axe of intemperance has lopped off his green boughs and left him a withered trunk.—Swift.

There is scarcely a crime before me that is not directly or indirectly caused by strong drink.—Judge Coleridge.

'Tis pity wine should be so deleterious,
For tea and coffee leave us much more serious. —Byron.

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn,
What dangers thou canst make us scorn. —Burns.

The sight of a drunkard is a better sermon against that vice than the best that was ever preached upon that subject.—Saville.

A vine bears three grapes—the first of pleasure, the second of drunkenness, and the third of repentance.—Anacharsis.

The drunkard forfeits man and doth divest
All wordly right, save what he hath by beast. —Herbert.

The bliss of the drunkard is a visible picture of the expectation of the dying atheist, who hopes no more than to lie down in the grave with the "beasts that perish."—Jane Porter.

If a man is right, all the bombardment of the world for five, ten, twenty, forty years will only strengthen him in his position. So that all you have to do is to keep yourself right. Never mind the world. Let it say what it will. It can do you no damage. But as soon as it is whispered "he drinks," and it can be proved, he begins to go down. What clerk can get a position with such a reputation? What store

wants him? What Church of God wants him for a member? What dying man wants him for an executor? "He drinks!"—Talmage.

Now to rivulets from the mountains
Point the rods of fortune-tellers;
Youth perpetual dwells in fountains,
Not in flasks, and casks, and cellars.
—Longfellow.

There shall be, in England, seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny; the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer.—Shakespeare.

Woe to him that giveth his neighbor drink, that puttest thy bottle to him and makest him drunken.—Hab. 2: 15.

When he is best, he is little worse than a man; and when he is worst he is little better than a beast.—Shakespeare.

The first draught a man drinks ought to be for thirst, the second for nourishment, the third for pleasure, the fourth for madness.

Man has evil as well as good qualities peculiar to himself. Drunkenness places him as much below the level of the brutes as reason elevates him above them.—Sir G. Sinclair.

People say, "Do not regard what he says now he is in liquor." Perhaps it is the only time he ought to be regarded: *Aperit prae cordia liber.*—Shenstone.

Those men who destroy a healthful constitution of body by intemperance and an irregular life do as manifestly kill themselves as those who hang or poison or drown themselves.—Shakespeare.

Almighty God! If it be thy will that man should suffer, whatever seemeth good in thy sight impose upon me. Let the bread of affliction be given to me to eat. Take from me the friends of my confidence. Let the cold hut of poverty be my dwelling-place and the wasting hand of disease inflict its painful torments. Let me sow in the whirlwind and reap in the storm. Let those have me in derision who are younger than I. Let the passing away of my welfare be like the fleeting of a cloud and the shouts of my enemies like the rushing of waters. When I anticipate good, let evil annoy me. When I look for light, let darknes come upon me. Do all this, but save me, merciful God! Save me from the fate of a drunkard.—Talmage.

I drank: I liked it not: 'twas rage,
'twas noise,
An airy scene of transitory joys.
In vain I trusted that the flowing bowl
Would banish sorrow and enlarge the
soul. —Prior.

Some of the domestic evils of drunkenness are houses without windows, gardens without fences, fields without tillage, barns without roofs, children without clothing, principles, morals or manners.—Franklin.

Drunkenness is a flattering devil, a sweet poison, a pleasant sin, which whosoever hath hath not himself; which whosoever doth commit doth not commit sin, but he himself is wholly sin.—St. Augustine.

Call things by their right names. * * * Glass of brandy and water! That is the current, but not the appropriate, name; ask for a glass of liquid fire and distilled damnation.—Robert Hall.

O that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! that we should with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!—Shakespeare.

As long as you make drinking respectable, drinking customs will prevail, and the plowshare of death, drawn by terrible disasters, will go on turning up this whole continent, from end to end, with the long, deep, awful furrow of drunkards' graves.—Talmage.

I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me I am a drunkard Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by

a fool, and presently a beast. O strange! Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil. —Shakespeare.

A monster such as never ranged African thicket or Hindustan jungle hath traced this land, and with bloody maw hath strewn the continent with the mangled carcasses of whole generations; and there are tens of thousands of fathers and mothers who could hold up the garment of their slain boy, truthfully exclaiming, "It is my son's coat; that evil beast, Intemperance, hath devoured him."—Talmage.

Oli.—What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo.—Like a drowned man, a fool, and a madman; one draught above heat makes him a fool, the second mads him, and a third drowns him.—Shakespeare.

The thirsty Earth soaks up the Rain,
And drinks, and gapes for Drink again;
The Plants suck in the Earth and are
With constant Drinking fresh and fair. —Cowley.

Thou sparkling bowl! thou sparkling bowl!
Through lips of bards thy brim may press,
And eyes of beauty o'er thee roll,
And song and dance they power confess—
I will not touch thee; for there clings
A scorpion to thy side that stings.
—John Pierpont.

Oh! if you could only hear Intemperance with drunkards' bones drumming on the top of the wine cask the Dead March of immortal souls, you would go home and kneel down and pray God that rather than your children should ever become the victims of this evil habit, you might carry them out to Greenwood and put them down in the last slumber, waiting for the flowers of spring to come over the grave—sweet prophecies of the resurrection. God hath a balm for such a wound. but what flower of comfort ever grew on the blasted heath of a drunkard's sepulcher?—Talmage.

All excess is ill, but drunkenness is of the worst sort. It spoils health, dismounts the mind, and unmans men. It reveals secrets, is quarrelsome, lascivious, impudent, dangerous and bad. —William Penn.

Drunkenness is the vice of a good constitution or of a bad memory—of a constitution so treacherously good that it never bends till it breaks; or of a memory that recollects the pleasures of getting intoxicated, but forgets the pains of getting sober.—Colton.

If a man's innate self-respect will not save him from habitual, disgusting intoxication, all the female influences in the universe would not avail. Man's will, like woman's, is stronger than the affections, and once subjugated by vice, all eternal influences will be futile.—Miss Evans.

The rum fiend would like to go and hang up a skeleton in your beautiful house so that, when you opened the front door to go in, you would see it in the hall; and, when you sat at your table you would see it hanging from the wall; and, when you opened your bedroom you would find it stretched upon your pillow; and, waking at night, you would feel its cold hand passing over your face and pinching at your heart. There is no home so beautiful but it may be devastated by the awful curse.—Talmage.

It were better for a man to be subject to any vice than to drunkenness: for all other vanities and sins are recovered, but a drunkard will never shake off the delight of beastliness.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

Your friends avoid you, brutishly transform'd
They hardly know you, or if one remains
To wish you well, he wishes you in heaven. —Armstrong.

Beware of drunkenness, lest all good men beware of thee; where drunkenness reigns, there reason is an exile, virtue a stranger, God an enemy; blasphemy is wit, oaths are rhetoric, and secrets are proclamations.—Quarles.

Intemperance is a dangerous companion. It throws many people off their guard, betrays them to a great many indecencies, to ruinous passions, to disadvantages in fortune; makes them discover secrets, drive foolish bargains, engage in play, and often to stagger from the tavern to the stews. —Jeremy Collier.

The longer it possesseth a man the more he will delight in it, and the elder he groweth the more he shall be subject to it; for it dulleth the spirits, and destroyeth the body as ivy doth the old tree, or as the worm that engendereth in the kernal of the nut.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

The habit of using ardent spirits by men in office has occasioned more injury to the public, and more trouble to me, than all other causes. Were I to commence my administration again, the first question I would ask respecting a candidate for office would be, Does he use ardent spirits?—Jefferson.

Man with raging drink inflam'd,
Is far more savage and untamed;
Supplies his loss of wit and sense
With barb'rousness and insolence;
Believes himself, the less he's able
The more heroic and formidable.
—Butler.

The costliest thing on earth is the drunkard's song. It costs ruin of body. It costs ruin of mind. It costs ruin of soul. Go right down among the residential streets of any city and you can find once beautiful and luxurious homesteads that were expended in this destructive music. The lights have gone out in the drawing-room the pianos have ceased the pulsation of their keys, the wardrobe has lost its last article of appropriate attire. The Belshazzarean feast has left nothing but the broken pieces of the crushed chalices. There it stands, the ghastliest thing on earth, the remnant of a drunkard's home. The costliest thing on earth is sin. The most expensive of all music is the Song of the Drunkards. It is the highest tariff of nations—not a protective tariff, but a tariff of doom, a tariff of woe, a tariff of death.—Talmage.

Drunkenness is not only the cause of crime, but it is crime; and if any encourage drunkenness for the sake of the profit derived from the sale of drink, they are guilty of a form of moral assassination as criminal as any that has ever been practiced by the braves of any country or of any age.—Ruskin.

Drunkenness! Does it not jingle the burglar's key? Does it not whet the assassin's knife? Does it not cock the highwayman's pistol? Does it not wave the incendiary's torch? Does it not send the physician reeling into the sickroom; and the minister with his tongue thick into the pulpit? Did not an exquisite poet, from the very top of his fame, fall a gibbering sot, into the gutter, on his way to be married to one of the fairest daughters of New England, and at the very hour the bride was decking herself for the altar; and did he not die of delirium tremens, almost unattended, in a hospital? Tamerlane asked for one hundred and sixty thousand skulls with which to build a pyramid to his own honor. He got the skulls, and built the pyramid. But if the bones of all those who have fallen as a prey to dissipation could be piled up, it would make a vaster pyramid.—Talmage.

The young man who thinks he can drink "just a little" because others do, and not be in danger of a drunkard's grave, should look around him to the fearful examples to be found on the streets of every large city and many small ones. Even if you succeed in keeping within the limits of "moderate drinking" your example to those who are unfortunately not so strong-willed should ever be borne in mind. Help the weaker brother. Think not of self alone. Remember the Golden Rule.—George D. R. Hubbard.

Let no company or respect ever draw you to excess in drink, for be you well assured, that if ever that possess you, you are instantly drunk to all the respects your friends will otherwise pay you, and shall by unequal staggering paces go to your grave with confusion of face, as well in them that love you as in yourself; and, therefore abhor all company that

might entice you that way.—Lord Strafford.

It weaks the brain, it spoils the memory,
Hasting on age, and wilful poverty;
It drowns thy better parts, making thy name
To foes a laughter, to thy friends a shame.
'Tis virtue's poison and the bane of trust,
The match of wrath, the fuel unto lust.
Quite leave this vice, and turn not to 't again,
Upon presumption of a stronger brain;
For he who holds more wine than others can,
I rather count a hogshead than a man.
—Randolph.

Of all vices take heed of drunkenness; other vices are but fruits of disordered affections—this disorders, nay, banishes reason; other vices but impair the soul—this demolishes her two chief faculties, the understanding and the will; other vices make their own way—this makes way for all vices; he that is a drunkard is qualified for all vice.—Quarles.

Drowning

O Lord, methought, what pain it was to drown,
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wracks;
A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea;
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems.
—Shakespeare.

Drudgery

The everyday cares and duties, which men call drudgery, are the weights and counterpoises of the clock of time; giving its pendulum a true vibration and its hands a regular motion; and when they cease to hang upon its wheels, the pendulum no longer swings, the hands no longer move, the clock stands still.—Longfellow.

Duelling

Since bodily strength is but a servant to the mind, it were very barbarous and preposterous that force should be made judge over reason.—Sir P. Sidney.

If all seconds were as averse to duels as their principals, very little blood would be shed in that way.—Colton.

It has a strange, quick jar upon the ear,
That cocking of a pistol, when you know
A moment more will bring the sight to bear
Upon your person, twelve yards off or so.
—Byron.

Some fiery fop, with new commission vain,
Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man;
Some frolic drunkard, reeling from a feast,
Provokes a broil, and stabs you for a jest.
—Dr. Johnson.

Ah me! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron!
What plaguy mischiefs and mishaps
Do dog him still with after-claps.
—Butler.

Duelling, though barbarous in civilized, is a highly civilized institution among barbarous people; and when compared to assassination, is a prodigious victory gained over human passions.—Sydney Smith.

Do not cherish that daring vice for which the whole age suffers—these private duels—which had their first original from the French and for which to this day we're justly censured, are banished from all civil government.—Beaumont and Fletcher.

Men engage in it compell'd by force,
And fear, not courage, is its proper source,
The fear of tyrant custom, and the fear
Lest fops should censure us, and fools should sneer.
* * * * * *
Am I to set my life upon a throw
Because a bear is rude and surly?—No—
A moral, sensible, and well-bred man
Will not affront me, and no other can.
—Cowper.

With respect to duels, indeed, I have my own ideas. Few things in this surprising world strike me with more surprise. Two little visual spectra of men, hovering with insecure enough cohesion in the midst of the unfathomable, and to dissolve therein, at any

rate, very soon, make pause at the distance of twelve paces asunder, whirl around, and simultaneously, by the cunningest mechanism, explode one another into dissolution; and, off-hand, become air, and non-extant—the little spitfires!—Carlyle.

Dullness

The worst of it is, dullness is catching.—Douglas Jerrold.

Glory and gain the industrious tribe provoke;
And gentle dullness ever loves a joke.
—Pope.

There are some heads which have no windows, and the day can never strike from above; nothing enters from heavenward.—Joubert.

For of a truth stupidity is strong, most strong, as the poet Schiller sings, "Against stupidity the very gods fight invictorious."—Carlyle.

The head of dullness, unlike the tail of the torpedo, loses nothing of the benumbing and lethargizing influence, by reiterated discharges.—Colton.

What a comfort a dull but kindly person is, to be sure, at times! A ground-glass shade over a gas lamp does not bring more solace to our dazzled eyes than such a one to our minds.—Holmes.

A dull man is so near a dead man that he is hardly to be ranked in the list of the living; and as he is not to be buried whilst he is half alive, so he is as little to be employed whilst he is half dead.—Saville.

Duplicity

Where nature's end of language is declined,
And men talk only to conceal the mind.
—Young.

Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike.
—Pope.

I, I, I myself, sometimes, leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honor in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch.—Shakespeare.

O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side.
—Shakespeare.

One dupe is as impossible as one twin.—John Sterling.

Duty

Stern daughter of the voice of God!—Wordsworth.

Duties are ours; events are God's.—Cecil.

Duty is the demand of the hour.—Goethe.

Simple duty hath no place for fear.—Whittier.

Who escapes a duty avoids a gain.—Theodore Parker.

Consult duty, not events.—Annesly.

Man cannot choose his duties.—George Eliot.

New occasions teach new duties.—James Russell Lowell.

Men must be either the slaves of duty, or the slaves of force.—Joseph Joubert.

The reward of one duty is the power to fulfill another.—George Eliot.

Do the duty which lies nearest to thee.—Goethe.

Fear is not a lasting teacher of duty.—Cicero.

God never imposes a duty without giving the time to do it.—Ruskin.

Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own.—Shakespeare.

Life is of little value unless it be consecrated by duty.—Samuel Smiles

Perish discretion when it interferes with duty.—Hannah More.

The sense of duty pursues us ever.—Joseph Cook.

Thanks to the gods; my boy has done his duty.—Addison.

England expects every man to do his duty.—Horatio Nelson.

Not liberty but duty is the condition of existence.—Mathilde Blind.

There is no moment without some duty.—Cicero.

We have an intuitive sense of our duty.—Swift.

The doing of things from duty is but a stage on the road to the kingdom of truth and love.—George MacDonald.

Hath the spirit of all beauty
Kissed you in the path of duty?
—Anna Katharine Green.

There are not good things enough in life to indemnify us for the neglect of a single duty.—Madame Swetchine.

None should expect to prosper who go out of the way of duty.—Aughey.

There is nothing in the universe I fear but that I shall not know all my duty, or shall fail to do it.—Mary Lyon.

Knowledge is the hill which few may hope to climb; duty is the path that all may tread.—Lewis Morris.

Cold duty's path is not so blithely trod
Which leads the mournful spirit to its God.
—William Herbert.

When I'm not thank'd at all, I'm thank'd enough:
I've done my duty, and I've done no more.
—Fielding.

Knowledge of our duties is the most useful part of philosophy.—Whately.

The most fruitful and elevating influence I have ever seemed to meet has been my impression of obligation to God.—Daniel Webster.

The latest gospel in this world is, know thy work and do it.—Carlyle.

Duty only frowns when you flee from it; follow it, and it smiles upon you.—Elizabeth, Queen of Roumania.

Let us not run out of the path of duty, lest we run into the way of danger.—Rowland Hill.

He who can at all times sacrifice pleasure to duty approaches sublimity.—Lavater.

Never anything can be amiss, when simpleness and duty tender it.—Shakespeare.

As birds are made to fly and rivers to run, so the soul to follow duty.—Ramayana.

Every duty we omit obscures some truth we should have known.—Ruskin.

To what gulfs a single deviation from the track of human duties leads!—Byron.

Every mission constitutes a pledge of duty.—Mazzini.

Do well the duty that lies before you.—Pittachus.

In doing what we ought we deserve no praise, because it is our duty.—St. Augustine.

Zeal and duty are not slow;
But on occasion's forelock watchful wait
—Milton.

Men love to hear of their power, but have an extreme disrelish to be told their duty.—Burke.

Whether your time calls you to live or die, do both like a prince.—Sir P. Sidney.

Every one regards his duty as a troublesome master from whom he would like to be free.—La Roche.

The true way to render ourselves happy is to love our duty and find in it our pleasure.—Mme. de Motteville.

Then on! then on! where duty leads,
My course be onward still.
—Bishop Heber.

You will always find those who think they know your duty better than you know it.—Emerson.

Duty grows everywhere—like children, like grass.—Emerson.

Nothing is properly one's duty but what is also one's interest.—Bishop Wilkins.

Not once or twice in our rough island story,
The path of duty was the way to glory.
—Tennyson.

Every duty, even the least duty, involves the whole principle of obedience.—Archbishop Manning.

Thy sum of duty let two words contain—. . . be humble and be just.—Prior.

It is thy duty oftentimes to do what thou wouldst not; thy duty, too, to leave undone that thou wouldst do.—Thomas à Kempis.

There is no evil which we cannot face or fly from but the consciousness of duty disregarded.—Daniel Webster.

The last pleasure in life is the sense of discharging our duty.—Hazlitt.

Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband.
—Shakespeare.

In common things the law of sacrifice takes the form of positive duty.—Froude.

Our grand business is, not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.—Thomas Carlyle.

A nation, as an individual, has duties to fulfill appointed by God and His moral law.—Earl of Beaconsfield.

Duty—the command of heaven, the eldest voice of God.—Charles Kingsley.

Duty, especially out of the domain of love, is the veriest slavery in the world.—Timothy Titcomb.

They do well, or do their duty, who with alacrity do what they ought.—La Bruyère.

Our duty is to be useful, not according to our desires but according to our powers.—Amiel.

I am not aware that payment, or even favors, however gracious, bind any man's soul and conscience in questions of highest morality and highest importance.—Charles Kingsley.

When any duty is to be done, it is fortunate for you if you feel like doing it; but, if you do not feel like it, that is no reason for not doing it.—W. Gladden.

Brethren, life is passing; youth goes, strength decays. But duty performed, work done for God—this abides forever, this alone is imperishable.—Richard Fuller.

Man is saved by love and duty, and by the hope that springs from duty, or rather from the moral facts of consciousness, as a flower springs from the soil.—Amiel.

The pleasure a man of honor enjoys in the consciousness of having performed his duty is a reward he pays himself for all his pains.—La Bruyère.

I have learned that to do one's next duty is to take a step toward all that is worth possessing.—J. G. Holland.

Only when the voice of duty is silent, or when it has already spoken, may we allowably think of the consequences of a particular action.—Hare.

A deliberate rejection of duty prescribed by already recognized truth cannot but destroy, or at least im-

pair most seriously the clearness of our mental vision.—H. P. Liddon.

Duty is what goes most against the grain, because in doing that we do only what we are strictly obliged to, and are seldom much praised for it.—La Bruyère.

Let men of all ranks, whether they are successful or unsuccessful, whether they triumph or not—let them do their duty, and rest satisfied. —Plato.

The constant duty of every man to his fellows is to ascertain his own powers and special gifts, and to strengthen them for the help of others. —John Ruskin.

The primal duties shine aloft like stars;
The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,
Are scattered at the feet of man, like flowers. —Wordsworth.

Stern duties need not speak sternly. He who stood firm before the thunder worshipped the "still small voice." —Sidney Dobell.

It is one of the worst of errors to suppose that there is any other path of safety except that of duty.—Aughey.

Whatever our place allotted to us by Providence, that for us is the post of honor and duty. God estimates us, not by the position we are in, but by the way in which we fill it.—T. Edwards.

Let no guilty man escape, if it can be avoided. No personal consideration should stand in the way of performing a public duty.—Ulysses S. Grant.

Duty does not consist in suffering everything, but in suffering everything for duty. Sometimes, indeed, it is our duty not to suffer.—Professor Vinet.

Do your duty, and don't swerve from it. Do that which your conscience tells you to be right, and leave the consequences to God.—B. R. Haydon.

Duty is one and invariable: it requires no impossibilities, nor can it ever be disregarded with impunity.—Thoreau.

Let men laugh when you sacrifice desire to duty, if they will. You have time and eternity to rejoice in.—Theodore Parker.

I see nothing worth living for but the divine virtue which endures and surrenders all things for truth, duty, and mankind.—Channing.

Be content with doing calmly the little which depends upon yourself, and let all else be to you as if it were not.—Fénelon.

Can man or woman choose duties? No more than they can choose their birthplace, or their father and mother.—George Eliot.

All duties are matter of conscience, with this restriction that a superior obligation suspends the force of an inferior one.—L'Estrange.

Thy sum of duty let two words contain
(O may they graven in thy heart remain!)
Be humble and be just. —Prior.

Duty speaks with the lawful authority of many voices; pleasure has no strength except in the longing desire of the hungry unit.—Edith Simcox.

Of an accountable creature, duty is the concern of every moment, since he is every moment pleasing or displeasing God.—Robert Hall.

I think myself obliged, whatever my private apprehensions may be of the success, to do my duty, and leave events to their Disposer.—Robert Boyle.

The thing which must be, must be for the best; God helps us do our duty and not shrink.—Lytton.

Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God and keep His commandments, for this is the whole duty of man.—Bible.

He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten its cause.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it.—Abraham Lincoln.

Never to tire, never to grow cold; to be patient, sympathetic, tender; to look for the budding flower and the opening heart; to hope always; like God, to love always—this is duty.—Amiel.

The gospel chargeth us with piety towards God, and justice and charity to men, and temperance and chastity in reference to ourselves.—Tillotson.

If doing what ought to be done be made the first business, and success a secondary consideration—is not this the way to exalt virtue?—Confucius.

To hallow'd duty
Here with a loyal and heroic heart,
Bind we our lives. —Mrs. Osgood.

Man owes two solemn debts—one to society, and one to nature. It is only when he pays the second that he covers the first.—Douglas Jerrold.

I hate to see a thing done by halves; if it be right, do it boldly; if it be wrong, leave it undone.—Gilpin.

Duty, though set about by thorns, may still be made a staff supporting even while it tortures. Cast it away, and, like the prophet's wand, it changes to a snake.—D. Jerrold.

I slept and dreamed that life was Beauty;
I woke, and found that life was Duty—
Was thy dream then a shadowy lie?
—Ellen Sturgis Hooper.

The great point is to renounce your own wisdom by simplicity of walk, and to be ready to give up the favor, esteem, and approbation of every one, whenever the path in which God leads you passes that way.—Fénelon.

It is not the profession of religion which creates the obligation for the performance of duty; for that existed before any such profession was made. The profession of religion only recognizes the obligation.—Albert Barnes.

Duties are ours; events are God's. This removes an infinite burden from the shoulders of a miserable, tempted, dying creature. On this consideration only, can he securely lay down his head, and close his eyes.—Richard Cecil.

O thou sculptor, painter, poet,
Take this lesson to thy heart;
That is best which lieth nearest;
Shape from that thy work of art.
—Longfellow.

Put thou thy trust in God;
In duty's path go on;
Fix on His word thy steadfast eye;
So shall thy work be done.
—Martin Luther.

When faith and hope fail, as they do sometimes, we must trust charity, which is love in action. We must speculate no more on our duty, but simply do it. When we have done it, however blindly, perhaps heaven will show us the reason why.—D. M. Craik.

If the duties before us be not noble, let us ennoble them by doing them in a noble spirit; we become reconciled to life if we live in the spirit of Him who reconciled the life of God with the lowly duties of servants.—F. W. Robertson.

Do to-day's duty, fight to-day's temptation; and do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to things which you cannot see, and could not understand if you saw them.—Charles Kingsley.

Every mission constitutes a pledge of duty. Every man is bound to consecrate his every faculty to its ful-

fillment. He will derive his rule of action from the profound conviction of that duty.—William Lloyd Garrison.

There is little pleasure in the world that is true and sincere besides the pleasure of doing our duty and doing good. I am sure no other is comparable to this.—Tillotson.

The path of duty lies in what is near, and men seek for it in what is remote; the work of duty lies in what is easy, and men seek for it in what is difficult.—Mencius.

Thet tells the story! Thet's wut we shall git
By tryin' squirtguns on the burnin' Pit;
For the day never comes when it'll du
To kick off dooty like a worn-out shoe.
—Lowell.

However dear you hold your patrimony, your honor, or even your life, you should be willing to sacrifice all to duty, if you are called upon to do so.—Silvio Pellico.

And rank for her meant duty, various
Yet equal in its worth, done worthily.
Command was service; humblest service done
By willing and discerning souls was glory.
—George Eliot.

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man.
When Duty whispers low, Thou must,
The youth replies, I can.
—Emerson.

Duty reaches down the ages in its effects, and into eternity; and when the man goes about it resolutely, it seems to me now as though his footsteps were echoing beyond the stars, though only heard faintly in the atmosphere of this world.—William Mountford.

A judge's duty is to grant justice, but his practice is to delay it; even those judges who know their duty adhere to the general practice.—La Bruyère.

It is a happy thing for us that this is really all we have to concern ourselves about—what to do next. No man can do the second thing. He can do the first.—George MacDonald.

Thus is man made equal to every event. He can face danger for the right. A poor, tender, painful body, he can run into flame or bullets or pestilence, with duty for his guide.—Emerson.

Every man has obligations which belong to his station. Duties extend beyond obligations, and direct the affections, desires, and intentions, as well as the actions.—Whewell.

Rugged strength and radiant beauty—
These were one in nature's plan;
Humble toil and heavenward duty—
These will form the perfect man.
—Mrs. Hale.

And I read the moral—A brave endeavor
To do thy duty, whate'er its worth,
Is better than life with love forever,
And love is the sweetest thing on earth.
—James J. Roche.

I believe that we are conforming to the divine order and the will of Providence when we are doing even indifferent things that belong to our condition.—Fénelon.

Whoso neglects a thing which he suspects he ought to do, because it seems to him too small a thing, is deceiving himself; it is not too little, but too great for him, that he doeth it not.—E. B. Pusey.

The sense of duty is the fountain of human rights. In other words, the same inward principle which teaches the former bears witness to the latter. Duties and rights must stand and fall together.—William Ellery Channing.

In all ordinary cases we see intuitively at first view what is our duty, what is the honest part. In these cases doubt and deliberation is of itself dishonesty; as it was in Balaam's case upon the second message.—Bishop Butler.

Be not diverted from your duty by any idle reflections the silly world may make upon you, for their censures are not in your power, and con-

sequently should not be any part of your concern.—Epictetus.

Let a man begin in earnest with "I ought," and he will end, by God's grace, if he persevere, with "I will." Let him force himself to abound in all small offices of kindliness, attention, affectionateness, and all these for God's sake. By and by he will feel them become the habit of his soul.—F. W. Robertson.

Attention is our first duty whenever we want to know what is our second duty. There is no such cause of confusion and worry about what we ought to do, and how to do it, as our unwillingness to hear what God would tell us on that very point.—H. Clay Trumbull.

The great object of the Christian is duty; his predominant desire to obey God. When he can please the world consistently with these, he will do so; otherwise it is enough for him that God commands, and enough for them that he cannot disobey.—Gardiner Spring.

Go to your duty, every man, and trust yourself to Christ; for He will give you all supply just as fast as you need it. You will have just as much power as you believe you can have. Be a Christian; throw yourself upon God's work; and get the ability you want in it.—Horace Bushnell.

Let him who gropes painfully in darkness or uncertain light, and prays vehemently that the dawn may ripen into day, lay this precept well to heart: "Do the duty which lies nearest to thee," which thou knowest to be a duty! Thy second duty will already have become clearer.—Carlyle.

Submission to duty and God gives the highest energy. He, who has done the greatest work on earth, said that He came down from heaven, not to do His own will, but the will of Him who sent Him. Whoever allies himself with God is armed with all the forces of the invisible world.—Clarke.

Christian obligation cannot be made to accord with a law of expediency. The Christian's maxims are, "Do right because you are bound to do right." "Do right though the heavens fall." There is a world of difference between "You had better" and "You are bound to."—Francis L. Patton.

The secret consciousness
Of duty well performed; the public voice
Of praise that honors virtue, and rewards it;
All these are yours. —Francis.

To check the erring and reprove;
Thou who art victory and law,
When empty terrors overawe,
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice.
—Wordsworth.

Do daily and hourly your duty; do it patiently and thoroughly. Do it as it presents itself; do it at the moment, and let it be its own reward. Never mind whether it is known and acknowledged or not, but do not fail to do it.—Aughey.

We are apt to mistake our vocation by looking out of the way for occasions to exercise great and rare virtues, and by stepping over the ordinary ones that lie directly in the road before us.—Hannah More.

Reverence the highest, have patience with the lowest. Let this day's performance of the meanest duty be thy religion. Are the stars too distant, pick up the pebble that lies at thy feet and from it learn the all.—Margaret Fuller.

The people of this country have shown by the highest proofs human nature can give that wherever the path of duty and honor may lead, however steep and rugged it may be, they are ready to walk in it.—James A. Garfield.

Duty itself is supreme delight when love is the inducement and labor. By such a principle the ignorant are enlightened, the hard-hearted softened, the disobedient reformed, and the faithful encouraged.—Hosea Ballou.

The idea of duty—that recognition of something to be lived for beyond the mere satisfaction of self—is to the moral life what the addition of a great central ganglion is to animal life.—George Eliot.

There is generally no such thing as duty to the people who do it. They simply take life as it comes, meeting, not shirking its demands, whether pleasant or unpleasant; and that is pretty much all there is of it.—Gail Hamilton.

Those who do it always would as soon think of being conceited of eating their dinner as of doing their duty. What honest boy would pride himself on not picking a pocket? A thief who was trying to reform would.—George MacDonald.

High hearts are never long without hearing some new call, some distant clarion of God, even in their dreams; and soon they are observed to break up the camp of ease, and start on some fresh march of faithful service.—James Martineau.

There is no mean work save that which is sordidly selfish; there is no irreligious work save that which is morally wrong; while in every sphere of life "the post of honor is the post of duty."—Chapin.

We require from buildings, as from men, two kinds of goodness; first, the doing their practical duty well: then that they be graceful and pleasing in doing it: which last is itself another form of duty.—Ruskin.

The consideration that human happiness and moral duty are inseparably connected will always continue to prompt me to promote the progress of the former by inculcating the practice of the latter.—Washington.

Commonplace though it may appear, this doing of one's duty embodies the highest ideal of life and character. There may be nothing heroic about it; but the common lot of men is not heroic.—Samuel Smiles.

Duty is a power which rises with us in the morning, and goes to rest with us at night. It is coextensive with the action of our intelligence. It is the shadow which cleaves to us, go where we will, and which only leaves us when we leave the light of life.—Gladstone.

No man living in deliberate violation of his duty, in willful disobedience to God's commands, as taught by conscience, can possibly make progress in acquaintance with the Supreme Being. Vain are all acts of worship in church or in secret, vain are religious reading and conversation, without this instant fidelity.—W. E. Channing.

Men should soon make up their minds to be forgotten, and look about them, or within them, for some higher motive in what they do than the approbation of men, which is fame, namely, their duty; that they should be constantly and quietly at work, each in his sphere, regardless of effects, and leaving their fame to take care of itself.—Longfellow.

My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty;
To you, I am bound for life and education;
My life and education both do learn me
How to respect you; you are the lord of duty;
I am hitherto your daughter: But here's my husband. —Shakespeare.

Both love of mankind, and respect for their rights are duties; the former however is only a conditional, the latter an unconditional, purely imperative duty, which he must be perfectly certain not to have transgressed who would give himself up to the secret emotions arising from benevolence.—Kant.

Speak, Lord, our souls are hushed to hear what Thou hast to say to us. Great is the stake, overwhelming may be the risks—most glorious are the opportunities. Speak, Lord, and show us what our duty is—how high, how difficult, yet how happy, how blessed—show us what our duty is, and, O great God and Father, give us strength to do it.—Dean Stanley.

No man's spirits were ever hurt by doing his duty; on the contrary, one good action, one temptation resisted and overcome, one sacrifice of desire or interest, purely for conscience' sake, will prove a cordial for weak and low spirits, far beyond what either indulgence or diversion or company can do for them.—Paley.

It is an impressive truth that sometimes in the very lowest forms of duty, less than which would rank a man as a villain, there is, nevertheless, the sublimest ascent of self-sacrifice. To do less would class you as an object of eternal scorn, to do so much presumes the grandeur of heroism.—De Quincey.

The duty of man is not a wilderness of turnpike gates, through which he is to pass by tickets from one to the other. It is plain and simple, and consists but of two points—his duty to God, which every man must feel; and, with respect to his neighbor, to do as he would be done by.—Thomas Paine.

As soon as we lay ourselves entirely at His feet, we have enough light given us to guide our own steps; as the foot-soldier, who hears nothing of the councils that determine the course of the great battle he is in, hears plainly enough the word of command which he must himself obey.—George Eliot.

The everyday cares and duties, which men call drudgery, are the weights and counterpoises of the clock of time, giving its pendulum a true vibration and its hands a regular motion; and when they cease to hang upon its wheels, the pendulum no longer swings, the hands no longer move, the clock stands still.—Longfellow.

In the sacred fact of obligation you touch the immutable, and lay hold, as it were, on the eternities. At the very center of your being, there is a fixed element, and that of a kind or degree essentially sovereign. A standard is set up in your very thought, by which a great part of your questions are determined, and about which your otherwise random thoughts may settle into order and law.—Horace Bushnell.

Is there no reconciliation of some ancient quarrel, no payment of some long outstanding debt, no courtesy or love or honor to be rendered to those to whom it has long been due; no charitable, humble, kind, useful deed, by which you can promote the glory of God, or good will among men, or peace upon earth? If there be any such, I beseech you, in God's name, in Christ's name, go and do it.—Dean Stanley.

Let us do our duty in our shop or our kitchen, the market, the street, the office, the school, the home, just as faithfully as if we stood in the front rank of some great battle, and we knew that victory for mankind depended upon our bravery, strength, and skill. When we do that the humblest of us will be serving in that great army which achieves the welfare of the world.—Theodore Parker.

Take your duty, and be strong in it, as God will make you strong. The harder it is, the stronger in fact you will be. Understand, also, that the great question here is, not what you will get, but what you will become. The greatest wealth you can ever get will be in yourself. Take your burdens and troubles and losses and wrongs, if come they must and will, as your opportunity, knowing that God has girded you for greater things than these.—Horace Bushnell.

The moment you can make a very simple discovery, viz., that obligation to God is your privilege, and is not imposed as a burden, your experience will teach you many things—that duty is liberty, that repentance is a release from sorrow, that sacrifice is gain, that humility is dignity, that the truth from which you hide is a healing element that bathes your disordered life, and that even the penalties and terrors of God are the artillery

only of protection to His realm.—Horace Bushnell.

The things of the world are ever rising and falling, and in perpetual change; and this change must be according to the will of God, as He has bestowed upon man neither the wisdom nor the power to enable him to check it. The great lesson in these things is, that man must strengthen himself doubly at such times to fulfill his duty and to do what is right, and must seek his happiness and inward peace from objects which cannot be taken away from him.—Wilhelm von Humboldt.

I cannot but take notice of the wonderful love of God to mankind, who, in order to encourage obedience to His laws, has annexed a present as well as a future reward to a good life; and has so interwoven our duty and our happiness together that, while we are discharging our obligations to the one, we are at the same time making the best provision for the other.—Melmoth.

There is no evil that we cannot either face or fly from but the consciousness of duty disregarded. A sense of duty pursues us ever. It is omnipresent, like the Deity. If we take to ourselves the wings of the morning, and dwell in the utmost parts of the seas, duty performed, or duty violated, is still with us, for our happiness or our misery. If we say the darkness shall cover us, in the darkness as in the light our obligations are yet with us. We cannot escape their power, nor fly from their presence. They are with us in this life, will be with us at its close, and in that scene of inconceivable solemnity which lies yet further onward we shall still find ourselves surrounded by the consciousness of duty, to pain us wherever it has been violated, and to console us so far as God may have given us grace to perform it.—Webster.

Not infrequently are Christians heard to speak of duties as crosses to be borne; and I am convinced that some among them regard their performance as a complete compliance with the law of self-denial. It is a cross to pray, to speak, to commend Christ to others, to attend church, to frequent the social meetings, and, indeed, to do anything of a distinctly religious nature. By the force of their will and with the aid of sundry admonitions they bring themselves up to the discharge of those obligations, but, on the whole, they feel that it should entitle them to a place in "the noble army of martyrs." I am sorry to dissipate the comfortable illusion; but I am compelled to assure them that they totally misapprehend the doctrine of our Lord. He said that it was His meat and drink to do the will of His Father; and He never once refers to duty in any other way than as a delight. The cross was something distinct from it.—George C. Lorimer.

Feeble are we? Yes, without God we are nothing. But what, by faith, every man may be, God requires him to be. This is the only Christian idea of duty. Measure obligation by inherent ability! No, my brethren, Christian obligation has a very different measure. It is measured by the power that God will give us, measured by the gifts and possible increments of faith. And what a reckoning will it be for many of us, when Christ summons us to answer before Him under the law, not for what we are, but for what we might have been. —Horace Bushnell.

Dwarf

A dwarf on a giant's shoulders sees further of the two.—Herbert.

E

Eagle

Other birds fight in flocks, but the eagle fights his battles alone.

King of the peak and glacier,
King of the cold, white scalps,
He lifts his head at that close tread,
The eagle of the Alps.
—Victor Hugo.

Bird of the broad and sweeping wing,
Thy home is high in heaven,
Where wide the storms their banners fling,
And the tempest clouds are driven.
—Percival.

Around, around, in ceaseless circles wheeling,
With clangs of wings and scream, the Eagle sailed
Incessantly. —Shelley.

So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart. —Byron.

Tho' he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Theban eagle bear,
Sailing with supreme dominion
Thro' the azure deep of air.
—Gray.

That eagle's fate and mine are one,
Which, on the shaft that made him die,
Espied a feather of his own,
Wherewith he wont to soar so high.
—E. Waller.

Shall eagles not be eagles? wrens be wrens?
If all the world were falcons, what of that?
The wonder of the eagle were the less,
But he not less the eagle. —Tennyson.

He clasps the crag with hooked hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.
The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls:
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.
—Tennyson.

Ear

The ear is the road to the heart.—Voltaire.

One ear it heard, at the other out it went.—Chaucer.

Make not my ear a stranger to thy thoughts.—Addison.

Sir J. Davies calls the ear the wicket of the soul.—G. A. Sala.

A side intelligencer.—Lamb.

The ear in man and beast is an evidence of blood and high breeding.—N. P. Willis.

Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice; take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.—Shakespeare.

Eyes and ears, two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores of will and judgment.—Shakespeare.

Early Rising

Prevent your day at morning.—Ben Jonson.

Thus we improve the pleasures of the day,
While tasteless mortals sleep their time away. —Mrs. Centlivre.

When one begins to turn in bed, it is time to get up.—Wellington.

The early morning has gold in its mouth.—Franklin.

I rise with the lark.—Anonymous.

Awake before the sun is risen, I call for my pen and papers and desk. —Smart.

Few ever lived to a great age, and fewer still ever became distinguished, who were not in the habit of early rising.—Dr. John Todd.

Next to temperance, a quiet conscience, a cheerful mind and active habits, I place early rising as a means of health and happiness.—Flint.

I would have inscribed on the curtains of your bed, and the walls of your chamber: "If you do not rise early, you can make progress in nothing."—Chatham.

He that from childhood has made rising betimes familiar to him will not waste the best part of his life in drowsiness.—Locke.

The famous Apollonius being very early at Vespasian's gate, and finding him stirring, from thence conjectured that he was worthy to govern an empire, and said to his companion, "This man surely will be emperor; he is so early."—Caussin.

The difference between rising at five and seven o'clock in the morning, for the space of forty years, supposing a man to go to bed at the same hour at night, is nearly equivalent to ten additional years to a man's life.—Doddridge.

Early rising not only gives us more life in the same number of our years, but adds likewise to their number; and not only enables us to enjoy more of existence in the same measure of time, but increases also the measure. —Colton.

No man can promise himself even fifty years of life, but any man may, if he please, live in the proportion of fifty years in forty—let him rise early. that he may have the day before him, and let him make the most of the day, by determining to expend it on two sorts of acquaintance only—those by whom something may be got, and those from whom something may be learnt.—Colton.

Six, or at most seven, hours' sleep is, for a constancy, as much as you or anybody else can want; more is only laziness and dozing, and is, I am persuaded, both unwholesome and stupefying.—Chesterfield.

Whoever has tasted the breath of morning knows that the most invigorating and most delightful hours of the day are commonly spent in bed; though it is the evident intention of nature that we should enjoy and profit by them.—Southey.

O, there is a charm
Which morning has, that gives the brow of age
A smack of earth, and makes the lip of youth
Shed perfume exquisite. Expect it not,
Ye who till noon upon a down bed lie,
Indulging feverous sleep. —Hurdis.

With charwomen such early hours agree,
And sweeps, that earn betimes their bit and sup;
But I'm no climbing boy, and need not be,
All up—all up!
So here I'll lie, my morning calls deferring,
Till something nearer to the stroke of noon;
A man that's fond precociously of stirring,
Must be a spoon. —Thomas Hood.

Is there aught in sleep can charm the wise,
To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
The fleeting moments of too short a life;
Total extinction of the enlighten'd soul?
Wilder'd and tossing thro' distemper'd dreams?
Who would in such a gloomy state remain
Longer than nature craves; when ev'ry muse
And every blooming pleasure wait without,
To bless the wildly devious morning walk?
—Thomson.

When you find an unwillingness to rise early in the morning, endeavor to rouse your faculties, and act up to your kind, and consider that you have to do the business of a man; and that

action is both beneficial and the end of your being.—Antoninus.

Earnestness

Earnestness is the devotion of all the faculties.—C. N. Bovee.

Earnestness alone makes life eternity.—Carlyle.

Time and pains will do anything.—F. W. Robertson.

Intense people are usually narrow-minded.—Madame de Sartory.

Earnestness and sincerity are synonymous.—Kant.

Earnestness is the salt of eloquence.—Victor Hugo.

The generous warmth that prompts to worthy deeds.—Gifford.

Earnestness is enthusiasm tempered by reason.—Pascal.

His heart was in his work, and the heart giveth grace unto every art.—Longfellow.

There is no substitute for thoroughgoing, ardent, and sincere earnestness.—Dickens.

A man in earnest finds means, or, if he cannot find, creates them.—William Ellery Channing.

My God, help me always resolutely to strive, and, through life and death, to force my way unto Thee.—Christian Scriver.

The earnestness of life is the only passport to the satisfaction of life.—Theodore Parker.

Earnestness is needed in this world as much as any virtue.—James Ellis.

Earnestness is the best gift of mental power, and deficiency of heart is the cause of many men never becoming great.—Bulwer.

A man is relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his best; but what he has said or done otherwise shall give no peace.—Emerson.

Vigor is contagious; and whatever makes us either think or feel strongly adds to our power and enlarges our field of action.—Emerson.

The most precious wine is produced upon the sides of volcanoes. Now bold and inspiring ideals are only born of a clear head that stands over a glowing heart.—Horace Mann.

Child of earth and earthly sorrows—child of God and immortal hopes—arise from thy sadness, gird up the loins of thy mind, and with unfaltering energy press toward thy rest and reward on high.—E. L. Magoon.

Up, then, with speed, and work;
Fling ease and self away—
This is no time for thee to sleep—
Up, watch, and work, and pray!
—Horatius Bonar.

The shortest and surest way to prove a work possible is strenuously to set about it; and no wonder if that proves it possible that for the most part makes it so.—South.

Earnestness commands the respect of mankind. A wavering, vascillating, dead-and-alive Christian does not get the respect of the church or the world.—John Hall.

A man without earnestness is a mournful and perplexing spectacle. But it is a consolation to believe, as we must of such a one, that he is the most effectual and compulsive of all schools.—Sterling.

I look upon enthusiasm in all other points but that of religion to be a very necessary turn of mind; as, indeed, it is a vein which nature seems to have marked with more or less strength in the tempers of most men.—Fitzosborne.

He who would do some great thing in this short life, must apply himself to the work with such a concentration of his forces as to the idle spectators,

who live only to amuse themselves, looks like insanity.—John Foster.

Without earnestness no man is ever great, or does really great things. He may be the cleverest of men; he may be brilliant, entertaining, popular; but he will want weight. No soul-moving picture was ever painted that had not in it depth of shadow.—Peter Bayne.

Do you wish to become rich? You may become rich, that is, if you desire it in no half way, but thoroughly. A miser sacrifices all to his single passion; hoards farthings and dies possessed of wealth. Do you wish to master any science or accomplishment? Give yourself to it and it lies beneath your feet. Time and pains will do anything. This world is given as the prize for the men in earnest; and that which is true of this world is truer still of the world to come.—F. W. Robertson.

Earnestness is the cause of patience; it gives endurance, overcomes pain, strengthens weakness, braves dangers, sustains hope, makes light of difficulties, and lessens the sense of weariness in overcoming them.—Bovee.

Earth

The rugged, all-nourishing earth.—Sophocles.

The flowers are but earth vivified.—Lamartine.

Earth, air, and ocean, glorious three.—R. Montgomery.

Earth, ocean, air, beloved brotherhood.—Shelley.

The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb.—Shakespeare.

This goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory.—Shakespeare.

I believe this earth on which we stand is but the vestibule to glorious mansions through which a moving crowd forever press.—Joanna Baillie.

Once every atom of this ground lived, breathed, and felt like me!—James Montgomery.

We are pilgrims, not settlers; this earth is our inn, not our home.—J. H. Vincent.

Air, earth, and seas, obey'd th' Almighty nod,
And with a general fear confess'd the God.
—Dryden.

Speak no harsh words of earth; she is our mother, and few of us her sons who have not added a wrinkle to her brow.—Alexander Smith.

Nought so vile that on the earth doth live, but to the earth some special good doth give.—Shakespeare.

Where is the dust that has not been alive?
The spade, the plough, disturb our ancestors;
From human mould we reap our daily bread. —Young.

This poor world, the object of so much insane attachment, we are about to leave; it is but misery, vanity, and folly; a phantom—the very fashion of which "passeth away."—Fénelon.

Earth, thou great footstool of our God
Who reigns on high; thou fruitful source
Of all our raiment, life and food,
Our house, our parent, and our nurse.
—Watts.

Friend, hast thou considered the "rugged, all-nourishing earth," as Sophocles well names her; how she feeds the sparrow on the housetop, much more her darling man?—Carlyle.

Lean not on earth; it will pierce thee to the heart; a broken reed at best; but oft a spear, on its sharp point Peace bleeds and Hope expires. —Young.

Let the mantle of worldly enjoyments hang loose about you, that it may be easily dropped when death comes to carry you into another world. —T. Boston.

The earth, though in comparison of heaven so small, nor glistering, may

of solid good contain more plenty than the sun, that barren shines.—Milton.

I speak of that learning which makes us acquainted with the boundless extent of nature, and the universe, and which even while we remain in this world, discovers to us both heaven, earth, and sea.—Cicero.

The earth is bright,
And I am earthly, so I love it well;
Though heaven is holier, and full of light
Yet I am frail, and with frail things would dwell. —Mrs. Judson.

Our earthly possessions will indeed perish in the final wreck of all things; but let the ship perish, let all we have sink in the deep, if we may come "safe to land." From these storms and billows—these dangerous seas—these tempestuous voyages—may we all be brought at last safe to heaven.—Albert Barnes.

The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. —Shakespeare.

Transiency is stamped on all our possessions, occupations, and delights. We have the hunger for eternity in our souls, the thought of eternity in our hearts, the destination for eternity written on our inmost being, and the need to ally ourselves with eternity proclaimed by the most short-lived trifles of time. Either these things will be the blessing or the curse of our lives. Which do you mean that they shall be for you?—Alexander Maclaren.

Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
The very stones prate of my whereabout.
—Shakespeare.

It is this earth that, like a kind mother, receives us at our birth, and sustains us when born; it is this alone, of all the elements around us, that is never found an enemy of man. —Pliny.

The waters deluge man with rain, oppress him with hail, and drown him with inundations; the air rushes in storms, prepares the tempest, or lights up the volcano; but the earth, gentle and indulgent, ever subservient to the wants of man, spreads his walks with flowers and his table with plenty; returns with interest every good committed to her care, and though she produces the poison, she still supplies the antidote; though constantly teased more to furnish the luxuries of man than his necessities, yet, even to the last, she continues her kind indulgence, and when life is over she piously covers his remains in her bosom.—Pliny.

The common growth of Mother Earth
Suffices me—her tears, her mirth,
Her humblest mirth and tears.
—Wordsworth.

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions; oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples down
Steeples and moss-grown towers.
—Shakespeare.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And, even with something of a mother's mind,
And no unworthy aim,
The homely nurse doth all she can
To make her foster child, her inmate man,
Forget the glories he hath known
And that imperial palace whence he came.
—Wordsworth.

Ease

A life of ease is a difficult pursuit. —Cowper.

Indulge, and to thy genius freely give,
For not to live at ease is not to live.
—Persius.

Ease leads to habit, as success to ease.
He lives by rule who lives himself to please.
—Crabbe.

He lives at ease that freely lives.—Barbour.

Easter

Hail, day of days! in peals of praise
Throughout all ages owned,
When Christ, our God, hell's empire trod,
And high o'er heaven was throned.
—Fortunatus.

Ye heavens, how sang they in your courts,
How sang the angelic choir that day,
When from His tomb the imprisoned God,
Like the strong sunrise, broke away?
—Frederick William Faber, D. D.

Christ is our Passover!
And we will keep the feast
With the new leaven,
The bread of heaven:
All welcome, even the least!
—A. R. Thompson, D. D.

"Christ the Lord is risen to-day,"
Sons of men and angels say.
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.
—Charles Wesley.

Jesus lives, to Him the Throne
Over all the world is given,
May we go where He is gone,
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.
Alleluia! —C. F. Gillert.

Yes, He is ris'n who is the First and Last;
Who was and is; who liveth and was dead;
Beyond the reach of death He now has pass'd,
Of the one glorious Church the glorious Head. —Horatius Bonar, D. D.

O Risen Christ! O Easter Flower!
How dear Thy Grace has grown!
From east to west, with loving power,
Make all the world Thine own.
—Phillips Brooks.

Awake, thou wintry earth—
Fling off thy sadness!
Fair vernal flowers, laugh forth
Your ancient gladness!
Christ is risen.
—Thomas Blackburn.

Come, ye saints, look here and wonder,
See the place where Jesus lay;
He has burst His bands asunder;
He has borne our sins away;
Joyful tidings,
Yes, the Lord has risen to-day.
—Thomas Kelly.

God expects from men something more at such times, and that it were much to be wished for the credit of their religion as well as the satisfaction of their conscience that their Easter devotions would in some measure come up to their Easter dress.—South.

Rise, heart! thy Lord is risen. Sing His praise
Without delays.
Who takes thee by the hand, that thou likewise
With Him mayst rise—
That as His death condemned thee to dust,
His life may make thee gold, and much more just. —Herbert.

The fasts are done; the Aves said;
The moon has filled her horn;
And in the solemn night I watch
Before the Easter morn.
So pure, so still the starry heaven,
So hushed the brooding air,
I could hear the sweep of an angel's wings
If one should earthward fare.
—Edna Dean Proctor.

Ring, snow-white bells, your purest praise
To glorify this Easter day,
And let our risen Saviour's joy
Your voiceless, fragrant breath employ—
Fill every valley with perfume
And lighten death's appalling gloom,
Teach ye our troubled hearts the way
To trust our Saviour every day.
—W. J. R. Taylor.

Christ hath arisen! O mountain peaks, attest—
Witness, resounding glen and torrent wave!
The immortal courage in the human breast
Sprung from that victory—tell how oft the brave
To camp 'midst rock and cave,
Nerved by those words, their struggling faith have borne,
Planting the cross on high above the clouds of morn! —Mrs. Hemans.

Sing aloud, children! sing to the glorious King
Of Redemption, who sits on the throne,
For the seraphim high veil their faces, and cry,
And the angels are praising the Son.
With His raiment blood-dyed, and with wounds in His side,
He returns like a chief from the war,
When His champion blow hath laid death and hell low,
And hath driven destruction afar.
—A. R. Thompson, D. D.

Our faith in God asks of Him a risen Redeemer, and the faith is answered in a Saviour raised from the dead.—Bishop Fallows.

But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept.—Bible.

Immortality is the glorious discovery of Christianity.—Channing.

The resurrection of Jesus Christ is a certainty. If any fact, not merely of Christianity, but of history, stands on an impregnable foundation, this does.—E. P. Goodwin, D. D.

Tomb, thou shalt not hold Him longer;
Death is strong, but life is stronger;
Stronger than the dark, the light;
Stronger than the wrong, the right;
Faith and hope triumphant say,
"Christ will rise on Easter day!"
—Phillips Brooks.

Up and down our lives obedient
Walk, dear Christ, with footsteps radiant,
Till those garden lives shall be
Fair with duties done for Thee;
And our thankful spirits say,
"Christ arose on Easter Day."
—Phillips Brooks, D. D.

The fact of resurrection is not extraordinary; it is in accord with what we who believe at all believe to be the uniform law of life—that death does not touch it. The witnesses to the resurrection of Christ were unprejudiced, unexpectant, incredulous, and their honesty is not doubted even by skeptical criticism.—Spurgeon.

Had Christ not risen we could not believe Him to be what He declared Himself when He "made Himself equal with God." But He has risen in the confirmation of all His claims. By it alone, but by it thoroughly, is He manifested as the very Son of God, who has come into the world to reconcile the world to Himself. It is the fundamental fact in the Christian's unwavering confidence in "all the words of this life."—Benj. B. Warfield, D. D.

From the empty grave of Jesus the enemies of the cross turn away in unconcealable dismay. Those whom the force of no logic can convince, and whose hearts are steeled against the appeal of almighty love from the cross itself, quail before the irresistible power of this simple fact. Christ has risen from the dead! After two thousand years of the most determined assault upon the evidence which demonstrates it, that fact stands. And so long as it stands Christianity, too, must stand as the one supernatural religion.—Benj. B. Warfield, D. D.

This Easter-time brings us the assurance that when He comes and shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel and with the trump of God, believers who sleep in Christ and those then living will be caught up together to meet Him in the air, and all will be, as in the twinkling of an eye, transformed and transfigured and possessed of bodies as perfect and as glorious as His own, and in these glorious and resplendent bodies we shall reign and rejoice forever.—E. P. Goodwin, D. D.

Had He not emerged from the tomb all our hopes, all our salvation would be lying dead with Him unto this day. But as we see Him issue from the grave we see ourselves issue with Him in newness of life. Now we know that His shoulders were strong enough to bear the burden that was laid upon them, and that He is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God through Him. The resurrection of Christ is thus the indispensable evidence of His completed work, His accomplished redemption.—Benj. B. Warfield.

All Christian worship is a witness of the resurrection of Him who liveth for ever and ever. Because He lives, "now abideth faith, hope, charity."—Lyman Abbott.

In every grave on earth's green sward is a tiny seed of the resurrection life of Jesus Christ, and that seed cannot perish. It will germinate when the warm south wind of Christ's return brings back the spring-tide to this cold sin-cursed earth of ours; and then they that are in their graves, and we who shall lie down in ours, will feel in our mortal bodies the power of His resurrection, and will come forth to life immortal.—Dr. David Gregg.

In Christ's resurrection, therefore, the Christian man sees the earnest and pledge of his own resurrection; and by it he is enheartened as he lays away the bodies of those dear to him, not sorrowing "as the rest that have no hope," but with hearts swelling with glad anticipations of the day when they shall rise to meet their Lord. "For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also that are fallen asleep in Jesus will He bring with Him."—Benj. B. Warfield, D. D.

A happy and a glorious Easter will this one be to all of us who get a new vision of the risen Christ, and prostrate ourselves in humble adoration at His feet, and cry out: "Rabboni! Rabboni!" Then shall we set our hearts, lifted into a new atmosphere, on things above, and reach an actual higher life. We shall know more of what it is to live by Christ, in Christ, for Christ, and with Christ, till we reach the marvelous light around the throne in glory.—Theo. L. Cuyler, D. D.

We can no longer speak of a bourne from which no traveler e'er returns. The middle wall of partition has been broken down and the boundary become but an invisible line by the resurrection of Christ. That He who died has been raised again and ever lives in the form of a complete humanity is the fundamental fact in the revelation of the Christian doctrine of immortality.—Benj. B. Warfield, D. D.

It was for the glory that was set before Him that Christ endured the humiliation and suffering of the cross. Let us keep our eyes fixed steadily on the crown immortal, and then our sacrifices and services, and sufferings for Christ's cause, will seem light and trival in comparison. * * * The seal of the Sanhedrim, a regiment of soldiers from the town, a floor of rock, a roof of rock, a wall of rock, a niche of rock, cannot keep Christ in the crypt. Though you pile upon us all the boulders of the mountains, you cannot keep us down. The door of the tomb will be lifted from its hinges and flung flat in the dust.—Talmage.

Over all earth's scarred and graveridged surface it kindled the light of this great hope: These moldering ashes may live again in human form. By the testimony of the senses Jesus is alive from the dead, and by the emptiness of Joseph's sepulcher, by Mary's risen Son, the resurrection is not incredible. Bereaved hearts may wrap themselves around with its sweet hope; human graves may be made vocal with its promise! the dying race of man come unto victory through faith.—S. S. Mitchell, D. D.

Jesus has redeemed not only our souls, but our bodies. When the Lord shall deliver His captive people out of the land of the enemy He will not leave a bone of one of them in the adversary's power. The dominion of death shall be utterly broken.—Spurgeon.

Ring, joyous bells of Easter,
Death hath not conquered Life;
Victorious is our risen Lord,
And finished all His strife,
From Calvary's mount of darkness,
Lo! starry lilies bloom;
For by the cross we conquer
And fearless face the tomb.
—Mary E. Sangster.

For forty centuries, in one unbroken column, the race of man had been marching into the shadows. And of all the millions who had descended into the shadowed valley, not one had ever returned. No dead human form through all the centuries had risen up into a post-mortem life. There was in all Earth's area not one empty grave. No human heart believed, no human voice declared that there was such a grave—a grave robbed by the power of a victor stronger than man's great enemy, death. It was therefore a new and wonderful message which the Apostle communicated, when unto the dying race of man he lifted up his voice in the words: "One human form has risen from the dead; one grave of earth is empty; the man Christ Jesus who was dead, is alive again."—S. S. Mitchell, D. D.

This, then, is the doctrine of the resurrection. We do not believe—at least I do not—that law has been rudely violated in one extraordinary and unparalleled episode. We believe that a universal law of life, overmastering death, and always superior to it, has had once a visible witness.—Spurgeon.

If you have no share in the living Lord may God have mercy upon you! If you have no share in Christ's rising from the dead then you will not be raised up in the likeness of His glorified body. If you do not attain to that resurrection from among the dead then you must abide in death.—Spurgeon.

Whoever, therefore, is a true believer has of necessity an indefeasible hope, an absolute certainty of salvation. He shares the resurrection of Christ. His sins are as absolutely buried out of God's sight as the body of Christ was buried in the tomb from the light of day. They can no more touch and spoil his hope than they can touch and condemn the risen Lord. All true children of God are now, because of His resurrection, wholly and forever justified, assured absolutely that they are now heirs of God and joint heirs with Jesus Christ, and waiting only for the day of full and final deliverance and glorification. E. P. Goodwin, D. D.

We have often asserted, and we affirm it yet again, that no fact in history is better attested than the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead. It must not be denied, by any who are willing to pay the slightest respect to the testimony of their fellow-men, that Jesus, who died upon the cross, and was buried in the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, did literally rise again from the dead.—Spurgeon.

A bare seed is the former. Look into the wheat bin. There lie the bare seeds—the natural bodies—but no artist would think of sitting down before them. Now turn your eyes upon the field of living grain as the winds of summer billow its surface. What beauty—what a glory! The bare grains have risen from death in a body of living green, matchless in the splendor of a new and a higher material body. So is the resurrection of the human form. It is sown corruptible—it is raised incorruptible; it is sown in weakness—it is raised in power; a low, inferior, imperfect body is sown—one of glorious perfection rises up from this, as from a seed. There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body, and the former comes first—is the seed of the latter? As we have borne the image of the earthly, so also shall we bear the image of the heavenly.—S. S. Mitchell, D. D.

We Christians do not believe that Jesus Christ was the only one that ever rose from the dead. We believe that every death-bed is a resurrection; that from every grave the stone is rolled away.—Spurgeon.

No one has ever yet succeeded in resolving the narrative of this event into figure or myth, and failures in this direction go to prove that the evidence on which the event rests is unimpeachable. And if it is trustworthy, then Christianity rests on a sure foundation, and our faith is in no sense vain, but warrantable and precious.—Geo. C. Lorimer, D. D.

Let patriotism have its high days and freedom its monuments, and let the triumphs of navigators and generals be annually observed; but surely, beyond all these, a season that stands for as much to the race as Easter does may well be remembered each year with songs and flowers and with every mark of gratitude and of loftiest jubilation.—Rev. Geo. C. Lorimer, D. D.

It longs for existence that it may have life. Life and immortality are brought to light by the higher and holy nature of the risen Christ, who shows the meaning and possibilities of life, and awakens in all responsive natures a desire to live. Every Christian life becomes thus a witness of the resurrection. Its very possibility in a world of evil is due to a

living Saviour. "Because I live, ye shall live also."—Bishop Hendrix.

See the land, her Easter keeping,
Rises as her Maker rose;
Seeds so long in darkness sleeping
Burst at last from winter snows.
Earth with heaven above rejoices;
Fields and garlands hail the spring;
Shaughs and woodlands ring with voices
While the wild birds build and sing.
—Charles Kingsley.

Christ is risen from the dead, and thus His own words have been justified. Christ is risen from the dead, and thus God has given Him the sign of His Messianic mission. The final and absolute seal of genuineness has been put on all His claims, and the indelible stamp of a divine authority upon all His teachings. The resurrection spans and binds the sacred Scriptures from Genesis to Revelation. Christ is risen from the dead, and every promise of God is yea and amen in Him.—Bishop Fallows.

Was it not most meet that a woman should first see the risen Saviour? She was first in the transgression; let her be first in the justification. In yon garden she was first to work our wo; let her in that other garden be the first to see Him who works our weal. She takes first the apple of that bitter tree which brings us all our sorrow; let her be the first to see the Mighty Gardener, who has planted a tree which brings forth fruit unto everlasting life.—Spurgeon.

Let all the jubilant sounds of earth swing up in one resonant wave of triumphant song. Let us robe ourselves in the sunny gladness of a hope so bright—the hope that defies death, and reaches across all the breadth of graves, and clasps the hand of an immortal friend, and says through any hour of sorrow, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him"—waking or sleeping, for, waking or sleeping, we are the Lord's; and while it thus chants its faith, hears, rising slow and sweet, and with an olden pathos, out of the deeps of ancient days, the quenchless faith of a twilight child of God: "I know that my Redeemer liveth: * * * and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God."—Rev. I. M. Haldemann.

Christendom never came from an unbroken grave. It would have been buried in that grave, as Judas thought it was going to be, and as the Jews thought it was going to be, except there had been a resurrection from the dead. Then you can explain Christendom, churches, and literatures, if Christ rose again; but otherwise they cannot be explained at all. Our whole civilization rests on the broken Cross of the Master, and it is incredible that a civilization like this, in a world advancing steadily for eighteen centuries, has been founded on a lie.—Richard S. Storrs, D. D.

We do not strike out one part or another part of the prophecy on record; we have the whole compacted together by this mighty keystone in the arch, the resurrection of the Son of God and the glorious manifestation given by Him as the divine representative and Son in the world. Then the world is beautiful; it is not a place of graves; it is a place of graves that are to be opened. It is not the city of the dead. They who are dead to human view are living unto God. It is a portal of paradise instead of a place of graves, and there is light upon it every Easter morning such as never was before on sea or shore until the Master had risen from the grave.—Richard S. Storrs, D. D.

We greatly need the cheer of this precious Easter truth. We make too little of the place our Lord has gone to prepare for us. We rob ourselves greatly when we try to reduce heaven to a mere state of ecstatic feeling. We need the cheer which comes of having the eye of faith fixed on the better country and the city that hath the foundations. Such a certainty of an inheritance that is real and that cannot fade away goes far to mitigate the pangs which come of the fires and floods and disasters and frauds which so often despoil God's people of their earthly possessions; for we know that

the things seen are temporal, but the things not seen are eternal, and they are only a few heart-beats away.—E. P. Goodwin, D. D.

He who burst the bars of death was thereby declared to be the Son of God with power. Since the resurrection morning there has never been—there could not be—the slightest question as to His final rulership of the world. Death was conquered, Satan was conquered, and He proclaimed the wearer of the name above every name. His final triumph was hence merely a question of the fullness of time. And He is now seated at the right hand of the Father, from henceforth expecting till His enemies are made His footstool. This Easter morning certifies us of that approaching day, and with, as it were, the foregleams of its glory on our faces and the stirrings of its mighty joy in our hearts, bids us watch and pray and look for the coming of the King.—E. P. Goodwin, D. D.

Preach the defeat of death and the triumph over the grave as historic facts; preach it as the great middle truth, as the potent truth out of which all others of our faith flow forth; keep it ever lifted up as the justification of all our best endeavors; preach it as the one great thing that rails off the children of God from the children of death; hold it out as the beacon across all the dark waters of time's tumult; throw it out in the face of human fears, and tell it increasingly with joy.—Rev. I. M. Haldemann.

Remember there is no man can say that Jesus is the Lord but by the Holy Ghost; so no man can profess, to any purpose, faith in Christ's resurrection but by the Holy Ghost. "It is the Spirit that beareth witness" now, as nineteen centuries ago, by that influence on the will of man which leaves the intellect at liberty to do justice to the evidence before it. Pray that most blessed Spirit so to teach your hearts and wills that you may, at least, have no reason for wishing the resurrection to be untrue. Pray Him for His gracious assistance that you may recover or may strengthen the great grace of faith and have your part in the blessed promise of the apostle: "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thy heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved."—Canon Liddon, D. D.

Thine, O death, was the furrow: we cast therein the precious seed. Now let us wait and see what God shall bring forth for us. A single leaf falls—the bud at its axil will shoot forth many leaves. The husbandman bargains with the year to give back a hundred grains for the one buried. Shall God be less generous? Yet, when we sow, our hearts think that beauty is gone out, that all is lost. But when God shall bring again to our eyes the hundredfold beauty and sweetness of that which we planted, how shall we shame over that dim faith that, having eyes, saw not, and ears, heard not, though all heaven and all the earth appeared, and spake, to comfort those who mourn!—Henry Ward Beecher.

There can, I apprehend, my dear brethren, be no sort of doubt that, if an ordinary historical occurrence, such as the death of Julius Cæsar, is attested as clearly as the resurrection of our Lord—not, we will suppose, more clearly nor less—as having taken place nineteen centuries ago, all the world would believe it as a matter of course. Nay, more: if an extraordinary occurrence traversing the usual operations of God in nature were similarly tested, it would be easily believed if only it stood alone as an isolated wonder connected with no religious claims, implying no religious duties, appealing only to the bare understanding, and having no bearing, however remote, upon the will. The reason why the resurrection was not always believed upon the evidence of those who were witness to it was because to believe means for a consistent and thoughtful man to believe in and accept practically a great deal else. To believe the resurrection is to

believe implicitly in the Christian faith.—Canon Liddon, D. D.

He (Death) carries a black flag, and he takes no prisoners. He digs a trench across the hemispheres and fills it with the carcasses of nations. Fifty times would the world have been depopulated had not God kept making new generations. Fifty times the world would have swung lifeless through the air—no man on the mountain, no man on the sea—an abandoned ship plowing through immensity. Again and again has He done this work with all generations. He is a monarch as well as a conqueror; His palace a sepulcher; His fountains the falling tears of a world. Blessed be God! in the light of this Easter morning I see the prophecy that His scepter shall be broken and His palace shall be demolished. The hour is coming when all who are in their graves shall come forth. Christ risen, we shall rise. Jesus is "the first-fruits of them that slept."

Day of the Crucified Lord's Resurrection;
Day that the Lord by His triumph hath made;
Day of Redemption's seal of perfection;
Day of the Crown of His power displayed;
Beautiful Easter, dazzling bright;
Sun-Day that filleth all Sundays with light!
Queen of all festivals; glad culmination
Of the bright feasts that encircle the year;
Glimpsing the Life, in a transfiguration,
That shall at length in its glory appear.
Beautiful Easter; day in its height;
Sun-Day that filleth all Sundays with light!
He who redeemeth, consoleth, forgiveth;
Who His own body raised up from the dead,
Holdeth all evil in bondage and liveth,
Source of all blessing, our Life and our Head.
It is His Glory that maketh thee bright,
Sun-Day that filleth all Sundays with light!
—Harriet McEwen Kimball.

Most of all, when the very anniversary comes and we are carried back to the cross and to the sepulcher from which the Master came, should this note of triumph be in our hearts or on our lips: songs of triumphant praise should sound from organ and voice. When we go home, it should be with a feeling that the world is consecrated, the sepulcher has been broken, and that life is lovelier than ever, and duty more beautiful, and death not terrible. So we should walk with an elastic step, with a light shining over our faces and in our eyes, and with music on our lips as we go to our homes; and if any one ask, Whence came this new expression? Whence came this sweeter and more victorious tone? we should be able to say to them, It is natural, for to-day I have walked with the risen Christ; to-day I have walked as conqueror of the Cross with Him who conquered it; to-day I have walked near the gates which He entered who broke the bars of the sepulcher and ascended in glory to heaven.—Richard S. Storrs, D. D.

Eating

We must eat to live, not live to eat.—Fielding.

He was a bold man that first ate an oyster.—Swift.

The proof of the pudding is in the eating.—Cervantes.

Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.—Shakespeare.

Unquiet meals make ill digestions.—Shakespeare.

Feast to-day makes fast to-morrow.—Plautus.

Appetite comes with eating.—Rabelais.

Go to your banquet then, but use delight
So as to rise still with an appetite.
—Herrick.

Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.—Shakespeare.

Tell me what you eat, and I will tell you what you are.—Brillat Savarin.

I want every peasant to have a chicken in his pot on Sundays.—Henry IV. of France.

To abstain that we may enjoy is the epicureanism of reason.—Rousseau.

A warmed-up dinner was never worth much.—Boileau.

They say fingers were made before forks, and hands before knives.—Swift.

With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder.—Shakespeare.

Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both. —Shakespeare.

They are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing.——Shakespeare.

Famish'd people must be slowly nurst,
And fed by spoonfuls, else they always burst. —Byron.

A stomach that is seldom empty despises common food.—Horace.

A surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings.
—Shakespeare.

For a man seldom thinks with more earnestness of anything than he does of his dinner.—Samuel Johnson.

My soul tasted that heavenly food, which gives new appetite while it satiates.—Dante.

One solid dish his weekday meal affords,
An added pudding solemniz'd the Lord's.
—Pope.

Bad men live that they may eat and drink, whereas good men eat and drink that they may live.—Socrates.

O hour, of all hours, the most bless'd upon earth,
The blessed hour of our dinners!
—Lord Lytton.

The turnpike road to people's hearts I find
Lies through their mouths, or I mistake mankind. —Dr. Wolcot.

For the sake of health, medicines are taken by weight and measure; so ought food to be, or by some similar rule.—Skelton.

For I look upon it, that he who does not mind his belly will hardly mind anything else.—Samuel Johnson.

Your supper is like the Hidalgo's dinner; very little meat, and a great deal of table-cloth.—Longfellow.

The difference between a rich man and a poor man is this—the former eats when he pleases, and the latter when he can get it.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

Some hae meat and canna eat,
And some wad eat that want it;
But we hae meat, and we can eat;
Sae let the Lord be thankit.
—Burns.

"Here, dearest Eve," he exclaims, "here is food." "Well," answered she, with the germ of a housewife stirring within her, "we have been so busy to-day that a picked-up dinner must serve."—Nath. Hawthorne.

All human history attests
That happiness for man—the hungry sinner—
Since Eve ate apples, much depends on dinner. —Byron.

Yet shall you have to rectify your palate,
An olive, capers, or some better salad
Ushering the mutton; with a short-legged hen,
If we can get her, full of eggs, and then,
Limons, and wine for sauce: to these a coney
Is not to be despaired of for our money;
And though fowl now be scarce, yet there are clerks,
The sky not falling, think we may have larks. —Ben Jonson.

"Good well-dress'd turtle beats them hollow—
It almost makes me wish, I vow,
To have two stomachs, like a cow!"
And, lo! as with the cud, an inward thrill
Upheaved his waistcoat and disturb'd his frill,
His mouth was oozing, and he work'd his jaw—
"I almost think that I could eat one raw."
—Hood.

The chief pleasure (in eating) does not consist in costly seasoning, or exquisite flavor, but in yourself. Do you seek sauce by sweating.—Horace.

A woman asked a coachman, "Are you full inside"? Upon which Lamb put his head through the window and said: "I am quite full inside; that

last piece of pudding at Mr. Gillman's did the business for me."—Charles Lamb.

Man is a carnivorous production,
And must have meals, at least one meal a day;
He cannot live, like woodcocks, upon suction,
But, like the shark and tiger, must have prey;
Although his anatomical construction
Bears vegetables, in a grumbling way,
Your laboring people think beyond all question,
Beef, veal, and mutton better for digestion.
—Byron.

Oh, better no doubt is a dinner of herbs,
When season'd by love, which no rancor disturbs
And sweeten'd by all that is sweetest in life
Than turbot, bisque, ortolans, eaten in strife!
But if, out of humor, and hungry, alone
A man should sit down to dinner, each one
Of the dishes of which the cook chooses to spoil
With a horrible mixture of garlic and oil,
The chances are ten against one, I must own,
He gets up as ill-tempered as when he sat down.
—Lord Lytton.

We may live without poetry, music and art;
We may live without conscience, and live without heart;
We may live without friends; we may live without books;
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.
He may live without books—what is knowledge but grieving?
He may live without hope—what is hope but deceiving?
He may live without love—what is passion but pining?
But where is the man that can live without dining?
—Lord Lytton.

Their best and most wholesome feeding is upon one dish and no more and the same plaine and simple; for surely this hudling of many meats one upon another of divers tastes is pestiferous. But sundrie sauces are more dangerous than that.—Pliny.

Eccentricity

Eccentricity is developed monomania.—Bayard Taylor.

Who affects useless singularities has surely a little mind.—Lavater.

Even beauty cannot always palliate eccentricity.—Balzac.

Men are of necessity so mad, that not to be mad were madness in another form.—Pascal.

Often extraordinary excellence, not being rightly conceived, does rather offend than please.—Sir P. Sidney.

Oddities and singularities of behavior may attend genius; but when they do, they are its misfortunes and blemishes. The man of true genius will be ashamed of them, or at least will never affect to be distinguished by them.—Sir W. Temple.

Eccentricity has always abounded when and where strength of character has abounded; and the amount of eccentricity in a society has been proportional to the amount of genius, mental vigor, and moral courage it contained. That so few now dare to be eccentric, marks the chief danger of the time.—John Stuart Mill.

Echo

Echo is the voice of a reflection in a mirror.—Hawthorne.

The babbling gossip of the air.—Shakespeare.

That tuneful nymph, the babbling Echo.—Ovid.

The old echoes are long in dying.—Charles H. Parkhurst.

Lost Echo sits amid the voiceless mountains,
And feeds her grief. —Shelley.

Echo waits with art and care
And will the faults of song repair.
—Emerson.

The invisible and loquacious maiden of the mountain passes.—Horace Smith.

And when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of pain was the silence.—Longfellow.

The Jews of old called an echo "the daughter of the voice."—Bathkeel.

The shadow of a sound,—a voice without a mouth, and words without a tongue.—Paul Chatfield.

I heard * * *
* * * the great echo flap
And buffet round the hills from bluff to bluff. —Tennyson.

So plain is the distinction of our words,
That many have supposed it a spirit
That answers. —Webster.

Let echo, too, perform her part,
Prolonging every note with art;
And in a low expiring strain,
Play all the comfort o'er again.
—Addison.

And a million horrible bellowing echoes broke
From the red-ribb'd hollow behind the wood,
And thunder'd up into heaven.
—Tennyson.

Hark! how the gentle echo from her cell
Talks through the cliffs, and murmuring o'er the stream,
Repeats the accent—we shall part no more.
—Akenside.

Sweetest Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen
Within thy airy shell,
By slow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet-embroidered vale.
—Milton.

O love, they die, in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying. —Tennyson.

How sweet the answer Echo makes
To music at night,
When, roused by lute or horn, she wakes,
And far away, o'er lawns and lakes,
Goes answering light.
—Moore.

Where we find echoes, we generally find emptiness and hollowness; it is the contrary with the echoes of the heart.—J. F. Boyes.

Economy

Economy is a savings-bank, into which men drop pennies, and get dollars in return.—H. W. Shaw.

Economy is a great revenue.—Cicero.

Economy, the poor man's mint.—Tupper.

Ere fancy you consult, consult your purse.—Franklin.

A creative economy is the fuel of magnificence.—Emerson.

Let heaven-eyed Prudence battle with Desire.—J. T. Fields.

The back door robs the house.—George Herbert.

To make three guineas do the work of five.—Burns.

Beware of little expenses; a small leak will sink a great ship.—Franklin.

Economy is half the battle of life; it is not so hard to earn money as to spend it well.—Spurgeon.

It would be well had we more misers than we have among us.—Goldsmith.

There can be no economy where there is no efficiency.—Beaconsfield.

If you know how to spend less than you get you have the philosopher's stone.—Franklin.

The injury of prodigality leads to this, that he who will not economize will have to agonize.—Confucius.

A penny saved is two pence clear,
A pin a day's a groat a year.
—Franklin.

Where there is a question of economy, I prefer privation.—Madame Swetchine.

Not to be covetous is money, not to be a purchaser is a revenue.—Cicero.

Take care to be an economist in prosperity; there is no fear of your being one in adversity.—Zimmermann.

Economy is an excellent lure to betray people into expense.—Zimmermann.

Frugality is founded on the principle that all riches have limits.—Burke.

There is no gain so certain as that which arises from sparing what you have.—Publius Syrus.

To balance fortune by a just expense,
Join with Economy, Magnificence.
—Pope.

Be saving, but not at the cost of all liberality. Have the soul of a king and the hand of a wise economist.—Joubert.

There are but two ways of paying debt: increase of industry in raising income, increase of thrift in laying out.—Carlyle.

No man is rich whose expenditure exceeds his means; and no one is poor whose incomings exceed his outgoings.—Haliburton.

I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse; borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable.—Shakespeare.

The man who will live above his present circumstances is in great danger of living, in a little, much beneath them.—Addison.

As much wisdom may be expended on a private economy as on an empire, and as much wisdom may be drawn from it.—Emerson.

Men live best upon small means. Nature has provided for all, if they only knew how to use her gifts.—Claudianus.

The world abhors closeness, and all but admires extravagance; yet a slack hand shows weakness, a tight hand strength.—Charles Buxton.

He that, when he should not, spends too much, shall, when he would not, have too little to spend.—Feltham.

Economy is the parent of integrity, of liberty, and of ease, and the beauteous sister of temperance, of cheerfulness and health.—Dr. Johnson.

A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, keep his nose all his life to the grindstone and die not worth a groat at last.—Benjamin Franklin.

I knew once a very covetous, sordid fellow, who used to say, Take care of the pence; for the pounds will take care of themselves.—Lord Chesterfield.

The regard one shows economy is like that we show an old aunt who is to leave us something at last.—Shenstone.

With parsimony a little is sufficient; and without it nothing is sufficient; whereas frugality makes a poor man rich.—Seneca.

He who is taught to live upon little owes more to his father's wisdom than he that has a great deal left him does to his father's care.—William Penn.

Sense can support herself handsomely in most countries on some eighteen pence a day; but for fantasy, planets and solar systems, will not suffice.—Macaulay.

Certainly, if a man will but keep of an even hand, his ordinary expenses ought to be but to the half of his receipts; and if he thinks to wax rich, but to the third part.—Bacon.

The prospect of penury in age is so gloomy and terrifying that every man who looks before him must resolve to avoid it; and it must be avoided generally by the science of sparing.—Dr. Johnson.

Proportion and propriety are among the best secrets of domestic wisdom; and there is no surer test of integrity than a well-proportioned expenditure.—Hannah More.

Gain may be temporary and uncertain; but ever while you live expense

is constant and certain; and it is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one in fuel.—Franklin.

Qualities not regulated run into their opposites. Economy before competence is meanness after it. Therefore economy is for the poor; the rich may dispense with it.—Bovee.

Nature is avariciously frugal; in matter it allows no atom to elude its grasp; in mind, no thought or feeling to perish. It gathers up the fragments that nothing be lost.—Rev. Dr. Thomas.

Let us learn the meaning of economy. Economy is a high human office,—a sacrament when its aim is grand, when it is the prudence of simple tastes, when it is practised for freedom or for love or devotion.—Emerson.

As boys should be educated with temperance, so the first greatest lesson that should be taught them is to admire frugality. It is by the exercise of this virtue alone they can ever expect to be useful members of society. —Goldsmith.

The man who will live above his present circumstances is in great danger of living in a little time much beneath them, or, as the Italian proverb says: "The man who lives by hope will die by despair."—Addison.

Economy is integrity and profuseness is a cruel and crafty demon, that gradually involves her followers in dependence and debts; that is, fetters them with irons that enter into their souls.—Hawkesworth.

Men talk in raptures of youth and beauty, wit and sprightliness; but after seven years of union not one of them is to be compared to good family management, which is seen at every meal, and felt every hour in the husband's purse.—Witherspoon.

Sound economy is a sound understanding brought into action; it is calculation realized; it is the doctrine of proportion reduced to practice; it is foreseeing contingencies, and providing against them.—Hannah More.

Expense, and great expense, may be an essential part in true economy. If parsimony were to be considered as one of the kinds of that virtue, there is, however, another and a higher economy. Economy is a distinctive virtue, and consists not in saving, but in selection.—Burke.

All to whom want is terrible, upon whatever principle, ought to think themselves obliged to learn the sage maxims of our parsimonious ancestors, and attain the salutary arts of contracting expense; for without economy none can be rich, and with it few can be poor.—Johnson.

It is no small commendation to manage a little well. He is a good waggoner that can turn in a little room. To live well in abundance is the praise to the estate, is the praise not of the person. I will study more how to give a good account of my little, than how to make it more.—Bishop Hall.

He regarded nothing to be cheap that was superfluous, for what one does not need is dear at a penny; and it was better to possess fields, where the plough goes and cattle feed, than fine gardens that require much watering and sweeping.—Plutarch.

Let honesty and industry be thy constant companions and spend one penny less than thy clear gains; then shall thy hide-bound pocket soon begin to thrive and will never again cry with the empty belly-ache; neither will creditors insult thee, nor want oppress, nor hunger bite, nor nakedness freeze thee.—Franklin.

The mere power of saving what is already in our hands must be of easy acquisition to every mind; and as the example of Lord Bacon may show that the highest intellect cannot safely neglect it, a thousand instances every day prove that the humblest may practise it with success.—Dr. Johnson.

Those individuals who save money are better workmen; if they do not the work better, they behave better and are more respectable; and I would sooner have in my trade a hundred men who save money than two hundred who would spend every shilling they get. In proportion as individuals save a little money their morals are much better; they husband that little, and there is a superior tone given to their morals, and they behave better for knowing that they have a little stake in society.

Education

Education is the cheap defence of nations.—Burke.

Just education forms the man.—Gay.

A boy is better unborn than untaught.—Gascoigne.

The secret of education lies in respecting the pupil.—Emerson.

Love is the greatest of educators.—Mrs. Osgood.

Capacity without education is deplorable.—Saadi.

To form a brave man, educate boldly.—Richter.

Hew the block off, and get out the man.—Pope.

Teach the children! It is painting in fresco.—Emerson.

By education most have been misled.—Dryden.

I carry my satchel still.—Michael Angelo.

We are taught words, not ideas.—Beaconsfield.

Education is only second to nature.—Horace Bushnell.

The best and most important part of every man's education is that which he gives himself.—Gibbon.

Education should be as broad as man.—Emerson.

Education is the apprenticeship of life.—Willmott.

We should ask, not who is the most learned, but who is the best learned.—Lady Montagu.

There are many things which we can afford to forget which it is yet well to learn.—Holmes.

To breed up the son to common sense is evermore the parent's least expense.—Dryden.

Each excellent thing, once well learned, serves for a measure of all other knowledge.—Sir P. Sidney.

Schoolhouses are the republican line of fortifications.—Horace Mann.

'Tis education forms the common mind,
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.
—Pope.

Man must either make provision of sense to understand, or of a halter to hang himself.—Antisthenes.

In this country every one gets a mouthful of education, but scarcely any one a full meal.—Theodore Parker.

Capacity without education is deplorable, and education without capacity is thrown away.—Saadi.

Observation more than books, experience rather than persons, are the prime educators.—A. Bronson Alcott.

The world is only saved by the breath of the school children.—Talmud.

The best education is to be had at a price, as well as the best broadcloth.—Anthony Trollope.

We shall one day learn to supersede politics by education.—Emerson.

Whose school-hours are all the days and nights of our existence.—Carlyle.

Learned women are ridiculed because they put to shame unlearned men.—George Sand.

The education of life perfects the thinking mind, but depraves the frivolous.—Mme. de Staël.

The acquirements of science may be termed the armor of the mind.—Colton.

Man forms and educates the world, but woman educates man.—Julie Burow.

Education alone can conduct us to that enjoyment which is at once best in quality and infinite in quantity.—Horace Mann.

No woman is educated who is not equal to the successful management of a family.—Burnap.

Education may work wonders as well in warping the genius of individuals as in seconding it.—A. Bronson Alcott.

Education is a capital to the poor man, and an interest to the rich man. —Horace Mann.

Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown proposed as things forgot. —Pope.

Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man.—Bacon.

Education is only like good culture, —it changes the size, but not the sort. —Henry Ward Beecher.

The worst education, which teaches self-denial, is better than the best which teaches everything else and not that.—John Sterling.

What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to an human soul.—Addison.

We speak of educating our children. Do we know that our children also educate us?—Mrs. Sigourney.

No inheritance can supply the want of a virtuous education.—Thomas Wilson.

Every fresh acquirement is another remedy against affliction and time.—Willmott.

Education is our only political safety. Outside of this ark all is deluge.—Horace Mann.

The wisest man may always learn something from the humblest peasant. —J. Petit-Senn.

The self-educated are marked by stubborn peculiarities.—Isaac Disraeli.

Learning by study must be won
'Twas ne'er entail'd from sire to son.
—Gay.

Delightful task! to rear the tender thought, to teach the young idea how to shoot.—Thomson.

The best education in the world is that got by struggling to get a living. —Wendell Phillips.

Public instruction should be the first object of government.—Napoleon.

A college education shows a man how little other people know.—Haliburton.

The best that we can do for one another is to exchange our thoughts freely; and that, after all, is about all.—Froude.

Education is the only interest worthy the deep, controlling anxiety of the thoughtful man.—Wendell Phillips.

Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend.—Bacon.

Education must bring the practice as nearly as possible to the theory. As the children now are, so will the sovereigns soon be.—Horace Mann.

A complete and generous education fits a man to perform justly, skilfully and magnanimously all the offices of peace and war.—Milton.

Next in importance to freedom and justice is popular education, without which neither justice nor freedom can be permanently maintained.—James A. Garfield.

He is to be educated because he is a man, and not because he is to make shoes, nails, and pins.—Channing.

Education begins the gentleman, but reading, good company, and education must finish him.—Locke.

The pains we take in books or arts which treat of things remote from the necessaries of life is a busy idleness.—Fuller.

In exalting the faculties of the soul, we annihilate, in a great degree, the delusion of the senses.—Aimé-Martin.

I think I should know how to educate a boy, but not a girl; I should be in danger of making her too learned.—Niebuhr.

On the diffusion of education among the people rests the preservation and perpetuation of our free institutions. —Webster.

Prussia is great because her people are intelligent. They know the alphabet. The alphabet is conquering the world.—G. W. Curtis.

The true purpose of education is to cherish and unfold the seed of immortality already sown within us.—Mrs. Jameson.

Restraint of discipline, emulation, examples of virtue and of justice, form the education of the world.—Burke.

I have hope that society may be reformed, when I see how much education may be reformed.—Leibnitz.

It is not the mediocrity of women's education which makes their weakness; it is their weakness which necessarily causes their mediocrity.—De Maistre.

The opening of the first grammar-school was the opening of the first trench against monopoly in Church and State.—Lowell.

Nothing so good as a university education, nor worse than a university without its education.—Bulwer-Lytton.

All of us who are worth anything, spend our manhood in unlearning the follies, or expiating the mistakes of our youth.—Shelley.

Women, like men, must be educated with a view to action, or their studies cannot be called education.—Harriet Martineau.

When you introduce into our schools a spirit of emulation, you have present the keenest spur admissible to the youthful intellect.—Horace Mann.

Modern education too often covers the fingers with rings, and at the same time cuts the sinews at the wrist.—Earl of Sterling.

The reason why education is usually so poor among women of fashion is, that it is not needed for the life which they elect to lead.—Julia Ward Howe.

Only the refined and delicate pleasures that spring from research and education can build up barriers between different ranks.—Mme. de Staël.

Do not then train boys to learning by force and harshness; but direct them to it by what amuses their minds.—Plato.

Finally, education alone can conduct us to that enjoyment which is, at once, best in quality and infinite in quantity.—Horace Mann.

No education deserves the name unless it develops thought, unless it

pierces down to the mysterious spiritual principle of mind, and starts that into activity and growth.—E. P. Whipple.

The fruit of liberal education is not learning, but the capacity and desire to learn; not knowledge, but power. —C. W. Eliot.

Do not ask if a man has been through college. Ask if a college has been through him; if he is a walking university.—Chapin.

To be thoroughly imbued with the liberal arts refines the manners, and makes men to be mild and gentle in their conduct.—Ovid.

As the fertilest ground must be manured, so must the highest flying wit have a Dædalus to guide him.—Sir P. Sidney.

Unless the people can be kept in total darkness, it is the wisest way for the advocates of truth to give them full light.—Whately.

Education, however indispensable in a cultivated age, produces nothing on the side of genius. When education ends, genius often begins.—Isaac Disraeli.

To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe the enliv'ning spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.
—Thomson.

God hath blessed you with a good name: to be a well-favored man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature.—Shakespeare.

A free school
for th' education of young gentlemen,
To study how to drink and take tobacco.
—Randolph.

The best system of education is that which draws its chief support from the voluntary effort of the community, from the individual efforts of citizens, and from those burdens of taxation which they voluntarily impose upon themselves.—Garfield.

Education is the constraining and directing of youth towards that right reason, which the law affirms, and which the experience of the best of our elders has agreed to be truly right. —Plato.

The awakening of our best sympathies, the cultivation of our best and purest tastes, strengthening the desire to be useful and good, and directing youthful ambition to unselfish ends,—such are the objects of true education.—J. T. Headley.

Jails and state prisons are the complement of schools; so many less as you have of the latter, so many more you must have of the former.—Horace Mann.

Education commences at the mother's knee, and every word spoken within the hearing of little children tends toward the formation of character. Let parents bear this ever in mind.—Hosea Ballou.

But it was in making education not only common to all, but in some sense compulsory on all, that the destiny of the free republics of America was practically settled.—Lowell.

Enflamed with the study of learning, and the admiration of virtue; stirred up with high hopes of living to be brave men, and worthy patriots, dear to God, and famous to all ages. —Milton.

He can write and read and cast accompt.
O monstrous!
We took him setting of boys' copies.
Here's a villain! —Shakespeare.

Girls, like the priestesses of old, should be educated only in sacred places, and never hear, nor much less see, what is rude, immoral, or violent. —Richter.

Wherever is found what is called a paternal government, was found a State education. It had been discovered that the best way to insure implicit obedience was to commence tyranny in the nursery.—Beaconsfield.

They who provide much wealth for their children, but neglect to improve them in virtue, do like those who feed their horses high, but never train them to the manage.—Socrates.

Were it not better for a man in a fair room to set up one great light, or branching candlestick of lights, than to go about with a rushlight into every dark corner.—Bacon.

A journalist is a grumbler, a censurer, a giver of advice, a regent of sovereigns, a tutor of nations. Four hostile newspapers are more to be feared than a thousand bayonets.—Napoleon.

Slavery is but half abolished, emancipation is but half completed, while millions of freemen with votes in their hands are left without education.—Robert C. Winthrop.

An acquaintance with the muses, in the education of youth, contributes not a little to soften manners. It gives a delicate turn to the imagination and a polish to the mind.—Richardson.

Education keeps the key of life; and a liberal education insures the first conditions of freedom,—namely, adequate knowledge and accustomed thought.—Julia Ward Howe.

Very few men are wise by their own counsel, or learned by their own teaching; for he that was only taught by himself had a fool to his master.—Ben Jonson.

'Tis pleasing to be school'd in a strange tongue
By female lips and eyes—that is, I mean,
When both the teacher, and the taught are young,
They smile so when one's right; and when one's wrong
They smile still more. —Byron.

The fruits of the earth do not more obviously require labor and cultivation to prepare them for our use and subsistence than our faculties demand instruction.—Barrow.

A true teacher should penetrate to whatever is vital in his pupil, and develop that by the light and heat of his own intelligence.—E. P. Whipple.

It is wonderful what a difference learning makes upon people even in the common intercourse of life, which does not appear to be much connected with it.—Dr. Johnson.

If Nature be not improved by instruction, it is blind; if instruction be not assisted by Nature, it is maimed; and if exercise fail of the assistance of both, it is imperfect.—Plutarch.

Oh ye, who teach th' ingenuous youth of nations—
Holland, France, England, Germany, or Spain—
I pray ye flog them upon all occasions;
It mends their morals; never mind the pain. —Byron

A little learning is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring,
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.
—Pope.

The greatest defect of common education is, that we are in the habit of putting pleasure all on one side, and weariness on the other; all weariness in study, all pleasure in idleness.—Fénelon.

How can man be intelligent, happy, or useful, without the culture and discipline of education? It is this that unlocks the prison-house of his mind, and releases the captive.—Rev. Dr. Humphrey.

An intelligent class can scarce ever be, as a class, vicious; never, as a class, indolent. The excited mental activity operates as a counterpoise to the stimulus of sense and appetite.—Edward Everett.

As an apple is not in any proper sense an apple until it is ripe, so a human being is not in any proper sense a human being until he is educated.—Horace Mann.

It depends on education (that holder of the keys which the Almighty hath put into our hands) to open the

gates which lead to virtue or to vice, to happiness or misery.—Jane Porter.

All who have meditated on the art of governing mankind have been convinced that the fate of empires depends on the education of youth.—Aristotle.

Education is a better safeguard of liberty than a standing army. If we retrench the wages of the schoolmaster, we must raise those of the recruiting sergeant.—Edward Everett.

I consider that it is on instruction and education that the future security and direction of the destiny of every nation chiefly and fundamentally rests. —Kossuth.

A good education is generally considered as reflecting no small credit on its possessor; but in the majority of cases it reflects credit on the wise solicitude of his parents or guardians, rather than on himself.—James Cotter Morison.

The most important part of education is right training in the nursery. The soul of the child in his play should be trained to that sort of excellence in which, when he grows to manhood, he will have to be perfected. —Plato.

The essential difference between a good and a bad education is this, that the former draws on the child to learn by making it sweet to him, the latter drives the child to learn, by making it sour to him if he does not.—Charles Buxton.

I consider a human soul without education like marble in the quarry, which shows none of its inherent beauties until the skill of the polisher fetches out the colors and makes the surface shine.—Addison.

Bonaparte asked Mme. de Staël in what manner he could best promote the happiness of France. Her reply is full of political wisdom. She said, "Instruct the mothers of the French people."—Daniel Webster.

School is no place of education for any children whatever till their minds are well put in action. This is the work which has to be done at home, and which may be done in all homes where the mother is a sensible woman. —Harriet Martineau.

We are inclined to think that the study of the classics is, on the whole, advantageous to public morals, by inspiring an elegance of sentiments and an elevation of soul which we should in vain seek for elsewhere.—Robert Hall.

The young boys that went to Athens, the first year, were wise men; the second year, philosophers, lovers of wisdom; the third year, mere orators; and the fourth but plebeians, and understood nothing but their own ignorance.—Mendemus.

I have no sympathy whatever with those who would grudge our workmen and our common people the very highest acquisitions which their taste or their time or their inclination would lead them to realize.—Chalmers.

The greatest of all warriors that went to the siege of Troy had not the pre-eminence because Nature had given him strength and he carried the largest bow, but because self-discipline had taught him how to bend it.—Daniel Webster.

The most distinguished professional men bear witness, with an overwhelming authority, in favor of a course of education in which to train the mind shall be the first object, and to stock it, the second.—Gladstone.

If you suffer your people to be ill educated, and their manners to be corrupted from their infancy, and then punish them for those crimes to which their first education disposed them—you first make thieves and then punish them.—Sir Thomas More.

Into what boundless life does education admit us. Every truth gained through it expands a moment of time into illimitable being—positively en-

larges our existence, and endows us with qualities which time cannot weaken or destroy.—Chapin.

That there should one man die ignorant who had capacity for knowledge, this I call a tragedy, were it to happen more than twenty times in a minute, as by some computations it does.—Carlyle.

The true order of learning should be first, what is necessary; second, what is useful, and third, what is ornamental. To reverse this arrangement is like beginning to build at the top of the edifice.—Mrs. Sigourney.

Promote as an object of primary importance institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it should be enlightened.—Washington.

Education is the leading human souls to what is best, and making what is best out of them; and these two objects are always attainable together, and by the same means. The training which makes men happiest in themselves also makes them most serviceable to others.—Ruskin.

The different steps and degrees of education may be compared to the artificer's operations upon marble; if is one thing to dig it out of the quarry, and another to square it, to give it gloss and lustre, call forth every beautiful spot and vein, shape it into a column, or animate it into a statue.—Thomas Gray.

The aim of education should be to teach us rather how to think than what to think,—rather to improve our minds, so as to enable us to think for ourselves, than to load the memory with the thoughts of other men.—Beattie.

Upon the education of the people of this country the fate of this country depends. There is no period in the history of the world in which I believe it has been more important that the disposition and mind of the people should be considered by the State than it is at present.—Disraeli.

We shall one day learn to supersede politics by education. What we call our root-and-branch reforms of slavery, war, gambling, intemperance, is only medicating the symptoms. We must begin higher up, namely, in education.—Emerson.

A father inquires whether his boy can construe Homer, if he understands Horace, and can taste Virgil; but how seldom does he ask, or examine, or think whether he can restrain his passions,—whether he is grateful, generous, humane, compassionate, just and benevolent.—Lady Hervey.

It was the German schoolhouse which destroyed Napoleon III. France, since then, is making monster cannon and drilling soldiers still, but she is also building schoolhouses. As long as war is possible, anything that makes better soldiers people want.—Beecher.

I believe that our experience instructs us that the secret of education lies in respecting the pupil. It is not for you to choose what he shall know and what he shall do. It is chosen and foreordained, and he only holds the key to his own secret.—Emerson.

Could we know by what strange circumstances a man's genius became prepared for practical success, we should discover that the most serviceable items in his education were never entered in the bills which his father paid for.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Any who says (with Mandeville in his treatise against charity schools), "If a horse knew as much as a man, I should not like to be his rider," ought to add, "If a man knew as little as a horse, I should not like to trust him to ride."—Whately

Virtue and talents, though allowed their due consideration, yet are not enough to procure a man a welcome

wherever he comes. Nobody contents himself with rough diamonds, or wears them so. When polished and set, then they give a lustre.—Locke.

Education is all paint: it does not alter the nature of the wood that is under it, it only improves its appearance a little. Why I dislike education so much is that it makes all people alike, until you have examined into them; and it is sometimes so long before you get to see under the varnish!—Lady Hester Stanhope.

I am always for getting a boy forward in his learning, for that is sure good. I would let him at first read any English book which happens to engage his attention; because you have done a great deal when you have brought him to have entertainment from a book. He'll get better books afterwards.—Dr. Johnson.

The education of the present race of females is not very favorable to domestic happiness. For my own part, I call education, not that which smothers a woman with accomplishments, but that which tends to consolidate a firm and regular system of character; that which tends to form a friend, a companion, and a wife.—Hannah More.

What we do not call education is more precious than that which we call so. We form no guess, at the time of receiving a thought, of its comparative value. And education often waste its efforts in attempts to thwart and balk this natural magnetism, which is sure to select what belongs to it.—Emerson.

The real object of education is to give children resources that will endure as long as life endures; habits that time will ameliorate, not destroy; occupation that will render sickness tolerable, solitude pleasant, age venerable, life more dignified and useful, and death less terrible.—Sydney Smith.

I shall detain you no longer in the demonstration of what we should not do, but straight conduct ye to a hillside, where I will point ye out the right path of a virtuous and noble education; laborious indeed at the first ascent, but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospect, and melodious sounds on every side, that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming.—Milton.

We know that the gifts which men have do not come from the schools. If a man is a plain, literal, factual man, you can make a great deal more of him in his own line by education than without education, just as you can make a great deal more of a potato if you cultivate it than if you do not; but no cultivation in this world will ever make an apple out of a potato.—Beecher.

Knowledge does not comprise all which is contained in the large term of education. The feelings are to be disciplined, the passions are to be restrained; true and worthy motives are to be inspired; a profound religious feeling is to be instilled, and pure morality inculcated under all circumstances. All this is comprised in education.—Webster.

Whatever expands the affections, or enlarges the sphere of our sympathies, whatever makes us feel our relation to the universe, "and all that it inherits," in time and in eternity, to the great and beneficent Cause of all, must unquestionably refine our nature, and elevate us in the scale of being.—Channing.

When a king asked Euclid, the mathematician, whether he could not explain his art to him in a more compendious manner, he was answered, that there was no royal way to geometry. Other things may be seized by might, or purchased with money; but knowledge is to be gained only by study, and study to be prosecuted only in retirement.—Johnson.

Education is either from nature, from man, or from things; the developing of our faculties and organs is the education of nature; that of man

is the application we learn to make of this very developing; and that of things is the experience we acquire in regard to the different objects by which we are affected. All that we have not at our birth, and that we stand in need of at the years of maturity, is the gift of education.—Rousseau.

Begin the education of the heart, not with the cultivation of noble propensities, but with the cutting away of those that are evil. When once the noxious herbs are withered and rooted out, then the more noble plants, strong in themselves, will shoot upwards. The virtuous heart, like the body, becomes strong and healthy more by labor than nourishment.—Richter.

If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon immortal minds, if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of our fellowmen, we engrave on those tablets something which will brighten to all eternity.—Daniel Webster.

And say to mothers what a holy charge
Is theirs—with what a kingly power their love
Might rule the fountains of the new-born mind;
Warn them to wake at early dawn, and sow
Good seed before the world has sown its tares. —Mrs. Sigourney.

There is, between the sexes, a law of incessant reciprocal action, of which God avails himself in the constitution of the family, when He permits brothers and sisters to nestle about the same hearthstone. Its ministration is essential to the best educational results. Our own educational institutions should rest upon this divine basis.—Caroline H. Dall.

Curiosity is as much the parent of attention as attention is of memory; therefore the first business of a teacher—first not only in point of time, but of importance—should be to excite not merely a general curiosity on the subject of the study, but a particular curiosity on particular points in that subject. To teach one who has no curiosity to learn, is to sow a field without ploughing it.—Whately.

I too acknowledge the all-but omnipotence of early culture and nurture; hereby we have either a doddered dwarf-bush, or a high-towering, wide-shadowing tree! either a sick yellow cabbage, or an edible luxuriant green one. Of a truth, it is the duty of all men, especially of all philosophers, to note down with accuracy the characteristic circumstances of their education,—what furthered, what hindered, what in any way modified it.—Carlyle.

A statue lies hid in a block of marble, and the art of the statuary only clears away the superfluous matter and removes the rubbish. The figure is in the stone; the sculptor only finds it. What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to a human soul. The philosopher, the saint, or the hero,—the wise, the good, or the great man,—very often lies hid and concealed in a plebeian, which a proper education might have disinterred, and have brought to light.—Addison.

It is not scholarship alone, but scholarship impregnated with religion, that tells on the great mass of society. We have no faith in the efficacy of mechanics' institutes, or even of primary and elementary schools, for building up a virtuous and well-conditioned peasantry so long as they stand dissevered from the lessons of Christian piety. Unless your cask is perfectly clean, whatever you pour into it turns sour.—Horace.

Minds that are stupid and incapable of science are in the order of nature to be regarded as monsters and other extraordinary phenomena; minds of this sort are rare. Hence I conclude that there are great resources to be found in children, which are suffered to vanish with their years. It is evident, therefore, that it is not of nature, but of our own negligence, we ought to complain.—Quintilian.

All that a university or final highest school can do for us is still but what the first school began doing—teach us to read. We learn to read in various languages, in various sciences; we learn the alphabet and letters of all manner of books. But the place where we are to get knowledge, even theoretic knowledge, is the books themselves. It depends on what we read, after all manner of professors have done their best for us. The true university of these days is a collection of books.—Carlyle.

Thalwell thought it very unfair to influence a child's mind by inculcating any opinions before it had come to years of discretion to choose for itself. I showed him my garden, and told him it was a botanical garden. "How so?" said he; "it is covered with weeds." "O," I replied, "that is only because it has not yet come to its age of discretion and choice. The weeds, you see, have taken the liberty to grow, and thought it unfair in me to prejudice the soil towards roses and strawberries."—Coleridge.

Every man has two educations—that which is given to him, and the other, that which he gives to himself. Of the two kinds, the latter is by far the most valuable. Indeed, all that is most worthy in a man, he must work out and conquer for himself. It is that that constitutes our real and best nourishment. What we are merely taught seldom nourishes the mind like that which we teach ourselves.—Richter.

Man is an animal, formidable both from his passions and his reason; his passions often urging him to great evils, and his reason furnishing means to achieve them. To train this animal, and make him amenable to order; to inure him to a sense of justice and virtue; to withhold him from ill courses by fear, and encourage him in his duty by hopes; in short, to fashion and model him for society, hath been the aim of civil and religious institutions: and, in all times, the endeavor of good and wise men. The aptest method for attaining this end hath been always judged a proper education.—Bishop Berkeley.

There have been periods when the country heard with dismay that "the soldier was abroad." That is not the case now. Let the soldier be abroad; in the present age he can do nothing. There is another person abroad—a less important person in the eyes of some, an insignificant person, whose labors have tended to produce this state of things. The schoolmaster is abroad! And I trust more to him, armed with his primer, than I do to the soldier in full military array, for upholding and extending the liberties of his country.—Brougham.

Egotism

Egotism is the tongue of vanity.—Chamfort.

The egotist is next door to a fanatic.—Samuel Smiles.

The unfortunate are always egotistical.—Beaconsfield.

The pest of society is egotists.—Emerson.

Love is an egotism of two.—Antoine de la Salle.

The egotism of woman is always for two.—Mme. de Staël.

It is never permissible to say, I say.—Mme. Necker.

Let the degree of egotism be the measure of confidence.—Lavater.

Avoid making yourself the subject of conversation.—Bruyère.

And though all cry down self, none means his own self in a literal sense.—Butler.

He who discommendeth others obliquely commendeth himself.—Sir T. Browne.

Be your character what it will, it will be known; and nobody will take it upon your word.—Chesterfield.

Discourse ought to be as a field, without coming home to any man.—Bacon.

Do you wish men to speak well of you? Then never speak well of yourself.—Pascal.

Here is the egotist's code: everything for himself, nothing for others. —Sanial-Dubay.

The more you speak of yourself, the more you are likely to lie.—Zimmermann.

We would rather speak ill of ourselves than not to talk of ourselves at all.—Rochefoucauld.

Men are egotists, and not all tolerant of one man's selfhood; they do not always deem the affinities elective. —Stedman.

The more anyone speaks of himself the less he likes to hear another talked of.—Lavater.

The personal pronoun "I" should be the coat of arms of some individuals.—Rivarol.

Christian piety annihilates the egotism of the heart; worldly politeness veils and represses it.—Pascal.

To speak highly of one with whom we are intimate is a species of egotism. Our modesty as well as our jealousy teaches us caution on this subject.—Hazlitt.

There is a serious and resolute egotism that makes a man interesting to his friends and formidable to his opponents.—Whipple.

When all is summed up, a man never speaks of himself without loss; his accusations of himself are always believed, his praises never.—Montaigne.

We often boast that we are never bored, but yet we are so conceited that we do not perceive how often we bore others.—La Rochefoucauld.

We never could clearly understand how it is that egotism, so unpopular in conversation, should be so popular in writing.—Macaulay.

Seldom do we talk of ourselves with success. If I condemn myself, more is believed than is expressed; if I praise myself, much less.—Henry Home.

The reason why lovers are never weary of one another is this—they are always talking of themselves.—Rochefoucauld.

What hypocrites we seem to be whenever we talk of ourselves! Our words sound so humble, while our hearts are so proud.—Hare.

I shall never apologize to you for egotism. I think very few men writing to their friends have enough of it. —Sydney Smith.

If the egotist is weak, his egotism is worthless. If the egotist is strong, acute, full of distinctive character, his egotism is precious, and remains a possession of the race.—Alexander Smith.

Byron owed the vast influence which he exercised over his contemporaries at least as much to his gloomy egotism as to the real power of his poetry.—Macaulay.

He who thinks he can find in himself the means of doing without others is much mistaken; but he who thinks that others cannot do without him is still more mistaken.—La Rochefoucauld.

It is natural to man to regard himself as the object of the creation, and to think of all things in relation to himself, and the degree in which they can serve and be useful to him.—Goethe.

It is a false principle that because we are entirely occupied with ourselves, we must equally occupy the thoughts of others. The contrary inference is the fair one.—Hazlitt.

The passages in which Milton has alluded to his own circumstances are perhaps read more frequently, and with more interest, than any other lines in his poems.—Macaulay.

It is a hard and nice subject for a man to speak of himself: it grates his own heart to say anything of disparagement, and the reader's ear to hear anything of praise from him.—Cowley.

An egotist will always speak of himself, either in praise or in censure, but a modest man ever shuns making himself the subject of his conversation.—La Bruyère.

Every man, like Narcissus, becomes enamored of the reflection of himself, only choosing a substance instead of a shadow. This love for any particular woman is self-love at second hand, vanity reflected, compound egotism.—Horace Smith.

All the walks of literature are infested with mendicants for fame, who attempt to excite our interest by exhibiting all the distortions of their intellects and stripping the covering from all the putrid sores of their feelings.—Macaulay.

There is scarce any man who cannot persuade himself of his own merit. Has he common sense, he prefers it to genius; has he some diminutive virtues, he prefers them to great talents.—Sewall.

The awkwardness and embarrassment which all feel on beginning to write, when they themselves are the theme, ought to serve as a hint to authors that self is a subject they ought very rarely to descant upon.—Colton.

Egotism is more like an offense than a crime; though it is allowable to speak of yourself, provided nothing is advanced in favor; but I cannot help suspecting that those who abuse themselves are, in reality, angling for approbation.—Zimmermann.

Only by the supernatural is a man strong—only by confiding in the divinity which stirs within us. Nothing is so weak as an egotist—nothing is mightier than we, when we are vehicles of a truth before which the state and the individual are alike ephemeral.—Emerson.

Five, or six, or ten people shall be made temporarily wretched because one person, unconsciously perhaps, yet supremely egotistic and selfish, has never learned to control his disposition and bridle his tongue.—Aughey.

Every real master of speaking or writing uses his personality as he would any other serviceable material; the very moment a speaker or writer begins to use it, not for his main purpose, but for vanity's sake, as all weak people are sure to do, hearers and readers feel the difference in a moment.—Holmes.

We like so much to talk of ourselves that we are never weary of those private interviews with a lover during the course of whole years, and for the same reason the devout like to spend much time with their confessor; it is the pleasure of talking of themselves, even though it be to talk ill.—Mme. de Sévigné.

There are dull and bright, sacred and profane, coarse and fine egotists. It is a disease that, like influenza, falls on all constitutions. In the distemper known to physicians as *chorea*, the patient sometimes turns round, and continues to spin slowly in one spot. Is egotism a metaphysical varioloid of this malady?—Emerson.

Egotism erects its center in itself: love places it out of itself in the axis of the universal whole. Love aims at unity, egotism at solitude. Love is the citizen ruler of a flourishing republic, egotism is a despot in a devastated creation. Egotism sows for gratitude, love for the ungrateful. Love gives, egotism lends; and love does this before the throne of judicial truth, indifferent if for the enjoyment of the following moment, or with the

view to a martyr's crown—indifferent whether the reward is in this life or in the next.—Schiller.

Speech of a man's self ought to be seldom and well chosen. I knew one was wont to say in scorn, "He must needs be a wise man, he speaks so much of himself." There is but one case wherein a man may commend himself with good grace, and that is in commending virtue in another, especially if it be a virtue whereunto himself pretendeth.—Bacon.

Election Day

Free and just political institutions are absolutely essential to the progress and development both of the individual and of the race.—Rev. Hugh Price Hughes.

In every movement that Christianity makes to eradicate the corrupt practices of men in political and in social life Christ is setting up His kingdom on the earth.—Rev. Bernard Paine.

The trouble is not in our institutions, imperfect as they doubtless are. The crying necessity for reform springs from the fact that while our institutions are representative theoretically, our public officials are not so, actually.—Fulton McMahon.

Long may a ballot pure proclaim
The nation's righteous, sovereign will,
Their highest thought and loftiest aim
Their own high mission to fulfill.
Thus shall the ballot prove a guide
To point the way that should be trod,
And prove to them no less, beside,
The people's voice the voice of God.
—V. G. Haesdarth.

The men needed for all our offices are men to whom righteousness, temperance and judgment are obligations which they feel called upon to fulfill—not men who, like Felix, tremble, self-convicted, when these are urged upon them. A candidate for office should be as white in principle and in practice as his title indicates or suggests that he is.—Homiletic Review.

Profligacy in taking office is so extreme that we have no doubt public men may be found who for half a century would postpone all remedies for a pestilence, if the preservation of their places depended upon the propagation of the virus.—Selected.

A faithful setting forth of Christian duty at the polls, not to vote for this or that man, but to vote conscientiously as before God, and to make the use of the franchise a solemn duty to be prayerfully performed, is a part of the minister's function, when he is teaching his people how to live on earth as representatives of God's truth.—Howard Crosby, D. D.

Let the ministry hold high and fast the standard of Christ's cross, which means pardon and renewal to every sinner that repents and trusts in His atoning sacrifice. Let this be the first and main work of the Christian ministry, and from this, as a source, let the life of both minister and people be fitted to discharge the personal duties which belong to them both as men and citizens. So will the ministry best work to purity our politics and to serve the state.—Howard Crosby, D. D.

Municipal government is corrupt simply because corrupt and corruptible men are elected to office. Corrupt men are elected to office because office "pays," and corruptible men yield because they make money by yielding. If municipal governments had no profitable contracts to award, if school boards had no text-books to select, we should have no "municipal problem."—Forum.

It must recognize and hold up before men the moral character of this corruption of the ballot. Bribery is a sin. It is condemned in the laws of Moses: "And thou shalt take no gift; for a gift blindeth the wise, and perverteth the words of the righteous." These words are as true to-day as when they were written.—Rev. Bernard Paine.

Politics is the only serious subject that men think themselves qualified to act upon without any previous education or instruction whatever. If it

happened to be astronomy, or botany, or medicine, or law, he would never be allowed to work in any of these arts, or to take a decisive part in the history of any one of these sciences without having, at least, acquired the A B C of it; but the awful fact of politics is that we do not take the trouble seriously to understand the political situation.—Rev. Hugh Price Hughes.

I have seen the sea lashed into fury and tossed into spray, and its grandeur moves the soul of the dullest man: but I remember that it is not the billows, but the calm level of the sea, from which all heights and depths are measured. When the storm has passed and the hour of calm settles on the ocean, when the sunlight bathes its smooth surface, then the astronomer and surveyor take the level from which to measure all terrestial heights and depths. Gentlemen of the convention, your present temper may not mark the healthful pulse of our people when our enthusiasm has passed. When the emotions of this hour have subsided, we shall find that calm level of public opinion below the storm, from which the thoughts of a mighty people are to be measured, and by which their final action will be determined.—James A. Garfield.

Parties are an essential part of representative governments, and can be effective only by organization; but when organization degenerates into a brutal machinery that stifles intelligence and true patriotism, the republic is moribund. As the perfunctory and bigoted exercise of the suffrage has gradually extinguished much of the manhood of American citizenship, so the restoration of intelligence, conscience and individual independence in this prime duty will be the sole effective means of curing many existing evils and preventing others that might be equally dangerous.—Silas W. Burt.

The large use of money, both before and after election, in the political campaigns of the present day, is a phase of modern public life that represents one of the great changes in our political methods since our forefathers established and practiced the principles laid down in the constitution. The constitution, as we know, was based on the pure democratic idea of government, in which all power and initiative should proceed from the people themselves. Gradually we have substituted for this, which we might call the spontaneous expression of the people, a mechanism by which, instead of the people's instructing their delegates, the presumption is that the delegates are going to instruct the people. In other words, we have absolutely inverted the original idea that lay at the basis of our political fabric.—Silas W. Burt.

One of the most iniquitous forms of taking from an American citizen his right to a free ballot is through intimidation. This is not bribery; it is oppression. It is oppression in a free land. It is practiced by both parties, sometimes through corporations and capitalists, and sometimes by threats of violence at the polls. The evidence is spread before the nation that it is practiced at elections in various states at the South for the suppression of the colored voters.—Rev. Bernard Paine.

You cannot help being a politician. You cannot live for an hour without being a politician. But what a man generally means when he says that he is not a politician I am afraid is this —that he has been all his life enjoying his political privileges and grossly neglecting his political duties; and in that sense the observation is scarcely to his credit. As a matter of fact, politics, properly understood, is simply Science of Life—the doctrine of the way in which I am to do my duty to my neighbor, which is an essential part of true religion. It is nothing in the world except religion applied to human society; in fact, it is the practical recognition of the Second Table of the Law of God.—Rev Hugh Price Hughes.

Now, I do implore those who are listening to me to realize the gravity of all these questions. There is nothing that you do in all your life for

which you are more accountable to God, or which is more serious, than the vote which many of you are going to give at the approaching general election (1892). I dare say you have already made up your mind which party you are going to vote for, but I confess I have some suspicion that, even in an unusually intelligent audience like this, if I brought some of you up to this platform and elicited from you for whom you were going to vote, and then were permitted to cross examine you as to why you were going to give that vote, the answers which you would give would not satisfy yourselves or the audience.—Rev. Hugh Prices Hughes.

It is because politics, as I have already said, have been confounded with party politics; have often been contemptible and wicked beyond description; and, indeed, when not carried so far as that, there are a great many persons who positively cannot discuss politics without losing their temper. And this is so well known that the subject is tabooed to a very great extent in polite society, so-called, so that if you go to a dinner party the one thing of which you must not speak is politics, and the place that might reasonably be occupied by noble and instructive conversation about the science and art of life, and human progress, is occupied by inane, and worse than inane, gossip.—Rev. Hugh Price Hughes.

It is difficult to estimate the cost of a great presidential campaign. There is no doubt but what it might be measured by millions of dollars, apart from the loss involved in the general destruction of business. It has been said that frequent elections have their value in keeping alive public interest in public affairs, and in educating the people upon the great questions that are to be solved. But when we recollect that a great part of the expenses of the campaign are spent in badges, torchlight processions and other appeals to the imagination and sensation rather than to reason, it seems probable that a very large part of this expenditure is practically valueless, so far as the education of the people is concerned, and is really spent to pervert their intelligence.—Silas W. Burt.

Electricity

Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound.—Byron.

Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say "it lightens."
—Shakespeare.

The earth is rocking, the skies are riven—
Jove in a passion, in god-like fashion,
Is breaking the crystal urns of heaven.
—Robert Buchanan.

For the poplars showed
The white of their leaves, the amber grain
Shrunk in the wind—and the lightning now
Is tangled in tremulous skeins of rain.
—T. B. Aldrich.

Stretches, for leagues and leagues, the Wire,
A hidden path for a Child of Fire—
Over its silent spaces sent,
Swifter than Ariel ever went,
From continent to continent.
—Wm. Henry Burleigh.

Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say "Behold!"
The jaws of darkness do devour it up.
—Shakespeare.

Is it a fact—or have I dreamt it—that by means of electricity the world of matter has become a great nerve, vibrating thousands of miles in a breathless point of time? Rather, the round globe is a vast head, a brain, instinct with intelligence; or shall we say it is itself a thought, nothing but thought, and no longer the substance which we dreamed it.—Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Elegance

Elegance is not an ornament worthy of man.—Seneca.

Elegance is exquisite polish.—Mme. Necker.

Many a woman will pass for elegant in a ballroom, or even at a court draw-

ing room, whose want of true breeding would become evident in a chosen company.—Julia Ward Howe.

Neither refinement nor delicacy is indispensable to produce elegance.—Lavater.

Elegance of manner is the outgrowth of refined and exalted sense.—Chesterfield.

When the mind loses its feeling for elegance, it grows corrupt and groveling, and seeks in the crowd what ought to be found at home.—Landor.

The wisest woman you talk with is ignorant of something that you know; but an elegant woman never forgets her elegance.—O. W. Holmes.

Elegance is something more than ease; it is more than a freedom from awkwardness or restraint. It implies, I conceive, a precision, a polish, a sparkling, spirited yet delicate.—Hazlitt.

Taste and elegance, though they are reckoned only among the smaller and secondary morals, yet are of no mean importance in the regulations of life. A moral taste is not of force to turn vice into virtue; but it recommends virtue with something like the blandishments of pleasure, and it infinitely abates the evils of vice.—Burke.

Elephant

The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy; his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.—Shakespeare.

Th' unwieldy elephant,
To make them mirth, us'd all his might, and wreathed
His lithe proboscis. —Milton.

Eloquence

The poetry of speech.—Byron.

Eloquence is the language of Nature.—Colton.

Eloquence is to the sublime what the whole is to its part.—La Bruyère.

Eloquence is the poetry of prose.—Bryant.

Silence is more eloquent than words.—Carlyle.

The glorious burst of winged words!—Tupper.

Thoughts that breathe and words that burn.—Gray.

Eloquence is vehement simplicity.—Burleigh.

Eloquence the soul, song charms the senses.—Milton.

Continued eloquence wearies.—Pascal.

Action is eloquence.—Shakespeare.

Brevity is a great praise of eloquence.—Cicero.

Words sweetly placed and modestly directed.—Shakespeare.

True eloquence scorns eloquence.—Pascal.

Silence that spoke, and eloquence of eyes.—Pope.

There is no eloquence which does not agitate the soul.—Landor.

Eloquence must be grounded on the plainest narrative.—Emerson.

Great eloquence we cannot get, except from human genius.—Thomas Starr King.

That besotting intoxication which verbal magic brings upon the mind.—South.

Ev'ry word he speaks is a syren's note
To draw the careless hearer.
—Beaumont.

Silence that wins, where eloquence is vain.—William Hayley.

Eloquence shows the power and possibility of man.—Emerson.

Honesty is one part of eloquence. We persuade others by being in earnest ourselves.—Hazlitt.

The art of clothing the thought in apt, significant and sounding words.—Dryden.

Her tears her only eloquence.—Rogers.

There was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture.—Shakespeare.

Eloquence is the power to translate a truth into language perfectly intelligible to the person to whom you speak.—Emerson.

True eloquence consists in saying all that is necessary, and nothing but what is necessary. — La Rochefoucauld.

Verily, O man, with truth for thy theme, eloquence shall throne thee with archangels.—Tupper.

In an easy cause any man may be eloquent.—Ovid.

Your Words are like the notes of dying swans,
Too sweet to last! —Dryden.

False eloquence is exaggeration, true eloquence is emphasis.—W. R. Alger.

He has oratory who ravishes his hearers while he forgets himself.—Lavater.

Those who would make us feel must feel themselves.—Churchill.

Eloquence is the appropriate organ of the highest personal energy.—Emerson.

It is but poor eloquence which only shows that the orator can talk.—Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Eloquence is in the assembly, not in the speaker.—William Pitt.

Manner, as much as matter, constitutes eloquence.—François Delsarte.

Eloquence, when in its highest pitch, leaves little room for reason or reflection.—Hume.

Pour the full tide of eloquence along,
Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong.
—Pope.

Words are like leaves, and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found. —Pope.

O! as a bee upon the flower, I hang
Upon the honey of thy eloquent tongue.
—Bulwer.

Were we as eloquent as angels, we should please some more by listening than by talking.—Colton.

There is no talent so pernicious as eloquence to those who have it under command.—Addison.

But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees, and leave them honeyless. —Shakespeare.

Eloquence dwells quite as much in the hearts of the hearers as on the lips of the orator.—Lamartine.

Such was the force of his eloquence, to make the hearers more concerned than he that spake.—Denham.

Here rills of oily eloquence in soft
Meanders lubricate the course they take.
—Cowper.

Men are more eloquent than women made; but women are more powerful to persuade.—Thomas Randolph.

As the grace of man is in the mind, so the beauty of the mind is eloquence. —Cicero.

The manner of your speaking is full as important as the matter, as more people have ears to be tickled than understandings to judge. — Chesterfield.

The nature of our constitution makes eloquence more useful and more necessary in this country than in any other in Europe.—Chesterfield.

There is as much eloquence in the tone of the voice, in the eyes, and in the air of a speaker as in his choice of words.—Rochefoucauld.

Every tongue that speaks
But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence. —Shakespeare.

Many are ambitious of saying grand things, that is, of being grandiloquent. Eloquence is speaking out * * * a quality few esteem, and fewer aim at.—Hare.

It is of eloquence as of a flame; it requires matter to feed it, motion to excite it, and it brightens as it burns. —Tacitus.

An orator of past times declared that his calling was to make small things appear to be grand.—Montaigne.

There should be in eloquence that which is pleasing and that which is real; but that which is pleasing should itself be real.—Pascal.

Talking and eloquence are not the same: to speak and to speak well are two things. A fool may talk, but a wise man speaks.—Ben Jonson.

Eloquence is the child of knowledge. When a mind is full, like a wholesome river, it is also clear.—Beaconsfield.

Copiousness of words is always false eloquence, though it will ever impose on some sort of understandings.—Montagu.

Eloquence may be found in conversation and all kinds of writings; 'tis rarely where we seek it, and sometimes where 'tis least expected.—La Bruyère.

Profane eloquence is transferred from the bar, where it formerly reigned, to the pulpit, where it never ought to come.—Bruyère.

O Eloquence! thou violated fair, how thou art wooed and won to either bed of right or wrong!—Havard.

Eloquence is a painting of thought; and thus, those who, after having painted it, still add to it, make a picture instead of a portrait.—Pascal.

He is an eloquent man who can speak of low things acutely, and of great things with dignity, and of moderate things with temper.—Cicero.

His tongue dropped manna, and could make the worse appear the better reason, to perplex and dash maturest counsels.—Milton.

When he spoke, what tender words he us'd!
So softly, that like flakes of feather'd snow,
They melted as they fell. —Dryden.

Go on, spare no invectives, but open the spout of your eloquence, and see with what a calm, connubial resignation I will both hear and bow to the chastisement.—Colley Cibber.

Say she be mute and will not speak a word;
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence.
—Shakespeare.

No man can make a speech alone. It is the great human power that strikes up from a thousand minds that acts upon him, and makes the speech. —James A. Garfield.

Eloquence is an engine invented to manage and wield at will the fierce democracy, and, like medicine to the sick, is only employed in the paroxysms of a disordered state.—Montaigne.

The spell is thine that reaches
The heart, and makes the wisest head its sport;
And there's one rare, strange virtue in thy speeches,
The secret of their mastery—they are short. —Halleck.

No man ever did or ever will become truly eloquent without being a constant reader of the Bible, and an admirer of the purity and sublimity of its language.—Fisher Ames.

The art of saying well what one thinks is different from the faculty of

thinking. The latter may be very deep and lofty and far-reaching, while the former is altogether wanting.—Joubert.

Great is the power of Eloquence; but never is it so great as when it pleads along with nature, and the culprit is a child strayed from his duty, and returned to it again with tears.—Sterne.

Her words were like a stream of honey fleeting,
The which doth softly trickle from the hive,
Able to melt the hearer's heart unweeting,
And eke to make the dead again alive.
—Spenser.

In oratory affectation must be avoided; it being better for a man by a native and clear eloquence to express himself than by those words which may smell either of the lamp or inkhorn.—Lord Herbert.

Power above powers! O heavenly eloquence! that, with the strong reign of commanding words, dost manage, guide and master the high eminence of men's affections!—Daniel.

The art of declamation has been sinking in value from the moment that speakers were foolish enough to publish, and hearers wise enough to read.—Colton.

A cold-blooded learned man might, for anything I know, compose in his closet an eloquent book; but in public discourse, arising out of sudden occasions, he could by no possibility be eloquent.—Erskine.

And when she spake,
Sweete words, like dropping honey, she did shed;
And 'twixt the perles and rubies softly brake
A silver sound, that heavenly musicke seem'd to make. —Spenser.

The pleasure of eloquence is in greatest part owing often to the stimulus of the occasion which produces it —to the magic of sympathy, which exalts the feeling of each by radiating on him the feeling of all.—Emerson.

Eloquence is relative. One can no more pronounce on the eloquence of any composition than the wholesomeness of a medicine, without knowing for whom it is intended.—Whately.

God gave you that gifted tongue of yours, and set it between your teeth, to make known your true meaning to us, not to be rattled like a muffin man's bell.—Carlyle.

True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshaled in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion.—Webster.

I have often heard it said, and I believe it to be true, that even the most eloquent man living, and however deeply impressed with the subject, could scarcely find utterance if he were to be standing up alone, and speaking only against a dead wall.—Erskine.

Eloquence, when at its highest pitch, leaves little room for reason or reflection, but addresses itself entirely to the fancy or the affections, captivates the willing hearers, and subdues their understanding. Happily, this pitch it seldom attains.—Hume.

Eloquence, to produce her full effect, should start from the head of the orator, as Pallas from the brain of Jove, completely armed and equipped. Diffidence, therefore, which is so able a mentor to the writer, would prove a dangerous counsellor for the orator.—Colton.

Fine declamation does not consist in flowery periods, delicate allusions or musical cadences, but in a plain, open, loose style, where the periods are long and obvious, where the same thought is often exhibited in several points of view.—Goldsmith.

We may put too high a premium on speech from platform and pulpit, at

the bar and in the legislative hall, and pay dear for the whistle of our endless harangues. England, and especially Germany, are less loquacious, and attend more to business. We let the eagle, and perhaps too often the peacock, scream.—Bartol.

By eloquence I understand those appeals to our moral perceptions that produce emotion as soon as they are uttered. * * * This is the very enthusiasm that is the parent of poetry. Let the same man go to his closet and clothe in numbers conceptions full of the same fire and spirit, and they will be poetry.—Bryant.

His words seem'd oracles
That pierc'd their bosoms; and each man would turn
And gaze in wonder on his neighbour's face,
That with the like dumb wonder answer'd him.
You could have heard
The beating of your pulses while he spoke.
—George Croly.

Extemporaneous and oral harangues will always have this advantage over those that are read from a manuscript: every burst of eloquence or spark of genius they may contain, however studied they may have been beforehand, will appear to the audience to be the effect of the sudden inspiration of talent.—Colton.

Pow'r above pow'rs! O heavenly eloquence!
That with the strong rein of commanding words,
Dost manage, guide, and master th' eminence
Of men's affections, more than all their swords! —Daniel.

How often in the halls of legislation does eloquence unmask corruption, expose intrigue, and overthrow tyranny! In the cause of mercy it is omnipotent. It is bold in the consciousness of its superiority, fearless and unyielding in the purity of its motives. All opposition it destroys; all power it defies.—Henry Melville.

This is that eloquence the ancients represented as lightning, bearing down every opposer; this the power which has turned whole assemblies into astonishment, admiration and awe—that is described by the torrent, the flame, and every other instance of irresistible impetuosity.—Goldsmith.

Eloquence is the language of nature, and cannot be learned in the schools; the passions are powerful pleaders, and their very silence, like that of Garrick, goes directly to the soul, but rhetoric is the creature of art, which he who feels least will most excel in; it is the quackery of eloquence, and deals in nostrums, not in cures.—Colton.

His eloquent tongue so well seconds his fertile invention that no one speaks better when suddenly called forth. His attention never languishes; his mind is always before his words; his memory has all its stock so turned into ready money that, without hesitation or delay, it supplies whatever the occasion may require.—Erasmus.

The charm of eloquence—the skill
To wake each secret string,
And from the bosom's chords at will
Life's mournful music bring;
The o'ermast'ring strength of mind, which sways
The haughty and the free,
Whose might earth's mightiest ones obey
This charm was given to thee.
—Mrs. Embury.

Method, we are aware, is an essential ingredient in every discourse designed for the instruction of mankind; but it ought never to force itself on the attention as an object—never appear to be an end instead of an instrument; or beget a suspicion of the sentiments being introduced for the sake of the method, not the method for the sentiments.—Robert Hall.

Whene'er he speaks, Heaven, how the list'ning throng
Dwell on the melting music of his tongue!
His arguments are emblems of his mien,
Mild but not faint, and forcing, though serene:
And when the power of eloquence he'd try,
Here lightning strikes you, there soft breezes sigh. —Garth.

The clear conception, outrunning the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the dauntless spirit, speaking on

the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward, to his object—this is eloquence, or rather it is something greater and higher than all eloquence—it is action, noble, sublime, godlike action.—Webster.

A just and reasonable modesty does not only recommend eloquence, but sets off every great talent which a man can be possessed of. It heightens all the virtues which it accompanies, like the shades of paintings, it raises and rounds every figure, and makes the colors more beautiful, though not so glowing as they would be without it.—Addison.

There's a charm in deliv'ry, a magical art,
That thrills like a kiss from the lip to the heart;
'T is the glance—the expression—the well-chosen word—
By whose magic the depths of the spirit are stirr'd.
The lip's soft persuasion—its musical tone:
Oh! such were the charms of that eloquent one! —Mrs. Welby.

In eloquence, the great triumphs of the art are when the orator is lifted above himself; when consciously he makes himself the mere tongue of the occasion and the hour, and says what cannot but be said. Hence the term "abandonment," to describe the self-surrender of the orator. Not his will, but the principle on which he is horsed, the great connection and crisis of events, thunder in the ear of the crowd.—Emerson.

His eloquence is classic in its style,
Not brilliant with explosive coruscations
Of heterogeneous thoughts, at random caught,
And scatter'd like a shower of shooting stars,
That end in darkness: no;—his noble mind
Is clear, and full, and stately, and serene.
His earnest and undazzled eye he keeps
Fix'd on the sun of Truth, and breathes his words
As easily as eagles cleave the air;
And never pauses till the height is won;
And all who listen follow where he leads.
—Mrs. Hale.

The receipt to make a speaker, and an applauded one too, is short and easy. Take common sense *quantum sufficit;* add a little application to the rules and orders of the House [of Commons], throw obvious thoughts in a new light, and make up the whole with a large quantity of purity, correctness and elegancy of style. Take it for granted that by far the greatest part of mankind neither analyze nor search to the bottom; they are incapable of penetrating deeper than the surface.—Chesterfield.

Gentlemen, do you know what is the finest speech that I ever in my life heard or read? It is the address of Garibaldi to his Roman soldiers, when he told them: "Soldiers, what I have to offer you is fatigue, danger, struggle and death; the chill of the cold night in the free air, and heat under the burning sun; no lodgings, no munitions, no provisions, but forced marches, dangerous watchposts and the continual struggle with the bayonet against batteries;—those who love freedom and their country may follow me." That is the most glorious speech I ever heard in my life.—Kossuth.

Emancipation Day

A freeman contending for liberty on his own ground is superior to any slavish mercenary on earth.—Washington.

They who refuse education to a black man would turn the South into a vast poorhouse, and labor into a pendulum, necessity vibrating between povery and indolence.—Henry Ward Beecher.

The very best thing we can do for the black man, or for the white, is to strive with all our might to promote and secure the establishment of his inalienable rights.—John Swinton.

I do order and declare that all persons held as slaves, within said designated States and parts of States, are, and henceforth shall be, free; and that the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and navy authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of said persons. And I hereby enjoin upon the people so declared to be free

to abstain from all violence; and I recommend to them that in all cases, when allowed, they labor faithfully for reasonable wages.—Abraham Lincoln's Proclamation.

But, inasmuch as the Almighty has created His children of various hues, I plead again, that if one of these children be cast in an image of pearl, another in the image of ebony, another in the image of bronze, if their work be meritorious, then should they receive social and public recognition for their work's sake. Those works demonstrate beyond all cavil that the souls enshrined within those caskets emanate from the same divine source and partake of the same indefinable essence of infinitude.—Rev. J. A. Brockett.

To-day Massachusetts, and the whole of the American republic, from the border of Maine to the Pacific slopes, and from the Lakes to the Gulf, stand upon the immutable and everlasting principles of equal and exact justice. The days of unrequited labor are numbered with the past. Fugitive slave laws are only remembered as relics of that barbarism which John Wesley pronounced "the sum of all villainies," and whose knowledge of its blighting effects was matured by his travels in Georgia and the Carolinas.—Horace Mann.

The black man will not be faded out by miscegenation. The fate of the Indian, and the supposed fate of all weaker races in the presence of the stronger, will not be the fortune of the American negro. He has his great defense already in his hand. He is the peer at the ballot-box and in the courts of his white fellow-citizen. For the present, through his ignorance, he is made his tool, or is wronged out of his rights. He may make merchandise of his right of suffrage for a while; but it is his, and every year he will come to have a higher conception of its significance.—North American Review.

The only written theology of the negro is found in the plantation melodies; what are they but the plaintive strains of weeping faith which came from hearts in vital union with God? He has an absolute faith in a personal Saviour who, only, has power on earth to forgive sin, and in a Holy Spirit upon whom he relies as the witness with his spirit that he is a child of God.—P. P. Hood.

The old South rested everything on slavery and agriculture, unconscious that these could neither give nor maintain healthy growth. The new South presents a perfect democracy, the oligarchs leading into the popular movement—a social system compact and closely knitted, less splendid on the surface, but stronger at the core—a hundred farms for every plantation, fifty homes for every palace, and a diversified industry that meets the complex needs of this complex age.—H. W. Grady.

When I recall the negro as I knew him during the existence of slavery, in the Carolinas, in the States of the Gulf, and in those along the Mississippi—when I behold the improvement that has been brought about in his being and condition since his liberation—I feel bound to say that he is doing as well as could be expected, and to express the opinion that he will do yet better under a larger liberty. He has been transformed within a generation, and the work of transformation will go on steadily, if it be not impeded.—John Swinton.

The new South is enamored of her new work. Her soul is stirred with the breath of a new life. The light of a grander day is falling fair on her face. She is thrilling, sir, with the consciousness of growing power and prosperity. As she stands full-statured and equal among the peoples of the earth, breathing the keen air and looking out upon an expanding horizon, she understands that her emancipation came because in the inscrutable wisdom of God her honest purpose was crossed and her brave armies were beaten.—H. W. Grady.

There is a good day coming for the South. Through darkness and tears

and blood she has sought it. It has been an unconscious Via Dolorosa. But, in the end, it will be worth all it has cost. Her institutions before were deadly. She nourished death in her bosom. The greater her secular prosperity the more sure was her ruin. Every year of delay but made the change more terrible. Now, by an earthquake, the evil is shaken down. Her own historians in a better day shall write that from that day the sword cut off the cancer she began to find her health.—Henry Ward Beecher.

During the darkest days of slavery on every plantation there were Christian negroes who could be trusted anywhere and with anything, so much so that when the war came their masters felt free to go to the front and leave their treasures, their wives, their daughters and helpless children in the absolute care and protection of these negroes, and their trust was not betrayed. To-day you will find in these black belts the most honorable marriages, and the tie in many cases sacredly kept, churches disciplining members for immoralities, and ministers, ignorant men, giving their trumpet no uncertain sound upon these great principles.—P. P. Hood.

The white children have been brought up on dusky bosoms and love them. It is caste that alone creates an offense, and this is unchristian and must die out, as will every other indignity to humanity and to God. The black man, wearing his unfaded and God-given badge of race, equally cultivated, equally rich and self-possessed, will live beside his white neighbor and enjoy the opportunities and bounties of a common heaven equally with his Saxon fellow-citizen, both alike unconscious of the different livery each one wears. This condition of things is seen in all portions of Europe, and will, ere long, be witnessed on American soil.—North American Review.

On January 1, 1863, went forth the decree of emancipation, the proclamation of which startled the world with its just magnanimity and challenged the admiration of an onlooking universe. Five millions of people, helpless, worse than poor because of their ignorance, made the air resonant with their songs of praise. Along the dusty turnpikes men, women, and children journeyed with joy—but where? The world's history does not furnish a parallel case. But with undaunted courage they faced the world, wrested from the field its stores, and, under the star of nominal liberty, they are marching on to-day to a higher destiny and to an exalted plane of heroic endeavor undreamed of by their liberator.—Rev. J. A. Brockett.

To liberty and enfranchisement is as far as law can carry the negro. The rest must be left to conscience and common sense. It should be left to those among whom his lot is cast, with whom he is indissolubly connected and whose prosperity depends upon their possessing his intelligent sympathy and confidence. Faith has been kept with him in spite of calumnious assertions to the contrary, by those who assume to speak for us or by frank opponents. Faith will be kept with him in the future, if the South holds her reason and integrity.—H. W. Grady.

No land ever, even in war, did so brave and bold a thing as to take from the plantation a million black men who could not read the Constitution or the spelling-book, and who could hardly tell one hand from the other, and permit them to vote, in the sublime faith that liberty, which makes a man competent to vote, would render him fit to discharge the duties of the voter. And I beg to say, as I am bound to say, that when this one million unwashed black men came to vote, though much disturbance occurred—as much disturbance always occurs upon great changes—they proved themselves worthy of the trust that had been confided to them.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Through fire and blood freedom and citizenship came to us. The conflict was waged for the preservation of the Union, but back of all of that were the prayers, the tears, and the heart throbs of the millions in the bonds of

chattel slavery. We stand to-day in the presence of the American people, and with uncovered heads before the statue of Abraham Lincoln to celebrate the emancipation from slavery in the District of Columbia. This occasion should be a suggestive one to us. We should realize that awful grandeur in the responsibility of American citizenship, and we should read our duty on the starry firmament of the old flag. This is our country, our home. We know no cause but the American cause; no flag but the American flag! Let others appeal to England and the nations of the earth, but our appeal is to the American people and to their sense of fair play.—Jesse Lawson.

But, as the storm-dipping eagle nurtures her eaglets amid the thunder-scarred crags and peaks of the loftiest mountains, and teaches them to float with joy on the lightning-torn bosom of the blackest storm, so had the Almighty, while the storms of war's horrors were marshaling their forces of awful wrath, raised up the man of liberty amid the majestic forests of a western home. Like ancient Israel, the prayers, tears, and groans of mothers and sisters had gone up a pitiful memorial to God. And when the thunders of cannon, on land and sea, began to shock the continent with their fearful din, forth came the choice of God—the man of liberty—Abraham Lincoln. Notwithstanding that various official mistakes were made in the commencement of his administration, never has there a greater man graced the American soil, nor the whole circumference of God's footstool, than Abraham Lincoln.—Rev. J. A. Brockett.

Let this day be to us as sacred as was the night of the Passover to ancient Israel. Let the anthems of your praise ring out with joyous liberty until the glad sound shall be caught up by the hoary heights of the western mountains, "Lincoln and freedom!" By the mountains let the electric words be hurled down to the embattled hills—thence, down to the lowlands, through the shaded aisles of dark-plumed forests, until the skies shall catch the glad sound—"Lincoln, beyond the stars, and freedom inseparable now and forever." Thus, hurled from glory to glory, and from age to age, shall these words pass on until the unsightly piece of ebony, quarried from the depths of slavery's pit, shall prove a priceless jewel gleaming in the diadem of humanity.—A. M. E. Review.

During the war, when he knew that his liberty was the gage, when he knew the battle was to decide whether he should or should not be free, although the country for hundreds of miles was stripped bare of able-bodied white men, and though property and the lives of the women and children were at the mercy of the slave, there never was an instance of arson, or assassination, or rapine, or conspiracy, and there never was an uprising. They stood still, conscious of their power, and said, "We will see what God will do for us." Such a history has no parallel. And since they began to vote, I beg leave to say, in closing this subject, that they have voted just as wisely and patriotically as their late masters did before the emancipation.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Emigration

The emigrant's way o'er the western desert is mark'd by
Camp-fires long consum'd and bones that bleach in the sunshine.—Longfellow.

Beheld the duteous son, the sire decayed,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main. —Goldsmith.

Let us depart! the universal sun
Confines not to one land his blessed beams;
Nor is man rooted, like a tree, whose seed
The winds on some ungenial soil have cast
There, where it cannot prosper.
—Southey.

Down where yon anch'ring vessel spreads the sail,
That, idly waiting, flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore and darken all the strand. —Goldsmith.

Good heav'n! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day,
That call'd them from their native walks away,
When the poor exiles, ev'ry pleasure past,
Hung round the bow'rs, and fondly look'd their last,
And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain,
For seats like these beyond the western main,
And shudd'ring still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep. —Goldsmith.

I hear the tread of pioneers
Of nations yet to be,
The first low wash of waves where soon
Shall roll a human sea. —Whittier.

Eminence

He who surpasses or subdues mankind,
Must look down on the hate of those below.
—Byron.

It is a folly for an eminent man to think of escaping censure, and a weakness to be affected with it. All the illustrious persons of antiquity, and indeed of every age in the world, have passed through this fiery persecution. —Addison.

Emotion

Emotion is always new.—Victor Hugo.

The feelings, like flowers and butterflies, last longer the later they are delayed.—Richter.

It is our kindest and tenderest emotion which we screen from the world. —Richter.

The heart that is soonest awake to the flowers is always the first to be touched by the thorns.—Moore.

Women are ever the dupes or the victims of their extreme sensitiveness.—Balzac.

Women endowed with remarkable sensibilities enjoy much; but they also suffer much.—Anna Cora Mowatt.

All loving emotions, like plants, shoot up most rapidly in the tempestuous atmosphere of life.—Richter.

Women are more susceptible to pain than to pleasure.—Montaigne.

Emotion turning back on itself, and not leading on to thought or action, is the element of madness.—John Sterling.

The reason that women are so much more sociable than men is because they act more from the heart than the intellect.—Lamartine.

In love we never think of moral qualities, and scarcely of intellectual ones. Temperament and manners alone, with beauty, excite love.—Hazlitt.

How many women are born too finely organized in sense and soul for the highway they must walk with feet unshod.—O. W. Holmes.

At certain periods of life, we live years of emotion in a few weeks, and look back on those times as on great gaps between the old life and the new. —Thackeray.

Emotion is the atmosphere in which thought is steeped, that which lends to thought its tone or temperature, that to which thought is often indebted for half its power.—Hugh R. Haweis.

Natural emotion is the soul of poetry, as melody is of music; the same faults are engendered by overstudy of either art: there is a lack of sincerity, of irresistible impulse in both the poet and the composer.—Stedman.

Emotion, whether of ridicule, anger, or sorrow,—whether raised at a puppet show, a funeral, or a battle,—is your grandest of levellers. The man who would be always superior should be always apathetic.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Emotion has no value in the Christian system, save as it stands connected with right conduct as the cause of it. Emotion is the bud, not the flower, and never is it of value until it expands into a flower.—Murray.

There are three orders of emotions, —those of pleasure, which refer to the senses; those of harmony, which refer to the mind; and those of happiness, which are the natural result of a union between harmony and pleasure. —Chapone.

We are but shadows: we are not endowed with real life, and all that seems most real about us is but the thinnest substance of a dream,—till the heart be touched. That touch creates us—then we begin to be—thereby we are beings of reality and inheritors of eternity.—Hawthorne.

Empire

Nations and empires flourish and decay,
By turns command, and in their turns obey. —Ovid.

Extended empire, like expanded gold
Exchanges solid strength for feeble splendor. —Johnson.

Westward the course of empire takes its way,
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest offspring is the last.
—Bishop Berkeley.

Employment

Indolence is stagnation; employment is life.—Seneca.

The rust rots the steel which use preserves.—Lytton.

The hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.—Shakespeare.

The man who falls in love will find plenty of occupation.—Ovid.

The devil does not tempt people whom he finds suitably employed.—Jeremy Taylor.

Be always employed about some rational thing, that the devil find thee not idle.—Jerome.

Employment is nature's physician, and is essential to human happiness. —Galen.

The great principle of human satisfaction is engagement.—Paley.

Employment and ennui are simply incompatible.—Madame Deluzy.

The devil never tempted a man whom he found judiciously employed. —Spurgeon.

Give us employment in place of ennui; for we must have one or the other.—Mme. De Salm.

The wise prove, and the foolish confess, by their conduct, that a life of employment is the only life worth leading.—Paley.

Employment, which Galen calls "nature's physician," is so essential to human happiness, that indolence is justly considered as the mother of misery.—Burton.

Women are in this respect more fortunate than men, that most of their employments are of such a nature that they can at the same time be thinking of quite different things.—Wilhelm von Humboldt.

At present, the most valuable gift which can be bestowed upon women is something to do which they can do well and worthily, and thereby maintain themselves.—James A. Garfield.

A vast deal of human sympathy runs along the electric line of needlework, stretching from the throne to the wicker chair of the humble seamstress.—Hawthorne.

Life will frequently languish, even in the hands of the busy, if they have not some employment subsidiary to that which forms their main pursuit. —Blair.

Cares are employments; and without employ
The soul is on a rack: the rack of rest,
To souls most adverse: action all their joy. —Young.

People cry out, and deplore the unremunerative employment of woman. The true want is the other way. Women really trained, and capable of good work, can command any wages or salaries.—Gail Hamilton.

Employment gives health, sobriety, and morals. Constant employment and well-paid labor produce, in a country like ours, general prosperity, content, and cheerfulness. Thus happy have we seen the country.—Daniel Webster.

Nothing can hide from me the conviction that an immortal soul needs for its sustenance something more than visiting, and gardening, and novel-reading, and crochet-needle, and the occasional manufacture of sponge cake.—T. W. Higginson.

Let us candidly confess our indebtedness to the needle. How many hours of sorrow has it softened, how many bitter irritations calmed, how many confused thoughts reduced to order, how many life-plans sketched in purple!—Caroline H. Dall.

The question of woman's work in its economic aspect is really one not so much now of woman's rights as of woman's mights. Pretty much anything she wants to do, a resolute girl may now do.—R. Herbert Newton.

What kind of work would be done if Hercules took to spinning wool in safe places, while Omphales turned out to do battle with monsters, in his stead? What kind of men should we have as the result of the exchange?—E. Lynn Linton.

We have employment assigned to us for every circumstance in life. When we are alone, we have our thoughts to watch; in the family, our tempers; and in company, our tongues.—Hannah More.

Laziness begat wearisomeness, and this put men in quest of diversions, play and company, on which however it is a constant attendant: he who works hard, has enough to do with himself otherwise.—La Bruyère.

Exert your talents, and distinguish yourself, and don't think of retiring from the world until the world will be sorry that you retire. I hate a fellow whom pride or cowardice or laziness drives into a corner, and who does nothing when he is there but sit and growl. Let him come out, as I do, and bark.—Dr. Johnson.

Emulation

Emulation and imitation are of twin birth.—Charles Buxton.

There is emulation even in vice.—Eugene Sue.

'T is no shame to follow the better precedent.—Ben Jonson.

Emulation admires and strives to imitate great actions; envy is only moved to malice.—Balzac.

My heart laments that virtue cannot live out of the teeth of emulation.—Shakespeare.

An envious fever of pale and bloodless emulation.—Shakespeare.

Emulation embalms the dead; envy, the vampire, blasts the living.—Fuseli.

Those fair ideas to my aid I'll call, and emulate my great original.—Dryden.

Envy, to which the ignoble mind's a slave, is emulation in the learned or brave.—Pope.

Emulation is a handsome passion: it is enterprising, but just withal.—Jeremy Collier.

Where there is emulation, there will be vanity: where there is vanity, there will be folly.—Johnson.

Terror has its inspiration, as well as competition.—Beaconsfield.

Emulation is active virtue; envy is brooding malice.—Ouida.

There is a long and wearisome step between admiration and imitation.—Richter.

Emulation is a noble and just passion, full of appreciation.—Schiller.

It is scarce possible at once to admire and excel an author, as water rises no higher than the reservoir it falls from.—Bacon.

Unsuccessful emulation is too apt to sink into envy, which of all sins has not even the excuse to offer of temporary gratification.—Sydney Dobell.

Keeps mankind sweet by action; without that
The world would be a filthy settled mud.
—Crown.

Emulation looks out for merits, that she may exert herself by a victory; envy spies out blemishes, that she may have another by a defeat.—Colton.

Emulation hath a thousand sons, that one by one pursue; if you give way, or edge aside from the direct forthright, like to an entered tide, they all rush by, and leave you hindmost. —Shakespeare.

When emulation leads us to strive for self-elevation by merit alone, and not by belittling another, then it is one of the grandest possible incentives to action.—Dr. Johnson.

Does the man live who has not felt this spur to action, in a more or less generous spirit? Emulation lives so near to envy that it is sometimes difficult to establish the boundary-lines.—Henry Giles.

God grant that we may contend with other churches, as the vine with the olive, which of us shall bear the best fruit; but not as the briar with the thistle, which of us will be the most unprofitable.—Bacon.

Worldly ambition is founded on pride or envy, but emulation, or laudable ambition, is actually founded in humility; for it evidently implies that we have a low opinion of our present attainments, and think it necessary to be advanced.—Bishop Hall.

Emulation has been termed a spur to virtue, and assumes to be a spur of gold. But it is a spur composed of baser materials, and if tried in the furnace will be found to want that fixedness which is the characteristic of gold. He that pursues virtue, only to surpass others, is not far from wishing others less forward than himself; and he that rejoices too much at his own perfections will be too little grieved at the defects of other men.—Colton.

Emulation is a handsome passion; it is enterprising, but just withal. It keeps a man within the terms of honor, and makes the contest for glory just and generous. He strives to excel, but it is by raising himself, not by depressing others.—Jeremy Collier.

Emulation is grief arising from seeing one's self exceeded or excelled by his concurrent, together with hope to equal or exceed him in time to come, by his own ability. But envy is the same grief joined with pleasure conceived in the imagination of some ill-fortune that may befall him.—Thomas Hobbes.

Give me the boy who rouses when he is praised, who profits when he is encouraged and who cries when he is defeated. Such a boy will be fired by ambition; he will be stung by reproach, and aminated by preference; never shall I apprehend any bad consequences from idleness in such a boy. —Quintilian.

It is averse to talent to be consorted and trained up with inferior minds or inferior companions, however high they may rank. The foal of the racer neither finds out his speed, nor calls out his powers, if pastured out with the common herd, that are destined for the collar and the yoke.—Colton.

Emulation, even in brutes, is sensitively "nervous." See the tremor of the thoroughbred racer before he starts. The dray-horse does not tremble, but he does not emulate. It is not his work to run a race. Says Marcus Antoninus, "It is all one to a stone whether it be thrown upward or downward." Yet the emulation of a

man of genius is seldom with his contemporaries, that is, inwardly in his mind, although outwardly in his act it would seem so. The competitors with whom his secret ambition seems to vie are the dead.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Encouragement

Correction does much, but encouragement does more. Encouragement after censure is as the sun after a shower.—Goethe.

More hearts pine away in secret anguish for the want of kindness from those who should be their comforters than for any other calamity in life.—Young.

It may be proper for all to remember that they ought not to raise expectations which it is not in their power to satisfy; and that it is more pleasing to see smoke brightening into flame than flame sinking into smoke.—Johnson.

Faint not; the miles to heaven are but few and short.—Rutherford.

End

Every hour has its end.—Scott.

Deed done is well begun.—Dante.

The end must justify the means.—Prior.

Let the end try the man.—Shakespeare.

All's well that ends well, still the finis is the crown.—Shakespeare.

I am the last of my race. My name ends with me.—Schiller.

We ought to consider the end in everything.—La Fontaine.

The end crowns all;
And that old common arbitrator, time,
Will one day end it. —Shakespeare.

By the same means we do not always arrive at the same ends.—St. Real.

Endurance

Still achieving, still pursuing, learn to labor and to wait.—Longfellow.

Endurance is the crowning quality.—Lowell.

He conquers who endures.—Persius.

Endurance is patience concentrated.—Carlyle.

Patience and time conquer all things—Corneille.

Prolonged endurance tames the bold.—Byron.

Things may serve long, but not serve ever.—Shakespeare.

The bird that flutters least is longest on the wing.—Cowper.

The burden becomes light that is shared by love.—Ovid.

By bravely enduring it, an evil which cannot be avoided is overcome.—Old Proverb.

Through suffering and sorrow thou hast passed, to show us what a woman true can be.—Lowell.

The seal of suffering impressed upon our destiny announces in clear characters our high calling.—De Gerando.

I have often had occasion to remark the fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverses of fortune.—Washington Irving.

The greater the difficulty the more glory in surmounting it. Skilful pilots gain their reputation from storms and tempests.—Epicurus.

To endure is the first thing a child ought to learn, and that which he will have most need to know.—Rousseau.

There is nothing in the world so much admired as a man who knows how to bear unhappiness with courage.—Seneca.

There was never yet philosopher that could endure the toothache patiently, however they have writ the

style of gods, and make a pish at chance and sufferance.—Shakespeare.

Wounds and hardships provoke our courage, and when our fortunes are at the lowest, our wits and minds are commonly at the best.—Charron.

Endurance is the prerogative of woman, enabling the gentlest to suffer what would cause terror to manhood.—Wieland.

Not in the achievement, but in the endurance of the human soul, does it show its divine grandeur and its alliance with the infinite God.—Chapin.

'Tis not now who's stout and bold?
But who bears hunger best, and cold?
And he's approv'd the most deserving,
Who longest can hold out at starving.
—Butler.

To the disgrace of men it is seen that there are women both more wise to judge what evil is expected, and more constant to bear it when it happens.—Sir P. Sidney.

Women are so gentle, so affectionate, so true in sorrow, so untired and untiring! but the leaf withers not sooner, and tropic light fades not more abruptly.—Barry Cornwall.

Our strength often increases in proportion to the obstacles which are imposed upon it; it is thus that we enter upon the most perilous plans after having had the shame of failing in more simple ones.—Rapin.

Whenever evil befalls us, we ought to ask ourselves, after the first suffering, how we can turn it into good. So shall we take occasion, from one bitter root, to raise perhaps many flowers.—Leigh Hunt.

Allowing everything that can be claimed for the superior patience and self-command of women, still the main solution of their enduring pain better than men is their having less physical sensibility.—Moore.

The women of the poorer classes make sacrifices, and run risks, and bear privations, and exercise patience and kindness to a degree that the world never knows of, and would scarcely believe even if it did know. —Samuel Smiles.

As in labor, the more one doth exercise, the more one is enabled to do, strength growing upon work; so, with the use of suffering, men's minds get the habit of suffering, and all fears and terrors are to them but as a summons to battle, whereof they know beforehand they shall come off victorious. —Sir P. Sidney.

There is a sort of natural instinct of human dignity in the heart of man which steels his very nerves not to bend beneath the heavy blows of a great adversity. The palm-tree grows best beneath a ponderous weight, even so the character of man. There is no merit in it, it is a law of psychology. The petty pangs of small daily cares have often bent the character of men, but great misfortunes seldom. There is less danger in this than in great good luck.—Kossuth.

"Blessed is the man that endureth temptation, for when he is tried he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love Him." It is a verse of climbing power. It begins with man, it ends with God. It begins with earth, it ends with heaven. It begins with struggle, it ends with a crown. Blessed is the man that endureth, stands up under it, resists, conquers. "Blessed," for it means new wisdom, new strength, new joy,—"the crown of life."—Maltbie Babcock.

Enemies

Our enemies are our outward consciences.—Shakespeare.

None but yourself who are your greatest foe.—Longfellow.

There is no little enemy.—Franklin.

The man who has no enemies has no following.—Donn Piatt.

True wisdom, in general, consists in energetic determination.—Napoleon.

A man who makes no enemies is never a positive force.—Simon Cameron.

A man selects his enemies, his friends make themselves, and from these friends he is apt to suffer.—Donn Piatt.

My nearest
And dearest enemy.
—Thomas Middleton.

A merely fallen enemy may rise again, but the reconciled one is truly vanquished.—Schiller.

A man's enemies have no power to harm him, if he is true to himself and loyal to God.—John B. Gough.

That is a most wretched fortune which is without an enemy.—Publius Syrus.

Did a person but know the value of an enemy, he would purchase him with pure gold.—Abbé de Raunci.

If you want enemies excel others; if you want friends let others excel you.—Colton.

Make no enemies; he is insignificant indeed that can do thee no harm.—Colton.

It is better to break off a thousand friendships, than to endure the sight of a single enemy.—Saadi.

There's not so much danger in a known foe as a suspected friend.—Nabb.

The relief of enemies has a tendency to unite mankind in fraternal affection.—Johnson.

A malicious enemy is better than a clumsy friend.—Madame Swetchine.

A friend exaggerates a man's virtues; an enemy inflames his crimes.—Addison.

Inflict not on an enemy every injury in your power, for he may afterwards become your friend.—Saadi.

Our enemies come nearer the truth in the opinions they form of us than we do in our opinion of ourselves.—La Rochefoucauld.

An enemy despised is the most dangerous of all enemies.—Publius Syrus.

It is the enemy whom we do not suspect who is the most dangerous.—Rojas.

Let our friends perish, provided that our enemies fall at the same time.—Cicero.

The body of a dead enemy always smells sweet.—Vespasian.

'Tis death to me to be at enmity;
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.
—Shakespeare.

Though all things do to harm him what they can,
No greater en'my to himself than man.
Earl of Stirling.

'Tis ill to trust a reconciled foe;
Be still in readiness, you do not know
How soon he may assault us.
Webster and Rowley.

If we could read the secret history of our enemies we should find in each man's life sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostility.—Longfellow.

I am persuaded that he who is capable of being a bitter enemy can never possess the necessary virtues that constitute a true friend.—Fitzosborne.

It is from our enemies that we often gain excellent maxims, and are frequently surprised into reason by their mistakes.—Thomas Paine.

Discover the opinion of your enemies, which is commonly the truest; for they will give you no quarter, and allow nothing to complaisance.—Dryden.

Whosoever formeth an intimacy with the enemies of his friends, does so to injure the latter. O wise man! wash your hands of that friend who associates with your enemies.—Saadi

I have adopted the Roman sentiment, that it is more honorable to save a citizen than to kill an enemy.—Dr. Johnson.

It would be a rarity worth seeing could any one show us such a thing as a perfectly reconciled enemy.—South.

The world is large when its weary leagues
two loving hearts divide;
But the world is small when your enemy is
loose on the other side.
—John Boyle O'Reilly.

It is better to decide a difference between enemies than friends, for one of our friends will certainly become an enemy and one of our enemies a friend. —Bias.

The fine and noble way to kill a foe
Is not to kill him; you with kindness may
So change him, that he shall cease to be so;
Then he's slain. —Aleyn.

Avoid that which an enemy tells you to do; for if you follow his advice, you will smite your knees with the hand of sorrow. If he shows you a road straight as an arrow, turn from it and go the other way.—Saadi.

Who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb, that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him! —Washington Irving.

A certain excess of animal spirits with thoughtless good-humor will often make more enemies than the most deliberate spite and ill-nature, which is on its guard, and strikes with caution and safety.—Hazlitt.

A Christian should not discover that he has enemies by any other way than by doing more good to them than to others. "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink."—Bishop Wilson.

Let us carefully observe those good qualities wherein our enemies excel us; and endeavor to excel them, by avoiding what is faulty, and imitating what is excellent in them.—Plutarch.

Some men are more beholden to their bitterest enemies than to friends who appear to be sweetness itself. The former frequently tell the truth, but the latter never.—Cato.

It is with many enterprises as with striking fire; we do not meet with success except by reiterated efforts, and often at the instant when we despaired of success.—Madame de Maintenon.

Lands, intersected by a narrow frith,
Abhor each other. Mountains interpos'd
Make enemies of nations, who had else,
Like kindred drops, been mingled into one.
—Cowper.

We pray for our enemies; we seek to persuade those who hate us without cause to live conformably to the goodly precepts of Christ, that they may become partakers with us of the joyful hope of blessings from God, the Lord of all.—Justin Martyr.

Never disregard what your enemies say. They may be severe, they may be prejudiced, they may be determined to see only in one direction, but still in that direction they see clearly. They do not speak all the truth, but they generally speak the truth from one point of view; so far as that goes, attend to them.—B. R. Haydon.

I do defy him, and I spit at him;
Call him a slanderous coward and a villain:
Which to maintain I would allow him odds,
And meet him, were I tied to run afoot
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps.
—Shakespeare.

Be assured those will be thy worst enemies, not to whom thou hast done evil, but who have done evil to thee. And those will be thy best friends, not to whom thou hast done good, but who have done good to thee.—Lavater.

Plutarch has written an essay on the benefits which a man may receive from his enemies; and, among the good fruits of enmity, mentions this in particular, that by the reproaches which it casts upon us, we see the worst side of ourselves.—Addison.

Everybody has enemies. To have an enemy is quite another thing. One

must be somebody in order to have an enemy. One must be a force before he can be resisted by another force.—Madame Swetchine.

When you see discord amongst the troops of your enemy, be of good courage; but if they are united, then be upon your guard. When you see contention amongst your enemies, go and sit at ease with your friends; but when you see them of one mind, string your bow, and place stones upon the ramparts.—Saadi.

Men of sense often learn from their enemies. Prudence is the best safeguard. This principle cannot be learned from a friend, but an enemy extorts it immediately. It is from their foes, not their friends, that cities learn the lesson of building high walls and ships of war. And this lesson saves their children, their homes, and their properties.—Aristophanes.

Energy

Energy and persistence conquer all things.—Franklin.

He alone has energy that cannot be deprived of it.—Lavater.

Women love energy and grand results.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Thought and action are the redeeming features of our lives.—Zimmermann.

Energy, even like the biblical grain of mustard-seed, will remove mountains.—Hosea Ballou.

It is unreasonable for us to look for as great a degree of energy in a woman as in a man; energy is quite as much of a physical as a mental product.—Voltaire.

Energy will do anything that can be done in this world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged animal a man without it.—Goethe.

We should act with as much energy as those who expect everything from themselves; and we should pray with as much earnestness as those who expect everything from God.—Colton.

The shortest and surest way to prove a work possible is strenuously to set about it; and no wonder if that proves it possible that for the most part makes it so.—South.

Is there one whom difficulties dishearten—who bends to the storm? He will do little. Is there one who will conquer? That kind of man never fails.—Hunter.

Strong impulses are but another name for energy. Energy may be turned to bad uses; but more good may always be made of an energetic nature, than of an indolent and impassive one.—John Stuart Mill.

He who would do some great thing in this short life must apply himself to the work with such a concentration of his forces as, to idle spectators, who live only to amuse themselves, looks like insanity.—Foster.

No conjunction can possibly occur, however fearful, however tremendous it may appear, from which a man by his own energy may not extricate himself, as a mariner by the rattling of his cannon can dissipate the impending waterspout.—Beaconsfield.

England

The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms.—Goldsmith.

The storehouse of the world.—Dr. Young.

England is safe, if true within itself.—Shakespeare.

England! my country, great and free!
Heart of the world, I leap to thee!
—Bailey.

Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;
Britons never will be slaves.
—Thomson.

It was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good

thing, to make it too common.—Shakespeare.

Most brilliant star upon the crest of Time
Is England. England!
—Alexander Smith.

This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror.
—Shakespeare.

O England!—model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart.
—Shakespeare.

Be England what she will,
With all her faults, she is my country still.
—Churchill.

May he be suffocate,
That dims the honour of this warlike isle!
—Shakespeare.

England, of all countries in the world,
Most blind to thine own good.
—Randolph.

Without one friend, above all foes,
Britannia gives the world repose.
—Cowper.

This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world.
—Shakespeare.

The Continent will not suffer England to be the workshop of the world.—Earl of Beaconsfield.

The noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees is the high-road that leads him to England.—Sam'l Johnson.

England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune. —Shakespeare.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.
—Shakespeare.

'T is liberty crowns Britannia's Isle,
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains smile. —Addison.

The people of England are the most enthusiastic in the world. There are others more excitable, but there are none so enthusiastic.—Earl of Beaconsfield.

Hail, land of bowmen! seed of those who scorn'd
To stoop the neck to wide imperial Rome:
O dearest half of Albion sea-walled.
—Albania.

Set in this stormy Northern sea,
Queen of these restless fields of tide,
England! what shall men say of thee,
Before whose feet the worlds divide?
—Oscar Wilde.

His home! the Western giant smiles,
And turns the spotty globe to find it;—
This little speck the British Isles?
'Tis but a freckle,—never mind it.
—O. W. Holmes.

Poor England! thou art a devoted deer,
Beset with every ill but that of fear.
The nations hunt; all mock thee for a prey;
They swarm around thee, and thou stand'st at bay. —Cowper.

England, a happy land we know,
Where follies naturally grow,
Where without culture they arise,
And tow'r above the common size.
—Churchill.

Be Britain still to Britain true,
Amang ourselves united;
For never but by British hands,
Maun British wrangs be righted.
—Burns.

Britain, the queen of isles, our fair possession
Secur'd by nature, laughs at foreign force;
Her ships her bulwark, and the sea her dike,
Sees plenty in her lap, and braves the world. —Havard.

Oh, when shall Britain, conscious of her claim,
Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame?
In living medals see her wars enroll'd,
And vanquished realms supply recording gold? —Pope.

This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England. —Shakespeare.

The ocean is the grand vehicle of trade, and the uniter of distant nations. To us it is peculiarly kind, not

only as it wafts into our ports the harvests of every climate, and renders our island the centre of traffic, but also as it secures us from foreign invasions by a sort of impregnable intrenchment. —Harvey.

For of old time, since first the rushing flood,
Urg'd by Almighty Pow'r, this favour'd isle
Turn'd flashing from the continent aside,
Indented shore to shore responsive still,
Its guardian she. —Thomson.

This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea.
—Shakespeare.

There is no land like England,
Whate'er the light of day be;
There are no hearts like English hearts,
Such hearts of oak as they be;
There is no land like England,
Whate'er the light of day be:
There are no men like Englishmen,
So tall and bold as they be!
And these will strike for England,
And man and maid be free
To foil and spoil the tyrant
Beneath the greenwood tree.
—Tennyson.

O native isle! fair freedom's happiest seat!
At thought of thee, my bounding pulses beat;
At thought of thee my heart impatient burns;
And all my country to my soul returns.
When shall I see those fields, whose plenteous grain
No pow'r can ravish from th' industrious swain?
When kiss, with pious love, the sacred earth
That gave a Burleigh or a Russell birth?
When—in the shade of laws that long have stood,
Propt by their care or strengthen'd by their blood,—
Of fearless independence wisely vain,
The proudest slave of Bourbon's race disdain. —Lord Littleton.

England is a domestic country. Here the home is revered and the hearth sacred. The nation is represented by a family,—the Royal family,—and if that family is educated with a sense of responsibility and a sentiment of public duty, it is difficult to exaggerate the salutary influence it may exercise over a nation.—Beaconsfield.

Island of bliss! amid the subject seas,
That thunder round thy rocky coasts, set up,
At once the wonder, terror and delight
Of distant nations: whose remotest shores
Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm;
Not to be shook thyself, but all assaults
Baffling, as thy hoar cliffs the loud sea-wave. —Thomson.

England, our Mother's Mother! Come, and see
A greater England here! O come, and be
At home with us, your children, for there runs
The same blood in our veins as in your sons;
The same deep-seated love of Liberty
Beats in our hearts. We speak the same good tongue:
Familiar with all songs your bards have sung:
Those large men, Milton, Shakespeare, both are ours. —R. H. Stoddard.

There learned arts do flourish in great honour
And poets's wits are had in peerless price;
Religion hath lay power, to rest upon her,
Advancing virtue, and suppressing vice.
For end all good, all grace there freely grows,
Had people grace it gratefully to use:
For God His gifts there plenteously bestows,
But graceless men them greatly do abuse.
—Spenser.

A power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drum-beat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England.—Daniel Webster.

Enjoyment

He scatters enjoyment who can enjoy much.—Lavater.

They most enjoy the world who least admire.—Young.

Be merry if you are wise.—Martial.

Enjoy the present day, trusting very little to the morrow.—Horace.

The enjoyments of this life are not equal to its evils, even if equal in number.—Pliny.

Sleep, riches, and health are only truly enjoyed after they have been interrupted.—Richter.

And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.
—Wordsworth.

Who can enjoy alone?
Or all enjoying what contentment find?
—Milton.

A day of such serene enjoyment spent,
Were worth an age of splendid discontent.
—James Montgomery.

The less you can enjoy, the poorer, the scantier yourself,—the more you can enjoy, the richer, the more vigorous.—Lavater.

Temper your enjoyments with prudence, lest there be written upon your heart that fearful word "satiety."—Quarles.

Whether with Reason, or with Instinct blest,
Know, all enjoy that pow'r which suits them best. —Pope.

Heaven forbids, it is true, certain gratifications, but there are ways and means of compounding such matters. —Molière.

Pound St. Paul's Church into atoms, and consider any single atom; it is, to be sure, good for nothing; but put all these atoms together, and you have St. Paul's Church. So it is with human felicity, which is made up of many ingredients, each of which may be shown to be very insignificant.—Dr. Johnson.

All solitary enjoyments, quickly pall, or become painful, so that, perhaps, no more insufferable misery can be conceived than that which must follow incommunicable privileges. Only imagine a human being condemned to perpetual youth while all around him decay and die. O, how sincerely would he call upon death for deliverance!—Archbishop Sharp.

You were made for enjoyment, and the world was filled with things which you will enjoy, unless you are too proud to be pleased by them, or too grasping to care for what you cannot turn to other account than mere delight.—Ruskin.

Providence has fixed the limits of human enjoyment by immovable boundaries, and has set different gratifications at such a distance from each other, that no art or power can bring them together. This great law it is the business of every rational being to understand, that life may not pass away in an attempt to make contradictions consistent, to combine opposite qualities, and to unite things which the nature of their being must always keep asunder.—Johnson.

How small of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!
Still to ourselves in every place consigned,
Our own felicity we make or find.
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
—Goldsmith.

We are all children in our strife to seize
Each petty pleasure, as it lures the sight,
And like the tall tree swaying in the breeze,
Our lofty wishes stoop their tow'ring flight,
Till when the prize is won it seems no more
Than gather'd shells from ocean's countless store,
And ever those who would enjoyment gain
Must find it in the purpose they pursue.
—Mrs. Hale.

Ye men of gloom and austerity, who paint the face of Infinite Benevolence with an eternal frown, read in the everlasting book, wide open to your view, the lesson it would teach. Its pictures are not in black and sombre hues, but bright and glowing tints; its music—save when ye drown it—is not in sighs and groans, but songs and cheerful sounds. Listen to the million voices in the summer air, and find one dismal as your own.—Dickens.

Ennui

Ennui was born one day of uniformity.—Motte.

The curse of the great is ennui.—Bulwer-Lytton.

A scholar has no ennui.—Richter.

A French word for an English malady.—Chatfield.

I am wrapped in dismal thinking.—Shakespeare.

Ennui shortens life, and bereaves the day of its light.—Emerson.

Ennui is an expressive word invented in France.—Bancroft.

Ennui is the rust of the mind born of idleness. It is unused tools that corrode.—Mme. de Girardin.

We are amused through the intellect, but it is the heart that saves us from ennui.—Madame Swetchine.

Ennui is the desire of activity without the fit means of gratifying the desire.—Bancroft.

Ennui, the parent of expensive and ruinous vices.—Ninon de Lenclos.

That which renders life burdensome to us generally arises from the abuse of it.—Rousseau.

I do pity unlearned gentlemen on a rainy day.—Lord Falkland.

Ennui is, a growth of English root, though nameless in our language.—Byron.

You cannot give me an instance of any man who is permitted to lay out his own time contriving not to have tedious hours.—Dr. Johnson.

It is only those who never think at all, or else who have accustomed themselves to brood invariably on abstract ideas, that ever feel ennui.—Hazlitt.

The gloomy and the resentful are always found among those who have nothing to do or who do nothing.—Dr. Johnson.

Social life is filled with doubts and vain aspirings; solitude, when the imagination is dethroned, is turned to weariness and ennui.—Miss L. E. Landon.

As the gout seems privileged to attack the bodies of the wealthy, so ennui seems to exert a similar prerogative over their minds.—Colton.

Ennui, perhaps, has made more gamblers than avarice, more drunkards than thirst, and perhaps as many suicides as despair.—Colton.

I am tired of looking on what is,
One might as well see beauty never more,
As look upon it with an empty eye.
I would this world were over. I am tired.
—Bailey.

Alas! I have nor hope nor health,
Nor peace within nor calm around,
Nor that content surpassing wealth
The sage in meditation found.
—Shelley.

For Ennui is a growth of English root,
Though nameless in our language:—we retort
The fact for words, and let the French translate
That awful Yawn which Sleep cannot abate. —Byron.

I have also seen the world, and after long experience have discovered that ennui is our greatest enemy, and remunerative labor our most lasting friend.—Möser.

This ennui, for which we Saxons had no name,—this word of France, has got a terrific significance. It shortens life, and bereaves the day of its light.—Emerson.

Ambition itself is not so reckless of human life as ennui; clemency is a favorite attribute of the former; but ennui has the taste of a cannibal.—Bancroft.

There is nothing so insupportable to man as to be in entire repose, without

passion, occupation, amusement, or application. Then it is that he feels his own nothingness, isolation, insignificance, dependent nature, powerlessness, emptiness. Immediately there issue from his soul ennui, sadness, chagrin, vexation, despair.—Pascal.

The victims of ennui paralyze all the grosser feelings by excess, and torpify all the finer by disuse and inactivity. Disgusted with this world, and indifferent about another, they at last lay violent hands upon themselves, and assume no small credit for the *sang froid* with which they meet death. But, alas! such beings can scarcely be said to die, for they have never truly lived.—Colton.

They are mockery all—these skies, these skies,
Their untroubled depth of blue—
They are mockery all—those eyes, those eyes,
Which seem so warm and true;
Each tranquil star in the one that lies,
Each meteor glance that at random flies
The other's lashes through!
They are mockery all, these flowers of spring,
Which her airs so softly woo—
And the love to which we would madly cling,
Ay, it is mockery too!
The winds are false which the perfume stir,
And the looks deceive to which we sue;
And love but leads to the sepulchre,
Which flowers spring to strew.
—Hoffman.

Ennui, wretchedness, melancholy, groans, and sighs are the offering which these unhappy Methodists make to a Deity, who has covered the earth with gay colors, and scented it with rich perfumes; and shown us, by the plan and order of His works, that He has given to man something better than a bare existence, and scattered over His creation a thousand superfluous joys, which are totally unnecessary to the mere support of life.—Sydney Smith.

Enterprise

What passes in the world for talent or dexterity or enterprise is often only a want of moral principle. We may succeed where others fail, not from a greater share of invention, but from not being nice in the choice of expedients.—Hazlitt.

On the neck of the young man sparkles no gem so gracious as enterprise.—Hafiz.

Providence has hidden a charm in difficult undertakings which is appreciated only by those who dare to grapple with them.—Madame Swetchine.

How slow the time
To the warm soul, that in the very instant
It forms, would execute a great design.
Thomson.

The method of the enterprising is to plan with audacity and execute with vigor; to sketch out a map of possibilities, and then to treat them as probabilities.—Bovee.

The fact is, that to do anything in this world worth doing, we must not stand back shivering and thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can.—Sydney Smith.

Before thy undertaking of any design, weigh the glory of thy action with the danger of the attempt; if the glory outweigh the danger, it is cowardice to neglect it; if the danger exceed the glory, it is rashness to attempt it; if the balances stand poised, let thy own genius cast them.—Quarles.

Enthusiasm

Enthusiasm is the breath of genius —Beaconsfield.

Enthusiasts soon understand each other.—Washington Irving.

Enthusiasm is the fever of reason.—Victor Hugo.

Enthusiasm begets enthusiasm.—Longfellow.

Enthusiasm goes out.—Emerson.

Every great and commanding movement in the annals of the world is the triumph of enthusiasm.—Emerson.

Enthusiasm is the intoxication of earnestness.—Lamartine.

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.—Emerson.

Religion is among the most powerful causes of enthusiasm.—Burke.

Great dejection often follows great enthusiasm.—Joseph Roux.

Every production of genius must be the production of enthusiasm.—Beaconsfield.

No wild enthusiast ever yet could rest,
Till half mankind were like himself possess'd. —Cowper.

For virtue's self may too much zeal be had:
The worst of madmen is a saint run mad.
—Pope.

The most enthusiastic man in a cause is rarely chosen as a leader.—Arthur Helps.

In things pertaining to enthusiasm no man is sane who does not know how to be insane on proper occasions. —Henry Ward Beecher.

Alas! how enthusiasm decreases as experience increases!—Mme. Louise Colet.

Enthusiasm imparts itself magnetically and fuses all into one happy and harmonious unity of feeling and sentiment.—A. Bronson Alcott.

And rash enthusiasm in good society
Were nothing but a moral inebriety.
—Byron.

The best thing which we derive from history is the enthusiasm that it raises in us.—Goethe.

Opposition may inflame the enthusiast, but never converts him.—Schiller.

Be not afraid of enthusiasm; you need it; you can do nothing effectually without it.—Guizot.

The sense of this word among the Greeks affords the noblest definition of it: enthusiasm signifies God in us.—Mme. de Staël.

There is a melancholy which accompanies all enthusiasm.—Shaftesbury.

All noble enthusiasms pass through a feverish stage and grow wiser and more serene.—Channing.

Enthusiasm gives life to what is invisible, and interest to what has no immediate action on our comfort in this world.—Mme de Staël.

Enthusiasm is the height of man; it is the passing from the human to the divine.—Emerson.

Enthusiasm is always connected with the senses.—Kant.

Enlist the interests of stern Morality and religious Enthusiasm in the cause of Political Liberty, as in the time of the old Puritans, and it will be irresistible.—S. T. Coleridge.

Depend upon it, my younger brethren, the bright, self-sacrificing enthusiasms of early manhood are among the most precious things in the whole course of human life.—H. P. Liddon.

Enthusiasm is grave, inward, self-controlled; mere excitement, outward, fantastic, hysterical, and passing in a moment from tears to laughter.—Sterling.

Enthusiasm is the leaping lightning, not to be measured by the horse-power of the understanding.—Emerson.

When once enthusiasm has been turned into ridicule, everything is undone except money and power.—Mme. de Staël.

There is not a more melancholy object than a man who has his head turned with religious enthusiasm.—Addison.

Nothing is so contagious as enthusiasm; it moves stones, it charms brutes. Enthusiasm is the genius of sincerity,

and truth accomplishes no victories without it.—Lytton.

Enthusiasm is that temper of the mind in which the imagination has got the better of the judgment.—Warburton.

Let us recognize the beauty and power of true enthusiasm; and whatever we may do to enlighten ourselves and others, guard against checking or chilling a single earnest sentiment.—Tuckerman.

The same reason makes a man a religious enthusiast that makes a man an enthusiast in any other way, an uncomfortable mind in an uncomfortable body.—Hazlitt.

That youthful fervor, which is sometimes called enthusiasm, but which is a heat of imagination subsequently discovered to be inconsistent with the experience of actual life.—Beaconsfield.

Ridicule has ever been the most powerful enemy of enthusiasm, and properly the only antagonist that can be opposed to it with success.—Goldsmith.

Enthusiasm is the element of success in everything. It is the light that leads and the strength that lifts men on and up in the great struggles of scientific pursuits and of professional labor. It robs endurance of difficulty, and makes a pleasure of duty.—Bishop Doane.

Those who have arrived at any very eminent degree of excellence in the practice of an art or profession have commonly been actuated by a species of enthusiasm in their pursuit of it. They have kept one object in view amidst all the vicissitudes of time and fortune.—John Knox.

Without enthusiasm, the adventurer could never kindle that fire in his followers which is so necessary to consolidate their mutual interests; for no one can heartily deceive numbers who is not first of all deceived himself.—Warburton.

Let us beware of losing our enthusiasms. Let us ever glory in something, and strive to retain our admiration for all that would ennoble, and our interest in all that would enrich and beautify our life.—Phillips Brooks.

The fire of true enthusiasm is like the fires of Baku, which no water can ever quench, and which burn steadily on from night to day, and year to year, because their well-spring is eternal.—Ouida.

The enthusiast has been compared to a man walking in a fog; everything immediately around him, or in contact with him, appears sufficiently clear and luminous; but beyond the little circle of which he himself is the centre, all is mist and error and confusion.—Colton.

Conscience is doubtless sufficient to conduct the coldest character into the road of virtue; but enthusiasm is to conscience what honor is to duty; there is in us a superfluity of soul, which it is sweet to consecrate to the beautiful when the good has been accomplished.—Mme. de Staël.

Enthusiasm begets enthusiasm, eloquence produces conviction for the moment; but it is only by truth to Nature and the everlasting institutions of mankind that those abiding influences are won that enlarge from generation to generation.—Lowell.

Enthusiasm is an evil much less to be dreaded than superstition. Superstition is the disease of nations; enthusiasm that of individuals: the former grows inveterate by time; the latter is cured by it.—Robert Hall.

A mother should give her children a superabundance of enthusiasm; that after they have lost all they are sure to lose on mixing with the world, enough may still remain to prompt and support them through great actions. A cloak should be of three-pile, to keep its gloss in wear.—Hare.

Enthusiasm is that secret and harmonious spirit which hovers over the production of genius, throwing the

reader of a book, or the spectator of a statue, into the very ideal presence whence these works have really originated. A great work always leaves us in a state of musing.—Isaac Disraeli.

I look upon enthusiasm, in all other points but that of religion, to be a very necessary turn of mind; as indeed it is a vein which nature seems to have marked with more or less strength, in the tempers of most men. No matter what the object is, whether business, pleasures or the fine arts: whoever pursues them to any purpose must do so *con amore*.—Melmoth.

Enthusiasm is a virtue rarely to be met with in seasons of calm and unruffled prosperity. Enthusiasm flourishes in adversity, kindles in the hour of danger, and awakens to deeds of renown. The terrors of persecution only serve to quicken the energy of its purposes. It swells in proud integrity, and, great in the purity of its cause, it can scatter defiance amidst hosts of enemies.—Dr. Chalmers.

It is impossible to combat enthusiasm with reason; for though it makes a show of resistance, it soon eludes the pressure, refers you to distinctions not to be understood, and feelings which it cannot explain. A man who would endeavor to fix an enthusiast by argument might as well attempt to spread quicksilver with his finger.—Goldsmith.

I gaze upon the thousand stars
That fill the midnight sky;
And wish, so passionately wish,
A light like theirs on high.
I have such eagerness of hope
To benefit my kind;
I feel as if immortal power
Were given to my mind.
—Miss Landon.

Enthusiasm is always connected with the senses, whatever be the object that excites it. The true strength of virtue is serenity of mind, combined with a deliberate and steadfast determination to execute her laws. That is the healthful condition of the moral life; on the other hand, enthusiasm, even when excited by representations of goodness, is a brilliant but feverish glow which leaves only exhaustion and languor behind.—Kant.

They wrong man greatly who say he is to be seduced by ease. Difficulty, abnegation, martyrdom, death, are the allurements that act on the heart of man. Kindle the inner genial life of him, you have a flame that burns up all lower considerations. Not happiness, but something higher; one sees this even in the frivolous classes, with their "point of honor" and the like. Not by flattering our appetites—no, by awakening the heroic that slumbers in every heart can any religious gain follow.—Carlyle.

In the whole range of human vision nothing is more attractive than to see a young man full of promise and of hope, bending all his energies in the direction of truth and duty and God, his soul pervaded with the loftiest enthusiasm, and his life consecrated to the noblest ends. To be such a young man is to rival the noblest and best of men in heroic valor and Christian chivalry. Nay, to be such a young man is to be like Christ, the highest type, the most illustrious example of enthusiasm the world has ever seen.—J. McC. Holmes.

Envy

Envy—the rottenness of the bones.—Proverbs.

Envy, the attendant of the empty mind.—Pindar.

Envy is a kind of praise.—Gay.

Envy is the antagonist of the fortunate.—Epictetus.

Envy is not to be conquered but by death.—Horace.

Envy feeds only on the living.—Ovid.

It was well said that envy keeps no holidays.—Bacon.

Envy pierces more in the restriction of praises than in the exaggeration of its criticisms.—Achilles Poincelot.

Envy, like flame, soars upwards.—Livy.

All envy is proportionate to desire.—Dr. Johnson.

Envy is more irreconcilable than hatred.—La Rochefoucauld.

The man that makes a character makes foes.—Young.

Envy sets the strongest seal on desert.—Ben Jonson.

The envious will die, but envy never.—Molière.

Better it is to be envied than pitied.—Herodotus.

Nothing can allay the rage of biting envy.—Claudianus.

As rust corrupts iron, so envy corrupts man.—Antisthenes.

How bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes!—Shakespeare.

Envy is like a fly that passes all a body's sounder parts, and dwells upon the sores.—Chapman.

Those who raise envy will easily incur censure.—Churchill.

Men that make envy and crooked malice nourishment, dare bite the best.—Shakespeare.

How can we explain the perpetuity of envy—a vice which yields no return?—Balzac.

The hate which we all bear with the most Christian patience is the hate of those who envy us.—Colton.

Envy lies between two beings equal in nature, though unequal in circumstances.—Jeremy Collier.

That incessant envy wherewith the common rate of mankind pursues all superior natures to their own.—Swift.

An envious man waxeth lean with the fatness of his neighbors.—Socrates.

For envy, to small minds, is flattery.—Young.

He who surpasses or subdues mankind must look down on the hate of those below.—Byron.

There is not a passion so strongly rooted in the human heart as envy.—Sheridan.

Envy, like flame, blackens that which is above it, and which it cannot reach.—J. Petit-Senn.

Such men as he be never at heart's ease whiles they behold a greater than themselves.—Shakespeare.

Envy will merit as its shade pursue,
But like a shadow proves the substance true.
—Pope.

Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a slave,
Is emulation in the learn'd or brave.
—Pope.

Base Envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach.
—Thomson.

Envy not greatness: for thou mak'st thereby
Thyself the worse, and so the distance greater.
—Herbert.

But, oh! what mighty magician can assuage,
A woman's envy? —Geo. Granville.

It is the practice of the multitude to bark at eminent men, as little dogs do at strangers.—Seneca.

A weak mind is ambitious of envy, a strong one of respect.—E. Wigglesworth.

Thy danger chiefly lies in acting well;
No crime's so great as daring to excel.
—Churchill.

To all apparent beauties blind,
Each blemish strikes an envious mind.
—Gay.

No metal can—no, not the hangman's axe—bear half the keenness of thy sharp envy.—Shakespeare.

The truest mark of being born with great qualities is being born without envy.—La Rochefoucauld.

Envy is blind, and has no other quality but that of detracting from virtue. —Livy.

The hen of our neighbor appears to us a goose, says the Oriental proverb. —Mme. Deluzy.

The Sicilian tyrants never devised a greater punishment than envy.—Juvenal.

When men are full of envy they disparage everything, whether it be good or bad.—Tacitus.

Envy is but the smoke of low estate,
Ascending still against the fortunate.
—Lord Brooke.

Envy lurks at the bottom of the human heart, like a viper in its hole.—Balzac.

As a moth gnaws a garment, so doth envy consume a man.—St. Chrysostom.

Envy makes us see what will serve to accuse others, and not perceive what may justify them.—Bishop Wilson.

In short, virtue cannot live where envy reigns, nor liberality subsist with niggardliness.—Cervantes.

Stones and sticks are thrown only at fruit-bearing trees.—Saadi.

For something in the envy of the small
Still loves the vast democracy of death!
—Lytton.

When we envy another, we make their virtue our vice.—Boileau.

Just so far as we are pleased at finding faults, are we displeased at finding perfection.—Lavater.

We ought to be guarded against every appearance of envy, as a passion that always implies inferiority wherever it resides.—Pliny.

Envy assails the noblest; the winds howl around the highest peaks.—Ovid.

We often glory in the most criminal passion; but that of envy is so shameful that we dare not even own it.—Rochefoucauld.

We are all clever enough at envying a famous man while he is yet alive.—Mimnermus.

Envy is a passion so full of cowardice and shame that nobody ever had the confidence to own it.—Rochester.

If we did but know how little some enjoy of the great things that they possess, there would not be much envy in the world.—Young.

Envy, like a cold prison, benumbs and stupefies; and, conscious of its own impotence, folds its arms in despair.—Jeremy Collier.

Envy is a littleness of soul, which cannot see beyond a certain point, and if it does not occupy the whole space, feels itself excluded.—Hazlitt.

There is but one man who can believe himself free from envy; and it is he who has never examined his own heart.—Helvetius.

Save those who fill the highest stations, I know of none more unfortunate than those who envy them.—Mme. de Maintenon.

Emulation looks out for merits, that she may exalt herself by a victory; envy spies out blemishes, that she may lower another by defeat.—Colton.

Envy, among other ingredients, has a mixture of the love of justice in it. We are more angry at undeserved than at deserved good fortune.—Hazlitt.

Many men profess to hate another, but no man owns envy, as being an enmity or displeasure for no cause but goodness or felicity.—Jeremy Taylor.

'Tis the beginning of hell in this life, and a passion not to be excused. Every

other sin hath some pleasure annexed to it, or will admit of an excuse: envy alone wants both.—Burton.

There is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance.—Emerson.

Envy sets the stronger seal on desert; if he have no enemies, I should esteem his fortune most wretched.—Ben Jonson.

He that would live clear of envy must lay his finger on his mouth, and keep his hand out of the ink-pot.—L'Estrange.

Envy, my son, wears herself away, and droops like a lamb under the influence of the evil eye.—Sannazaro.

Of all hostile feelings, envy is perhaps the hardest to be subdued, because hardly any one owns it even to himself, but looks out for one pretext after another to justify his hostility.—Whately.

It is because we have but a small portion of enjoyment ourselves that we feel so little pleasure in the good fortune of others. Is it possible for the happy to be envious?—W. B. Clulow.

Envy, if surrounded on all sides by the brightness of another's prosperity, like the scorpion confined within a circle of fire, will sting itself to death.—Colton.

They say that love and tears are learned without any master; and I may say that there is no great need of studying at the court to learn envy and revenge.—N. Caussin.

Newton found that a star, examined through a glass tarnished by smoke, was diminished into a speck of light. But no smoke ever breathed so thick a mist as envy or detraction.—Willmott.

Mankind are so ready to bestow their admiration on the dead, because the latter do not hear it, or because it gives no pleasure to the objects of it. Even fame is the offspring of envy.—Hazlitt.

Envy is the deformed and distorted offspring of egotism; and when we reflect on the strange and disproportioned character of the parent, we cannot wonder at the perversity and waywardness of the child.—Hazlitt.

Lo! ill-rejoicing envy, wing'd with lies,
Scattering calumnious rumours as she flies,
The steps of miserable men pursue,
With haggard aspect, blasting to the view.
—Elton.

The praise of the envious is far less creditable than their censure; they praise only that which they can surpass, but that which surpasses them they censure.—Colton.

With that malignant envy, which turns pale,
And sickens, even if a friend prevail,
Which merit and success pursues with hate,
And damns the worth it cannot imitate.
—Churchill.

Envy, eldest born of hell, embru'd
Her hands in blood, and taught the sons of men
To make a death which nature never made,
And God abhorr'd. —Dr. Porteus.

Envy is of all others the most ungratifying and disconsolate passion. There is power for ambition, pleasure for luxury, and pelf even for covetousness; but envy gets no reward but vexation.—Jeremy Collier.

There is some good in public envy, whereas in private there is none; for public envy is as an ostracism that eclipseth men when they grow too great; and therefore it is a bridle also to great ones to keep within bounds.—Bacon.

Other passions have objects to flatter them, and seem to content and satisfy them for a while; there is power in ambition, pleasure in luxury, and pelf in covetousness; but envy can gain nothing but vexation.—Montaigne.

Whoever feels pain in hearing a good character of his neighbor will feel a pleasure in the reverse; and those who despair to rise in distinction by their

virtues are happy if others can be depressed to a level with themselves.—Rev. John Barker.

A man that hath no virtue in himself ever envieth virtue in others; for men's minds will either feed upon their own good or upon others' evil; and who wanteth the one will prey upon the other.—Bacon.

Men of noble birth are noted to be envious towards new men when they rise; for the distance is all told, and it is like a deceit of the eye, that when others come on they think themselves going back.—Bacon.

In our road through life we may happen to meet with a man casting a stone reverentially to enlarge the cairn of another which stone he has carried in his bosom to sling against that very other's head.—Landor.

Envy may justly be called "the gall of bitterness and bond of iniquity;" it is the most acid fruit that grows on the stock of sin, a fluid so subtle that nothing but the fire of divine love can purge it from the soul.—Hosea Ballou.

Envy, like the worm, never runs but to the fairest fruit; like a cunning bloodhound, it singles out the fattest deer in the flock. Abraham's riches were the Philistines' envy; and Jacob's blessing bred Esau's hatred.—J. Beaumont.

Envy is a weed that grows in all soils and climates, and is no less luxuriant in the country than in the court; is not confined to any rank of men or extent of fortune, but rages in the breasts of all degrees.—Lord Clarendon.

To pooh-pooh what we are never likely to possess is wonderfully easy. The confirmed celibate is loudest in his denunciations of matrimony. In Æsop, it is the tailless fox that advocates the disuse of tails. It is the grapes we cannot reach that we call sour.—Æneas Sage.

If envy, like anger, did not burn itself in its own fire, and consume and destroy those persons it possesses, before it can destroy those it wishes worst to, it would set the whole world on fire, and leave the most excellent persons the most miserable. — Lord Clarendon.

Envy ought in strict truth to have no place whatever allowed it in the heart of man; for the goods of this present world are so vile and low that they are beneath it, and those of the future world are so vast and exalted that they are above it.—Colton.

Envy is an ill-natured vice, and is made up of meanness and malice. It wishes the force of goodness to be strained, and the measure of happiness abated. It laments over prosperity, and sickens at the sight of health. It oftentimes wants spirit as well as good nature.—Jeremy Collier.

I don't believe that there is a human creature in his senses, arrived to maturity, that at some time or other has not been carried away by this passion (sc. envy) in good earnest; and yet I never met with any one who dared own he was guilty of it but in jest.—Mandeville.

We are often infinitely mistaken, and take the falsest measures, when we envy the happiness of rich and great men; we know not the inward canker that eats out all their joy and delight, and makes them really much more miserable than ourselves.—Bishop Hall.

If our credit be so well built, so firm, that it is not easy to be shaken by calumny or insinuation, envy then commends us, and extols us beyond reason to those upon whom we depend, till they grow jealous, and so blow us up when they cannot throw us down. —Clarendon.

To our betters we can reconcile ourselves, if you please—respecting them sincerely, laughing at their jokes, making allowance for their stupidities, meekly suffering their insolence; but we can't pardon our equals going beyond us.—Thackeray.

We had rather do anything than acknowledge the merit of another if we

can help it. We cannot bear a superior or an equal. Hence ridicule is sure to prevail over truth, for the malice of mankind, thrown into the scale, gives the casting weight.—Hazlitt.

As the rays of the sun, notwithstanding their velocity, injure not the eye, by reason of their minuteness, so the attacks of envy, notwithstanding their number, ought not to wound our virtue by reason of their insignificance. —Colton.

Do not envy the violet the dew-drop or glitter of a sunbeam; do not envy the bee the plant from which he draws some sweets. Do not envy man the little goods he possesses; for the earth is for him the plant from which he obtains some sweets, and his mind is the dew-drop which the world colors for an instant.—Leopold Schefer.

Surely, if we considered detraction to be bred of envy, nested only in deficient minds, we should find that the applauding of virtue would win us far more honor than the seeking slyly to disparage it. That would show we loved what we commended, while this tells the world we grudge at what we want in ourselves.—Feltham.

An envious man waxeth lean with the fatness of his neighbors. Envy is the daughter of pride, the author of murder and revenge, the beginner of secret sedition and the perpetual tormentor of virtue. Envy is the filthy slime of the soul; a venom, a poison, or quicksilver which consumeth the flesh and drieth up the marrow of the bones. —Socrates.

To be an object of hatred and aversion to their contemporaries has been the usual fate of all those whose merit has raised them above the common level. The man who submits to the shafts of envy for the sake of noble objects pursues a judicious course for his own lasting fame. Hatred dies with its object, while merit soon breaks forth in full splendor, and his glory is handed down to posterity in never-dying strains.—Thucydides.

To diminish envy, let us consider not what others possess, but what they enjoy; mere riches may be the gift of lucky accident or blind chance, but happiness must be the result of prudent preference and rational design; the highest happiness then can have no other foundation than the deepest wisdom; and the happiest fool is only as happy as he knows how to be.—Colton.

Envy is the most universal passion. We only pride ourselves on the qualities we possess, or think we possess; but we envy the pretensions we have, and those which we have not, and do not even wish for. We envy the greatest qualities and every trifling advantage. We envy the most ridiculous appearance or affectation of superiority. We envy folly and conceit; nay, we go so far as to envy whatever confers distinction of notoriety, even vice and infamy.—Hazlitt.

When any person of really eminent virtue becomes the object of envy, the clamor and abuse by which he is assailed is but the sign and accompaniment of his success in doing service to the public. And if he is a truly wise man, he will take no more notice of it than the moon does of the howling of the dogs. Her only answer to them is to shine on.—Whately.

And next to him malicious Envy rode
Upon a ravenous wolfe, and still did chaw
Between his cankered teeth a venomous tode,
That all the poison ran about his jaw;
But inwardly he chawed his own maw
At neighbour's wealth that made him ever sad
For death it was when any good he saw;
And wept, that cause of weeping none he had;
And when he heard of harme he waxed wondrous glad. —Spenser.

The envious man is in pain upon all occasions which ought to give him pleasure. The relish of his life is inverted; and the objects which administer the highest satisfaction to those who are exempt from this passion give the quickest pangs to persons who are subject to it. All the perfections of their fellow creatures are odious

Youth, beauty, valor and wisdom are provocations of their displeasure. What a wretched and apostate state is this! to be offended with excellence, and to hate a man because we approve him! —Steele.

Epigram

Diaulus, lately a doctor, is now an undertaker; what he does as an undertaker, he used to do also as a doctor.—Martial.

The book which you are reading aloud is mine, Fidentinus; but, while you read it so badly, it begins to be yours.—Martial.

You see those fish before you, a beautiful example of the sculpture of Phidias; give them water, and they will swim.—Martial.

You wonder that Marius' ear smells unpleasantly. You are the cause of this, Nestor; you whisper into it.—Martial.

Fannius, as he was fleeing from the enemy, put himself to death. Is not this, I ask, madness—to die for fear of dying?—Martial.

You complain, Velox, that the epigrams which I write are long. You yourself write nothing; your attempts are shorter.—Martial.

He who prefers to give Linus the half of what he wishes to borrow, rather than to lend him the whole, prefers to lose only the half.—Martial.

Though I often salute you, you never salute me first; I shall therefore, Pontilianus, salute you with an eternal farewell.—Martial.

You were constantly, Matho, a guest at my villa at Tivoli. Now you buy it —I have deceived you; I have merely sold you what was already your own. —Martial.

Since your legs, Phœbus, resemble the horns of the moon, you might bathe your feet in a cornucopia.—Martial.

Philo swears that he has never dined at home, and it is so; he does not dine at all, except when invited out.—Martial.

Thais has black, Læcania white teeth; what is the reason? Thais has her own, Læcania bought ones.—Martial.

Lycoris has buried all the female friends she had, Fabianus; would she were the friend of my wife.—Martial.

A crafty innkeeper at Ravenna lately cheated me. I asked him for wine and water; he sold me pure wine.—Martial.

When your crowd of attendants so loudly applaud you, Pomponius, it is not you, but your banquet, that is eloquent.—Martial.

See how the mountain goat hangs from the summit of the cliff; you would expect it to fall; it is merely showing its contempt for the dogs.—Martial.

You admire, Vacerra, only the poets of old, and praise only those who are dead. Pardon me, I beseech you, Vacerra, if I think death too high a price to pay for your praise.—Martial.

If your slave commits a fault, do not smash his teeth with your fists; give him some of the (hard) biscuit which famous Rhodes has sent you.—Martial.

You are pretty—we know it; and young—it is true; and rich—who can deny it? But when you praise yourself extravagantly, Fabulla, you appear neither rich, nor pretty, nor young.—Martial.

If I remember right, Ælia, you had four teeth; a cough displaced two, another two more. You can now cough without anxiety all the day long. A third cough can find nothing to do in your mouth.—Martial.

When you try to conceal your wrinkles, Polla, with paste made from

beans, you deceive yourself, not me. Let a defeat, which is possibly but small, appear undisguised. A fault concealed is presumed to be great.—Martial.

If you wish, Faustinus, a bath of boiling water to be reduced in temperature—a bath, such as scarcely Julianus could enter—ask the rhetorician Sabinæus to bathe himself in it. He would freeze the warm baths of Nero.—Martial.

Why do I not kiss you, Philænis? you are bald. Why do I not kiss you, Philænis? you are carrotty. Why do I not kiss you, Philænis? you are one-eyed. He who kisses you, Philænus, sins against nature.—Martial.

Do you wonder for what reason, Theodorus, notwithstanding your frequent requests and importunities, I have never presented you with my works? I have an excellent reason; it is lest you should present me with yours.—Martial.

I have not a farthing in the house; one thing only remains for me to do, Regulus, and that is to sell the presents which I have received from you; are you inclined to buy them?—Martial.

Do you ask what sort of a maid I desire or dislike. Flaccus? I dislike one too easy and one too coy. The just mean, which lies between the two extremes, is what I approve; I like neither that which tortures nor that which cloys.—Martial.

In whatever place you meet me, Postumus, you cry out immediately, and your very first words are, "How do you do?" You say this, even if you meet me ten times in one single hour; you, Postumus, have nothing, I suppose, to do.—Martial.

Report says that you, Fidentinus, recite my compositions in public as if they were your own. If you allow them to be called mine, I will send you my verses gratis; if you wish them to be called yours, pray buy them, that they may be mine no longer.—Martial.

I commend you, Postumus, for kissing me with only half your lip; you may, however, if you please, withhold even the half of this half. Are you inclined to grant me a boon still greater, and even inexpressible? Keep this whole half entirely to yourself, Postumus.—Martial.

I could do without your face, and your neck, and your hands, and your limbs, and your bosom, and other of your charms. Indeed, not to fatigue myself with enumerating each of them, I could do without you, Chloe, altogether.—Martial.

You often ask me, Priscus, what sort of person I should be, if I were to become suddenly rich and powerful. Who can determine what would be his future conduct? Tell me, if you were to become a lion, what sort of a lion would you be?—Martial.

All your female friends are either old or ugly; nay, more ugly than old women usually are. These you lead about in your train, and drag with you to feasts, porticos and theaters. Thus, Fabulla, you seem handsome, thus you seem young.—Martial.

You utter all sorts of falsehoods, Pontilianus; I assent to them. You recite bad verses; I praise them. You sing; I do the same. You drink, Pontilianus; I drink also. You are rude; I pretend not to perceive it. You wish to play at chess; I allow myself to be beaten. There is one thing only which you do without me, and I hold my tongue on the subject. Yet you never make me the slightest present. "When I die," say you, "I shall remember you handsomely." I do not look for anything; but die.—Martial.

What are the precise characteristics of an epigram it is not easy to define. It differs from a joke, in the fact that the wit of the latter dies in the words, and cannot therefore be conveyed in another language; while an epigram is a wit of ideas, and hence is trans-

latable. Like aphorisms, songs and sonnets, it is occupied with some single point, small and manageable; but whilst a song conveys a sentiment, a sonnet, a poetical, and an aphorism a moral reflection, an epigram expresses a contrast.—Wm. Matthews.

Do you ask why I am unwilling to marry a rich wife? It is because I am unwilling to be taken to husband by my wife. The mistress of the house should be subordinate to her husband, for in no other way, Priscus, will the wife and husband be on an equality.—Martial.

Epiphany (See Missions)

The Bartholdi Statue of Liberty enlightening the world. It is the gospel which enlightens the world, and, placed on the church for a pedestal, holds up Jesus to let all on the stormy sea of life see the light of the world and safely reach the desired haven.—Peloubet.

The festival of the Epiphany must be deemed of very high importance by a believing and thoughtful Christian. It does not merely commemorate one of the most beautiful incidents of our Lord's infant life, it asserts one of the most fundamental and vital features of Christianity: the great distinction, in fact, between Christianity and Judaism. The Jewish revelation of God contained within itself the secret and the reason of its vanishing by absorption into the brighter light which should succeed it.—Canon Liddon.

The Light of the world is not put out. Now have death and the grave been converted into the great testimonies for life and immortality. Now may each man, who has the sentence of Adam upon him, know that he is a kinsman of the Son of God. Now may he follow Him; and so, when the darkness is thickest around him and within, not walk in it, but see the Light of Life.—F. D. Maurice.

There is no figure more common in scripture, and none more beautiful, than that by which Christ is likened unto light. Incomprehensible in its nature, itself the first visible, and that by which all things are seen, light represents to us Christ, Whose generation none can declare, but Who must shine upon us ere we can know aught aright, whether of things Divine or human.—H. Melville.

Thou whose almighty Word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray;
And where the gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light.
Thou, who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight—
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind—
Oh, now to all mankind,
Let there be light.
—John Marriott.

Epitaph

Peas to his Hashes.—Epitaph on a London Cook.

Satire does not look pretty upon a tombstone.—Charles Lamb.

Here lies one whose name was writ in water.—Engraved on Keats' Tombstone.

It is so soon that I am done for,
I wonder what I was begun for!
—Epitaph in Cheltenham Churchyard.

Shrine of the mighty! can it be,
That this is all remains of thee?
—Byron.

Grave-stones tell truth scarce forty years. Generations pass while families last not three oaks. —Sir Thomas Browne.

If you would see his monument look around.—Inscription on the tomb of Sir Christopher Wrenn, St. Paul's, London.

Of Manners gentle, of Affections mild;
In Wit a man; Simplicity, a child.
—Pope.

Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night.
God said "Let Newton be"! and all was light. —Pope.

Let there be no inscription upon my tomb; let no man write my epitaph;

no man can write my epitaph.—Robert Emmet.

And many a holy text around she strews
That teach the rustic moralist to die.
—Gray.

Life is a jest, and all things show it,
I thought so once, but now I know it.
—Gay.

Here lies Anne Mann; she lived an
Old maid and died an old Mann.
—Bath Abbey.

I conceive disgust at these impertinent and misbecoming familiarities inscribed upon your ordinary tombstone.
—Charles Lamb.

Nobles and heralds, by your leave,
Here lies what once was Matthew Prior
The son of Adam and of Eve:
Can Bourbon or Nassau claim higher?
—Prior.

These are two friends whose lives were undivided;
So let their memory be, now they have glided
Under the grave; let not their bones be parted,
For their two hearts in life were single-hearted. —Shelley.

To this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art! draw near,
Here lies the friend most lov'd, the son most dear;
Who ne'er knew joy but friendship might divide,
Or gave his father grief but when he died.
—Pope.

By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorned,
By strangers honored, and by strangers mourned. —Pope.

Beneath these green trees rising to the skies,
The planter of them, Isaac Greentrees, lies;
The time shall come when these green trees shall fall,
And Isaac Greentrees rise above them all.
—Epitaph at Harrow, England.

After your death you were better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you lived.—Shakespeare.

The turf has drank a
Widow's tear;
Three of her husbands
Slumber here.
—Epitaph at Staffordshire.

Traveller, let your step be light,
So that sleep these eyes may close,
For poor Scarron, till to-night,
Ne'er was able e'en to doze.
—Scarron, Epitaph written by himself.

Johnny Carnegie lies here
Descendit of Adam and Eve,
Gif only can gang hieher,
I'se willing give him leve.
—Epitaph in an old Scottish Churchyard.

Emigravit, is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies;
Dead he is not, but departed,—for the artist never dies.
—Longfellow, Nuremberg.

The hand of him here torpid lies,
That drew th' essential form of grace,
Here closed in death th' attentive eyes
That saw the manners in the face.
—Sam'l Johnson, Epitaph for Hogarth.

Here lies Nolly Goldsmith, for shortness called Noll,
Who wrote like an angel, and talked like poor Poll. —David Garrick.

If e'er she knew an evil thought
She spoke no evil word:
Peace to the gentle! She hath sought
The bosom of her Lord.
—Ebenezer Elliot.

Thou third great Canning, stand among our best
And noblest, now thy long day's work hath ceased,
Here silent in our minster of the West
Who wert the voice of England in the East.
—Tennyson, Epitaph on Lord Stratford.

Here she lies a pretty bud,
Lately made of flesh and blood;
Who, as soon fell fast asleep,
As her little eyes did peep.
Give her strewings, but not stir
The earth, that lightly covers her.
—Herrick.

Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care;
The opening bud to Heaven conveyed,
And bade it blossom there.
—Coleridge, Epitaph on an Infant.

Here lie the remains of James Pady, Brickmaker, in hope that his clay will be remoulded in a workmanlike man-

ner, far superior to his former perishable materials.—Epitaph from Addiscombe Churchyard, England.

Underneath this stone doth lie
As much beauty as could die;
Which in life did harbor give
To more virtue than doth live.
If at all she had a fault,
Leave it buried in this vault.
—Ben Jonson.

Man's life is like unto a winter's day,
Some break their fast and so depart away,
Others stay dinner then depart full fed;
The longest age but sups and goes to bed.
Oh, reader, then behold and see,
As we are now so must you be.
—Bishop Henshaw.

Underneath this crust
Lies the mouldering dust
Of Eleanor Batchelor Shoven,
Well versed in the arts
Of pies, custards and tarts,
And the lucrative trade of the oven.
When she lived long enough,
She made her last puff,
A puff by her husband much praised.
And now she doth lie
And make a dirt pie,
In hopes that her crust may be raised.
—Epitaph on a Yorkshire Cook, England.

And here the precious dust is laid;
Whose purely temper'd clay was made
So fine that it the guest betray'd.
Else the soule grew so fast within,
It broke the outward shell of sinne
And so was hatch'd a cherubin.
—Thos. Carew.

From his cradle
He was a scholar, and a ripe, and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading;
Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him not,
But to those men that sought him, sweet as summer:
* * * * * *
And to add greater honors to his age
Than man could give, he died fearing God.
—Shakespeare.

I came at morn—'twas spring, I smiled,
The fields with green were clad;
I walked abroad at noon,—and lo!
'Twas summer,—I was glad;
I sate me down; 'twas autumn eve,
And I with sadness wept;
I laid me down at night, and then
'Twas winter,—and I slept.
—Mary Pyper.

The body of Benjamin Franklin, Printer (like the cover of an old book, its contents torn out and stript of its lettering and gilding), lies here, food for worms; but the work shall not be lost, for it will (as he believed) appear once more in a new and more elegant edition, revised and corrected by the author.—Benjamin Franklin.

Full many a life he saved
With his undaunted crew;
He put his trust in Providence,
And cared not how it blew.
—Epitaph in Deal Churchyard, England.

Here rests his head, upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown;
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.
Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
Heav'n did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Mis'ry (all he had) a tear:
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend,
No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode;
There they alike in trembling hope repose,
The bosom of his Father and his God.
—Gray.

Equality

Mortals are equal; their mask differs.—Voltaire.

We are not all equal, nor can we be so.—Goethe.

Equality is no rule in Love's grammar.—Beaumont and Fletcher.

Bliss is the same, in subject or in king.—Pope.

Liberty, equality and fraternity.—The Motto of France.

An equal has no power over an equal.—Law Maxim.

All men are equal before the natural law.—Law Maxim.

The sun shines even on the wicked.—Seneca.

Liberty and equality—lovely and sacred words!—Mazzini.

So let them ease their hearts with prate of equal rights, which man never knew.—Byron.

All men are equal; it is not birth, but virtue alone, that makes the difference.—Voltaire.

All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.—Bible.

Children of wealth or want, to each is given
One spot of green, and all the blue of heaven! —O. W. Holmes.

Some must follow, and some command, though all are made of clay!—Longfellow.

Men are made by nature unequal. It is vain, therefore, to treat them as if they were equal.—Froude.

Mean and mighty, rotting
Together, have one dust.
—Shakespeare.

She in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any princess of the world.
—Shakespeare.

Equality of two domestic powers
Breeds scrupulous faction.
—Shakespeare.

Golden lads and girls all must, as chimney-sweepers, come to dust.—Shakespeare.

In the gates of eternity, the black hand and the white hand hold each other with an equal clasp.—Mrs. Stowe.

Man cannot degrade woman without himself falling into degradation; he cannot elevate her without at the same time elevating himself. — Alexander Walker.

It is untrue that equality is a law of nature. Nature has no equality; its sovereign law is subordination and dependence.—Vauvenargues.

The tallest and the smallest among us are so alike diminutive and pitifully base, it is a meanness to calculate the difference.—Thackeray.

Thersites's body is as good as Ajax's when neither are alive.—Shakespeare.

When we leave this world, and are laid in the earth, the prince walks as narrow a path as the day-laborer.—Cervantes.

Spoons and skimmers you can be undistinguishably together; but vases and statues require each a pedestal for itself.—Emerson.

As if the ray which travels from the sun would reach me sooner than the man who blacks my boots.—Thackeray.

The circle of life is cut up into segments. All lines are equal if they are drawn from the centre and touch the circumference.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Sir, your levellers wish to level down as far as themselves; but they cannot bear levelling up to themselves. —Samuel Johnson.

The foolish and vulgar are always accustomed to value equally the good and the bad.—Yriarte.

Kings and their subjects, masters and slaves, find a common level in two places—at the foot of the cross, and in the grave.—Colton.

Who can in reason then or right assume monarchy over such as live by right his equals, if in power or splendor less, in freedom equal?—Milton.

Equality is the share of every one at their advent upon earth, and equality is also theirs when placed beneath it.—Ninon de Lenclos.

Consider man, weigh well thy frame; the king, the beggar, are the same; dust formed us all.—Gay.

The woman's cause is man's. They rise or sink together; dwarfed or godlike, bond or free; if she be small, slight-natured, miserable, how shall men grow?—Tennyson.

There are some races more cultured and advanced and ennobled by education than others; but there are no races nobler than others. All are

equally destined for freedom.—Alexander von Humboldt.

We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.—Thomas Jefferson.

Equality is the life of conversation; and he is as much out who assumes to himself any part above another, as he who considers himself below the rest of the society.—Steele.

My equal he will be again
Down in that cold oblivious gloom,
Where all the prostrate ranks of men
Crowd without fellowship, the tomb.
—J. Montgomery.

Equal nature fashion'd us
All in one mould. * * *
All's but the outward gloss
And politic form that does distinguish us.
—Massinger.

All men are by nature equal, made all of the same earth by one Workman; and however we deceive ourselves, as dear unto God is the poor peasant as the mighty prince.—Plato.

Whatever difference there may appear to be in men's fortunes, there is still a certain compensation of good and ill in all, that makes them equal. —Charron.

Come forward, some great marshal, and organize equality in society, and your rod shall swallow up all the juggling old court gold-sticks. — Thackeray.

For my part, it is not the mystery of the incarnation which I discover in religion, but the mystery of social order, which associates with heaven that idea of equality which prevents the rich from destroying the poor.—Napoleon I.

So far is it from being true that men are naturally equal, that no two people can be half an hour together but one shall acquire an evident superiority over the other.—Johnson.

A leveller has long ago been set down as a ridiculous and chimerical being, who, if he could finish his work to-day, would have to begin it again to-morrow.—Colton.

Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots. Your fat king and your lean beggar is but variable service, two dishes, but to one table: that's the end.—Shakespeare.

The mind of the thinker and the student is driven to admit, though it be awe-struck by apparent injustice, that this inequality is the work of God. Make all men equal to-day, and God has so created them that they shall be all unequal to-morrow.—Anthony Trollope.

It is a commonly observed fact that the enslavement of women is invariably associated with a low type of social life, and that, conversely, her elevation towards an equality with man uniformly accompanies progress.—Herbert Spencer.

All the religions known in the world are founded, so far as they relate to man or the unity of man, as being all of one degree. Whether in heaven or in hell, or in whatever state man may be supposed to exist hereafter, the good and the bad are the only distinctions.—Thomas Paine.

The trickling rain doth fall
Upon us one and all;
The south-wind kisses
The saucy milk-maid's cheek,
The nun's, demure and meek,
Nor any misses. —E. C. Stedman.

The equal right of all men to the use of land is as clear as their equal right to breathe the air—it is a right proclaimed by the fact of their existence. For we cannot suppose that some men have a right to be in this world, and others no right.—Henry George.

Equality is one of the most consummate scoundrels that ever crept from the brain of a political juggler—a fel-

low who thrusts his hand into the pocket of honest industry or enterprising talent, and squanders their hard-earned profits on profligate idleness or indolent stupidity.—Paulding.

We are foolish, and without excuse foolish, in speaking of the superiority of one sex to the other, as if they could be compared in similar things! Each has what the other has not; each completes the other; they are in nothing alike; and the happiness and perfection of both depend on each asking and receiving from the other what the other only can give.—Ruskin.

Equality is deemed by many a mere speculative chimera, which can never be reduced to practice. But if the abuse is inevitable, does it follow that we ought not to try at least to mitigate it? It is precisely because the force of things tends always to destroy equality that the force of the legislature must always tend to maintain it.—Rousseau.

The king is but a man, as I am; the violet smells to him as it doth to me; the element shows to him as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions; his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing. —Shakespeare.

As soon the dust of a wretch whom thou wouldest not, as of a prince whom thou couldest not look upon, will trouble thine eyes if the wind blow it thither; and when a whirlwind hath blown the dust of the churchyard into the church, and the man sweeps out the dust of the church into the churchyard, who will undertake to sift those dusts again, and to pronounce, "This is the patrician, this is the noble flower, and this the yeoman, this the plebeian bran?"—Rev. Dr. Donne.

Equanimity

Equanimity is the gem in virtue's chaplet, and St. Sweetness the loveliest in her calendar.—Alcott.

In this thing one man is superior to another, that he is better able to bear adversity and prosperity.—Philemon.

Equity

A good judge decides fairly, preferring equity to strict law.—Law Maxim.

In all things, but particularly in the law, there is equity.—Law Maxim.

All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them.—Bible.

Equity is a roguish thing: for law we have a measure, know what to trust to; equity is according to the conscience of him that is chancellor, and as that is larger or narrower, so is equity. 'Tis all one as if they should make the standard for the measure we cal' a foot a chancellor's foot; what an uncertain measure would this be! One chancellor has a long foot, another a short foot, a third an indifferent foot. 'Tis the same in the chancellor's conscience.—Selden.

Equivocation

There is no possible excuse for a guarded lie. Enthusiastic and impulsive people will sometimes falsify thoughtlessly, but equivocation is malice prepense.—Hosea Ballou.

To doubt the Equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth: Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane. —Shakespeare.

A sudden lie may be sometimes only manslaughter upon truth; but by a carefully constructed equivocation, truth always is with malice aforethought deliberately murdered.—Morley.

But yet,—
I do not like but yet, it does allay
The good precedence; fye upon but yet;
But yet is as a gaoler to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor.
—Shakespeare.

Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason

enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven.—Shakespeare.

Error

Error is worse than ignorance.—Bailey.

Every error is truth abused.—Bossuet.

A man's errors are what make him amiable.—Goethe.

Error is frail.—Zoroaster.

Error is always more busy than truth.—Hosea Ballou.

Error is but the shadow of the truth.—Stillingfleet.

Error is ever talkative.—Goldsmith.

Honest error is to be pitied, not ridiculed.—Lord Chesterfield.

Dark error's other hidden side is truth.—Victor Hugo.

The cautious seldom err.—Confucius.

Man on the dubious waves of error toss'd.—Cowper.

The smallest errors are always the best.—Molière.

Men err from selfishness, women because they are weak.—Mme. de Staël.

While man's desires and aspirations stir,
He can not choose but err. —Goethe.

Verily, there is nothing so true that the damps of error hath not warp'd it. —Tupper.

An error is the more dangerous in proportion to the degree of truth which it contains.—Amiel.

Error will slip through a crack, while truth will stick in a doorway.—H. W. Shaw.

If the wise erred not, it would go hard with the fools.—George Herbert.

Shall Error in the round of time
Still father Truth? —Tennyson.

Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow; He who would search for pearls must dive below. —Dryden.

Great errors seldom originate but with men of great minds.—Petrarch.

Find earth where grows no weed, and you may find a heart wherein no error grows.—Knowles.

There are few, very few, that will own themselves in a mistake.—Swift.

In all science error precedes the truth, and it is better it should go first than last.—Horace Walpole.

Spurn not a seeming error, but dig below its surface for the truth.—Tupper.

There are some errors so sweet that we repent them only to bring them to memory.—J. Petit-Senn.

An error gracefully acknowledged is a victory won.—Caroline L. Gascoigne.

For to err in opinion, though it be not the part of wise men, is at least human.—Plutarch.

The error of our eye directs our mind:
What error leads must err.
—Shakespeare.

Our follies and errors are the soiled steps to the Grecian temple of our perfection.—Richter.

Sometimes we may learn more from a man's errors than from his virtues. —Longfellow.

Mistake, error, is the discipline through which we advance.—Channing.

There are men who never err, because they never propose anything rational.—Goethe.

To stumble twice against the same stone is a proverbial disgrace.—Cicero

From the errors of others, a wise man corrects his own.—Syrus.

The progress of rivers to the ocean is not so rapid as that of man to error. —Voltaire.

Weeds are omnipresent; errors are to be found in the heart of the most lovable.—George Sand.

No tempting form of error is without some latent charm derived from truth.—Keith.

Error's monstrous shapes from earth are driven
They fade, they fly—but truth survives the flight. —Bryant.

Truth is a good dog: but beware of barking too close to the heels of an error, lest you get your brains kicked out.—Coleridge.

Error is sometimes so nearly allied to truth that it blends with it as imperceptibly as the colors of the rainbow fade into each other.—W. B. Clulow.

There will be mistakes in divinity while men preach, and errors in governments while men govern.—Sir Dudley Carlton.

How full of error is the judgment of mankind! They wonder at results when they are ignorant of the reasons. —Metastasio.

There is in some minds a nucleus of error which attracts and assimilates everything to itself.—Voltaire.

One deviates to the right, another to the left; the error is the same with all, but it deceives them in different ways. —Horace.

Our understandings are always liable to error. Nature and certainty is very hard to come at; and infallibility is mere vanity and pretense.—Marcus Antoninus.

There is scarcely any popular tenet more erroneous than that which holds that when time is slow, life is dull.—Beaconsfield.

Error, when she retraces her steps, has farther to go before she can arrive at truth than ignorance.—Colton.

By Hercules! I prefer to err with Plato, whom I know how much you value, than to be right in the company of such men.—Cicero.

Knowledge being to be had only of visible and certain truth, error is not a fault of our knowledge, but a mistake of our judgment, giving assent to that which is not true.—John Locke.

It is much easier to meet with error than to find truth; error is on the surface, and can be more easily met with; truth is hid in great depths, the way to seek does not appear to all the world.—Goethe.

How happy he who can still hope to lift himself from this sea of error! What we know not, that we are anxious to possess, and cannot use what we know.—Goethe.

All errors spring up in the neighborhood of some truth; they grow round about it, and, for the most part, derive their strength from such contiguity.—Rev. T. Binney.

My principal method for defeating error and heresy is by establishing the truth. One purposes to fill a bushel with tares, but if I can fill it first with wheat, I may defy his attempts.—Newton.

There are errors which no wise man will treat with rudeness while there is a probability that they may be the refraction of some great truth still below the horizon.—Coleridge.

Consciousness of error is, to a certain extent, a consciousness of understanding; and correction of error is the plainest proof of energy and mastery. —Landor.

For the first time, the best may err, art may persuade, and novelty spread out its charms. The first fault is the child of simplicity; but every other the offspring of guilt.—Goldsmith.

The more secure we feel against our liability to any error to which, in fact, we are liable, the greater must be our danger of falling into it.—Whately.

Error is always more busy than ignorance. Ignorance is a blank sheet on which we may write; but error is a scribbled one from which we must first erase.—Colton.

Those things which now seem frivolous and slight,
Will be of serious consequence to you,
When they have made you once ridiculous.
—Roscommon.

It is only an error of judgment to make a mistake, but it argues an infirmity of character to adhere to it when discovered. Or, as the Chinese better say, "The glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time you fall."—Bovee.

He who only tastes his error will long dwell with it, will take delight in it as in a singular felicity; while he who drains it to the dregs will, if he be not crazy, find it to be what it is. —Goethe.

O hateful Error, Melancholy's child!
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O Error, soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.
—Shakespeare.

Truth only is prolific. Error, sterile in itself, produces only by means of the portion of truth which it contains. It may have offspring, but the life which it gives, like that of the hybrid races, cannot be transmitted.—Madame Swetchine.

Error is a hardy plant; it flourisheth in every soil;
In the heart of the wise and good, alike with the wicked and foolish;
For there is no error so crooked, but it hath in it some lines of truth. —Tupper.

Errors to be dangerous must have a great deal of truth mingled with them; it is only from this alliance that they can ever obtain an extensive circulation; from pure extravagance, and genuine, unmingled falsehood, the world never has, and never can sustain any mischief.—Sydney Smith.

If a crooked stick is before you, you need not explain how crooked it is. Lay a straight one down by the side of it, and the work is well done. Preach the truth, and error will stand abashed in its presence.—Spurgeon.

Error soon passes away, unless upheld by restraint on thought. History tells us (and the lesson is invaluable) that the physical force which has put down free inquiry has been the main bulwark of the superstitions and illusions of past ages.—Channing.

The more readily we admit the possibility of our own cherished convictions being mixed with error, the more vital and helpful whatever is right in them will become; and no error is so conclusively fatal as the idea that God will not allow us to err, though He has allowed all other men to do so.—Ruskin.

The blindness of bigotry, the madness of ambition, and the miscalculations of diplomacy seek their victims principally amongst the innocent and the unoffending. The cottage is sure to suffer for every error of the court, the cabinet, or the camp. When error sits in the seat of power and of authority, and is generated in high places, it may be compared to that torrent which originates indeed in the mountain, but commits its devastation in the vale.—Colton.

The little I have seen of the world teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed through, the brief pulsations of joy, the feverish inquietude of hope and fear, the pressure of want, the desertion of friends, I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellowman with Him from whose hand it came.—Longfellow.

Esteem

Esteem all things that are good.—Tibullus.

Esteem never makes ingrates.—Rochefoucauld.

I will never pretend esteem for a man whose principles I detest.—Gustavus III. of Sweden.

We should esteem a person according to his actions, not his nationality.—Varenes.

To be loved, we should merit but little esteem; all superiority attracts awe and aversion.—Helvetius.

Prefer not the esteem of men to the approbation of God.—Jortin.

It is common to esteem most what is most unknown.—Tacitus.

Our esteem is apt to be given where we know the least.—Michelet.

Esteem cannot be where there is no confidence, and there can be no confidence where there is no respect.—Henry Giles.

Esteem incites friendship, but not love; the former is the twin brother of Reverence; the latter is the child of Equality.—Lamartine.

Many men and many women enjoy popular esteem, not because they are known, but because they are not.—Chamfort.

No man can have much kindness for him by whom he does not believe himself esteemed, and nothing so evidently proves esteem as imitation.—Johnson.

Esteem has more engaging charms than friendship, and even love. It captivates hearts better, and never makes ingrates.—Rochefoucauld.

As love without esteem is volatile and capricious, so esteem without love is languid and cold.—Dr. Johnson.

There is no rapture in the love which is prompted by esteem; such affection is lasting, not passionate.—Victor Hugo.

Under the assumption of profound esteem, the flatterer wears an outward expression of fidelity, as foreign to his heart as the smile upon the face of the dead.—E. L. Magoon.

By virtue, integrity, perseverance and true modesty it is possible for all men to win the esteem of their fellow beings.—C. N. Douglas.

There is graciousness and a kind of urbanity in beginning with men by esteem and confidence. It proves, at least, that we have long lived in good company with others and with ourselves.—Joubert.

We have so exalted a notion of the human soul that we cannot bear to be despised by it, or even not to be esteemed by it. Man, in fact, places all his happiness in this esteem.—Pascal.

We esteem in the world those who do not merit our esteem, and neglect persons of true worth; but the world is like the ocean—the pearl is in its depths, the seaweed swims.—G. P. Morris.

The chief ingredients in the composition of those qualities that gain esteem and praise are good nature, truth, good sense, and good breeding.—Addison.

The esteem of wise and good men is the greatest of all temporal encouragements to virtue: and it is a mark of an abandoned spirit to have no regard to it.—Burke.

We acquire the love of people who, being in our proximity, are presumed to know us; and we receive reputation or celebrity, from such as are not personally acquainted with us. Merit secures to us the regard of our honest neighbors, and good fortune that of the public. Esteem is the harvest of a

whole life spent in usefulness; but reputation is often bestowed upon a chance action, and depends most on success.—G. A. Sala.

Local esteem is far more conducive to happiness than general reputation. The latter may be compared to the fixed stars which glimmer so remotely as to afford little light and no warmth. The former is like the sun, each day shedding his prolific and cheering beams.—W. B. Clulow.

Estrangement

There is not so agonizing a feeling in the whole catalogue of human suffering, as the first conviction that the heart of the being whom we most tenderly love is estranged from us.—Bulwer.

Eternity

Eternity, thou pleasing, dreadful thought!—Addison.

Eternity forbids thee to forget.—Byron.

God has given to us eternal life; and this life is in His Son.

Who can speak of eternity without a solecism, or think thereof without an ecstasy?—Sir T. Browne.

All that live must die, passing through nature to eternity.—Shakespeare.

Let me dream that love goes with us to the shore unknown.—Mrs. Hemans.

This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless seas.—Moore.

That golden key,
That opes the palace of eternity.
—Milton.

If we stretch our thoughts as far as they can reach, eternity is still before us.—J. Edmondson.

Can eternity belong to me, poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?—Young.

The thought of eternity consoles for the shortness of life.—Malesherbes.

Beyond is all abyss, eternity, whose end no eye can reach.—Milton.

What a sublime doctrine it is, that goodness cherished now is eternal life already entered on!—W. E. Channing.

But felt through all this fleshly dresse
Bright shootes of everlastingnesse.
—Henry Vaughan.

All great men find eternity affirmed in the very promise of their faculties.—Emerson.

Eternity looks grander and kinder if Time grow meaner and more hostile.—Carlyle.

"Time restores all things." Wrong! Time restores many things, but eternity restores all.—Joseph Roux.

The youth of the soul is everlasting, and eternity is youth.—Richter.

Darkness, that here surrounds our purblind understanding, will vanish at the dawning of eternal day.—Boyle.

Yes, I live in God, and shall eternally. It is His hand upholds me now; and death will be but an uplifting of me into His bosom.—Wm. Mountford.

If people would but provide for eternity with the same solicitude and real care as they do for this life, they could not fail of heaven.—Tillotson.

Eternity doth wear upon her face the veil of time. They only see the veil, and thus they know not what they stand so near!—Alexander Smith.

O, if we could tear aside the veil, and see but for one hour what it signifies to be a soul in the power of an endless life, what a revelation would it be!—Horace Bushnell.

This is eternal life: a life of everlasting love, showing itself in everlasting good works; and whosoever lives that life, he lives the life of God, and hath eternal life.—Charles Kingsley.

Eternal life does not depend upon our perfection; but because it does depend upon the grace of Christ and the love of the Spirit, that love shall prompt us to emulate perfection.—William Adams.

Sure there is none but fears a future state;
And when the most obdurate swear they do not,
Their trembling hearts belie their boasting tongues. —Dryden.

In time there is no present,
In eternity no future,
In eternity no past. —Tennyson.

'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
—Addison.

Eternity! How know we but we stand
On the precipitous and crumbling verge
Of Time e'en now, Eternity below?
—Abraham Coles.

Nothing is eternal but that which is done for God and others. That which is done for self dies.—Aughey.

Eternity has no gray hairs! The flowers fade, the heart withers, man grows old and dies, the world lies down in the sepulchre of ages, but time writes no wrinkles on the brow of eternity.—Bishop Heber.

Oh! in that future let us think
To hold each heart the heart that shares;
With them the immortal waters drink,
And, soul in soul, grow deathless theirs!
—Byron.

The more we can be raised above the petty vexations and pleasures of this world into the eternal life to come, the more shall we be prepared to enter into that eternal life whenever God shall please to call us hence.—Dean Stanley.

O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business, ere it come,
But it sufficeth that the day will end;
And then the end is known.
—Shakespeare.

Yes, what I am to be everlastingly, I am growing to be now—now in this present time so little thought of, this time which the sun rises and sets in, and the clock strikes in, and I wake and sleep in.—Wm. Mountford.

Eternity is the divine treasure-house and hope is the window, by means of which mortals are permitted to see, as through a glass darkly, the things which God is preparing.—Mountford.

Too curious man! why dost thou seek to know
Events, which, good or ill, foreknown, are woe!
Th' all-seeing power, that made thee mortal, gave
Thee every thing a mortal state should have. —Dryden.

It is a high, solemn, almost awful thought for every individual man, that his earthly influence, which has a commencement, will never, through all ages, have an end.—Aughey.

He that will often put eternity and the world before him, and who will dare to look steadfastly at both of them, will find that the more often he contemplates them, the former will grow greater, and the latter less.—Colton.

If there remains an eternity to us after the short revolution of time we so swiftly run over here, 'tis clear that all the happiness that can be imagined in this fleeting state is not valuable in respect of the future.—Locke.

Certainly the highest and dearest concerns of a temporal life are infinitely less valuable than those of an eternal; and consequently ought, without any demur at all, to be sacrificed to them, whenever they come in competition.—South.

There is, I know not how, in the minds of men, a certain presage, as it were, of a future existence; and this takes the deepest root, and is most discoverable, in the greatest geniuses and most exalted souls.—Cicero.

Sow the seeds of life—humbleness, pure-heartedness, love; and in the long eternity which lies before the soul, every minutest grain will come up

again with an increase of thirty, sixty, or a hundredfold.—F. W. Robertson.

In the life to come, at the first ray of its light our true characters, purified but preserving their identity, will more fully expand, and the result of the infinite diversity will be a complete unity.—Madame de Gasparin.

Eternity invests every state, whether of bliss or of suffering, with a mysterious and awful importance, entirely its own. It gives that weight and moment to whatever it attaches, compared to which all interests that know a period fade into absolute insignificance.—Robert Hall.

"What is eternity?" was a question once asked at the deaf and dumb institution at Paris, and the beautiful and striking answer was given by one of the pupils, "The lifetime of the Almighty."—John Bate.

Eternity, thou pleasing dreadful Thought!
Thro' what variety of untry'd beings,
Thro' what new scenes and changes must we pass?
The wide, the unbounded Prospect lies before me;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it. —Addison.

None can comprehend eternity but the eternal God. Eternity is an ocean, whereof we shall never see the shore; it is a deep, where we can find no bottom; a labyrinth from whence we cannot extricate ourselves and where we shall ever lose the door.—Boston.

Eternity is a negative idea clothed with a positive name. It supposes in that to which it is applied a present existence, and is the negation of a beginning or of an end of that existence. —Paley.

Consider and act with reference to the true ends of existence. This world is but the vestibule of an immortal life. Every action of our lives touches on some chord that will vibrate in eternity.—Chapin.

Upon laying a weight in one of the scales, described eternity, though I threw in that of time, prosperity, affliction, wealth, and poverty, which seemed very ponderous, they were not able to stir the opposite balance.—Addison.

When at eve, at the bounding of the landscape, the heavens appear to recline so slowly on the earth, imagination pictures beyond the horizon an asylum of hope—a native land of love; and nature seems silently to repeat that man is immortal.—Madame de Staël.

The time will come when every change shall cease,
This quick revolving wheel shall rest in peace:
No summer then shall glow, nor winter freeze;
Nothing shall be to come, and nothing past,
But an eternal now shall ever last.
—Petrarch.

It is only Jesus Christ who has thrown light on life and immortality through the gospel; and because He has done so, and has enabled us by His atoning death and intercession to make the most of this discovery, His gospel is, for all who will, a power of God unto salvation.—H. P. Liddon.

Every natural longing has its natural satisfaction. If we thirst, God has created liquid to gratify thirst. If we are susceptible of attachment, there are beings to gratify that love. If we thirst for life and love eternal, it is likely there are an eternal life and an eternal love to satisfy that craving.—F. W. Robertson.

Life everywhere is in vast and endless variety. So it is with life eternal, that gift of God, constituting, in its length and breadth and height and depth, the reward of the righteous. The penitent, dying thief is not going into heaven like the triumphant, dying Paul.—Herrick Johnson.

Let us be adventurers for another world. It is at least a fair and noble chance; and there is nothing in this worth our thoughts or our passions. If we should be disappointed, we are still no worse than the rest of our fel-

low-mortals; and if we succeed in our expectations we are eternally happy.—Burnet.

Eternity, thou awful Gulph of Time,
This wide creation on thy surface floats.
Of life—of death—what is, or what shall be,
I nothing know. The world is all a dream,
The consciousness of something that exists.
Yet is not what it seems. Then what am I?
Death must unfold the mystery! —Dowe.

The disappointed man turns his thoughts toward a state of existence where his wiser desires may be fixed with the certainty of faith; the successful man feels that the objects which he has ardently pursued fail to satisfy the cravings of an immortal spirit; the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness, that he may save his soul alive.—Southey.

You reap what you sow—not something else, but that. An act of love makes the soul more loving. A deed of humbleness deepens humbleness. The thing reaped is the very thing sown, multiplied a hundred fold. You have sown a seed of life, you reap life everlasting.—F. W. Robertson.

Our imagination so magnifies this present existence, by the power of continual reflection on it, and so attenuates eternity, by not thinking of it at all, that we reduce an eternity to nothingness, and expand a mere nothing to an eternity; and this habit is so inveterately rooted in us that all the force of reason cannot induce us to lay it aside.—Pascal.

The vaulted void of purple sky
That everywhere extends,
That stretches from the dazzled eye,
In space that never ends;
A morning whose uprisen sun
No setting e'er shall see;
A day that comes without a noon
Such is eternity. —Clare.

Beyond the grave! As the vision rises how this side dwindles into nothing—a speck—a moment—and its glory and pomp shrink into the trinkets and baubles that amuse an infant for a day. Only those things, in the glory of this light, which lay hold of immortality, seem to have any value. —Bishop R. S. Foster.

Those spacious regions where our fancies roam,
Pain'd by the past, expecting ills to come,
In some dread moment, by the fates assign'd,
Shall pass away, nor leave a rack behind;
And Time's revolving wheels shall lose at last
The speed that spins the future and the past:
And, sovereign of an undisputed throne,
Awful eternity shall reign alone.
—Petrarch.

The longest time that man may live,
The lapse of generations of his race,
The continent entire of time itself,
Bears not proportion to Eternity;
Huge as a fraction of a grain of dew
Co-measured with the broad, unbounded ocean!
There is the time of man—his proper time,
Looking at which this life is but a gust,
A puff of breath, that's scarely felt ere gone! —Sheridan Knowles.

Alas! what is man? whether he be deprived of that light which is from on high, or whether he discard it; a frail and trembling creature, standing on time, that bleak and narrow isthmus between two eternities, he sees nothing but impenetrable darkness on the one hand, and doubt, distrust, and conjecture still more perplexing on the other. Most gladly would he take an observation as to whence he has come, or whither he is going. Alas, he has not the means; his telescope is too dim, his compass too wavering, his plummet too short. Nor is that little spot, his present state, one whit more intelligible, since it may prove a quicksand that may sink in a moment from his feet; it can afford him no certain reckoning as to that immeasurable ocean that he may have traversed, or that still more formidable one that he must.—Colton.

Yes, my brethren, Christ will reign —must reign. O what a grand, glorious destiny awaits us who are saved! I stand in the presence of a scheme that I have neither power to comprehend nor to delineate. I tell you, when the end shall come, and God

Almighty shall gather into His kingdom the souls and bodies of men saved upon the earth, they will reach the pinnacle of eternal life in all its splendor! Happy, happy will be the day when you and I, by God's grace, stand in full proportion on the granite platform of an eternal, happy immortality. —Bishop Daggett.

Ethics

Ethics, as has been well said, are the finest fruits of humanity, but they are not its roots.—Miss Mulock.

Ethics may be defined as the obligations of morality.—Kossuth.

Ethics is the doctrine of manners, or science of philosophy, which teaches men their duty and the springs and principles of human conduct.—Maunder.

Art itself is essentially ethical; because every true work of art must have a beauty or grandeur of some kind, and beauty and grandeur cannot be comprehended by the beholder except through the moral sentiment. The eye is only a witness; it is not a judge. The mind judges what the eye reports to it; therefore, whatever elevates the moral sentiment to the contemplation of beauty and grandeur is in itself ethical.—Bulwer-Lytton.

The modern Gamaliel should teach ethics. Ethics is the science of human duty. Arithmetic tells man how to count his money; ethics how he should acquire it, whether by honesty or fraud. Geography is a map of the world; ethics is a beautiful map of duty. This ethics is not Christianity, it is not even religion; but it is the sister of religion, because the path of duty is in full harmony, as to quality and direction, with the path of God.—Professor Swing.

Etiquette

Etiquette is the invention of wise men to keep fools at a distance.—Steele.

What are these wondrous civilizing arts, this Roman polish, and this smooth behavior that render man thus tractable and tame?—Addison.

Trifles themselves are elegant in him.—Pope.

Etiquette has no regard for moral qualities.—Douglas Jerrold.

Starch makes the gentleman, etiquette the lady.—Brummel.

There was a general whisper, toss, and wiggle,
But etiquette forbade them all to giggle.
—Byron.

Etiquette is the ceremonial code of polite life, more voluminous and minute in each portion of society according to its rank.—J. R. MacCulloch.

There's nothing in the world like etiquette
In kingly chambers, or imperial halls,
As also at the race and county balls.
—Byron.

O form! how oft dost thou with thy case, thy habit, wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls to thy false seeming!—Shakespeare.

We show wisdom by a decent conformity to social etiquette; it is excess of neatness or display that creates dandyism in men, and coquetry in women.—Robert Adam.

A man may with more impunity be guilty of an actual breach, either of real good breeding or good morals, than appear ignorant of the most minute points of fashionable etiquette.—Scott.

Evasion

Evasion is unworthy of us, and is always the intimate of equivocation.—Balzac.

Evasions are the common shelter of the hard-hearted, the false and impotent when called upon to assist; the really great alone plan instantaneous help, even when their looks or words presage difficulties.—Lavater.

Evening

Every evening brings us nearer God. —Luther.

At shut of evening flowers.—Milton.

The pale child, Eve, leading her mother, Night.—Alexander Smith.

Dewy evening's soft and sacred lull. —Paul H. Hayne.

O precious evenings! all too swiftly sped!—Longfellow.

Vast and deep the mountain shadows grew.—Rogers.

Hath not thy heart within thee burned,
At evening's calm and holy hour?
—S. G. Bulfinch.

To me at least was never evening yet
But seemed far beautifuller than its day.
—Robert Browning.

Now came still evening on, and twilight gray,
Had in her sober livery all things clad.
—Milton.

Fairest of all that earth beholds, the hues
That live among the clouds, and flush the air,
Lingering and deepening at the hour of dews. —Bryant.

How dear to me the hour when daylight dies,
And sunbeams melt along the silent sea,
For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
And memory breathes her vesper sigh to thee. —Moore.

Meek-eyed Eve, her cheek yet warm with blushes, slow retires through the Hesperian gardens of the west, and shuts the gates of day.—Mrs. Barbauld.

One by one the flowers close,
Lily and dewy rose
Shutting their tender petals from the moon.
—Christina G. Rossetti.

Now to the main the burning sun descends,
And sacred night her gloomy veil extends.
The western sun now shot a feeble ray
And faintly scatter'd the remains of day.
—Addison.

Women have in their natures something akin to owls and fireflies. While men grow stupid and sleepy towards evening, they become brighter and more open-eyed, and show a propensity to flit and sparkle under the light of chandeliers.—Abba Goold Woolson.

Sober Evening takes her wonted station in the middle air, a thousand shadows at her beck.—Thomson.

The summer day has clos'd—the sun is set:
Well have they done their office, those bright hours,
The latest of whose train goes softly out
In the red west. —Bryant.

It was an evening bright and still
As ever blush'd on wave or bower,
Smiling from heaven, as if nought ill
Could happen in so sweet an hour.
—Moore.

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.
—Longfellow.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.
—Longfellow.

Day, like a weary pilgrim, had reached the western gate of heaven, and Evening stooped down to unloose the latchets of his sandal shoon.—Longfellow.

The west with second pomp is bright
Though in the east the dusk is thickening,
Twilight's first star breaks forth in white,
Into night's gold each moment quickening. —Street.

Evening came.
The setting sun stretched his celestial rods of light
Across the level landscape, and, like the Hebrews
In Egypt, smote the rivers, brooks, and ponds,
And they became as blood.
—Longfellow.

O how grandly cometh Even,
Sitting on the mountain summit,
Purple-vestured, grave, and silent,
Watching o'er the dewy valleys,
Like a good king near his end.
—D. M. Mulock.

Night steals on; and the day takes its farewell, like the words of a departing friend, or the last tone of hallowed music in a minster's aisles, heard when it floats along the shade

of elms, in the still place of graves.—Percival.

The sun is set; the swallows are asleep;
The bats are flitting fast in the gray air;
The slow soft toads out of damp corners creep;
And evening's breath, wandering here and there
Over the quivering surface of the stream,
Wakes not one ripple from its silent dream.
—Shelley.

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.
—Cowper.

When day is done, and clouds are low,
And flowers are honey-dew,
And Hesper's lamp begins to glow
Along the western blue;
And homeward wing the turtle-doves,
Then comes the hour the poet loves.
—George Croly.

Silence hath set her finger with deep touch
Upon creation's brow. Like a young bride the moon
Lifts up night's curtains, and with countenance mild
Smiles on the beauteous earth, her sleeping child. —Bigg.

A paler shadow strews
Its mantle o'er the mountains; parting day
Dies like a dolphin, whom each pang imbues
With a new colour as it gasps away
The last still loveliest 'till—'tis gone—and all is grey. —Byron.

An eve intensely beautiful; an eve
Calm as the slumber of a lovely girl
Dreaming of hope. The rich autumnal woods,
With their innumerable shades and colourings,
Are like a silent instrument at rest:
A silent instrument—whereon the wind
Hath long forgot to play. —Houseman.

Evening is the delight of virtuous age; it seems an emblem of the tranquil close of busy life—serene, placid, and mild, with the impress of its great Creator stamped upon it; it spreads its quiet wings over the grave, and seems to promise that all shall be peace beyond it.—Bulwer-Lytton.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.
Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.
—Gray.

Come to the sunset tree!
The day is past and gone;
The woodman's axe lies free,
And the reaper's work is done;
The twilight star to heaven,
And the summer dew to flowers,
And rest to us is given
By the cool, soft evening hours.
—Mrs. Hemans.

Come, evening, once again, season of peace;
Return, sweet evening, and continue long!
Methinks I see thee in the streaky west,
With matron step, slow moving, while the night
Treads on thy sweeping train; one hand employ'd
In letting fall the curtain of repose
On bird and beast, the other charged for man
With sweet oblivion of the cares of day.
—Cowper.

Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There as I passed, with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below;
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school;
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made. —Goldsmith.

Each evening we should meditate upon the fact that one more day is gone from the list that make up the sum of our years. We have one day less for the seeking and finding Christ; for cultivating the spirit of holiness in our hearts, for blessing society, building up the church, gathering sin-

ners to the Savior, and promoting the glory of God. By so much the time is shortened that separates us from the grave, the judgment and the eternal destiny.

It is the hour when from the boughs
The nightingale's high note is heard;
It is the hour when lovers' vows
Seem sweet in every whispered word;
And gentle winds, and waters near,
Make music to the lonely ear.
Each flower the dews have lightly wet,
And in the sky the stars are met,
And on the wave is deeper blue,
And on the leaf a browner hue,
And in the heaven that clear obscure,
So softly dark, and darkly pure.
Which follows the decline of day,
As twilight melts beneath the moon away.
—Byron.

Ave Maria! blessed be the hour!
The time, the clime, the spot where I so oft
Have felt that moment in its fullest power
Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft,
While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,
Or the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft,
And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
And yet the forest leaves seem'd stirr'd with prayer.
Soft hour! which makes the wish and melts the heart
Of those who sail the seas, on the first day;
When they from their sweet friends are torn apart;
Or fills with love the pilgrim on his way,
As the far bell of vesper makes him start,
Seeming to weep the dying day's decay;
Is this a fancy which our reason scorns?
Ah! surely nothing dies but something mourns!
—Byron.

Events

Coming events cast their shadows before.—Campbell.

Certain signs precede certain events.—Cicero.

Events of great consequence often spring from trifling circumstances.—Livy.

In the great inconstancy and crowd of events nothing is certain except the past.—Seneca.

What wonderful things are events! The least are of greater importance than the most sublime and comprehensive speculations.—Beaconsfield.

Great events have sent before them their announcements.—Calderon.

Events of all sorts creep or fly exactly as God pleases.—Cowper.

Man reconciles himself to almost any event, however trying, if it happens in the ordinary course of nature. It is the extraordinary alone that he rebels against. There is a moral idea associated with this feeling; for the extraordinary appears to be something like an injustice of heaven.—Humboldt.

Evidence

Facts are stubborn things.—Smollett.

One eye-witness is of more weight than ten hearsays.—Plautus.

Some circumstantial evidence is very strong, as when you find a trout in the milk.—Thoreau.

I do not know what arguments mean in reference to any expression of a thought. I delight in telling what I think; but if you ask me how I dare say so, or why it is so, I am the most helpless of men.—Emerson.

It is not true that a man can believe or disbelieve what he will. But it is certain that an active desire to find any proposition true will unconsciously tend to that result, by dismissing importunate suggestions which run counter to the belief, and welcoming those which favor it. The psychological law, that we only see what interests us, and only assimilate what is adapted to our condition, causes the mind to select its evidence.—G. H. Lewes.

Evil

Of two evils, the less is always to be chosen.—Thomas à Kempis.

From seeming evil still educing good. Thomson.

And out of good still to find means of evil.—Milton.

A bad heart, bad designs.—Terence.

Better one thorn pluck'd out than all remain.—Horace.

None are all evil.—Byron.

I have wrought great use out of evil tools.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.—Shakespeare.

Evil events from evil causes spring.—Aristophanes.

Evil then results from imperfection.—Bailey.

Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues we write in water.—Shakespeare.

Evil often triumphs, but never conquers.—Joseph Roux.

An evil life is one kind of death.—Ovid.

All things can corrupt perverse minds.—Ovid.

The best known evil is the most tolerable.—Livy.

Desperate evils generally make men safe.—Seneca.

No evil is great if it is the last.—Nepos.

Evil is in antagonism with the entire creation.—Zschokke.

Evil comes not amiss if it comes alone.—Cervantes.

Evil is fittest to consort with evil.—Livy.

By the very constitution of our nature moral evil is its own curse.—Chalmers.

There is some soul of goodness in things evil, would men observingly distil it out.—Shakespeare.

We cannot do evil to others without doing it to ourselves.—Desmahis.

Evil, be thou my good.—Milton.

The evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones.—Shakespeare.

Be deaf to the quarrelsome, blind to the scorner and dumb to the inquisitive.—Aughey.

Still we love
The evil we do, until we suffer it.
—Johnson.

An evil at its birth is easily crushed, but it grows and strengthens by endurance.—Cicero.

Inasmuch as ill deeds spring up as a spontaneous crop, they are easy to learn.—Cervantes.

Nought is so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give. —Shakespeare.

The doing an evil to avoid an evil cannot be good.—Coleridge.

This is the curse of every evil deed, that, propagating still, it brings forth evil.—Coleridge.

Evils, like poisons, have their uses, and there are diseases which no other remedy can reach.—Thomas Paine.

Three sparks—pride, envy, and avarice—have been kindled in all hearts.—Dante.

Evil is limited. One cannot form
A scheme for universal evil.
—Bailey.

The fear of one evil often leads us into a worse.—Boileau.

The first lesson of history is the good of evil.—Emerson.

Only evil grows of itself, while for goodness we want effort and courage.—Amiel.

Evil report, like the Italian stiletto, is an assassin's weapon, worthy only of the bravo.—Madame de Maintenon

Evil and good are everywhere, like shadow and substance; inseparable (for men) yet not hostile, only opposed.—Carlyle.

It is too late to be on our guard when we are in the midst of evils.—Seneca.

As sure as God is good, so surely there is no such thing as necessary evil.—Southey.

There is no evil in human affairs that has not some good mingled with it.—Guicciardini.

Evil is merely privative, not absolute: it is like cold, which is the privation of heat.—Emerson.

The way to wickedness is always through wickedness.—Seneca.

Evil is wrought by want of thought
As well as want of heart.
—Thos. Hood.

There is no evil in the world without a remedy.—Sannazaro.

He who does evil that good may come, pays a toll to the devil to let him into heaven.—J. C. and A. W. Hare.

Physical evils destroy themselves, or they destroy us.—Rousseau.

There is nothing evil but what is within us; the rest is either natural or accidental.—Sir P. Sidney.

Every evil in the bud is easily crushed; as it grows older it becomes stronger.—Cicero.

If there be no enemy, no fight; if no fight, no victory; if no victory, no crown.—Savonarola.

Not one false man but doth uncountable evil.—Carlyle.

Wherever the speech is corrupted the mind is also.—Seneca.

Of the origin of evil no universal solution has been discovered.—Paley.

An evil intention perverts the best actions, and makes them sins.—Addison.

Bad conduct soils the finest ornament more than filth.—Plautus.

Life is not the supreme good, but the supreme evil is to realize one's guilt.—Schiller.

An evil-speaker differs from an evil-doer only in the want of opportunity.—Quintilian.

What has this unfeeling age of ours left untried, what wickedness has it shunned?—Horace.

There are thousands hacking at the branches of evil to one who is striking at the root.—Thoreau.

It is some compensation for great evils that they enforce great lessons.—Bovee.

He who is in evil is also in the punishment of evil.—Swedenborg.

So far as any one shuns evil, so far he does good.—Swedenborg.

The very curse of an evil deed is that it must always continue to engender evil.—Schiller.

Never throw mud. You may miss your mark; but you must have dirty hands.—Joseph Parker.

Slander is a poison which extinguishes charity, both in the slanderer and in the persons who listen to it.—St. Bernard.

If there is any person to whom you feel a dislike, that is the person of whom you ought never to speak.—Richard Cecil.

Nothing is to be esteemed evil which God and nature have fixed with eternal sanction.—Jeremy Taylor.

He who will fight the devil at his own weapon, must not wonder if he finds him an overmatch.—South.

To overcome evil with good is good, to resist evil with evil is evil.—Mohammed.

There are only two bad things in this world, sin and bile.—Hannah More.

The cardinal method with faults is to overgrow them and choke them out with virtues.—John Bascom.

If you do what you should not, you must bear what you would not.—Franklin.

In the history of man it has been very generally the case that when evils have grown insufferable they have touched the point of cure.—Chapin.

Multitudes think they like to do evil; yet no man ever really enjoyed doing evil since God made the world.—Ruskin.

If thou wishest to get rid of thy evil propensities, thou must keep far from evil companions.—Seneca.

To escape from evil we must be made as far as possible like God; and the resemblance consists in becoming just and holy and wise.—Plato.

After some account of good, evil will be known by consequence, as being only a privation, or absence of good.—South.

Evil into the mind of god or man may come and go, so unapproved, and leave no spot or blame behind.—Milton.

There is evil in every human heart, which may remain latent, perhaps, through the whole of life; but circumstances may rouse it to activity.—Hawthorne.

The sins we do, people behold with optics,
Which shew them ten times more than common vices,
And often multiply them. —Fletcher.

If we will rightly estimate what we call good and evil, we shall find it lies much in comparison.—Locke.

A man has no more right to say an uncivil thing than to act one; no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down.—Johnson.

A good word is an easy obligation; but not to speak ill requires only our silence, which costs us nothing.—Tillotson.

Evil springs up, and flowers, and bears no seed,
And feeds the green earth with its swift decay,
Leaving it richer for the growth of truth.
—James Russell Lowell.

Many have puzzled themselves about the origin of evil; I observe that there is evil, and that there is a way to escape it, and with this I begin and end.—John Newton.

There are times when it would seem as if God fished with a line, and the devil with a net.—Madame Swetchine.

Nothing can work me damage except myself. The harm that I sustain I carry about with me, and never am a real sufferer but by my own fault.—St. Bernard.

Philosophy triumphs easily over past and future evils, but present evils triumph over philosophy.—Rochefoucauld.

Where evil may be done, it is right to ponder; where only suffered, know the shortest pause is much too long.—Hannah More.

The dread of evil is a much more forcible principle of human actions than the prospect of good.—Locke.

No propagation or multiplication is more rapid that that of evil, unless it be checked; no growth more certain. —Colton.

Nor all that heralds rake from coffin'd clay,
Nor florid prose, nor honied lies of rhyme,
Can blazon evil deeds, or consecrate a crime. —Byron.

Is the scrupulous attention I am paying to the government of my

tongue at all proportioned to that tremendous truth revealed through St. James, that if I do not bridle my tongue, all my religion is vain?—F. W. Faber.

There is this of good in real evils, they deliver us while they last from the petty despotism of all that were imaginary.—Colton.

As there is much beast and some devil in man, so is there some angel and some God in him. The beast and the devil may be conquered, but in this life never destroyed.—Coleridge.

Evil, once manfully fronted, ceases to be evil; there is generous battle-hope in place of dead, passive misery; the evil itself has become a kind of good.—Carlyle.

It is a proof of our natural bias to evil, that gain is slower and harder than loss in all things good; but in all things bad getting is quicker and easier than getting rid of.—Hare.

If evil is inevitable, how are the wicked accountable? Nay, why do we call men wicked at all? Evil is inevitable, but it is also remediable.—Horace Mann.

Never let man imagine that he can pursue a good end by evil means, without sinning against his own soul! Any other issue is doubtful; the evil effect on himself is certain.—Southey.

With every exertion, the best of men can do but a moderate amount of good; but it seems in the power of the most contemptible individual to do incalculable mischief.—Washington Irving.

Evil is a far more cunning and persevering propagandist than good, for it has no inward strength, and is driven to seek countenance and sympathy.—Lowell.

We sometimes learn more from the sight of evil than from an example of good; and it is well to accustom ourselves to profit by the evil which is so common, while that which is good is so rare.—Pascal.

The aphorism "Whatever is, is right," would be as final as it is lazy, did it not include the troublesome consequence that nothing that ever was, was wrong.—Charles Dickens.

To great evils we submit; we resent little provocations. I have before now been disappointed of a hundred-pound job and lost half a crown at rackets on the same day, and been more mortified at the latter than the former.—Hazlitt.

Evils in the journey of life are like the hills which alarm travelers upon their road; they both appear great at a distance, but when we approach them we find that they are far less insurmountable than we had conceived.—Colton.

Every evil to which we do not succumb is a benefactor. As the Sandwich islander believes that the strength and valor of the enemy he kills passes into himself, so we gain the strength of the temptations we resist.—Emerson.

The truly virtuous do not easily credit evil that is told them of their neighbors; for if others may do amiss then may these also speak amiss. Man is frail, and prone to evil, and therefore may soon fail in words.—Jeremy Taylor.

Even in evil, that dark cloud which hangs over the creation, we discern rays of light and hope, and gradually come to see in suffering and temptation proofs and instruments of the sublimest purposes of wisdom and love.—Channing.

No man, perhaps, is so wicked as to commit evil for its own sake. Evil is generally committed under the hope of some advantage the pursuit of virtue seldom obtains. Yet the most successful result of the most virtuous heroism is never without its alloy.—B. R. Haydon.

Imaginary evils soon become real ones by indulging our reflections on them; as he who in a melancholy fancy sees something like a face on the wall or the wainscot can, by two or three touches with a lead pencil, make it look visible, and agreeing with what he fancied.—Swift.

Evil is easily discovered; there is an infinite variety; good is almost unique. But some kinds of evil are almost as difficult to discover as that which we call good; and often particular evil of this class passes for good. It needs even a certain greatness of soul to attain to this, as to that which is good. —Pascal.

All evil, in fact the very existence of evil, is inexplicable until we refer to the paternity of God. It hangs a huge blot in the universe until the orb of divine love rises behind it. In that apposition we detect its meaning. It appears to us but a finite shadow as it passes across the disk of infinite light.—Chapin.

All animals are more happy than man. Look, for instance, on yonder ass; all allow him to be miserable; his evils, however, are not brought on by himself and his own fault: he feels only those which nature has inflicted. We, on the contrary, besides our necessary ills, draw upon ourselves a multitude of others.—Menander.

When will talkers refrain from evil speaking? When listeners refrain from evil hearing. At present there are many so credulous of evil, they will receive suspicions and impressions against persons whom they don't know, from a person whom they do know—an authority good for nothing.—Hare.

The best antidote against evils of all kinds, against the evil thoughts that haunt the soul, against the needless perplexities which distract the conscience, is to keep hold of the good we have. Impure thoughts will not stand against pure words and prayers and deeds. Little doubts will not avail against great certainties. Fix your affections on things above, and then you will less and less be troubled by the cares, the temptations, the troubles of things on earth.—Dean Stanley.

That which the French proverb hath of sickness is true of all evils, that they come on horseback, and go away on foot; we have often seen a sudden fall or one meal's surfeit hath stuck by many to their graves; whereas pleasures come like oxen, slow and heavily, and go away like post-horses, upon the spur.—Bishop Hall.

Evils * * * can never pass away; for there must always remain something which is antagonistic to good. Having no place among the Gods in heaven, of necessity they hover around the earthly nature and this mortal sphere. Wherefore we ought to fly away from earth to heaven as quickly as we can; and to fly away is to become like God, as far as this is possible; and to become like Him is to become holy and just and wise.—Plato.

The truest definition of evil is that which represents it as something contrary to nature; evil is evil because it is unnatural; a vine which should bear olive-berries, an eye to which blue seems yellow, would be diseased; an unnatural mother, an unnatural son, an unnatural act, are the strongest terms of condemnation.—F. W. Robertson.

It is not good to speak evil of all whom we know bad; it is worse to judge evil of any who may prove good. To speak ill upon knowledge shows a want of charity; to speak ill upon suspicion shows a want of honesty. I will not speak so bad as I know of many; I will not speak worse than I know of any. To know evil of others and not speak it, is sometimes discretion; to speak evil of others and not know it, is always dishonesty. He may be evil himself who speaks good of others upon knowledge, but he can never be good himself who speaks evil of others upon suspicion.—Arthur Warwick.

We are neither obstinately nor wilfully to oppose evils, nor truckle under them for want of courage, but that we are naturally to give way to them, according to their condition and our own, we ought to grant free passage to diseases; and I find they stay less with me who let them alone. And I have lost those which are reputed the most tenacious and obstinate of their own defervescence, without any help or art, and contrary to their rules. Let us a little permit nature to take her own way; she better understands her own affairs than we.—Montaigne.

Keep clear of personalities in conversation. Talk of things, objects, thoughts. The smallest minds occupy themselves with persons. Do not needlessly report ill of others. As far as possible, dwell on the good side of human beings. There are family boards where a constant process of depreciating, assigning motives, and cutting up character goes forward. They are not pleasant places. One who is healthy does not wish to dine at a dissecting table. There is evil enough in man, God knows. But it is not the mission of every young man and woman to detail and report it all. Keep the atmosphere as pure as possible, and fragrant with gentleness and charity.—John Hall.

Evolution

Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change.—Tennyson.

Evolution ever climbing after some ideal good
And Reversion ever dragging Evolution in the mud. —Tennyson.

The expression often used by Mr. Herbert Spencer of the Survival of the Fittest is more accurate, and is sometimes equally convenient.—Charles Darwin.

Is there evil but on earth? Or pain in every peopled sphere?
Well, be grateful for the sounding watch-word "Evolution" here. —Tennyson.

The tree of human history, as it has grown from age to age, has been but the unfolding of a single germ—but the development of Christ and Him crucified.—J. McC. Holmes.

Observe constantly that all things take place by change, and accustom thyself to consider that the nature of the universe loves nothing so much as to change the things which are, and to make new things like them.—Marcus Aurelius.

Till o'er the wreck, emerging from the storm,
Immortal Nature lifts her changeful form:
Mounts from her funeral pyre on wings of flame,
And soars and shines, another and the same.
—Erasmus Darwin.

This survival of the fittest, which I have here sought to express in mechanical terms, is that which Mr. Darwin has called "natural selection, or the preservation of favored races in the struggle for life."—Herbert Spencer.

The Lord let the house of a brute to the soul of a man,
And the man said, "Am I your debtor"?
And the Lord—"Not yet: but make it as clean as you can,
And then I will let you a better."
—Tennyson.

As ages roll on there is doubtless a progression in human nature. The intellectual comes to rule the physical, and the moral claims to subordinate both. It is no longer strength of body that prevails, but strength of mind; while the law of God proclaims itself superior to both.—James McCosh.

All true development tends ever to God. Its objective aim is the restoration by the second Adam of the Divine image forfeited by the first; and, incidentally, it transmutes grief into gladness and sighs into songs. But it is always a development in Christ, since it is only "in the unity of the faith and the knowledge of the Son of God" that any of our race can come "unto a perfect man."—J. McC. Holmes.

God has been always working, evolving, in His quiet power, from the seeming, the real, from the false, the true

Not for nothing blazed the martyr's fires—not for nothing toiled brave sufferers up successive hills of shame. God's purpose doth not languish. The torture and the trial of the past have been the stern ploughers in His service who never suspended their husbandry, and who have made long their furrows. Into those furrows the imperishable seed hath fallen. The heedless world hath trodden it in; tears and blood have watered it; the patient sun hath warmed and cheered it to its ripening; and it shall be ready soon.—Wm. M. Punshon.

Exaggeration

We weaken what we exaggerate.—La Harpe.

There is no greater sin than to be *trop prononcé*.—Beaconsfield.

Exaggeration is a blood relation to falsehood and nearly as blamable.—Hosea Ballou.

Exaggeration misleads the credulous and offends the perceptive.—Eliza Cook.

There would be few enterprises of great labor or hazard undertaken if we had not the power of magnifying the advantages which we persuade ourselves to expect from them.—Dr. Johnson.

Never believe extraordinary characters which you hear of people. Depend upon it, they are exaggerated. You do not see one man shoot a great deal higher than another.—Dr. Johnson.

Examination

Examinations are formidable even to the best prepared, for the greatest fool may ask more than the wisest man can answer.

Example

Example is more forcible than precept. People look at my six days in the week to see what I mean on the seventh.—Rev. R. Cecil.

Examples hasten deeds to good effects.—Mirror for Magistrates.

Much more profitable and gracious is doctrine by example than by rule.—Spenser.

A true life is at once interpreter and proof of the gospel.—Whittier.

The best teachers of humanity are the lives of great men.—C. H. Fowler.

Example is more efficacious than precept.—Johnson.

We can do more good by being good than in any other way.—Rowland Hill.

Children have more need of models than of critics.—Joubert.

Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.—Goldsmith.

Content to follow when we lead the way.—Homer.

Advice may be wrong, but examples prove themselves.—H. W. Shaw.

Ill patterns are sure to be followed more than good rules.—Locke.

People seldom improve when they have no other model but themselves to copy after.—Goldsmith.

No reproof or denunciation is so potent as the silent influence of a good example.—Hosea Ballou.

Man is an imitative creature, and whoever is foremost leads the herd.—Schiller.

I am satisfied that we are less convinced by what we hear than by what we see.—Herodotus.

No man is so insignificant as to be sure his example can do no hurt.—Lord Clarendon.

How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.
—Shakespeare.

None preaches better than the ant, and she says nothing.—Franklin.

Example is contagious behavior.—Charles Reade.

By his life alone,
Gracious and sweet, the better way was shown. —Whittier.

Thieves for their robbery have authority, when judges steal themselves.—Shakespeare.

The road by precepts is tedious, by example, short and efficacious.—Seneca.

Children will imitate their fathers in their vices, seldom in their repentance.—Spurgeon.

We live in an age that hath more need of good example than precepts.—George Herbert.

Example is a dangerous lure; where the wasp got through the gnat sticks fast.—La Fontaine.

There are follies which are caught like contagious diseases.—Rochefoucauld.

Other men are lenses through which we read our own minds.—Emerson.

Example acquires tenfold authority when it speaks from the grave.—Wendell Phillips.

Example is the school of mankind, and they will learn at no other.—Burke.

Every man is bound to tolerate the act of which he himself has set the example.—Phædrus.

He who should teach men to die, would at the same time teach them to live.—Montaigne.

I do not give you to posterity as a pattern to imitate, but as an example to deter.—Junius.

Why doth one man's yawning make another yawn?—Burton.

It is a world of mischief that may be done by a single example of avarice or luxury. One voluptuous palate makes many more.—Seneca.

First find the man in yourself if you will inspire manliness in others.—A. Bronson Alcott.

Example is a motive of very prevailing force on the actions of men.—Rogers.

They asked Lucman the fabulist, From whom did you learn manners? He answered, From the unmannerly.—Saadi.

"Not the cry, but the flight of a wild duck," says a Chinese author, "leads the flock to fly and follow."—Richter.

Examples would indeed be excellent things were not people so modest that none will set, and so vain that none will follow them.—Hare.

My advice is to consult the lives of other men, as we would a looking-glass, and from thence fetch examples for our own imitation.—Terence.

Alexander received more bravery of mind by the pattern of Achilles than by hearing the definition of fortitude. —Sir P. Sidney.

He was indeed the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves. —Shakespeare.

This noble ensample to his sheepe he gaf,—
That first he wroughte and afterwarde he taughte. —Chaucer.

Happy thou that learnest from another's griefs, not to subject thyself to the same.—Tibullus.

I shall tread in the footsteps of my illustrious predecessor.—Martin Van Buren, Complimenting Gen. Jackson.

It is well to learn from the misfortunes of others what should be avoided. —Syrus.

Preaching is of much avail, but practice is far more effective. A godly life is the strongest argument that you can offer to the skeptic.—Hosea Ballou.

Whence do you derive the power and privilege of a parent, when you, though an old man, do worse things (than your child) ?—Juvenal.

The people are fashioned according to the example of their kings; and edicts are of less power than the life of the ruler.—Claudianus.

A man improves more by reading the story of a person eminent for prudence and virtue, than by the finest rules and precepts of morality.—Addison.

There is a transcendent power in example. We reform others unconsciously when we walk uprightly.—Madame Swetchine.

So work the honey-bees—creatures that, by a rule in nature, teach the art of order to a peopled kingdom.—Shakespeare.

What you learn from bad habits and in bad society you will never forget, and it will be a lasting pang to you.—John B. Gough.

The corruption of the positively wicked is often less sad and fatal to society than the irregularities of a virtuous man who yields and falls.—Desmahis.

Be a pattern to others, and then all will go well; for as a whole city is infected by the licentious passions and vices of great men, so it is likewise reformed by their moderation.—Cicero.

Examples of vicious courses practiced in a domestic circle corrupt more readily and more deeply when we behold them in persons in authority.—Juvenal.

It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take disease, one of another; therefore let men take heed of their company.—Shakespeare.

No man or woman of the humblest sort can really be strong, gentle, pure, and good, without the world being the better for it, without somebody being helped and comforted by the very existence of that goodness.—Phillips Brooks.

There are bad examples which are worse than crimes; and more states have perished from the violation of morality than from the violation of law.—Montesquieu.

Men trust rather to their eyes than to their ears; the effect of precepts is therefore slow and tedious, whilst that of examples is summary and effectual. —Seneca.

Men judge things more fully by the eye than by the ear; consequently a minister's practice is as much regarded, if not more, than his sermons. —Bridges.

Precept is instruction written in the sand, the tide flows over it and the record is gone. Example is graven on the rock, and the lesson is not soon lost.—Channing.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.
—Longfellow.

These taught us how to live; and (oh, too high
The price for knowledge!) taught us how to die.
—Thomas Tickell.

We are more speedily and fatally corrupted by domestic examples of vice, and particularly when they are impressed on our minds as from authority.—Horace.

Nothing enlarges the gulf of atheism more than the wide passage which lies between the faith and lives of men pretending to teach Christianity.—Stillingfleet.

A wise and good man will turn examples of all sorts to his own advantage. The good he will make his patterns, and strive to equal or excel them. The bad he will by all means avoid.—Thomas à Kempis.

When we see men of worth, we should think of becoming like them;

when we see men of a contrary character, we should turn inward and examine ourselves.—Confucius.

The common people do not judge of vice or virtue by morality or immorality, so much as by the stamp that is set upon it by men of figure.—L'Estrange.

It is a well-known psychological fact that the conscience of children is formed by the influences that surround them; and that their notions of good and evil are the result of the moral atmosphere they breathe.—Richter.

The pulpit only "teaches" to be honest; the market-place "trains" to overreaching and fraud; and teaching has not a tithe of the efficiency of training. Christ never wrote a tract, but He went about doing good.—Horace Mann.

Whatever parent gives his children good instruction, and sets them at the same time a bad example, may be considered as bringing them food in one hand and poison in the other.—Balguy.

Tarquin and Cæsar had each his Brutus—Charles the First his Cromwell—and George the Third—("Treason!" shouted the speaker)—may profit by their example. If this be treason, make the most of it.—Patrick Henry.

As a neighboring funeral terrifies sick misers, and fear obliges them to have some regard for themselves; so, the disgrace of others will often deter tender minds from vice.—Horace.

Think not, Sultan, that in the sequestered vale alone dwells virtue, and her sweet companion, with attentive eye, mild, affable benevolence! No, the first great gift we can bestow on others is a good example.—Sir Charles Morell.

Be more prudent for your children than perhaps you have been for yourself. When they, too, are parents they will imitate you, and each of you will have prepared happy generations, who will transmit, together with your memory, the worship of your wisdom. —La Beaume.

Nothing is so contagious as example; never was there any considerable good or ill done that does not produce its like. We imitate good actions through emulation, and bad ones through a malignity in our nature, which shame conceals, and example sets at liberty.—Rochefoucauld.

For as the light
Not only serves to show, but render us
Mutually profitable; so our lives,
In acts exemplary, not only win
Ourselves good names, but do to others give
Matter for virtuous deeds, by which we live
—Chapman.

Example has more followers than reason. We unconsciously imitate what pleases us, and insensibly approximate to the characters we most admire. In this way, a generous habit of thought and of action carries with it an incalculable influence.—Bovee.

Example comes in by the eyes and ears, and slips insensibly into the heart, and so into the outward practice, by a kind of secret charm, transforming men's minds and manners into his own likeness.—Waterland.

I question if Epicurus and Hume have done mankind a greater service by the looseness of their doctrines than by the purity of their lives. Of such men we may more justly exlaim, than of Cæsar, "Confound their virtues, they've undone the world!"—Colton.

The efficacy of good examples in the formation of public opinion is incalculable. Though men justify their conduct by reasons, and sometimes bring the very rules of virtue to the touchstone of abstraction, yet they principally act from example.—Robert Hall.

So admirably hath God disposed of the ways of men, that even the sight of vice in others is like a warning arrow shot for us to take heed. We should correct our own faults by seeing how uncomely they appear in others; who will not abhor a choleric

passion, and a saucy pride in himself, that sees how ridiculous and contemptible they render those who are infested with them?—J. Beaumont.

The character, the counsels and example of our Washington * * * they will guide us through the doubts and difficulties that beset us; they will guide our children and our children's children in the paths of prosperity and peace, while America shall hold her place in the family of nations.—Edward Everett.

If thou desire to see thy child virtuous, let him not see his father's vices; thou canst not rebuke that in children that they behold practiced in thee; till reason be ripe, examples direct more than precepts; such as thy behavior is before they children's faces, such commonly is theirs behind their parents' backs.—Quarles.

Though "the words of the wise be as nails fastened by the masters of the assemblies," yet sure their examples are the hammer to drive them in to take the deeper hold. A father that whipped his son for swearing, and swore himself whilst he whipped him, did more harm by his example than good by his correction.—Fuller.

Excellence

To excel is to live.—Beranger.

There is no excellence uncoupled with difficulties.—Ovid.

The variation of excellence among men is rather in degree than in kind. —Bancroft.

It is the witness still of excellency to put a strange face on his own perfection.—Shakespeare.

If you want enemies, excel others; if you want friends, let others excel you.—Colton.

When a man appreciates only eating and sleeping, what excellence has he over the reptiles?—Saadi.

The more we sympathize with excellence, the more we go out of self, the more we love, the broader and deeper is our personality.—Chapin.

A man that is desirous to excel should endeavor it in those things that are in themselves most excellent.—Epictetus.

Those who attain any excellence commonly spend life in one common pursuit; for excellence is not often gained upon easier terms.—Johnson.

He who excels in his art so as to carry it to the utmost height of perfection of which it is capable may be said in some measure to go beyond it: his transcendent productions admit of no appellations.—La Bruyère.

Born to excel, and to command!
As by transcendent beauty to attract
All eyes, so by pre-eminence of soul
To rule all hearts. —Congreve.

What is excellent,
As God lives, is permanent;
Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain,
Heart's love will meet thee again.
—Emerson.

There is a moral excellence attainable by all who have the will to strive after it; but there is an intellectual and physical superiority which is above the reach of our wishes, and is granted to a few only.—Crabb.

Human excellence, parted from God, is like a fable flower, which, according to Rabbis, Eve plucked when passing out of paradise—severed from its native root, it is only the touching memorial of a lost Eden; sad, while charming — beautiful, but dead.—C. Stanford.

Excellence is never granted to man, but as the reward of labor. It argues, indeed, no small strength of mind to persevere in the habits of industry, without the pleasure of perceiving those advantages which, like the hands of a clock, whilst they make hourly approaches to their point, yet proceed so slowly as to escape observation.—Sir Joshua Reynolds.

The desire of excellence is the necessary attribute of those who excel. We work little for a thing unless we

wish for it. But we cannot of ourselves estimate the degree of our success in what we strive for; that task is left to others. With the desire for excellence comes, therefore, the desire for approbation. And this distinguishes intellectual excellence from moral excellence; for the latter has no necessity of human tribunal; it is more inclined to shrink from the public than to invite the public to be its judge.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Excelsior

By steps we may ascend to God.—Milton.

Fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.—Shakespeare.

O sacred hunger of ambitious minds! Spenser.

Too low they build who build beneath the stars.—Young.

The movement of the species is upward, irresistibly upward.—Bancroft.

Man can only learn to rise from the consideration of that which he cannot surmount.—Richter.

The little done vanishes from the sight of man, who looks forward to what is still to do.—Goethe.

Whilst we converse with what is above us, we do not grow old, but grow young.—Emerson.

Lifted up so high I disdained subjection, and thought one step higher would set me highest.—Milton.

It is but a base, ignoble mind that mounts no higher than a bird can soar. —Shakespeare.

Lift thyself up, look around, and see something higher and brighter than earth, earthworms, and earthly darkness.—Richter.

Our natures are like oil; compound us with anything, yet still we strive to swim upon the top.—Beaumont and Fletcher.

What we truly and earnestly aspire to be, that in some sense we are. The mere aspiration, by changing the frame of the mind, for the moment realizes itself.—Mrs. Jameson.

Who shoots at the midday sun, though he be sure he shall never hit the mark, yet as sure he is that he shall shoot higher than he who aims but at a bush.—Sir P. Sidney.

Besides the pleasure derived from acquired knowledge, there lurks in the mind of man, and tinged with a shade of sadness, an unsatisfactory longing for something beyond the present, a striving towards regions yet unknown and unopened.—Wilhelm von Humboldt.

Darwin remarks that we are less dazzled by the light at waking, if we have been dreaming of visible objects. Happy are those who have here dreamt of a higher vision! They will the sooner be able to endure the glories of the world to come.—Novalis.

Bright and illustrious illusions! Who can blame, who laugh at the boy, who not admire and commend him, for that desire of a fame outlasting the Pyramids by which he insensibly learns to live in a life beyond the present, and nourish dreams of a good unattainable by the senses?—Bulwer-Lytton.

It is not to taste sweet things, but to do noble and true things, and vindicate himself under God's heaven as a God-made man, that the poorest son of Adam dimly longs. Show him the way of doing that, the dullest day-drudge kindles into a hero. They wrong man greatly who say he is to be seduced by ease. Difficulty, abnegation, martyrdom, death, are the allurements that act on the heart of man. Kindle the inner genial life of him, you have a flame that burns up all lower considerations.—Carlyle.

Exceptions

The exceptions of the scrupulous put one in mind of some general pardons where everything is forgiven except crimes.—Fielding.

Excess

Excess always carries its own retribution.—Ouida.

Allow not nature more than nature needs.—Shakespeare.

Excess weakens the spirits.—Confucius.

Excess of power intoxicates.—Mme. de Rémusat.

All is wholesome in the absence of excess.—Molière.

The ass bears the load, but not the overload.—Cervantes.

A surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings.
—Shakespeare.

Let pleasure be ever so innocent, the excess is always criminal.—St. Evremond.

Every morsel to a satisfied hunger is only a new labor to a tired digestion.—South.

Of what delights are we deprived by our excesses!—Joubert.

Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil.—Shakespeare.

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily, is wasteful and ridiculous excess.—Shakespeare.

They are sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing.—Shakespeare.

He does nothing who endeavors to do more than is allowed to humanity.—Johnson.

The excesses of our youth are drafts upon our old age, payable with interest, about thirty years after date.—Colton.

As surfeit is the father of much fast, so every scope by the immoderate use turns to restraint.—Shakespeare.

Let us teach ourselves that honorable step, not to outdo discretion.—Shakespeare.

The body oppressed by excesses bears down the mind, and depresses to the earth any portion of the divine spirit we had been endowed with.—Horace.

There can be no excess to love, none to knowledge, none to beauty, when these attributes are considered in the purest sense.—Emerson.

Excessive liberty and excessive servitude are equally dangerous, and produce nearly the same effect.—Zoroaster.

The eye that gazes upon the sun sees not the orb it looks upon, confounded by the excess of its brightness.—Metastasio.

We cannot employ the mind to advantage when we are filled with excessive food and drink.—Cicero.

Most persons are disposed to expend more than they can afford, and to indulge more than they can endure.—Mme. de Puisieux.

The excess of the voluptuary, like the austerities of the recluse, triumphs in the suffrage of perverted reason.—Dr. Parr.

Violent delights have violent ends, and in their triumph die; like fire and powder, which as they kiss consume.—Shakespeare.

In the history of man it has been very generally the case that when evils have grown insufferable they have touched the point of cure.—Chapin.

To regard the excesses of the passions as maladies has so salutary an effect that this idea renders all moral sermons useless.—Boiste.

The misfortune is that when man has found honey, he enters upon the feast with an appetite so voracious that he usually destroys his own delight by excess and satiety.—Knox.

Too much of a good thing.—Shakespeare.

As frost, raised to its utmost intensity, produces the sensation of fire, so any good quality, overwrought and pushed to excess, turns into its own contrary.—William Matthews.

He who indulges his sense in any excesses renders himself obnoxious to his own reason; and, to gratify the brute in him, displeases the man, and sets his two natures at variance.—Walter Scott.

The desire of power in excess caused angels to fall; the desire of knowledge in excess caused man to fall; but in charity is no excess, neither can man nor angels come into danger by it.—Bacon.

If a man get a fever, or a pain in the head with overdrinking, we are subject to curse the wine, when we should rather impute it to ourselves for the excess.—Erasmus.

Pleasures bring effeminacy, and effeminacy foreruns ruin; such conquests, without blood or sweat, sufficiently do revenge themselves upon their intemperate conquerors.—Quarles.

The body, too, with yesterday's excess
Burden'd and tired shall the pure soul depress;
Weigh down this portion of celestial birth,
The breath of God, and fix it to the earth.
—Francis.

Even in evil, that dark cloud which hangs over the creation, we discern rays of light and hope, and gradually come to see in suffering and temptation proofs and instruments of the sublimest purposes of wisdom and love.—Channing.

In its primary signification, all vice, that is, all excess, brings on its own punishment, even here. By certain fixed, settled and established laws of Him who is the God of nature, excess of every kind destroys that constitution which temperance would preserve. The debauchee offers up his body a "living sacrifice to sin."—Colton.

The greatest miracle that the Almighty could perform would be to make a bad man happy, even in heaven; he must unparadise that blessed place to accomplish it. In its primary signification, all vice—that is, all excess—brings its own punishment even here.—Colton.

It is a common thing to screw up justice to the pitch of an injury. A man may be over-righteous, and why not over-grateful, too? There is a mischievous excess that borders so close upon ingratitude that it is no easy matter to distinguish the one from the other; but, in regard that there is good-will in the bottom of it, however distempered; for it is effectually but kindness out of the wits.—Seneca.

There is no unmixed good in human affairs; the best principles, if pushed to excess, degenerate into fatal vices. Generosity is nearly allied to extravagance; charity itself may lead to ruin; the sternness of justice is but one step removed from the severity of oppression. It is the same in the political world; the tranquillity of despotism resembles the stagnation of the Dead Sea; the fever of innovation the tempests of the ocean. It would seem as if, at particular periods, from causes inscrutable to human wisdom, a universal frenzy seizes mankind; reason experience, prudence, are alike blinded; and the very classes who are to perish in the storm are the first to raise its fury.—Sir A. Alison.

Excitement

He used to raise a storm in a tea pot.—Cicero.

Women of the world crave excitement.—Chamfort.

Excitement is the drunkenness of the spirits. Only calm waters reflect heaven in their bosom.—Marguerite de Valois.

Excitement is not enjoyment; in calmness lies true pleasure. The most precious wines are sipped, not bolted at a swallow.—Victor Hugo.

Excuse

An excuse is worse and more terrible than a lie; for an excuse is a lie guarded.—Pope.

Men think they may justly do that for which they have a precedent.—Cicero.

Oftentimes, excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse;
As patches, set upon a little breach,
Discredit more in hiding of the fault,
Than did the fault before it was so patched.
—Shakespeare.

An excuse for sin is a statement of the circumstances under which a man did wrong. When we say, "I could not help it; circumstances were too much for me," do our hearts believe it to be true? We say, "My temperament, my inherited appetite, business exigencies, irresistible pressure," as though we were compelled to do wrong. The first man in the long line of apologetic succession said, "The woman tempted me, but did not say, "and made me eat." Whatever he might wish implied, he could only say, "And I did eat." No unconsenting soul can be made to sin, and so sin is inexcusable.

Execution

See they suffer death;
But in their deaths remember they are men;
Strain not the laws to make their tortures grievous.
—Addison.

I have seen
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.
—Shakespeare.

Exercise

Let exercise alternate with rest.—Pythagoras.

It is exercise alone that supports the spirits, and keeps the mind in vigor.—Cicero.

A man must often exercise or fast or take physic, or be sick.—Sir W. Temple.

Exercise is the chief source of improvement in all our faculties.—Blair.

Vigorous exercise will often fortify a feeble constitution.—Mrs. Sigourney.

You will never live to my age without you keep yourself in breath with exercise.—Sir P. Sidney.

I take the true definition of exercise to be labor without weariness.—Johnson.

Such is the constitution of man that labor may be said to be its own reward.—Dr. Johnson.

The wise for cure on exercise depend: God never made His work for man to mend.—Dryden.

Often try what weight you can support,
And what your shoulders are too weak to bear.
—Roscommon.

Take a walk to refresh yourself with the open air, which inspired fresh doth exceedingly recreate the lungs, heart and vital spirits.—Harvey.

Weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard.
—Shakespeare.

There are many troubles which you cannot cure by the Bible and the hymn-book, but which you can cure by a good perspiration and a breath of fresh air.—Beecher.

By looking into physical causes our minds are opened and enlarged; and in this pursuit, whether we take or whether we lose the game, the chase is certainly of service.—Burke.

No body's healthful without exercise:
Just wars are exercises of a state;
Virtue 's in motion, and contends to rise,
With generous ascents above a mate.
—Aleyn.

In those vernal seasons of the year when the air is soft and pleasant, it were an injury and sullenness against nature not to go out and see her riches and partake of her rejoicings with heaven and earth.—Milton.

Labor or exercise ferments the humors, casts them into their proper

channels, throws off redundances, and helps nature in those secret distributions without which the body cannot subsist in its vigor nor the soul act with cheerfulness.—Addison.

Exertion

With every exertion, the best of men can do but a moderate amount of good; but it seems in the power of the most contemptible individual to do incalculable mischief.—Washington Irving.

Exile

What exile from himself can flee.—Byron.

Beloved country! banish'd from thy shore,
A stranger in this prison-house of clay,
The exil'd spirit weeps and sighs for thee!
Heavenward the bright perfections I adore direct.
—Longfellow.

An exile, ill in heart and frame,—
A wanderer, weary of the way;—
A stranger, without love's sweet claim
On any heart, go where I may!
—Mrs. Osgood.

"Farewell, my Spain! a long farewell!" he cried.
"Perhaps I may revisit thee no more,
But die, as many an exiled heart hath died,
Of its own thirst to see again thy shore."
—Byron.

Even now, as, wandering upon Erie's shore,
I hear Niagara's distant cataract roar,
I sigh for England—oh! these weary feet
Have many a mile to journey, ere we meet.
—Moore.

There came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin;
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill!
For his country he sighed, when at twilight repairing,
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.
—Campbell.

Home, kindred, friends, and country—these
Are ties with which we never part;
From clime to clime, o'er land and seas,
We bear them with us in our heart:
But, oh! 't is hard to feel resign'd,
When these must all be left behind!
—J. Montgomery.

Exile is terrible to those who have, as it were, a circumscribed habitation; but not to those who look upon the whole globe but as one city.—Cicero.

Oh! when shall I visit the land of my birth,
The loveliest land on the face of the earth?
When shall I those scenes of affection explore,
Our forests, our fountains,
Our hamlets, our mountains,
With the pride of our mountains, the maid I adore?
Oh! when shall I dance on the daisy-white mead,
In the shade of an elm, to the sound of the reed?
—Montgomery.

But me, not destined such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent and care;
Impell'd, with steps unceasing, to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.
—Goldsmith.

Expectation

Expectation ends only in heaven.—St. Kentijern.

'T is expectation makes a blessing dear.—Pope.

To-day for thee, and to-morrow for me.—Cervantes.

Everything comes if a man will only wait.—Benj. Disraeli.

With what a heavy and retarding weight
Does expectation load the wing of time.
—Mason.

Every beginning is cheerful; the threshold is the place of expectation.—Goethe.

Those who live on expectation are sure to be disappointed.—Joachim Murat.

The gratitude of place expectants is a lively sense of future favors.—Sir Robert Walpole.

Great expectations are better than a poor possession.—Cervantes.

We anticipate our own happiness, and eat out the heart and sweetness of worldly pleasures by delightful forethought of them.—Tillotson.

They that marry ancient people merely in expectation to bury them, hang themselves in hope that one will come and cut the halter.—Fuller.

Oft Expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises.
—Shakespeare.

'Tis Expectation makes a blessing dear;
Heaven were not heaven, if we knew what it were.
—Sir J. Suckling.

He who will lose a present good for one in expectation hath some wit, but a small store of wisdom.—Bias.

Expectation whirls me round.
The imaginary relish is so sweet
That it enchants my sense.
—Shakespeare.

Oh! how impatience gains upon the soul
When the long-promis'd hour of joy draws near!
How slow the tardy moments seem to roll!
What spectres rise of inconsistent fear!
—Mrs. Tighe.

So tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child, that hath new robes,
And may not wear them.
—Shakespeare.

How slow
This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,
Like to a stepdame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.
—Shakespeare.

How the time
Loiters in expectation! Then the mind
Drags the dead burden of a hundred years
In one short moment's space. The nimble heart
Beats with impatient throbs,—sick of delay,
And pants to be at ease.
—Havard.

Although I enter not,
Yet round about the spot
Ofttimes I hover;
And near the sacred gate,
With longing eyes I wait,
Expectant of her.
—Thackeray.

The great source of pleasure is variety. Uniformity must tire at last, though it be uniformity of excellence. We love to expect, and when expectation is disappointed or gratified, we want to be again expecting.—Johnson.

Uncertainty and expectation are joys of life. Security is an insipid thing; and the overtaking and possessing of a wish discovers the folly of the chase.—Congreve.

Expediency

Expediency is the science of exigencies.—Kossuth.

Expediency often silences justice.—Seneca.

Expediency is a law of nature. The camel is a wonderful animal, but the desert made the camel.—Beaconsfield.

It is not expedient or wise to examine our friends too closely; few persons are raised in our esteem by a close examination.—Rochefoucauld.

Nothing but the right can ever be expedient, since that can never be true expediency which would sacrifice a great good to a less.—Whately.

Experience

Experience is the extract of suffering.—Arthur Helps.

Experience is retrospect knowledge.—Hosea Ballou.

The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.—Shakespeare.

Alas, could experience be bought for gold!—Mme. Deluzy.

Experience converts us to ourselves when books fail us.—A. Bronson Alcott.

Years teach us more than books.—Auerbach.

Believe one who has tried it.—Virgil.

The finest poetry was first experience.—Emerson.

Great men never require experience.—Beaconsfield.

God sends experience to paint men's portraits,—Henry Ward Beecher.

Experience makes us wise.—Hazlitt.

All is but lip wisdom which wants experience.—Sir P. Sidney.

Making all futures fruits of all the past.—Edwin Arnold.

Experience is our only teacher both in war and peace.—Landor.

Only so much do I know, as I have lived.—Emerson.

Long-travelled in the ways of men. —Young.

Who heeds not experience, trust him not.—John Boyle O'Reilly.

He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.—Shakespeare.

Experience is the teacher of fools.—Livy.

Experience wounded is the school where man learns piercing wisdom out of smart.—Lord Brooke.

Experience does take dreadfully high school-wages, but he teaches like no other.—Carlyle.

Men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.
—Tennyson.

Our ancestors have travelled the iron age; the golden is before us.—Bernardin de St. Pierre.

Experience is by industry achieved,
And perfected by the swift course of time.
—Shakespeare.

Experience is always sowing the seed of one thing after another.—Manilius.

What we gain by experience is not worth that we lose in illusion.—J. Petit-Senn.

What is every year of a wise man's life but a censure or critic on the past? —Pope.

One thorn of experience is worth a whole wilderness of warning.—Lowell.

Theories are very thin and unsubstantial; experience only is tangible.—Hosea Ballou.

What! wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?—Shakespeare.

It is the nature of experience to come to us only when too late for use. —Mme. de Rieux.

Experience teaches slowly, and at the cost of mistakes.—Froude.

Experience is the only prophecy of wise men.—Lamartine.

History should be to the political economist a wellspring of experience and wisdom.—Gibbon.

Is there any one so wise as to learn by the experience of others?—Voltaire.

We gain justice, judgment, with years, or else years are in vain.—Owen Meredith.

To Truth's house there is a single door, which is experience.—Bayard Taylor.

Experience is a jewel, and it had need be so, for it is often purchased at an infinite rate.—Shakespeare.

To some purpose is that man wise who gains his wisdom at another's expense.—Plautus.

Experience join'd with common sense,
To mortals is a providence. —Green.

Oh, who can tell, save he whose heart hath tried? —Byron.

A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn.
—Coleridge.

He teaches best,
Who feels the hearts of all men in his breast,
And knows their strength or weakness through his own. —Bayard Taylor.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience.—Patrick Henry.

Experience is no more transferable in morals than in art.—Froude.

In almost everything, experience is more valuable than precept.—Quintilian.

Nobody will use other people's experience, nor have any of his own till it is too late to use it.—Hawthorne.

Each succeeding day is the scholar of that which preceded.—Publius Syrus.

Experience is the name men give to their follies or their sorrows.—Alfred de Musset.

Experience, that chill touchstone whose sad proof reduces all things from their hue.—Byron.

The ever-burning lamp of accumulated wisdom.—G. W. Curtis.

That experience which does not make us better makes us worse.—J. Petit-Senn.

I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad.—Shakespeare.

We are often prophets to others only because we are our own historians.—Mme. Swetchine.

Experience is a keen knife that hurts while it extracts the cataract that blinds.—De Finod.

A man who does not learn to live while he is getting a living is a poorer man after his wealth is won than he was before.—J. G. Holland.

To most men, experience is like the stern lights of a ship, which illumine only the track it has passed.—Coleridge.

Everything is worth seeing once, and the more one sees the less one either wonders or admires.—Chesterfield.

To have a true idea of man or of life, one must have stood himself on the brink of suicide, or on the door-sill of insanity, at least once.—Taine.

Experience is a grindstone; and it is lucky for us if we can get brightened by it, and not ground.—H. W. Shaw.

I scarcely exceed the middle age of man; yet between infancy and maturity I have seen ten revolutions!—Lamartine.

Ah! the youngest heart has the same waves within it as the oldest, but without the plummet which can measure their depths.—Richter.

I think there are stores laid up in our human nature that our understandings can make no complete inventory of.—George Eliot.

Would they could sell us experience, though at diamond prices, but then no one would use the article second-hand!—Balzac.

Experience is the common schoolhouse of fools and ill men. Men of wit and honesty be otherwise instructed.—Erasmus.

The experience of others adds to our knowledge, but not to our wisdom; that is dearer-bought.—Hosea Ballou.

The only faith that wears well and holds its color in all weathers is that which is woven of conviction, and set with the sharp mordant of experience.—Lowell.

To wilful men,
The injuries that they themselves procure
Must be their school-masters.—Shakespeare.

Experience is a safe light to walk by, and he is not a rash man who expects to succeed in future from the same means which have secured it in times past.—Wendell Phillips.

Experience only can teach men not to prefer what strikes them for the present moment, to what will have much greater weight with them hereafter.—Lord Chesterfield.

The head learns new things, but the heart forevermore practices old experiences. Therefore our life is but a new

form of the way men have lived from the beginning.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Too high an appreciation of our own talents is the chief cause why experience preaches to us all in vain.—Colton.

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
And ask them what report they bore to heaven. —Young.

Conflicts bring experience; and experience brings that growth in grace which is not to be attained by any other means.—Spurgeon.

Oft have I thought—jabber as he will, how learned soever, man knows nothing but what he has learned from experience!—Wieland.

This is one of the sad conditions of life, that experience is not transmissible. No man will learn from the suffering of another; he must suffer himself.—Aughey.

Taught by experience to know my own blindness, shall I speak as if I could not err, and as if others might not in some disputed points be more enlightened than myself?—Channing.

I learn several great truths; as that it is impossible to see into the ways of futurity, that punishment always attends the villain, that love is the fond soother of the human breast.—Goldsmith.

It may serve as a comfort to us in all our calamities and afflictions that he that loses anything and gets wisdom by it is a gainer by the loss.—L'Estrange.

Experience unveils too late the snares laid for youth; it is the white frost which discovers the spider's web when the flies are no longer there to be caught.—J. Petit-Senn.

The petty cares, the minute anxieties, the infinite littles which go to make up the sum of human experience, like the invisible granules of powder, give the last and highest polish to a character.—William Matthews.

Every man's experience of to-day is that he was a fool yesterday and the day before yesterday. To-morrow he will most likely be of exactly the same opinion.—Charles Mackay.

In all instances where our experience of the past has been extensive and uniform, our judgment concerning the future amounts to moral certainty. —Beattie.

Experience, next, to thee I owe,
Best guide; not following thee, I had remain'd
In ignorance; thou open'st wisdom's way,
And giv'st access, though secret she retire.
—Milton.

What matters it that a soldier has a sword of dazzling finish, of the keenest edge, and finest temper, if he has never learned the art of fence.—William Matthews.

All reasoning is retrospect; it consists in the application of facts and principles previously known. This will show the very great importance of knowledge, especially of that kind called experience.—J. Foster.

Thou shalt know by experience how salt the savor is of other's bread, and how sad a path it is to climb and descend another's stairs.—Dante.

Learn the lesson of your own pain—learn to seek God, not in any single event of past history, but in your own soul—in the constant verifications of experience, in the life of Christian love.—Mrs. Humphry Ward.

There are many arts among men, the knowledge of which is acquired bit by bit by experience. For it is experience that causeth our life to move forward by the skill we acquire, while want of experience subjects us to the effects of chance.—Plato.

He hazardeth much who depends for his learning on experience. An unhappy master, he that is only made

wise by many shipwrecks; a miserable merchant, that is neither rich nor wise till he has been bankrupt. By experience we find out a short way by a long wandering.—Roger Ascham.

Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other, and scarcely in that; for it is true, we may give advice, but we cannot give conduct. Remember this; they that will not be counseled cannot be helped. If you do not hear reason she will rap you over your knuckles.—Franklin.

What man would be wise, let him drink of the river
That bears on his bosom the record of time;
A message to him every wave can deliver
To teach him to creep till he knows how to climb. —John Boyle O'Reilly.

Not only the individual experience slowly acquired, but the accumulated experience of the race, organized in language, condensed in instruments and axioms, and in what may be called the inherited intuitions—these form the multiple unity which is expressed in the abstract term "experience."—G. H. Lewes.

Experience: in that all our knowledge is founded; and from that it ultimately derives itself. Our observation employed either about external or sensible objects or about the internal operations of our minds, perceived and reflected on by ourselves, is that which supplies our understandings with all the materials of thinking.—John Locke.

Each successive generation plunges into the abyss of passion, without the slightest regard to the fatal effects which such conduct has produced upon their predecessors; and lament, when too late, the rashness with which they slighted the advice of experience, and stifled the voice of reason.—Steele.

Young men are as apt to think themselves wise enough, as drunken men are to think themselves sober enough. They look upon spirit to be a much better thing than experience; which they call coldness. They are but half mistaken; for though spirit without experience is dangerous, experience without spirit is languid and ineffective.—Chesterfield.

Just as a tested and rugged virtue of the moral hero is worth more than the lovely, tender, untried innocence of the child, so is the massive strength of a soul that has conquered truth for itself worth more than the soft peach-bloom faith of a soul that takes truth on trust.—F. E. Abbot.

Behold, we live through all things,—famine, thirst,
Bereavement, pain; all grief and misery,
All woe and sorrow; life inflicts its worst
On soul and body,—but we cannot die,
Though we be sick, and tired, and faint, and worn,—
Lo, all things can be borne!
—Elizabeth Akers Allen.

If I might venture to appeal to what is so much out of fashion at Paris, I mean to experience, I should tell you that in my course I have known and, according to my measure, have cooperated with great men; and I have never yet seen any plan which has not been mended by the observations of those who were much inferior in understanding to the person who took the lead in the business.—Burke.

I know
The past and thence I will essay to glean
A warning for the future, so that man
May profit by his errors, and derive
Experience from his folly;
For, when the power of imparting joy
Is equal to the will, the human soul
Requires no other heaven.
—Shelley.

Man little knows what calamities are beyond his patience to bear till he tries them; as in ascending the heights of ambition, which look bright from below, every step we rise shows us some new and gloomy prospect of hidden disappointment; so in our descent from the summits of pleasure, though the vale of misery below may appear, at first, dark and gloomy, yet the busy mind, still attentive to its own amusement, finds, as we descend, something to flatter and to please. Still as we

approach, the darkest objects appear to brighten, and the mortal eye becomes adapted to its gloomy situation. —Goldsmith.

No man was ever endowed with a judgment so correct and judicious, in regulating his life, but that circumstances, time and experience would teach him something new, and apprize him that of those things with which he thought himself the best acquainted he knew nothing; and that those ideas which in theory appeared the most advantageous were found, when brought into practice, to be altogether inapplicable.—Terence.

Expression

There's a language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body.
—Shakespeare.

But true expression, like th' unchanging sun,
Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon;
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
—Pope.

Extenuation

Oftentimes excusing of a fault doth make the fault the worse by the excuse; as patches, set upon a little breach, discredit more in hiding of the fault than did the fault before it was so patched.—Shakespeare.

Extravagance

Extravagance is its own destroyer. —Zeno.

Extravagance is the rich man's pitfall.—Tupper.

Wisdom seldom consorts with extravagance.—Mendemus.

Dreading that climax of all human ills,
The inflammation of his weekly bills.
—Byron.

The man who builds, and wants wherewith to pay,
Provides a home from which to run away.
—Young.

There is hope in extravagance, there is none in routine.—Emerson.

Expense of time is the most costly of all expenses.—Theophrastus.

If extravagance were a fault, it would not have a place in the festivals of the gods.—Aristippus.

A large retinue upon a small income, like a large cascade upon a small stream, tends to discover its tenuity.—Shenstone.

That is suitable to a man in point of ornamental expense, not which he can afford to have, but which he can afford to lose.—Whately.

He who is extravagant will quickly become poor; and poverty will enforce dependence, and invite corruption.—Dr. Johnson.

Prodigality is indeed the vice of a weak nature, as avarice is of a strong one; it comes of a weak craving for those blandishments of the world which are easily to be had for money—Henry Taylor.

Profuseness is a cruel and crafty demon, that gradually involves her followers in dependence and debt; that is, fetters them with irons that enter into their souls.—Dr. Johnson.

We sacrifice to dress, till household joys
And comforts cease. Dress drains our cellar dry,
And keeps our larder lean; puts out our fires,
And introduces hunger, frost and woe,
Where peace and hospitality might reign.
—Cowper.

Mansions once
Knew their own masters, and laborious hinds,
That had surviv'd the father, serv'd the son.
Now the legitimate and rightful lord
Is but a transient guest, newly arrived,
And soon to be supplanted. He that saw
His patrimonial timber cast its leaf,
Sells the last scantling, and transfers the price
To some shrewd sharper ere it buds again.
Estates are landscapes, gazed upon awhile,
Then advertised and auctioneer'd away.
—Cowper.

The passion of acquiring riches in order to support a vain expense corrupts the purest souls.—Fénelon.

When parents put gold into the hands of youth, when they should put a rod under their girdle—when instead of awe they make them past grace, and leave them rich executors of goods, and poor executors of godliness, then it is no marvel that the son being left rich by his father's will, becomes reckless by his own will.—John Lyly.

Extremes

Extremes meet.—Mercier.

Perfect reason avoids all extremes.—Molière.

No violent extreme endures.—Carlyle.

There is danger in all extremes.—James Ellis.

Extremity is the trier of spirits.—Shakespeare.

Women are ever in extremes; they are either better or worse than men.—Bruyère.

Extremes are vicious, and proceed from men; compensation is just, and proceeds from God.—Bruyère.

Men are as much blinded by the extremes of misery as by the extremes of prosperity.—Burke.

Extremes are ever neighbors; 'tis a step from one to the other.—Sheridan Knowles.

Extremes in nature equal good produce,
Extremes in man concur to general use.
—Pope.

Thus each extreme to equal danger tends,
Plenty, as well as Want, can separate friends.
—Cowley.

Avoid Extremes; and shun the fault of such
Who still are pleas'd too little or too much.
—Pope.

Shun equally a sombre air and vivacious sallies.—Marcus Antoninus.

Mistrust the man who finds everything good, the man who finds everything evil, and still more, the man who is indifferent to everything.—Lavater.

In everything the middle course is best; all things in excess bring trouble.—Plautus.

Our age knows nothing but reactions, and leaps from one extreme to another.—Niebuhr.

Extreme views are never just; something always turns up which disturbs the calculations formed upon their data.—Beaconsfield.

Those edges soonest turn, that are most keen;
A sober moderation stands secure,
No violent extremes endure. —Aleyn.

All extremes are error. The reverse of error is not truth, but error still. Truth lies between these extremes.—Cecil.

That extremes beget extremes is an apothegm built on the most profound observation of the human mind.—Colton.

There is a mean in all things. Even virtue itself hath its stated limits; which not being strictly observed it ceases to be virtue.—Horace.

Extremes are for us as if they were not, and as if we were not in regard to them; they escape from us, or we from them.—Pascal.

We must remember how apt man is to extremes—rushing from credulity and weakness to suspicion and distrust.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Like to the time o' the year between the extremes
Of hot and cold, he was nor sad nor merry.
—Shakespeare.

Cruel men are the greatest lovers of mercy, avaricious men of generosity, and proud men of humility; that is to say, in others, not in themselves.—Colton.

Everything runs to excess; every good quality is noxious, if unmixed; and, to carry the danger to the edge of ruin, nature causes each man's peculiarity to superabound.—Emerson.

It is a hard but good law of fate, that as every evil, so every excessive power, wears itself out.—Herder.

Too austere a philosophy makes few wise men; too rigorous politics, few good subjects; too hard a religion, few religious persons whose devotion is of long continuance.—St. Evremond.

The greatest flood has the soonest ebb; the sorest tempest the most sudden calm; the hottest love the coldest end; and from the deepest desire oftentimes ensues the deadliest hate.—Socrates.

Extremes, though contrary, have the like effect; extreme heat mortifies, like extreme cold; extreme love breeds satiety, as well as extreme hatred.—Chapman.

Pleasure and pain, though directly opposite, are yet so contrived by nature as to be constant companions; and it is a fact that the same motions and muscles of the face are employed both in laughing and crying.—Charron.

As great enmities spring from great friendships, and mortal distempers from vigorous health, so do the most surprising and the wildest frenzies from the high and lively agitations of our souls.—Montaigne.

He that had never seen a river imagined the first he met with to be the sea; and the greatest things that have fallen within our knowledge we conclude the extremes that nature makes of the kind.—Montaigne.

Both in individuals and in masses violent excitement is always followed by remission, and often by reaction. We are all inclined to depreciate whatever we have overpraised, and, on the other hand, to show undue indulgence where we have shown undue rigor.—Macaulay.

Extremes are dangerous: a middle estate is safest; as a middle temper of the sea, between a still calm and a violent tempest, is most helpful to convey the mariner to his haven.—Swinnock.

We feel neither extreme heat nor extreme cold; qualities that are in excess are so much at variance with our feelings that they are impalpable: we do not feel them, though we suffer from their effects.—Pascal.

Extremes touch: he who wants no favors from Fortune may be said to have obtained the very greatest that she can bestow, in realizing an independence which no changes can diminish.—Chatfield.

Our senses will not admit anything extreme. Too much noise confuses us, too much light dazzles us, too great distance or nearness prevents vision, too great prolixity or brevity weakens an argument, too much pleasure gives pain, too much accordance annoys.—Pascal.

So near are the boundaries of panegyric and invective, that a worn-out sinner is sometimes found to make the best declaimer against sin. The same high-seasoned descriptions which in his unregenerate state served to inflame his appetites, in his new province of a moralist will serve him (a little turned) to expose the enormity of those appetites in other men.—Lamb.

'T is in worldly accidents,
As in the world itself, where things most distant
Meet one another: Thus the east and west,
Upon the globe a mathematical point
Only divides: Thus happiness and misery,
And all extremes, are still contiguous.
—Denham.

Let wealth come in by comely thrift,
And not by any sordid shift;
'T is haste
Makes waste;
Extremes have still their fault.
Who gripes too hard the dry and slipp'ry sand,
Holds none at all, or little, in his hand.
—Herrick.

Extreme old age is childhood; extreme wisdom is ignorance, for so it may be called, since the man whom the oracle pronounced the wisest of men professed that he knew nothing; yea, push a coward to the extreme and he will show courage; oppress a man to

the last, and he will rise above oppression.—J. Beaumont.

Eyes

These lovely lamps, these windows of the soul.—Du Bartas.

The eyes are the amulets of the mind.—W. R. Alger.

Her eyes are homes of silent prayer.—Tennyson.

The eye sees what it brings the power to see.—Carlyle.

Glances are the first billets-doúx of love.—Ninon de Lenclos.

Eyes that droop like summer flowers.—Miss L. E. Landon.

Soul-deep eyes of darkest night.—Joaquin Miller.

Women read each other at a single glance.—Rivarol.

In one soft look what language lies!—Dibdin.

She has an eye that could speak, though her tongue were silent.—Aaron Hill.

Hell trembles at a heaven-directed eye.—Bishop Ken.

In woman's eye the unanswerable tear.—Byron.

Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes.—Shakespeare.

A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind.—Shakespeare.

Sweet, silent rhetoric of persuading eyes.—Sir W. Davenant.

My eyes make pictures, when they are shut.—Coleridge.

The eyes are the pioneers that first announce the soft tale of love.—Propertius.

Like a star glancing out from the blue of the sky!—Whittier.

The eyes of women are Promethean fires.—Shakespeare.

An eye like Mars, to threaten or command.—Shakespeare.

Men of cold passions have quick eyes.—Hawthorne.

Those blue violets, her eyes.—Heine.

I prize the soul that slumbers in a quiet eye.—Eliza Cook.

Heart on her lip and soul within her eyes.—Byron.

Eyes bright, with many tears behind them.—Carlyle.

Flaw-seeing eyes, like needle points.—Lowell.

Stabbed with a white wench's black eye.—Shakespeare.

He travels with his eyes.—Dr. Walter Harte.

Large, musing eyes, neither joyous nor sorry.—Mrs. Browning.

Ah! the soft starlight of virgin eyes.—Balzac.

What a soul, twenty fathom deep, in her eyes!—Leigh Hunt.

Such eyes as may have looked from heaven, but never were raised to it before!—Moore.

Love, anger, pride and avarice all visibly move in those little orbs.—Addison.

A wanton eye is a messenger of an unchaste heart.—St. Augustine.

Love looketh from the eye, and kindleth love by looking.—Tupper.

Faster than his tongue did make offense, his eye did heal it up.—Shakespeare.

Drink to me only with thine eyes, and I will pledge with mine.—Ben Jonson.

For brilliancy, no gem compares with the eyes of a beautiful woman.—Dr. J. V. C. Smith.

The heart's hushed secret in the soft dark eye.—L. E. Landon.

Sometimes from her eyes I did receive fair speechless messages.—Shakespeare.

Eyes not down-dropped nor over-bright, but fed with the clear-pointed flame of chastity.—Tennyson.

What an eye she has! methinks it sounds a parley of provocation.—Shakespeare.

Who has a daring eye tells downright truths and downright lies.—Lavater.

The eye strays not while under the guidance of reason.—Publius Syrus.

And eyes disclosed what eyes alone could tell.—Dwight.

Where is any author in the world teaches such beauty as a woman's eye? Shakespeare.

Tell me, sweet eyes, from what divinest star did ye drink in your liquid melancholy?—Bulwer-Lytton.

Persuasive, yet denying eyes, all eloquent with language of their own.—Locke.

Windows, white and azure-laced with blue of heaven's own tinct.—Shakespeare.

Eyes that displace the neighbor diamond, and outface that sunshine by their own sweet grace.—Crashaw.

The curious questioning eye, that plucks the heart of every mystery.—Grenville Mellen.

Our eyes when gazing on sinful objects are out of their calling and God's keeping.—Fuller.

The eye of the master will do more work than both his hands.—Franklin.

A withered hermit, fivescore winters worn, might shake off fifty, looking in her eye.—Shakespeare.

We credit most our sight; one eye doth please
Our trust far more than ten ear witnesses.
—Herrick.

His eye was blue and calm, as is the sky
In the serenest noon. —Willis.

A heaven of dreams in her large lotus eyes, darkly divine.—Gerald Massey.

'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark our coming, and look brighter when we come.—Byron.

Pure vestal thoughts in the translucent fane of her still spirit.—Tennyson.

The flash of his keen black eyes
Forerunning the thunder.
—Longfellow.

Those laughing orbs, that borrow from azure skies the light they wear.—Frances S. Osgood.

Within her tender eye
The heaven of April, with its changing light.
—Longfellow.

Where did you get your eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.
—Geo. MacDonald.

And thy deep eyes, amid the gloom,
Shine like jewels in a shroud.
—Longfellow.

Eyes so transparent,
That through them one sees the soul.
—Theophile Gautier.

Her eye in silence hath a speech which eye best understands.—Southwell.

And violets, transform'd to eyes,
Inshrined a soul within their blue.
—Moore.

Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords.
—Shakespeare.

A suppressed resolve will betray itself in the eyes.—George Eliot.

There is no end of affection taken in at the eyes only.—Steele.

Bright as the sun her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
—Pope.

The harvest of a quiet eye,
That broods and sleeps on his own heart.
—Wordsworth.

Blue eyes shimmer with angel glances,
Like spring violets over the lea.
—Constance F. Woolson.

With eyes that look'd into the very soul—
* * * * * * *
Bright—and as black and burning as a coal. —Byron.

The eyes of other people are the eyes that ruin us.—Franklin.

His eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming.—Poe.

The eye sees not itself
But by reflection, by some other things.
—Shakespeare.

Folded eyes see brighter colors than the open ever do.—Mrs. Browning.

Her eye in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not night. —Shakespeare.

The eyes are the windows of a woman's heart; you may enter that way! —Eugene Sue.

A lamp is lit in woman's eye, that souls, else lost on earth, remember angels by.—N. P. Willis.

Eyes and ears, two trade pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores of will and judgment.—Shakespeare.

Thine eyes are springs in whose serene
And silent waters heaven is seen.
William Cullen Bryant.—

Her deep blue eyes smile constantly, as if they had by fitness won the secret of a happy dream she does not care to speak.—Mrs. Browning.

The eye of Paul Pry often finds more than he wished to find.—Lessing.

The eyes, being in the highest part, have the office of sentinels.—Cicero.

This little member can behold the earth, and in a moment view things as high as heaven.—Charnock.

But her's, which through the crystal tears gave light,
Shone like the moon in water seen by night.
—Shakespeare.

Eyes raised toward heaven are always beautiful, whatever they be.—Joubert.

Beautiful eyes in the face of a handsome woman are like eloquence to speech.—Bulwer-Lytton.

His eyebrow dark, and eye of fire, showed spirit proud, and prompt to ire.—Sir Walter Scott.

Women's glances express what they dare not speak.—Alphonse Karr.

In her eyes a thought
Grew sweeter and sweeter, deepening like the dawn,—
A mystical forewarning. —T. B. Aldrich.

True eyes, too pure and too honest in aught to disguise the sweet soul shining through them.—Owen Meredith.

In those sunk eyes the grief of years I trace,
And sorrow seems acquainted with that face.
—Ickell.

Dear eyes!—do not my heart forsake,
Shine, like the stars within the lake,—
Shine, and the darksome shadows break.
—Augustine J. H. Dugane.

Deep brown eyes running over with glee;
Blue eyes are pale, and gray eyes are sober;
Bonnie brown eyes are the eyes for me.
—Constance F. Woolson.

O lovely eyes of azure,
Clear as the waters of a brook that run
Limpid and laughing in the summer sun!
—Longfellow.

Eyes of most unholy blue!—Moore.

I dislike an eye that twinkles like a star. Those only are beautiful which, like the planets, have a steady, lam-

bent light—are luminous, but not sparkling.—Longfellow.

Gradual as the snow, at heaven's breath, melts off and shows the azure flowers beneath, her lids unclosed, and the bright eyes were seen.—Moore.

All the gazers on the skies read not in fair heaven's story expresser truth or truer glory than they might in her bright eyes.—Ben Jonson.

Where such radiant lights have shone, no wonder if her cheeks be grown sunburnt with lustre of their own.—John Cleaveland.

The eye is the inlet to the soul, and it is well to beware of him whose visual organs avoid your honest regard.—Hosea Ballou.

The balls of sight are so formed that one man's eyes are spectacles to another to read his heart with.—Johnson.

When there is love in the heart there are rainbows in the eyes, which cover every black cloud with gorgeous hues.—Beecher.

One of the most wonderful things in nature is a glance; it transcends speech; it is the bodily symbol of identity.—Emerson.

There is a lore simple and sure, that asks no discipline of weary years—the language of the soul, told through the eye.—Mrs. Sigourney.

The eyes have a property in things and territories not named in any title-deeds, and are the owners of our choicest possessions.—Alcott.

Eyes will not see when the heart wishes them to be blind. Desire conceals truth as darkness does the earth. —Seneca.

Those eyes, soft and capricious as a cloudless sky, whose azure depth their color emulates, must needs be conversant with upward looks—prayer's voiceless service.—Wordsworth.

Since your eyes are so sharpe, that you cannot onely looke through a milstone, but cleane through the minde.—Lyly.

The eyes of a man are of no use without the observing power. Telescopes and microscopes are cunning contrivances, but they cannot see of themselves.—Paxton Hood.

Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheathed their light, and, canopied in darkness, sweetly lay, till they might open to adorn the day.—Shakespeare.

Beneath her drooping lashes slept a world of eloquent meaning; passionate but pure, dreamy, subdued, but, oh, how beautiful!—Mrs. Osgood.

With eyes
Of microscopic power, that could discern
The population of a dew-drop.
—James Montgomery.

There are whole veins of diamonds in thine eyes,
Might furnish crowns for all the Queens of earth. —Bailey.

Guns, swords, batteries, armies and ships of war are set in motion by man for the subjugation of an enemy. Women bring conquerors to their feet with the magic of their eyes.—Dr. J. V. C. Smith.

Speech is a laggard and a sloth; but the eyes shoot out electric fluid that condenses all the elements of sentiment and passion in one single emanation.—Horace Smith.

When a man speaks the truth in the spirit of truth, his eye is as clear as the heavens. When he has base ends, and speaks falsely, the eye is muddy, and sometimes asquint.—Emerson.

Satan turned Eve's eye to the apple, Achan's eye to the wedge of gold, Ahab's eye to Naboth's vineyard, and then what work did he make with them!—Rev. J. Alleine.

Lovers are angry, reconciled, entreat, thank, appoint, and finally speak all things, by their eyes.—Montaigne.

Men are born with two eyes, but with one tongue, in order that they should see twice as much as they say. —Colton.

The learned compute that seven hundred and seven millions of millions of vibrations have penetrated the eye before the eye can distinguish the tints of a violet.—Bulwer-Lytton.

How blue were Ariadne's eyes
When, from the sea's horizon line,
At eve, she raised them on the skies!
My Psyche, bluer far are thine.
—Aubrey De Vere.

There are eyes half defiant,
Half meek and compliant;
Black eyes, with a wondrous, witching charm
To bring us good or to work us harm.
—Phœbe Cary.

O, the eye's light is a noble gift of heaven! All beings live from light; each fair created thing, the very plants, turn with a joyful transport to the light.—Schiller.

Crows pick out the eyes of the dead when they are no longer of any use. But flatterers destroy the souls of the living by blinding their eyes.—Maximus.

Little eyes must be good-tempered or they are ruined. They have no other resource. But this will beautify them enough. They are made for laughing, and should do their duty.—Leigh Hunt.

People forget that it is the eye which makes the horizon, and the rounding mind's eye which makes this or that man a type or representative of humanity with the name of hero or saint.—Emerson.

Some eyes threaten like a loaded and levelled pistol, and others are as insulting as hissing or kicking; some have no more expression than blueberries, while others are as deep as a well which you can fall into.—Emerson.

Somebody once observed—and the observation did him credit, whoever he was—that the dearest things in the world were neighbors' eyes, for they cost everybody more than anything else contributing to housekeeping.—Albert Smith.

Those laughing orbs, that borrow
From azure skies the light they wear,
Are like heaven—no sorrow
Can float o'er hues so fair.
—Mrs. Osgood.

And then her look—Oh, where's the heart so wise
Could, unbewilder'd, meet those matchless eyes?
Quick, restless, strange, but exquisite withal,
Like those of angels. —Moore.

Why was the sight to such a tender ball as the eye confined, so obvious and so easy to be quenched, and not, as feeling, through all parts diffused, that she might look at will through every pore?—Milton.

The eye observes only what the mind, the heart, and the imagination are gifted to see; and sight must be reinforced by insight before souls can be discerned as well as manners, ideas as well as objects, realities and relations as well as appearances and accidental connections.—Whipple.

If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would say, "This poet lies;
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces."
—Shakespeare.

Men with gray eyes are generally keen, energetic, and at first cold; but you may depend upon their sympathy with real sorrow. Search the ranks of our benevolent men and you will agree with me.—Dr. Leask.

A woman with a hazel eye never elopes from her husband, never chats scandal, never finds fault, never talks too much nor too little—always is an entertaining, intellectual, agreeable and lovely creature.—Frederic Saunders.

Thou tell'st me there is murder in my eye: 'tis pretty, sure, and very

probable that eyes—that are the frailest and softest things, who shut their coward gates on atomies—should be called tyrants, butchers, murderers!—Shakespeare.

The eye is continually influenced by what it cannot detect; nay, it is not going too far to say that it is most influenced by what it detects least. Let the painter define, if he can, the variations of lines on which depend the change of expression in the human countenance.—Ruskin.

None but those who have loved can be supposed to understand the oratory of the eye, the mute eloquence of a look, or the conversational powers of the face. Love's sweetest meanings are unspoken; the full heart knows no rhetoric of words, and resorts to the pantomime of sighs and glances.—Bovee.

The eye is the window of the soul, the mouth the door. The intellect, the will, are seen in the eye; the emotions, sensibilities, and affections, in the mouth. The animals look for man's intentions right into his eyes. Even a rat, when you hunt him and bring him to bay, looks you in the eye.—Hiram Powers.

Ahab cast a covetous eye at Naboth's vineyard, David a lustful eye at Bathsheba. The eye is the pulse of the soul; as physicians judge of the heart by the pulse, so we by the eye; a rolling eye, a roving heart. The good eye keeps minute time, and strikes when it should; the lustful, crochet-time, and so puts all out of tune.—Rev. T. Adams.

Dark eyes—eternal soul of pride!
Deep life in all that's true!
* * * * * *
Away, away to other skies!
Away o'er seas and sands!
Such eyes as those were never made
To shine in other lands. —Leland.

The eye speaks with an eloquence and truthfulness surpassing speech. It is the window out of which the winged thoughts often fly unwittingly. It is the tiny magic mirror on whose crystal surface the moods of feeling fitfully play, like the sunlight and shadow on a still stream.—Tuckerman.

Thine eyes are like the deep, blue, boundless heaven
Contracted to two circles underneath
Their long, fine lashes; dark, far, measureless,
Orb within orb, and line through line interwoven. —Shelley.

I never saw an eye so bright,
And yet so soft as hers;
It sometimes swam in liquid light,
And sometimes swam in tears;
It seem'd a beauty set apart
For softness and for signs.
—Mrs. Welby.

That fine part of our construction, the eye, seems as much the receptacle and seat of our passions as the mind itself; and at least it is the outward portal to introduce them to the house within, or rather the common thoroughfare to let our affections pass in and out.—Addison.

The intelligence of affection is carried on by the eye only; good-breeding has made the tongue falsify the heart, and act a part of continued restraint, while nature has preserved the eyes to herself, that she may not be disguised or misrepresented.—Addison.

What a curious workmanship is that of the eye, which is in the body, as the sun in the world; set in the head as in a watch-tower, having the softest nerves for receiving the greater multitude of spirits necessary for the act of vision!—Charnock.

It is wonderful indeed to consider how many objects the eye is fitted to take in at once, and successively in an instant, and at the same time to make a judgment of their position, figure, and color. It watches against our dangers, guides our steps, and lets in all the visible objects, whose beauty and variety instruct and delight.—Steele.

We lose in depth of expression when we go to inferior animals for comparisons with human beauty. Homer

calls Juno ox-eyed; and the epithet suits well with the eyes of that goddess, because she may be supposed, with all her beauty, to want a certain humanity. Her large eyes look at you with a royal indifference.—Leigh Hunt.

Whatever of goodness emanates from the soul, gathers its soft halo in the eyes; and if the heart be a lurking-place of crime, the eyes are sure to betray the secret. A beautiful eye makes silence eloquent, a kind eye makes contradiction assent, an enraged eye makes beauty a deformity; so you see, forsooth, the little organ plays no inconsiderable, if not a dominant, part. —Frederick Saunders.

Say, what other metre is it
Than the meeting of the eyes?
Nature poureth into nature
Through the channels of that feature
Riding on the ray of sight,
Fleeter far than whirlwinds go,
Or for service, or delight,
Hearts to hearts their meaning show.
—Emerson.

If the eye were so acute as to rival the finest microscope, and to discern the smallest hair upon the leg of a gnat, it would be a curse, and not a blessing to us; it would make all things appear rugged and deformed; the most finely polished crystal would be uneven and rough; the sight of our own selves would affright us; the smoothest skin would be beset all over with rugged scales and bristly hair.—Bentley.

Her eye (I am very fond of handsome eyes),
Was large and dark, suppressing half its fire
Until she spoke, then through its soft disguise
Flash'd an expression more of pride than ire,
And love than either; and there would arise,
A something in them which was not desire,
But would have been, perhaps, but for the soul,
Which struggled through and chasten'd down the whole. —Byron.

Large eyes were admired in Greece, where they still prevail. They are the finest of all when they have the internal look, which is not common. The stag or antelope eye of the Orientals is beautiful and lamping, but is accused of looking skittish and indifferent. "The epithet of 'stag-eyed,'" says Lady Wortley Montagu, speaking of a Turkish love-song, "pleases me extremely; and I think it a very lively image of the fire and indifference in his mistress' eye."—Leigh Hunt.

A gray eye is a sly eye,
And roguish is a brown eye,—
Turn full upon me thy eye,—
Ah, how its wavelets drown one!
A blue eye is a true eye;
Mysterious is a dark one,
Which flashes like a spark-sun!
A black eye is the best one.
—W. R. Alger.

Long while I sought to what I might compare
Those powerful eyes, which light my dark spirit;
Yet found I nought on earth, to which I dare
Resemble th' image of their goodly light.
Not to the sun, for they do shine by night;
Nor to the moon, for they are changed never;
Nor to the stars, for they have purer sight;
Nor to the fire, for they consume not ever;
Nor to the lightning, for they still persever;
Nor to the diamond, for they are more tender;
Nor unto crystal, for nought may they sever;
Nor unto glass, such baseness might offend her;
Then to the Maker's self the likest be;
Whose light doth lighten all that here we see. —Spenser.

A pair of bright eyes with a dozen glances suffice to subdue a man; to enslave him, and inflame; to make him even forget; they dazzle him so that the past becomes straightway dim to him; and he so prizes them that he would give all his life to possess them. What is the fond love of dearest friends compared to his treasure? Is memory as strong as expectancy, fruition as hunger, gratitude as desire?—Thackeray.

A beautiful eye makes silence eloquent, a kind eye makes contradiction an assent, an enraged eye makes beauty deformed. This little member gives life to every other part about us; and I believe the story of Argus implies no more than that the eye is

in every part; that is to say, every other part would be mutilated were not its force represented more by the eye than even by itself.—Addison.

Those eyes that were so bright, love,
Have now a dimmer shine;
But what they've lost in light, love,
Is what they gave to mine.
And still those orbs reflect, love,
The beams of former hours,
That ripen'd all my joys, love,
And tinted all my flowers. —Hood.

Eyes are bold as lions, roving, running, leaping, here and there, far and near. They speak all languages; they wait for no introduction; they are no Englishmen; ask no leave of age or rank; they respect neither poverty nor riches, neither learning nor power, nor virtue, nor sex, but intrude, and come again, and go through and through you in a moment of time. What inundation of life and thought is discharged from one soul into another through them!—Emerson.

F

Fable

History is but a fable agreed upon.—Napoleon I.

Fiction of fable allures to instruction.—Franklin.

A certain class of novels may with propriety be called fables.—Whately.

As we are poetical in our natures, so we delight in fable.—Hazlitt.

There should always be some foundation of fact for the most airy fabric; and pure invention is but the talent of a deceiver.—Byron.

Willmott has very tersely said that embellished truths are the illuminated alphabet of larger children.—Horace Mann.

Fables take off from the severity of instruction, and enforce it at the same time that they conceal it.—Addison.

All the fairy tales of Aladdin, or the invisible Gyges, or the talisman that opens kings' palaces, or the enchanted halls underground or in the sea, are only fictions to indicate the one miracle of intellectual enlargement. —Emerson.

The difference between a parable and an apologue is that the former, being drawn from human life, requires probability in the narration, whereas the apologue, being taken from inanimate things or the inferior animals, is not confined strictly to probability. The fables of Æsop are apologues.—Fleming.

Face

The countenance is the portrait of the soul.—Cicero.

The magic of a face.—Thomas Carew.

Thy face the index of a feeling mind. —Crabbe.

Features, the great soul's apparent seat.—Bryant.

Human face divine.—Milton.

The worst of faces still is human. —Lavater.

He had a face like a benediction.— Cervantes.

A face without a heart.—Shakespeare.

Trust not too much to an enchanting face.—Virgil.

Sea of upturned faces.—Sir W. Scott.

Her face, all red and white, like the inside of a shoulder of mutton.— Foote.

An unforgiving eye, and a damned disinheriting countenance.—R. B. Sheridan.

Those faces which have charmed us most escape us the soonest.—Walter Scott.

A February face, so full of frost, of storm and cloudiness.—Shakespeare.

In youth, the artless index of the mind.—Horace Mann.

A face like nestling luxury of flowers.—Gerald Massey.

God has given you one face, and you make yourselves another.—Shakespeare.

Expression alone can invest beauty with supreme and lasting command over the eye.—Fuseli.

A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.—Shakespeare.

The mind, the music breathing from her face.—Byron.

In thy face I see the map of honor, truth, and loyalty.—Shakespeare.

If to her share some female errors fall
Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all.
—Pope.

Her face is like the Milky Way i' the sky,—
A meeting of gentle lights without a name.
—Sir John Suckling.

A face with gladness overspread!
Soft smiles, by human kindness bred!
—Wordsworth.

That same face of yours looks like the title-page to a whole volume of roguery.—Colley Cibber.

Truth makes the face of that person shine who speaks and owns it.—South.

These faces in the mirrors
Are but the shadows and phantoms of myself. —Longfellow.

Two similar faces, neither of which alone causes laughter, use laughter when they are together, by their resemblance.—Pascal.

All men's faces are true, whatsome'er their hands are. —Shakespeare.

There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face.
—Shakespeare.

A good face is the best letter of recommendation.—Queen Elizabeth.

Her cheek like apples which the sun had ruddied.—Spenser.

His face was of that doubtful kind,
That wins the eye but not the mind.
—Scott.

A cheerful face is nearly as good for an invalid as healthy weather.—Franklin.

Your face, my Thane, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters. —Shakespeare.

A sweet expression is the highest type of female loveliness.—Dr. J. V. C. Smith.

The countenance is more eloquent than the tongue.—Lavater.

Some women's faces are, in their brightness, a prophecy; and some, in their sadness, a history.—Dickens.

A beloved face cannot grow ugly, because, not flesh and complexion, but expression, created love.—Richter.

Though men can cover crimes with bold, stern looks, poor women's faces are their own faults' books.—Shakespeare.

Her angel's face,
As the great eye of heaven, shyned bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place.
—Spenser.

For my soul prays, Sweet,
Still to your face in Heaven,
Heaven in your face, Sweet.
—Francis Thompson.

And to his eye
There was but one beloved face on earth,
And that was shining on him. —Byron.

The light upon her face
Shines from the windows of another world.
Saints only have such faces.
—Longfellow.

It is the common wonder of all men how among so many millions of faces there should be none alike.—Sir Thomas Browne.

The loveliest faces are to be seen by moonlight, when one sees half with the eye and half with the fancy.—Bovee.

Fire burns only when we are near it, but a beautiful face burns and inflames, though at a distance.—Xenophon.

Where the mouth is sweet and the eyes intelligent, there is always the look of beauty, with a right heart.—Leigh Hunt.

A face which is always serene possesses a mysterious and powerful attraction: sad hearts come to it as to the sun to warm themselves again.—Joseph Roux.

And her face so fair
Stirr'd with her dream, as rose-leaves with the air. —Byron.

Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in it; tho' thy tackle's torn,
Thou showest a noble vessel.
—Shakespeare.

A noble soul spreads even over a face in which the architectonic beauty is wanting an irresistible grace, and often even triumphs over the natural disfavor.—Schiller.

There is in every human countenance either a history or a prophecy, which must sadden, or at least soften, every reflecting observer.—Coleridge.

Look in the face of the person to whom you are speaking, if you wish to know his real sentiments; for he can command his words more easily than his countenance.—Chesterfield.

What furniture can give such finish to a room as a tender woman's face? And is there any harmony of tints that has such stirring of delight as the sweet modulation of her voice?—George Eliot.

There are women who do not let their husbands see their faces until they are married. Not to keep you in suspense, I mean that part of the sex who paint.—Steele.

Not the entrance of a cathedral, not the sound of a passing bell, not the furs of a magistrate, nor the sables of a funeral, were fraught with half the solemnity of face!—Shenstone.

The face of a woman, whatever be the force or extent of her mind, whatever be the importance of the object she pursues, is always an obstacle or a reason in the story of her life.—Mme. de Staël.

Contending Passions jostle and displace
And tilt and tourney mostly in the Face:
* * * * * *
Unmatched by Art, upon this wondrous scroll
Portrayed are all the secrets of the soul.
—Abraham Coles.

Her face betokened all things dear and good,
The light of somewhat yet to come was there
Asleep, and waiting for the opening day,
When childish thoughts, like flowers, would drift away. —Jean Ingelow.

What a man is lies as certainly upon his countenance as in his heart, though none of his acquaintances may be able to read it. The very intercourse with him may have rendered it more difficult.—George MacDonald.

Faces are as legible as books, only with these circumstances to recommend them to our perusal, that they are read in much less time, and are much less likely to deceive us.—Lavater.

Nature cuts queer capers with men's phizzes at times, and confounds all the deductions of philosophy. Character does not put all its goods, sometimes not any of them, in its shop-window.—Wm. Matthews.

There remains in the faces of women who are naturally serene and peaceful, and of those rendered so by religion, an after-spring, and, later, an after-summer, the reflex of their most beautiful bloom.—Richter.

True beauty is in the mind; and the expression of the features depends more upon the moral nature than most persons are accustomed to think.—Frederic Saunders.

Her closed lips were delicate as the tinted penciling of veins upon a flower; and on her cheek the timid blood had faintly melted through, like something that was half afraid of light.—Willis.

We are all sculptors and painters, and our material is our own flesh and blood and bones. Any nobleness begins at once to refine a man's features, any meanness or sensuality to imbrute them.—Thoreau.

A face that had a story to tell. How different faces are in this particular! Some of them speak not. They are books in which not a line is written, save perhaps a date.—Longfellow.

The countenance may be rightly defined as the title-page which heralds the contents of the human volume, but, like other title-pages, it sometimes puzzles, often misleads, and often says nothing to the purpose.—Wm. Matthews.

Doubtless the human face is the grandest of all mysteries; yet fixed on canvas it can hardly tell of more than one sensation; no struggle, no successive contrasts accessible to dramatic art, can painting give, as neither time nor motion exists for her.—Madame de Staël.

Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
Examine every several lineament,
* * * * * *
And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,
Find written in the margin of his eyes.
—Shakespeare.

A girl of eighteen imagines the feelings behind the face that has moved her with its sympathetic youth as easily as primitive people imagined the humors of the gods in fair weather. What is she to believe in if not in this vision woven from within?—George Eliot.

On his bold visage middle age
Had slightly press'd its signet sage,
Yet had not quenched the open truth
And fiery vehemence of youth;
Forward and frolic glee was there,
The will to do, the soul to dare.
—Scott.

There are faces so fluid with expression, so flushed and rippled by the play of thought, that we can hardly find what the mere features really are. When the delicious beauty of lineament loses its power, it is because a more delicious beauty has appeared, that an interior and durable form has been disclosed.—Emerson.

Her face had a wonderful fascination in it. It was such a calm, quiet face, with the light of a rising sou shining so peacefully through it. At times it wore an expression of seriousness, of sorrow even; and then seemed to make the very air bright with what the Italian poets so beautifully call the "lampeggiar dell' angelico riso,"—the lightning of the angelic smile.—Longfellow.

Alas! how few of nature's faces there are to gladden us with their beauty! The cares and sorrows and hungerings of the world change them as they change hearts; and it is only when those passions sleep, and have lost their hold forever, that the troubled clouds pass off, and leave heaven's surface clear.—Dickens.

Nature has laid out all her art in beautifying the face; she has touched it with vermilion, planted in it a double row of ivory, made it the seat of smiles and blushes, lighted it up and enlivened it with the brightness of the eyes, hung it on each side with curious organs of sense, given it airs and graces that cannot be described, and surrounded it with such a flowing shade of hair as sets all its beauties in the most agreeable light.—Addison.

In vain we fondly strive to trace
The soul's reflection in the face;
In vain we dwell on lines and crosses,
Crooked mouths and short probosces;
Boobies have looked as wise and bright
As Plato and the Stagyrite
And many a sage and learned skull
Has peeped through windows dark and dull.
—Moore.

No human face is exactly the same in its lines on each side, no leaf perfect in its lobes, no branch in its symmetry. All admit irregularity as they imply change; and to banish imperfection is to destroy expression, to check exertion, to paralyze vitality. All things are literally better, lovelier, and more beloved for the imperfections which have been divinely ap-

pointed, that the law of human life may be effort, and the law of human judgment mercy.—Ruskin.

As the language of the face is universal, so is it very comprehensive. No laconism can reach it. It is the short-hand of the mind, and crowds a great deal in a little room. A man may look a sentence as soon as speak a word. The strokes are small, but so masterly drawn that you may easily collect the image and proportions of what they resemble.—Jeremy Collier.

Now and then one sees a face which has kept its smile pure and undefiled. It is a woman's face usually; often a face which has trace of great sorrow all over it, till the smile breaks. Such a smile transfigures: such a smile, if the artful but knew it, is the greatest weapon a face can have.—Helen Hunt.

Quite the ugliest face I ever saw was that of a woman whom the world called beautiful. Through its silver veil the evil and ungentle passions looked out, hideous and hateful. On the other hand, there are faces which the multitude, at first glance, pronounce homely, unattractive, and such as "Nature fashions by the gross," which I always recognize with a warm heart-thrill. Not for the world would I have one feature changed; they please me as they are; they are hallowed by kind memories, and are beautiful through their associations.—Whittier.

Faction

So false is faction, and so smooth a liar,
As that it never had a side entire.
—Daniel.

Seldom is faction's ire in haughty minds
Extinguish'd but by death: it oft like fire
Suppress'd, breaks forth again, and blazes higher.
—May.

Avoid the politic, the factious fool,
The busy, buzzing, talking harden'd knave;
The quaint smooth rogue that sins against his reason,
Calls saucy loud sedition public zeal,
And mutiny the dictates of his spirit.
—Otway.

Facts

Facts are stubborn things.—Elliot.

Facts are plain spoken; hopes and figures are its aversion.—Addison.

Every fact that is learned becomes a key to other facts—E. L. Youmans.

But facts are chiels that winna ding,
An' downa be disputed. —Burns.

There is nothing I know of so sublime as a fact.—George Canning.

Some people have a peculiar faculty for denying facts.—G. D. Prentice.

One fact is better than one hundred analogies.

From principles is derived probability; but truth, or certainty, is obtained only from facts.

In matters of fact, they say there is some credit to be given to the testimony of men, but not in matters of judgment.—Hooker.

Facts are to the mind the same thing as food to the body. On the due digestion of facts depends the strength and wisdom of the one, just as vigour and health depend on the other. The wisest in council, the ablest in debate, and the most agreeable in the commerce of life, is that man who has assimilated to his understanding the greatest number of facts.—Burke.

Fail — Failure

A first failure is often a blessing.—A. L. Brown.

It is the empiric who never fails.—Willmott.

Half the failures in life come from pulling one's horse when he is leaping.—Thomas Hood.

But screw your courage to the sticking place and we'll not fail.—Shakespeare.

Failure is more frequently from want of energy than want of capital.—Daniel Webster.

There is not a fiercer hell than failure in a great object.—Keats.

A failure establishes only this, that our determination to succeed was not strong enough.—Bovee.

Now a' is done that men can do
And a' is done in vain. —Burns.

To fail at all is to fail utterly.—Lowell.

He only is exempt from failures who makes no efforts.—Whately.

What is failure except feebleness? And what is it to miss one's mark except to aim widely and weakly?—Ouida.

Wherever there is failure, there is some giddiness, some superstition about luck, some step omitted, which Nature never pardons.—Emerson.

Failures always overtake those who have the power to do, without the will to act, and who need that essential quality in life, energy.—James Ellis.

In the lexicon of youth, which fate reserves
For a bright manhood, there is no such word
As—fail. —Lytton.

Although strength should fail, the effort will deserve praise. In great enterprises the attempt is enough.—Propertius.

Many men and women spend their lives in unsuccessful attempts to spin the flax God sends them upon a wheel they can never use.—J. G. Holland.

Complaints are vain; we will try to do better another time. To-morrow and to-morrow. A few designs and a few failures, and the time of designing is past.—Johnson.

He who bears failure with patience is as much of a philosopher as he who succeeds; for to put up with the world needs as much wisdom as to control it.—Aughey.

Every failure is a step to success; every detection of what is false directs us toward what is true; every trial exhausts some tempting form of error. Not only so, but scarcely any attempt is entirely a failure; scarcely any theory, the result of steady thought, is altogether false; no tempting form of error is without some latent charm derived from truth.—Whewell.

Albeit failure in any cause produces a correspondent misery in the soul, yet it is, in a sense, the highway to success, inasmuch as every discovery of what is false leads us to seek earnestly after what is true, and every fresh experience points out some form of error which we shall afterward carefully eschew.—Keats.

What keeps persons down in the world, besides lack of capacity, is not a philosophical contempt of riches or honors, but thoughtlessness and improvidence, a love of sluggish torpor, and of present gratification. It is not from preferring virtue to wealth—the goods of the mind to those of fortune—that they take no thought for the morrow; but from want of forethought and stern self-command. The restless, ambitious man too often directs these qualities to an unworthy object; the contented man is generally deficient in the qualities themselves. The one is a stream that flows too often in a wrong channel, and needs to have its course altered, the other is a stagnant pool. —Wm. Matthews.

Fairies

Moonshine revellers.—Shakespeare.

Fairies use flowers for their charactery.—Shakespeare.

On the tawny sands and shelves trip the pert fairies and the dapper elves. —Milton.

Be secret and discreet; the fairy favors are lost when not concealed.—Dryden.

Wherever is love and loyalty, great purposes and lofty souls, even though in a hovel or a mine, there is fairyland.—Kingsley.

In this state she gallops, night by night, o'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream.—Shakespeare.

Their little minim forms arrayed in all the tricksy pomp of fairy pride.—Drake.

This is the fairy land; O spite of spites,
We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprites. —Shakespeare.

Then take me on your knee, mother;
And listen, mother of mine.
A hundred fairies danced last night,
And the harpers they were nine.
—Mary Howitt.

In silence sad,
Trip we after the night's shade;
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.
—Shakespeare.

But light as any wind that blows
So fleetly did she stir,
The flower, she touch'd on, dipt and rose,
And turned to look at her.
—Tennyson.

O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the forefinger of an alderman.
—Shakespeare.

Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathoms deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts, and wakes,
And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. —Shakespeare.

Bright Eyes, Light Eyes! Daughter of a Fay!
I had not been a married wife a twelve-month and a day,
I had not nursed my little one a month upon my knee,
When down among the blue bell banks rose elfins three times three:
They griped me by the raven hair, I could not cry for fear,
They put a hempen rope around my waist and dragged me here;
They made me sit and give thee suck as mortal mothers can,
Bright Eyes, Light Eyes! strange and weak and wan! —Robert Buchanan.

The maskers come late, and I think will stay, like fairies, till the cock crow them away.—Donne.

The dances ended, all the fairy train
For pinks and daisies search'd the flow'ry plain. —Pope.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly.
—Shakespeare.

Their harps are of the amber shade,
That hides the blush of waking day,
And every gleamy string is made
Of silvery moonshine's lengthen'd ray.
—Drake.

Her mantle was the purple roll'd
At twilight in the west afar;
'Twas tied with threads of dawning gold,
And button'd with a sparkling star.
—Drake.

Oft fairy elves,
Whose midnight revels by a forest side,
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while o'erhead the moor
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth
Wheels her pale course, they on their mirth and dance
Intent, with jocund music charm his ear;
At once with joy and fear his heart re bounds. —Milton.

The palace of the sylphid queen—
Its spiral columns, gleaming bright,
Were streamers of the northern light;
Its curtain's light and lovely flush
Was of the morning's rosy blush;
And the ceiling fair, that rose aboon,
The white and feathery fleece of noon.
—Drake.

Did you ever hear
Of the frolic fairies dear?
They're a blessed little race,
Peeping up in fancy's face,
In the valley, on the hill,
By the fountain and the rill;
Laughing out between the leaves
That the loving summer weaves.
—Mrs. Osgood.

He put his acorn-helmet on;
It was plum'd of the silk of the thistle down;
The corselet plate, that guarded his breast,
Was once the wild bees' golden vest;
His cloak, of a thousand mingled dyes,
Was form'd of the wings of butterflies;
His shield was the shell of a lady-bug queen,
Studs of gold on a ground of green;
And the quivering lance which he brandish'd bright,
Was the sting of a wasp he had slain in fight. —Drake.

About this spring of ancient fame say true,
The dapper elves their moonlight sports renew;
Their pigmy king and little fairy queen
In circling dances gamboll'd on the green,
With tuneful sprites a merry concert made,
And airy music warbled through the shade.
—Pope.

To pass their lives on fountains and on flowers, and never know the weight of human hours.—Byron.

Faith

Faith is the force of life.—Tolstoi.

Faith is the continuation of reason. —William Adams.

Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.—Job xiii. 15.

Faith is the heroism of intellect.—Charles H. Parkhurst.

Faith is a higher faculty than reason.—Bailey.

Faith is not reason's labor, but repose.—Young.

Faith lights us through the dark to Deity.—Sir W. Davenant.

Faith is necessary to victory.—Hazlitt.

Faith creates the virtues in which it believes.—Mme. de Sévigné.

Faith loves to lean on time's destroying arm.—Holmes.

Faith is deferential incredulity.—Voltaire.

On argument alone my faith is built. —Young.

Youth without faith is a day without sun.—Ouida.

Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.—Bible.

The power of faith will often shine forth the most when the character is naturally weak.—Hare.

A perfect faith would lift us absolutely above fear.—George MacDonald.

Our life must answer for our faith. —Thomas Wilson.

Faith is obedience, not compliance. —George MacDonald.

The principal part of faith is patience.—George MacDonald.

Faith is love taking the form of aspiration.—William Ellery Channing.

Faith is nothing but spiritualized imagination.—Henry Ward Beecher.

There are no tricks in plain simple faith.—Shakespeare.

Faith builds a bridge from this world to the next.—Dr. Young.

This is faith: it is nothing more than obedience.—Voltaire.

O welcome, pure-eyed Faith, white-handed Hope,
Thou hovering angel, girt with golden wings.
—Milton.

Faith in a better than that which appears is no less required by art than by religion.—John Sterling.

Faith always implies the disbelief of a lesser fact in favor of a greater.—Holmes.

Faith is the subtle chain that binds us to the Infinite.—Mrs. E. Oakes Smith.

Faith is the root of works. A root that produceth nothing is dead.—Thomas Wilson.

He wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat; it ever changes with the next block.—Shakespeare.

The great world's altar-stairs
That slope thro' darkness up to God.
Tennyson.

As the flower is before the fruit, so is faith before good works.—Whately.

Faith, amid the disorders of a sinful life, is like the lamp burning in an ancient tomb.—Madame Swetchine.

Man is not made to question, but adore.—Young.

Faith needs her daily bread.—Georgiana M. Craik.

Faith is the flame that lifts the sacrifice to heaven.—J. Montgomery.

Let us fear the worst, but work with faith; the best will always take care of itself.—Victor Hugo.

The faith which you keep must be a faith that demands obedience, and you can keep it only by obeying it.—Phillips Brooks.

Without faith a man can do nothing. But faith can stifle all science. —Amiel.

No cloud can overshadow a true Christian but his faith will discern a rainbow in it.—Bishop Horne.

It is impossible to be a hero in anything unless one is first a hero in faith. —Jacobi.

For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right. —Pope.

There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.
—Tennyson.

The saddest thing that can befall a soul
Is when it loses faith in God and woman.
—Alexander Smith.

"Patience!" * * * "have faith and thy prayer will be answered!"—Longfellow.

But Faith, fanatic Faith, once wedded fast
To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last.
—Moore.

Faith is the pencil of the soul
That pictures heavenly things.
—Burbidge.

Faith is the soul going out of itself for all its wants.—Boston.

The faith of immortality gives to every mind that cherishes it a certain firmness of texture.—Wilberforce.

A lively faith will bear aloft the mind, and leave the luggage of good works behind.—Dryden.

Not prayer without faith, nor faith without prayer, but prayer in faith, is the cost of spiritual gifts and graces. —H. Clay Trumbull.

None live so easily, so pleasantly, as those that live by faith.—Matthew Henry.

Faith is among men what gravity is among planets and suns.—Charles H. Parkhurst.

Faith converses with the angels, and antedates the hymns of glory.—Jeremy Taylor.

The highest order that was ever instituted on earth is the order of faith. —Henry Ward Beecher.

Heaven alone, not earth, is destined to witness the repose of faith.—Moses Harvey.

Faith makes the discords of the present the harmonies of the future. —Robert Collyer.

It was Lazarus' faith, not his poverty, which brought him into Abraham's bosom.—Trench.

Pin thy faith to no man's sleeve. Hast thou not two eyes of thy own? —Carlyle.

Systems exercise the mind; but faith enlightens and guides it.—Voltaire.

All I have seen teaches me to trust the Creator for all I have not seen.—Emerson.

A maxim in law has more weight in the world than an article of faith. —Swift.

Faith makes us, and not we it; and faith makes its own forms.—Emerson.

The steps of faith fall on the seeming void, and find the rock beneath.—Whittier.

For mysterious things of faith, rely on the proponent, Heaven's authority. —Dryden.

In affairs of this world men are saved, not by faith, but by the want of it.—Fielding.

When faith is lost, when honor dies, the man is dead.—Whittier.

Faith is the champion of grace, and love the nurse; but humility is the beauty of grace.—Thomas Brooks.

Let us have faith that right makes might; and in that faith, let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it.—Abraham Lincoln.

Faith, though it hath sometimes a trembling hand, it must not have a withered hand, but must stretch.—Watson.

Religion is the true Philosophy!
Faith is the last great link 'twixt God and man. —Bigg.

When the soul grants what reason makes her see,
That is true faith, what's more 's credulity.
—Sir F. Fane.

One in whom persuasion and belief
Had ripened into faith, and faith become
A passionate intuition. —Wordsworth.

All the scholastic scaffolding falls, as a ruined edifice, before one single word —faith.—Napoleon I.

The Americans have no faith, they rely on the power of a dollar; they are deaf to sentiment.—Emerson.

Christians are directed to have faith in Christ, as the effectual means of obtaining the change they desire.—Franklin.

If you have any faith, give me, for heaven's sake, a share of it! Your doubts you may keep to yourself, for I have a plenty of my own.—Goethe.

Faith is the key that unlocks the cabinet of God's treasures; the king's messenger from the celestial world, to bring all the supplies we need out of the fullness that there is in Christ.—J. Stephens.

Our Lord does not praise the centurion for his amiable care of his servants, nor for his generosity to the Jews, nor for his public spirit, nor for his humility, but for his faith.—William Adams.

Have you not observed that faith is generally strongest in those whose character may be called the weakest? —Mme. de Staël.

Faith is letting down our nets into the untransparent deeps, at the Divine command, not knowing what we shall take.—Faber.

Faith is necessary to explain anything, and to reconcile the foreknowledge of God with human evil.—Wordsworth.

Love is a bodily shape; and Christian works are no more than animate faith and love, as flowers are the animate springtide.—Longfellow.

The inventory of my faith for this lower world is soon made out. I believe in Him who made it.—Mme. Swetchine.

Lay not the plummet to the line; religion hath no landmarks; no human keenness can discern the subtle shades of faith.—Tupper.

Strike from mankind the principle of faith, and men would have no more history than a flock of sheep.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Faith draws the poison from every grief, takes the sting from every loss, and quenches the fire of every pain; and only faith can do it.—J. G. Holland.

I wonder many times that ever a child of God should have a sad heart, considering what the Lord is preparing for him.—Rutherford.

Youth, beauty, wit may recommend you to men, but only faith in Jesus Christ can recommend you to God.—Aughey.

The person who has a firm trust in the Supreme Being is powerful in his power, wise by his wisdom, happy by his happiness.—Addison.

Life grows dark as we go on, till only one clear light is left shining on it, and that is faith.—Mme. Swetchine.

Faith is an humble, self-denying grace: it makes the Christian nothing in himself, and all in God.—Leighton.

I'll ne'er distrust my God for cloth and bread while lilies flourish and the raven 's fed.—Quarles.

Were it not for an unquestioning faith, human progress would be an intolerable burden.—Aughey.

All sects, as far as reason will help them, gladly use it; when it fails them, they cry out it is a matter of faith, and above reason.—Locke.

That faith which is required of us is then perfect when it produces in us a fiduciary assent to whatever the Gospel has revealed.—William Wake.

Which to believe of her must be a faith that reason without miracle shall never plant in me.—Shakespeare.

Those who have obtained the farthest insight into Nature have been, in all ages, firm believers in God.—Whewell.

Faith is to believe what we do not see; and the reward of this faith is to see what we believe.—St. Augustine.

Faith, like light, should ever be simple and unbending; while love, like warmth, should beam forth on every side, and bend to every necessity of our brethren.—Martin Luther.

Faith and works are necessary to our spiritual life as Christians, as soul and body are to our natural life as men; for faith is the soul of religion, and works the body.—Colton.

Faith, in order to be genuine and of any real value, must be the offspring of that divine love which Jesus manifested when He prayed for His enemies on the cross.—Hosea Ballou.

As a weak limb grows stronger by exercise, so will your faith be strengthened by the very efforts you make in stretching it out toward things unseen.—Aughey.

There never was found in any age of the world, either philosopher or sect, or law or discipline, which did so highly exalt the public good as the Christian faith.—Bacon.

Faith affirms many things, respecting which the senses are silent, but nothing that they deny. It is superior, but never opposed to their testimony. —Pascal.

Faith is mind at its best, its bravest, and its fiercest. Faith is thought become poetry, and absorbing into itself the soul's great passions. Faith is intellect carried up to its transfigurement.—Chas. H. Parkhurst.

In our age faith and charity are found, but they are found apart. We tolerate everybody, because we doubt everything; or else we tolerate nobody, because we believe something.—Mrs. E. B. Browning.

There is one inevitable criterion of judgment touching religious faith in doctrinal matters. Can you reduce it to practice? If not, have none of it.—Hosea Ballou.

A firm faith is the best theology; a good life is the best philosophy; a clear conscience the best law; honesty the best policy, and temperance the best physic.—Aughey.

It is by faith that poetry, as well as devotion, soars above this dull earth; that imagination breaks through its clouds, breathes a purer air, and lives in a softer light.—Henry Giles.

Faith may rise into miracles of might, as some few wise men have shown; faith may sink into credulities

of weakness, as the mass of fools have witnessed.—Tupper.

Faith is the key that unlocks the cabinet of God's treasures; the king's messenger from the celestial world, to bring all the supplies we need out of the fullness that there is in Christ.—J. Stephens.

Faith builds a bridge across the gulf of death,
To break the shock blind nature cannot shun,
And lands Thought smoothly on the further shore. —Young.

Given a man full of faith, you will have a man tenacious in purpose, absorbed in one grand object, simple in his motives, in whom selfishness has been driven out by the power of a mightier love, and indolence stirred into unwearied energy. — Alexander Maclaren.

The only faith that wears well and holds its color in all weathers is that which is woven of conviction and set with the sharp mordant of experience. —Lowell.

The childlike faith that asks not sight, waits not for wonder or for sign, believes, because it loves, aright, shall see things greater, things divine.—Keble.

Not that God doth require nothing unto happiness at the hands of men saving only a naked belief, but that without belief all other things are as nothing.—Hooker.

We cannot live on probabilities. The faith in which we can live bravely and die in peace must be a certainty, so far as it professes to be a faith at all, or it is nothing.—Froude.

Let none henceforth seek needless cause to approve the faith they own; when earnestly they seek such proof, conclude they then begin to fail.—Milton.

Faith must be not only living, but lively, too; it must be brightened and stirred up by a particular exercise of those virtues specifically requisite to a due performance of duty.—South.

Faith in God, faith in man, faith in work: this is the short formula in which we may sum up the teachings of the founders of New England—a creed ample enough for this life and the next.—Lowell.

The faith to which the Scriptures attach such momentous consequences and ascribe such glorious exploits is a practical habit, which, like every other, is strengthened and increased by continual exercise.—Robert Hall.

The highest historical probability can be adduced in support of the proposition that, if it were possible to annihilate the Bible, and with it all its influences, we should destroy with it the whole spiritual system of the moral world.—Edward Everett.

We should act with as much energy as those who expect everything from themselves; and we should pray with as much earnestness as those who expect everything from God.—Colton.

Works without faith are like a fish without water, it wants the element it should live in. A building without a basis cannot stand; faith is the foundation, and every good action is as a stone laid.—Feltham.

Men seldom think deeply on subjects in which they have no choice of opinion: they are fearful of encountering obstacles to their faith—as in religion—and so are content with the surface. —Sheridan.

The great desire of this age is for a doctrine which may serve to condense our knowledge, guide our researches, and shape our lives, so that conduct may really be the consequence of belief.—G. H. Lewes.

Faith is the revealer of knowledge; it is the office of reason to defend that knowledge and to preserve it pure. Independent knowledge—the knowledge that comes not through faith—whether it be of things earthly or things heavenly, never can be ours.—Sunday School Times.

Faith is a homely, private capital; as there are public savings-banks and

poor funds, out of which in times of want we can relieve the necessities of individuals, so here the faithful take their coin in peace.—Goethe.

Faith without works is like a bird without wings; though she may hop with her companions on earth, yet she will never fly with them to heaven; but when both are joined together, then doth the soul mount up to her eternal rest.—J. Beaumont.

In your intercourse with sects, the sublime and abstruse doctrines of Christian belief belong to the Church; but the faith of the individual, centred in his heart, is, or may be, collateral to them. Faith is subjective.—Coleridge.

Faith is the very heroism and enterprise of intellect. Faith is not a passivity, but a faculty. Faith is power, the material of effect. Faith is a kind of winged intellect. The great workmen of history have been men who believed like giants.—Charles H. Parkhurst.

Faith without evidence is, properly, not faith, but prejudice or presumption; faith beyond evidence is superstition, and faith contrary to evidence is either insanity or willful perversity of mind.—Aughey.

What we believe we must believe wholly and without reserve; wherefore the only perfect and satisfying object of faith is God. A faith that sets bounds to itself, that will believe so much and no more, that will trust thus far and no farther, is none.

Through this dark and stormy night
Faith beholds a feeble light
Up the blackness streaking;
Knowing God's own time is best,
In a patient hope I rest
For the full day-breaking!
—Whittier.

Never yet did there exist a full faith in the Divine word which did not expand the intellect, while it purified the heart; which did not multiply the aims and objects of the understanding, while it fixed and simplified those of the desires and feelings.—S. T. Coleridge.

And we shall be made truly wise if we be made content; content, too, not only with what we can understand, but content with what we do not understand—the habit of mind which theologians call—and rightly—faith in God.—Charles Kingsley.

If faith produce no works, I see
That faith is not a living tree,
Thus faith and works together grow;
No separate life they e'er can know:
They're soul and body, hand and heart:
What God hath joined, let no man part.
—Hannah More.

Ye children of promise, who are awaiting your call to glory, take possession of the inheritance that now is yours. By faith take the promises. Live upon them, not upon emotions. Remember, feeling is not faith. Faith grasps and clings to the promises. Faith says, "I am certain, not because feeling testifies to it, but because God says it."—Mandeville.

When my reason is afloat, my faith cannot long remain in suspense, and I believe in God as firmly as in any other truth whatever; in short, a thousand motives draw me to the consolatory side, and add the weight of hope to the equilibrium of reason.—Rousseau.

All the strength and force of man comes from his faith in things unseen. He who believes is strong; he who doubts is weak. Strong convictions precede great actions. The man strongly possessed of an idea is the master of all who are uncertain or wavering. Clear, deep, living convictions rule the world.—James Freeman Clarke.

Flatter not thyself in thy faith to God, if thou wantest charity for thy neighbor; and think not thou hast charity for thy neighbor if thou wantest faith to God. Where they are not both together, they are both wanting; they are both dead if once divided.—Quarles.

Faith is a practical habit, which like every other, is strengthened and increased by continual exercise. It is nourished by meditation, by prayer, and the devout perusal of the Scrip-

tures; and the light which it diffuses becomes stronger and clearer by an uninterrupted converse with its object, and a faithful compliance with its dictates.—Robert Hall.

Faith is the inspiration of nobleness, it is the strength of integrity; it is the life of love, and is everlasting growth for it; it is courage of soul, and bridges over for our crossing the gulf between worldliness and heavenly-mindedness; and it is the sense of the unseen, without which we could not feel God nor hope for heaven.—Wm. Mountford.

True faith nor biddeth nor abideth form,
The bended knee, the eye uplift, is all
Which men need render; all which God can bear.
What to the faith are forms? A passing speck,
A crow upon the sky. —Bailey.

It is sufficiently humiliating to our nature to reflect that our knowledge is but as the rivulet, our ignorance as the sea. On points of the highest interest, the moment we quit the light of revelation we shall find that Platonism itself is intimately connected with Pyrrhonism, and the deepest inquiry with the darkest doubt.—Colton.

Never yet did there exist a full faith in the Divine Word (by whom light as well as immortality was brought into the world) which did not expand the intellect, while it purified the heart—which did not multiply the aims and objects of the understanding, while it fixed and simplified those of the desires and passions.—Coleridge.

If thy faith have no doubts, thou has just cause to doubt thy faith; and if thy doubts have no hope, thou hast just reason to fear despair; when therefore thy doubts shall exercise thy faith, keep thy hopes firm to qualify thy doubts; so shall thy faith be secured from doubts; so shall thy doubts be preserved from despair.—Quarles.

Faith is the backbone of the social and the foundation of the commercial fabric; remove faith between man and man, and society and commerce fall to pieces. There is not a happy home on earth but stands on faith; our heads are pillowed on it, we sleep at night in its arms with greater security for the safety of our lives, peace, and prosperity than bolts and bars can give.—Thomas Guthrie.

Mahomet made the people believe that he would call a hill to him, and from the top of it offer up his prayers for the observers of his law. The people assembled; Mahomet called the hill to come to him, again and again, and when the hill stood still, he was never awhit abashed, but said, if the hill will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet will go to the hill.—Bacon.

Judge not man by his outward manifestation of faith; for some there are who tremblingly reach out shaking hands to the guidance of faith; others who stoutly venture in the dark their human confidence, their leader, which they mistake for faith; some whose hope totters upon crutches; others who stalk into futurity upon stilts. The difference is chiefly constitutional with them.—Lamb.

The light of genius is sometimes so resplendent as to make a man walk through life, amid glory and acclamation; but it burns very dimly and low when carried into "the valley of the shadow of death." But faith is like the evening star, shining into our souls the more brightly, the deeper is the night of death in which they sink.—Mountford.

There are three means of believing—by inspiration, by reason, and by custom. Christianity, which is the only rational institution, does yet admit none for its sons who do not believe by inspiration. Nor does it injure reason or custom, or debar them of their proper force; on the contrary, it directs us to open our minds by the proofs of the former, and to confirm our minds by the authority of the latter.—Pascal.

There is a grand fearlessness in faith. He who in his heart of hearts reverences the good, the true, the holy—that is, reverences God—does not tremble at the apparent success of attacks upon the outworks of faith

They may shake those who rest on those outworks—they do not move him whose soul reposes on the truth itself. He needs no prop or crutches to support his faith. Founded on a Rock, Faith can afford to gaze undismayed at the approaches of Infidelity.—F. W. Robertson.

He had great faith in loaves of bread
For hungry people, young and old,
And hope inspired; kind words he said
To those he sheltered from the cold.
In words he did not put his trust;
His faith in words he never writ;
He loved to share his cup and crust
With all mankind who needed it.
He put his trust in Heaven and he
Worked well with hand and head;
And what he gave in charity
Sweetened his sleep and daily bread.

Faith in Christ

O, for a living faith in a living Redeemer!—Richard Fuller.

There are three acts of faith, assent, acceptance and assurance.—John Flavel.

There can be no faith so feeble that Christ does not respond to it.—Alexander Maclaren.

When you have given yourself to Christ, leave yourself there, and go about your work as a child in His household.—C. S. Robinson.

That is faith, cleaving to Christ, twining round Him with all the tendrils of our heart, as the vine does round its support.—Alexander Maclaren.

Faith refers to Christ. Holiness depends on faith. Heaven depends on holiness.—Alexander Maclaren.

This is faith, receiving the truth of Christ; first knowing it to be true, and then acting upon that belief.—C. H. Spurgeon.

Faith is the act of trust by which one being, a sinner, commits himself to another being, a Saviour.—Horace Bushnell.

We have nothing to do but to receive, resting absolutely upon the merit, power, and love of our Redeemer.—William James.

The true confidence which is faith in Christ, and the true diffidence which is utter distrust of myself — are identical.—Alexander Maclaren.

Faith is a simple trust in a personal Redeemer. The simpler our trust in Christ for all things, the surer our peace.—William Adams.

We shall never recover the true apostolic energy, and be endued with power from on high, as the first disciples were, till we recover the lost faith.—Horace Bushnell.

No man's salvation depends on his believing that he believes; but it does depend on his seeing and receiving Jesus Christ as his Saviour.—M. R. Vincent.

Faith does not first ask what the bread is made of, but eats it. It does not analyze the components of the living stream, but with joy draws water from the "wells of salvation."—J. R. Macduff.

I have taken my good deeds and bad deeds, and thrown them together into a heap, and fled from them both to Christ, and in Him I have peace.—David Dickson.

The righteousness which is by faith in Christ is a loving heart and a loving life, which every man will long to lead who believes really in Jesus Christ.—Charles Kingsley.

Faith in Christ is not an exercise of the understanding merely; it is an affection of the heart. "With the heart man believeth." To those who believe Christ is precious.—Gardiner Spring.

We are not saved by nations or by churches or by families, but as individuals, through a personal interest in a personal Saviour.—John James.

Child of God, if you would have your thought of God something beyond a cold feeling of His presence, let faith appropriate Christ.—F. W. Robertson.

Faith is the bond of union, the instrument of justification, the spring of spiritual peace and joy, the means of spiritual peace and subsistence.—John Flavel.

Saving faith is confidence in Jesus; a direct, confidential transaction with Him.—Richard Fuller.

Faith in Jesus Christ is a saving grace, whereby we receive and rest upon Him alone for salvation, as He is offered to us in the gospel.—Westminster Catechism.

Faith is the gift of God, wrought by the Holy Spirit through the means of grace, in the heart of every penitent and seeking sinner; who faithfully uses them.—Evangelical Lutheran Catechism.

We must not think that faith itself is the soul's rest; it is only the means of it. We cannot find rest in any work or duty of our own, but we may find it in Christ, whom faith apprehends for justification and salvation. —John Flavel.

Nothing but Christian faith gives to the furthest future the solidity and definiteness which it must have if it is to be a breakwater for us against the fluctuating sea of present cares and thoughts.—Alexander Maclaren.

These poor people had never heard the distinctions between intellectual faith, historic faith, and saving faith; but they did as they were taught,—reached out their dirty hands to take Christ, and attended to the washing of their hands afterwards.—W. H. Daniels.

True faith, by a mighty effort of the will, fixes its gaze on our Divine Helper, and there finds it possible and wise to lose its fears. It is madness to say, "I will not be afraid;" it is wisdom and peace to say, "I will trust and not be afraid."—Alexander Maclaren.

Faith is the vital artery of the soul. When we begin to believe, we begin to love. Faith grafts the soul into Christ, as the scion into the stock, and fetches all its nutriment from the blessed Vine.—Watson.

Faith then, in its relation to salvation, is that confidence by which we accept it as a free gift from the Saviour, and is the only possible way in which the gift of God could be appropriated.—Mark Hopkins.

The soul is the life of the body, faith is the life of the soul, and Christ is the life of faith. Justification by faith in Christ's righteousness is the golden chain which binds the Christian world in one body.—Aughey.

We believe that the very beginning and end of salvation and the sum of Christianity, consists of faith in Christ, who by His blood alone, and not by any works of ours, has put away sin, and destroyed the power of death.—Martin Luther.

The act of faith, which separates us from all men, unites us for the first time in real brotherhood; and they who, one by one, come to Jesus and meet Him alone, next find that they are come to the city of God "and to an innumerable company."—Alexander Maclaren.

Oh, my soul! why art thou so often disquieted within thee? How is it that thou hast so little faith? Wilt thou never learn that Jesus has even the least of His little boats always under His watchful eye, and all the winds and the waves obey Him?—T. L. Cuyler.

Logically, faith comes first, and love next; but in life they will spring up together in the soul; the interval which separates them is impalpable, and in every act of trust, love is present; and fundamental to every emotion of love to Christ is trust in Christ.—Alexander Maclaren.

Faith, considered as a habit, is no more precious than other gracious habits are; but considered as an instrument to receive Christ and His righteousness, it excels them all; and this instrumentality of faith is noted in the phrases, "by faith," and "through faith."—John Flavel.

Faith is trusting Jesus to lead us and going where He leads. What avails it to me to analyze Saratoga water, and to believe in its virtues? I must drink the water if I want its purifying power. And the soul that has not actually drunk of Christ can never be purged from sin.—T. L. Cuyler.

Faith has a saving connection with Christ. Christ is on the shore, so to speak, holding the rope, and as we lay hold of it with the hand of our confidence, He pulls us to shore; but all good works having no connection with Christ are drifted along down the gulf of fell despair.—C. H. Spurgeon.

The first thing in faith is knowledge. What we know we must also agree unto. What we agree unto we must rest upon alone for salvation. It will not save me to know that Christ is a Saviour; but it will save me to trust Him to be my Saviour.—C. H. Spurgeon.

Faith that trusts on Jesus alone for salvation, and not on your respectable life, and the obedience that follows Him, are the indispensable steps to salvation. You admit that you have not taken these decisive steps. Then, however near you are, you are not in Christ.—T. L. Cuyler.

Faith is the nail which fastens the soul to Christ; and love is that grace that drives the nail to the head. Faith takes hold of Him, and love helps to keep the grip. Christ dwells in the heart by faith, and He burns in the heart by love, like a fire melting the breast. Faith casts the knot, and love draws it fast.—Erskine.

Relying on the atonement which Christ has made, and desiring to be saved in no other way, I commit myself into Thy hands, O God, my Father! Take me, and do with me as Thou seest to be for Thy glory. I consecrate myself forever to Thy service, and trust for acceptance in the merits of Thy Son.—Samuel Irenæus Prime.

Faith is a Christian's right eye, without which he cannot look for Christ; right hand, without which he cannot do for Christ; it is his tongue, without which he cannot speak for Christ; it is his vital spirit, without which he cannot act for Christ.—Thomas Brooks.

To trust God, as seen in the face of His Son, and to believe that He loves us, that is faith, that is what we must do to be saved. And to love God, as seen in the face of His Son and to seek to testify our love by our whole life,—that is Christian duty; that is all we have to do.—A. H. Boyd.

Faith from its essential nature implies the fallen state of man, while it recognizes the principles of the covenant of grace. It is itself the condition of that covenant. It is a grace which is alike distinguished from the love of angels and the faith of devils. It is peculiar to the returning sinner. None but a lost sinner needs it; none but a humbled sinner relishes it.—Gardiner Spring.

It appears to me that, even within the recollection of living men, the Christian faith has come to be less and less regarded as a commanding and mighty power from heaven, a voice of authority, a law of holy life, but more and more as an easy going guide to future enjoyment, to a universal happiness and an indiscriminate salvation.—Bishop Huntington.

If we bear an inward enmity to all sins because they are offensive to God, if we can say that it is the desire of our souls to love Christ above all things, and to be eternal debtors to free grace, reigning through His righteousness, then we may warrantably conclude, that our fath, however weak, is yet of a saving nature.—Fisher's Catechism.

If you feel sincerely sorry on account of your sins, and believe that Christ is able and willing to forgive you, the work is done. You may trust with all the confidence of a child who confesses his fault, and casts himself into his father's arms. This is faith; a simple trust in the power and willingness of the Father to forgive, for the sake of what Christ the Son has done.—Samuel Irenæus Prime.

Seek for a fresh invoice of grace. Unbelief can scoff or growl; faith is the nightingale that sings in the darkest hour. Faith can draw honey out of the rock and oil out of the flint. With Christ in possession and heaven in reversion, it marches to the time of the One-hundred-and-third Psalm over the roughest road, and against the most cutting blast.—T. L. Cuyler.

Here then is man's duty. It is to receive that free and full salvation that Christ has provided. It is to stretch forth the hand of faith, and with it take the proffered salvation. It is to cling to the cross as the only hope of everlasting life. Will you do it? Weary, working, plodding one, will you, ceasing all this vain attempt to save yourself, receive Christ, and Christ alone as your Saviour?—Henry Darling.

I expect eternal life, not as a reward of merit, but a pure act of bounty. Detesting myself in every view I can take, I fly to the righteousness and atonement of my great Redeemer for pardon and salvation; this is my only consolation and hope. "Enter not into judgment, O Lord, with Thy servant; for in Thy sight shall no flesh be justified."—Elizabeth Rowe.

If faith, then, new birth; if new birth, then sonship; if sonship, then "an heir of God, and a joint-heir with Christ." But if you have not got your foot upon the lowest round of the ladder, you will never come within sight of the blessed face of Him who stands at the top of it, and who looks down to you at this moment, saying to you, "My child, wilt thou not at this time cry unto me, 'Abba, Father?'"—Alexander Maclaren.

This saving faith is the perceiving, believing, and resting upon a fact—the atoning death of Jesus Christ. The failure to understand this is one fruitful cause of the confusion in many minds about this subject. For not unfrequently persons are looking into their own hearts, and trying to discover whether they have faith or not, instead of looking away from themselves altogether at the object of faith.—M. R. Vincent.

True faith is not only a certain knowledge, whereby I hold for truth all that God has revealed to us in His word, but also an assured confidence, which the Holy Ghost works by the gospel, in my heart; that not only to others but to me also, remission of sin, everlasting righteousness, and salvation are freely given by God merely of grace, only for the sake of Christ's merits.—Heidelberg Catechism.

Faith is reliance upon the sacrificial death of Christ for salvation and everlasting life. It is the act of the heart by which we heartily welcome Him into our souls. Faith is the primal grace. Faith is the cardinal grace. By holiness we are made like Christ; by faith we are made one with Christ; and being in Christ, we have peace.—Elihu Noble.

Faith—saving faith—whatever other definition may be framed—is best described as that act of the soul by which the whole man is given over to the guardianship of the Mediator. He who thus resigns himself to Jesus avouches two things: first, his belief that he needs a protector; secondly, his belief that Christ is just that protector which his necessities require.—Henry Melvill.

When a miner looks at the rope that is to lower him into the deep mine, he may coolly say, "I have faith in that rope as well made and strong." But when he lays hold of it, and swings down by it into the tremendous chasm, then he is believing on the rope. Then he is trusting himself to the rope. It is not a mere opinion—it is an act. The miner lets go of every thing else, and bears his whole weight on those well braided strands of hemp. Now that is faith.—T. L. Cuyler.

Faith is not the lazy notion that a man may with careless confidence throw his burden upon the Saviour and trouble himself no further, a pillow upon which he lulls his conscience to sleep, till he drops into perdition; but a living and vigorous principle,

working by love, and inseparably connected with true repentance as its motive and with holy obedience as its fruits.

Above all things I entreat you to preserve your faith in Christ. It is my wealth in poverty, my joy in sorrow, my peace amid tumult. For all the evil I have committed, my gracious pardon; and for every effort, my exceeding great reward. I have found it to be so. I can smile with pity at the infidel whose vanity makes him dream that I should barter such a blessing for the few subtleties from the school of the cold-blooded sophists. —S. T. Coleridge.

Faith has in it the recognition of the certainty and the justice of a judgment that is coming down crashing on every human head; and then from the midst of these fears and sorrows and the tempest of that great darkness there rises up in the night of terrors the shining of one perhaps pale, quivering, distant, but divinely given hope, "My Saviour! My Saviour! He is righteous; He has died; He lives! I will stay no longer; I will cast myself upon Him!"—Alexander Maclaren.

If God made no response except to perfect faith, who could hope for help? But God has regard for beginnings, and His eye perceives greatness in the germ. The hand of the woman in the crowd trembled as it was stretched toward Jesus, and the faith back of it was superstitiously reverent, trusting in the virtue of the robe, rather than in the One who wore it; yet the genuineness of that faith, feeble though it was, triumphed in God's loving sight. Real trust is real power, though the heart and hand be feeble.—Maltbie Babcock.

When there is a clear reception of truth as revealed, declared, or testified to, the soul believes in that truth. There is here the idea of transfer. The truth has been received through or from an accredited witness. "It is revealed from faith to faith." When the soul, conscious of weakness or want, looks to, trusts in, or waits upon another for help and strength, this is resting on, relying on, acting faith on, that other for the desired blessing. And when the soul believes or acts faith into another, there is an entire self-surrender to the authority and sovereign will of that other to rule. There is here the idea of the soul going out to rest on the power, and to be subordinate to, the authority of another. Thus the Israelites "were all baptized unto or into Moses in the cloud and in the sea."—John James.

The natural homage which such a creature as Man bears to an infinitely wise and good God, is a firm Reliance on Him for the blessings and conveniences of life, and an habitual Trust in Him for deliverance out of all such dangers and difficulties as may befall us. The man who always lives in this disposition of mind, when he reflects upon his own weakness and imperfection, comforts himself with the contemplation of those Divine attributes which are employed for his safety and welfare. He finds his want of foresight made up by the omniscience of Him who is his support. He is not sensible of his own want of strength when he knows that his Helper is Almighty. In short, the person who has a firm Trust on the Supreme Being, is powerful in his power, wise by his wisdom, happy by his happiness.—Addison.

Faith in God

Large asking and large expectation on our part honor God.—A. L. Stone.

Orthodoxy can be learnt from others; living faith must be a matter of personal experience.—Büchsel.

Faith is letting down our nets into the transparent deeps at the Divine command, not knowing what we shall draw.—Fénelon.

An active faith can give thanks for a promise even though it be not yet performed, knowing that God's bonds are as good as ready money.—Matthew Henry.

If our faith in God is not the veriest sham, it demands, and will produce, the abandonment sometimes, the subordi-

nation always, of external helps and material good.—Alexander Maclaren.

The person who has a firm trust in the Supreme Being is powerful in his power, wise by his wisdom, happy by his happiness.—Addison.

God does not give us ready money. He issues promissory notes, and then pays them when faith presents them at the throne. Each one of us has a check-book.—T. L. Cuyler.

He that buildeth his nest upon a Divine promise shall find it abide and remain until he shall fly away to the land where promises are lost in fulfillments.—C. H. Spurgeon.

Let us aspire towards this living confidence, that it is the will of God to unfold and exalt without end the spirit that entrusts itself to Him in well-doing as to a faithful Creator.—W. E. Channing.

If we had strength and faith enough to trust ourselves entirely to God, and follow Him simply wherever He should lead us, we should have no need of any great effort of mind to reach perfection.—Fenelon.

I envy no quality of the mind or intellect in others; not genuis, power, wit, nor fancy; but, if I could choose what would be most delightful, and, I believe, most useful to me, I should prefer a firm religious belief to every other blessing.—Sir Humphry Davy.

Serve God, and God will take care of you. Submit to His will, trust in His grace, and resign yourself into His hands with the assurance that the Lord is well pleased with those "that hope in His mercy." — Gardiner Spring.

You cannot be too active as regards your own efforts; you cannot be too dependent as regards Divine grace. Do every thing as if God did nothing; depend upon God as if He did everything.—John Angel James.

The soul seeks God by faith, not by the reasonings of the mind and labored efforts, but by the drawings of love; to which inclinations God responds, and instructs the soul, which co-operates actively. God then puts the soul in a passive state where He accomplishes all, causing great progress, first by way of enjoyment, then by privation, and finally by pure love. Mme. Guyon.

Faith is a grasping of Almighty power;
The hand of man laid on the arm of God;—
The grand and blessed hour in which the things impossible to me
Become the possible, O Lord, through Thee.
—A. E. Hamilton.

The last decisive energy of a rational courage which confides in the Supreme Power is very sublime. It makes a man who intrepidly dares every thing that can oppose or attack him within the sphere of mortality—who will press toward his object while death is impending over him—who would retain his purpose unshaken amidst the ruins of the world.—Bishop R. S. Foster.

So for us, the condition and preparation on and by which we are sheltered by that great hand, is the faith that asks, and the asking of faith. We must forsake the earthly props, but we must also believingly desire to be upheld by the heavenly arms. We make God responsible for our safety when we abandon other defense, and commit ourselves to Him. —Alexander Maclaren.

God cannot lie; and if, fleeing for refuge, you have run to the hope set before you in the gospel — if, nestling in some invitation or promise of God's changeless word, you are resolved that Death and the Judgment shall find you there, you are safe. The way to honor God is to trust His truth, and hidden in His word you are also hidden in His love. Rest there. —James Hamilton.

Faith, then, generically, is confidence in a personal being. Specifically, religious faith is confidence in God, in every respect and office in which He reveals Himself. As that love of which God is the object is religious love, so that confidence in Him as a Father, a Moral Governor, a Redeemer, a Sanc-

tifier, in all the modes of His manifestation, by which we believe whatever He says because He says it, and commit ourselves and all our interests cheerfully and entirely into His hands, is religious faith.—Mark Hopkins.

In reviewing the most mysterious doctrines of revelation, the ultimate appeal is to reason, not to determine whether she could have discovered these truths; not to declare whether, considered in themselves, they appear probable; but to decide whether it is not more reasonable to believe what God speaks than to confide in our own crude and feeble conceptions. No doctrine can be a proper object of our faith, which is not more reasonable to believe than to reject.—Alexander.

Entireness, illimitableness is indispensable to Faith. What we believe, we must believe wholly and without reserve; wherefore the only perfect and satisfying object of Faith is God. A Faith that sets bounds to itself, that will believe so much and no more, that will trust thus far and no further, is none.

There is a power in the soul, quite separate from the intellect, which sweeps away or recognizes the marvelous, by which God is felt. Faith stands serenely far above the reach of the atheism of science. It does not rest on the wonderful, but on the eternal wisdom and goodness of God. The revelation of the Son was to proclaim a Father, not a mystery. No science can sweep away the everlasting love which the heart feels, and which the intellect does not even pretend to judge or recognize.—F. W. Robertson.

Never more than to-day were needed the men of calm and resolute faith. Brothers, to your knees and to your ranks! To your knees in humblest supplication; to your ranks in steadfast bravery which no foe can cause to quail. Stand forth in courage and in gentleness for the truth which you believe to be allied to Freedom and Progress and God. Be so strong that you are not afraid to be just. Cherish a tender humanity and a catholic heart. Then take your stand, calm and moveless as the stars. —Wm. M. Punshon.

Falsity

Splendidly mendacious.—Horace.

False in one thing, false in everything.—Law Maxim.

Had she been true,
If Heaven would make me such another world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.
—Shakespeare.

As false
As air, as water, as wind, as sandy earth;
As fox to lamb; as wolf to heifer's calf;
Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son.
—Shakespeare.

He who is false to his fellow-man is also false to his Maker.—Stahl.

False as the adulterate promises of favorites in power when poor men court them.—Otway.

False-dealing travels a short road, and surely detected.—William Penn.

Stealing her soul with many vows of faith;
And ne'er a true one. —Shakespeare.

False as stairs of sand.—Shakespeare.

To be true is manly, chivalrous, Christian; to be false is mean, cowardly, devilish.—Carlyle.

He seemed for dignity composed and high exploit; but all was false and hollow.—Milton.

It is far better to be deceived than undeceived by those whom we tenderly love.—Rochefoucauld.

So the false spider, when her nets are spread, deep ambushed in her silent den does lie.—Dryden.

Falsehood

Falsehood is cowardice.—Hosea Ballou.

Falsehood is so easy, truth so difficult.—George Eliot.

Falsehood is for a season.—Landor.

Falsehood always endeavors to copy the mien and attitude of truth.—Dr. Johnson.

Falsehood and death are synonymous.—Bancroft.

Past all shame, so past all truth.—Shakespeare.

O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!—Shakespeare.

A lie never lives to be old.—Sophocles.

The crime of cowards.—Dr. Johnson.

False as the fowler's artful snare.—Smollett.

This shows that liars ought to have good memories.—Algernon Sidney.

And, after all, what is a lie? 'Tis but
The truth in masquerade. —Byron.

Who dares think one thing, and another tell,
My heart detests him as the gates of hell.
—Homer.

Falsehood and fraud shoot up in every soil
The product of all climes. Addison.

For my part, if a lie may do thee grace, I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.—Shakespeare.

Let a man be ne'er so wise, he may be caught with sober lies.—Swift.

False modesty is the most decent of all falsehoods.—Chamfort.

Falsehoods which we spurn to-day were the truths of long ago.—Whittier.

And none speaks false, when there is none to hear. —Beattie.

Cottages have them (falsehood and dissimulation) as well as courts, only with worse manners.—Lord Chesterfield.

For no falsehood can endure touch of celestial temper, but returns of force to its own likeness.—Milton.

There is no such thing as white lies: a lie is as black as a coal-pit, and twice as foul.—Beecher.

The dull flat falsehood serves for policy, and in the cunning, truth's itself a lie.—Pope.

Where fraud and falsehood invade society, the band presently breaks.—South.

These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable.—Shakespeare.

Sin has many tools, but a lie is the handle which fits them all.—O. W. Holmes.

Money and man a mutual falsehood show,
Men make false money,—money makes men so. —Aleyn.

Dissembling profiteth nothing; a feigned countenance, and slightly forged externally, deceiveth but very few.—Seneca.

It is not without good reason said, that he who has not a good memory should never take upon him the trade of lying.—Montaigne.

Falsehood is often rocked by truth; but she soon outgrows her cradle and discards her nurse.—Colton.

It is more from carelessness about truth than from intentional lying that there is so much falsehood in the world.—Johnson.

Falsehood, like the dry-rot, flourishes the more in proportion as air and light are excluded.—Whately.

Every lie, great or small, is the brink of a precipice, the depth of which nothing but omniscience can fathom.—Reade.

I have seldom known any one who deserted truth in trifles that could be trusted in matters of importance.—Paley.

Falsehoods not only disagree with truths, but usually quarrel among themselves.—Daniel Webster.

Falsehood avails itself of haste and uncertainty.—Tacitus.

Large offers and sturdy rejections are among the most common topics of falsehood.—Johnson.

Wisdom and truth, the offspring of the sky, are immortal; while cunning and deception, the meteors of the earth, after glittering for a moment, must pass away.—Robert Hall.

To lapse in fulness is sorer than to lie for need: and falsehood is worse in kings than beggars.—Shakespeare.

A liar would be brave toward God, while he is a coward toward men; for a lie faces God, and shrinks from man. —Montaigne.

The first great requisite is absolute sincerity. Falsehood and disguise are miseries and misery-makers. — Coleridge.

If an ingenuous detestation of falsehood be but carefully and early instilled, that is the true and genuine method to obviate dishonesty.—Locke.

Every breach of veracity indicates some latent vice or some criminal intention, which the individual is ashamed to avow.—Dugald Stewart.

To tell a falsehood is like the cut of a sabre; for though the wound may heal, the scar of it will remain.—Saadi.

Dissimulation in youth is the forerunner of perfidy in old age; its first appearance is the fatal omen of growing depravity and future shame.—Blair.

Lie not, neither to thyself nor men nor God. Let mouth and heart be one—beat and speak together, and make both felt in action. It is for cowards to lie.—George Herbert.

A lie should be trampled on and extinguished wherever found. I am for fumigating the atmosphere when I suspect that falsehood, like pestilence, breathes around me.—Carlyle.

Not the least misfortune in a prominent falsehood is the fact that tradition is apt to repeat it for truth.—Hosea Ballou.

The gain of lying is nothing else but not to be trusted of any, nor to be believed when we speak the truth. —Sir Walter Raleigh.

He who tells a lie is not sensible how great a task he undertakes; for he must be forced to invent twenty more to maintain that one.—Pope.

A few men are sufficient to broach falsehoods, which are afterwards innocently diffused by successive relaters. —Johnson.

Falsehood, like poison, will generally be rejected when administered alone; but when blended with wholesome ingredients, may be swallowed unperceived.—Whately.

Falsehood is susceptible of an infinity of combinations, but truth has only one mode of being.—Rousseau.

Dissimulation is but a faint kind of policy or wisdom; for it asketh a strong wit and a strong heart to know when to tell truth, and to do it.—Bacon.

There is often seen this anomaly in women, especially in those of childish natures,—that they possess at once great promptness and unskilfulness in falsehood.—Daudet.

Round dealing is the honor of man's nature; and a mixture of falsehood is like alloy in gold and silver, which may make the metal work the better, but it embaseth it.—Bacon.

Woe to falsehood! it affords no relief to the breast, like truth; it gives us no comfort, pains him who forges it, and like an arrow directed by a god flies back and wounds the archer.—Goethe.

When a man has once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, he is set fast, and nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood.—Tillotson.

Nothing gives such a blow to friendship as the detecting another in an untruth. It strikes at the root of our confidence ever after.—Hazlitt.

Although the Devil be the father of lies, he seems, like other great inventors, to have lost much of his reputation by the continual improvements that have been made upon him.—Swift.

If there were no falsehood in the world, there would be no doubt; if there were no doubt, there would be no inquiry; if no inquiry, no wisdom, no knowledge, no genius.—Landor.

Habitual liars invent falsehoods not to gain any end or even to deceive their hearers, but to amuse themselves. It is partly practice and partly habit. It requires an effort in them to speak truth.—Hazlitt.

Start a lie and a truth together, like hare and hound: the lie will run fast and smooth, and no man will ever turn it aside; but at the truth most hands will fling a stone, and so hinder it for sport's sake, if they can. —Ouida.

What wit so sharp is found in age or youth,
That can distinguish truth from treachery?
Falsehood puts on the face of simple truth,
And masks i' th' habit of plain honesty,
When she in heart intends most villany.
—Mirror for Magistrates.

Falsehood is fire in stubble: it likewise turns all the light stuff around it into its own substance for a moment, one crackling blazing moment, and then dies; and all its converts are scattered in the wind, without place or evidence of their existence, as viewless as the wind which scatters them. —Coleridge.

That a lie which is half a truth is ever the
blackest of lies;
That a lie which is all a lie may be met and
fought with outright—
But a lie which is part a truth is a harder
matter to fight. —Tennyson.

Figures themselves, in their symmetrical and inexorable order, have their mistakes like words and speeches. An hour of pleasure and an hour of pain are alike only on the dial in their numerical arrangement. Outside the dial they lie sixty times.—Méry.

Falsehood is difficult to be maintained. When the materials of a building are solid blocks of stone, very rude architecture will suffice; but a structure of rotten materials needs the most careful adjustment to make it stand at all.—Whately.

Falsehood is never so successful as when she baits her hook with truth, and no opinions so fatally mislead us as those that are not wholly wrong, as no watches so effectually deceive the wearer as those that are sometimes right.—Colton.

There is a set of harmless liars, frequently to be met with in company, who deal much in the marvellous. Their usual intention is to please and entertain: but as men are most delighted with what they conceive to be the truth, these people mistake the means of pleasing, and incur universal blame.—Hume.

How false are men, both in their heads and
hearts;
And there is falsehood in all trades and arts.
Lawyers deceive their clients by false law;
Priests, by false gods, keep all the world in
awe.
For their false tongues such flatt'ring knaves
are rais'd,
For their false wit, scribblers by fools are
prais'd. —Crown.

Let falsehood be a stranger to thy lips;
Shame on the policy that first began
To tamper with the heart to hide its thoughts!
And doubly shame on that inglorious tongue,
That sold its honesty and told a lie.
—Havard.

Whatever convenience may be thought to be in falsehood and dissimulation, it is soon over; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a man under everlasting jealousy and suspicion, so that he is not believed when he speaks the truth, nor trusted when perhaps he means honestly.—Tillotson.

Falsehood, like a drawing in perspective, will not bear to be examined in every point of view, because it is a good imitation of truth, as a

spective is of the reality, only in one. But truth, like that reality of which the perspective is the representation, will bear to be scrutinized in all points of view, and though examined under every situation, is one and the same.—Colton.

Fame

Fame is the perfume of heroic deeds.—Socrates.

The breath of popular applause.—Herrick.

Fame,—a flower upon a dead man's heart.—Motherwell.

A woman's fame is the tomb of her happiness.—L. E. Landon.

The greatest can but blaze and pass away.—Pope.

Fame,—next grandest word to God!—Alexander Smith.

To many fame comes too late.—Camoens.

She comes unlooked for if she comes at all.—Pope.

Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil.—Milton.

With fame, in just proportion, envy grows.—Young.

Raised by fortune to a ridiculous visibility.—Grattan.

Fame! that common crier.—J. Q. Adams.

Grant me honest fame or grant me none.—Pope.

Short is my date, but deathless my renown.—Homer.

Deathless laurel is the victor's due.—Dryden.

He lives in fame, that died in virtue's cause.—Shakespeare.

Fame sometimes hath created something of nothing.—Thomas Fuller.

I awoke one morning and found myself famous.—Byron.

Fame, the sovereign deity of proud ambition.—Sheridan.

To myself alone do I owe my fame.—Cornéille.

Song forbids victorious deeds to die.—Schiller.

I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety.—Shakespeare.

Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs.
—Shakespeare.

Fame is the thirst of youth.—Byron.

And yet, after all, what is posthumous fame? Altogether vanity.—Antoninus.

Even the best things are not equal to their fame.—Thoreau.

Celebrity sells dearly what we think she gives.—Emile Souvestre.

Money will buy money's worth; but the thing men call fame, what is it?—Carlyle.

Fame has eagle wings, and yet she mounts not so high as man's desires.—Beaconsfield.

Fame is but the breath of the people, and that often unwholesome.—Rousseau.

Fame must necessarily be the portion of but few.—Robert Hall.

None despise fame more heartily than those who have no possible claim to it.—J. Petit-Senn.

How idle a boast, after all, is the immortality of a name!—Washington Irving.

Many have lived on a pedestal who will never have a statue when dead.—Béranger.

Fame can never make us lie down contentedly on a death-bed.—Pope.

What is the end of fame? it is but to fill a certain portion of uncertain paper.—Byron.

Who despises fame will soon renounce the virtues that deserve it.—Mallet.

Never get a reputation for a small perfection if you are trying for fame in a loftier area.—Bulwer-Lytton.

If fame is only to come after death, I am in no hurry for it.—Martial.

The way to fame is like the way to heaven, through much tribulation.—Steele.

A few words upon a tombstone, and the truth of those not to be depended on.—Bovee.

No true and permanent fame can be founded, except in labors which promote the happiness of mankind.—Charles Sumner.

The love of fame is the last weakness which even the wise resign.—Tacitus.

The love of fame gives an immense stimulus.—Ovid.

What is fame? a fancied life in others' breath.—Pope.

He that will sell his fame will also sell the public interest.—Solon.

To have fame follow us is well, but it is not a desirable avant-courier.—Balzac.

Rash combat oft immortalizes man. If he should fall, he is renowned in song.—Goethe.

What a heavy burden is a name that has become too soon famous!—Voltaire.

Though fame is smoke, its fumes are frankincense to human thoughts.—Byron.

Better than fame is still the wish for fame, the constant training for a glorious strife.—Bulwer-Lytton.

It often happens that those of whom we speak least on earth are best known in heaven.—N. Caussin.

Unlike the sun, intellectual luminaries shine brightest after they set.—Colton.

Celebrity is the chastisement of merit and the punishment of talent.—Chamfort.

Fame is the shame of immortality, and is itself a shadow.—Young.

No one would ever meet death in defence of his country without the hope of immortality.—Cicero.

Fame comes only when deserved, and then is as inevitable as destiny, for it is destiny.—Longfellow.

What shall I do to be forever known,
And make the age to come my own?
—Cowley.

Seven cities warr'd for Homer being dead,
Who living had no roofe to shroud his head. —Thos. Heywood.

He shines in the second rank, who is eclipsed in the first.—Voltaire.

She is best who is least spoken of among men, whether for good or evil.—Pericles.

Many actions calculated to procure fame are not conducive to ultimate happiness.—Addison.

I have learned to prize the quiet, lightning deed, not the applauding thunder at its heels that men call fame.—A. Smith.

Men have a solicitude about fame; and the greater share they have of it, the more afraid they are of losing it.—Johnson.

The temple of fame stands upon the grave; the flame that burns upon its altars is kindled from the ashes of dead men.—Hazlitt.

The fame of great men ought always to be estimated by the means used to acquire it.—La Rochefoucauld.

Naked glory is the true and honorable recompense of gallant actions.—Le Sage.

He that would have his virtue published, is not the servant of virtue, but glory.—Ben Jonson.

The love of letters is the forlorn hope of the man of letters. His ruling passion is the love of fame.—Hazlitt.

Let humble Allen, with an awkward shame,
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it Fame. —Pope.

I'll make thee glorious by my pen
And famous by my sword.
—Marquis of Montrose.

Fame lulls the fever of the soul, and makes
Us feel that we have grasp'd an immortality. —Joaquin Miller.

Fame! it is the flower of a day, that dies when the next sun rises.—Ouida.

Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues we write in water.—Shakespeare.

Only the actions of the just smell sweet and blossom in the dust.—James Shirley.

Death makes no conquest of this conqueror;
For now he lives in Fame, though not in life. —Shakespeare.

The drying up a single tear has more
Of honest fame than shedding seas of gore.
—Byron.

Mere family never made a man great. Thought and deed, not pedigree, are the passports to enduring fame.—Skobeleff.

Avoid shame, but do not seek glory: nothing so expensive as glory.—Sydney Smith.

What rage for fame attends both great and small!
Better be d—n'd than mentioned not at all.
—John Wolcott.

An enduring fame is one stamped by the judgment of the future,—that future which dispels illusions, and smashes idols into dust.—Gladstone.

The way to fame is like the way to heaven—through much tribulation.—Sterne.

No true and permanent Fame can be founded except in labors which promote the happiness of mankind.—Charles Sumner.

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar? —Beattie.

Sloth views the towers of fame with envious eyes,
Desirous still, still impotent to rise.
—Shenstone.

Go where glory waits thee;
But while fame elates thee,
Oh! still remember me. —Moore.

In fame's temple there is always a niche to be found for rich dunces, importunate scoundrels, or successful butchers of the human race.—Zimmermann.

It deserves with characters of brass,
A forted residence, 'gainst the tooth of time
And razure of oblivion. —Shakespeare.

He left a name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.
—Dr. Johnson.

If you would not be forgotten as soon as you are dead, either write things worth reading or do things worth writing.—Franklin.

Men's fame is like their hair, which grows after they are dead, and with just as little use to them.—George Villiers.

Of all the rewards of virtue, . . . the most splendid is fame, for it is fame alone that can offer us the memory of posterity.—Cicero.

He who would acquire fame must not show himself afraid of censure. The dread of censure is the death of genius.—Simms.

As the pearl ripens in the obscurity of its shell, so ripens in the tomb all the fame that is truly precious.—Landor.

Men think highly of those who rise rapidly in the world; whereas nothing rises quicker than dust, straw, and feathers.—Hare.

Fame and admiration weigh not a feather in the scale against friendship and love, for the heart languishes all the same.—George Sand.

The thirst after fame is greater than that after virtue; for who embraces virtue if you take away its rewards? —Juvenal.

It is pleasing to be pointed at with the finger and to have it said, "There goes the man."—Persius.

What is fame? The advantage of being known by people of whom you yourself know nothing, and for whom you care as little.—Stanislaus.

Time magnifies everything after death; a man's fame is increased as it passes from mouth to mouth after his burial.—Propertius.

The splendors that belong unto the fame of earth are but a wind, that in the same direction lasts not long.—Dante.

Fame is the echo of actions, resounding them to the world, save that the echo repeats only the last part; but fame relates all, and often more than all.—Thomas Fuller.

The aspiring youth that fired the Ephesian dome outlives in fame the pious fool that raised it.—Colley Cibber.

Fame, they tell you, is air; but without air there is no life for any; without fame there is none for the best.—Landor.

Fame usually comes to those who are thinking about something else,—very rarely to those who say to themselves, "Go to, now let us be a celebrated individual!"—Holmes.

Your fame is as the grass, whose hue comes and goes, and His might withers it by whose power it sprang from the lap of the earth.—Dante.

Fame, we may understand, is no sure test of merit, but only a probability of such: it is an accident, not a property of a man.—Carlyle.

Were not this desire of fame very strong, the difficulty of obtaining it, and the danger of losing it when obtained, would be sufficient to deter a man from so vain a pursuit.—Addison.

Then shall our names
Familiar in his mouth as household words,
* * * * * *
Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered.
—Shakespeare.

Scarcely two hundred years back can Fame recollect articulately at all; and there she but maunders and mumbles. —Carlyle.

If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind;
Or, ravished with the whistling of a name,
See Cromwell, damned to everlasting fame!
—Pope.

What of them is left, to tell
Where they lie, and how they fell?
Not a stone on their turf, nor a bone in their graves:
But they live in the Verse that immortally saves. —Byron.

And glory long has made the sages smile;
'Tis something, nothing, words, illusion, wind—
Depending more upon the historian's style
Than on the name a person leaves behind. —Byron.

Of all the possessions of this life fame is the noblest; when the body has sunk into the dust the great name still lives.—Schiller.

Fame may be compared to a scold; the best way to silence her is to let her alone, and she will at last be out of breath in blowing her own trumpet.—Fuller.

Of all the phantoms fleeting in the mist
Of time, though meagre all and ghostly thin;
Most unsubstantial, unessential shade
Was earthly fame. —Pollok.

Be not liquorish after fame, found by experience to carry a trumpet, that doth for the most part congregate more enemies than friends.—Osborn.

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.
—Scott.

Fame, as a river, is narrowest where it is bred, and broadest afar off; so exemplary writers depend not upon the gratitude of the world.—Sir W. Davenant.

The love of fame is a passion natural and universal, which no man, however high or mean, however wise or ignorant, was yet able to despise.—Dr. Johnson.

None of the projects or designs which exercise the mind of man are equally subject to obstructions and disappointments with the pursuit of fame.—Dr. Johnson.

In the career of female fame, there are few prizes to be obtained which can vie with the obscure state of a beloved wife or a happy mother.—Jane Porter.

The Duke of Wellington brought to the post of first minister immortal fame; a quality of success which would almost seem to include all others.—Benj. Disraeli.

Fame is a shuttlecock. If it be struck only at one end of a room it will soon fall to the floor. To keep it up, it must be struck at both ends.—Johnson.

Fame is not won on downy plumes nor under canopies; the man who consumes his days without obtaining it leaves such mark of himself on earth as smoke in air or foam on water.—Dante.

The fame which bids fair to live the longest resembles that which Horace attributes to Marcellus, whose progress he compares to the silent, imperceptible growth of a tree.—W. B. Clulow.

When Fame stands by us all alone, she is an angel clad in light and strength; but when Love touches her she drops her sword, and fades away, ghostlike and ashamed.—Ouida.

Fame is an undertaker that pays but little attention to the living, but bedizens the dead, furnishes out their funerals, and follows them to the grave.—Colton.

Fame is the inheritance not of the dead, but of the living. It is we who look back with lofty pride to the great names of antiquity, who drink of that flood of glory as of a river, and refresh our wings in it for future flight.—Hazlitt.

Valor and power may gain a lasting memory, but where are they when the brave and mighty are departed? Their effects may remain, but they live not in them any more than the fire in the work of the potter.—Hartley Coleridge.

The only pleasure of fame is that it proves the way to pleasure; and the more intellectual our pleasure, the better for the pleasure and for us too.—Byron.

There is no employment in the world so laborious as that of making to one's self a great name; life ends before one has scarcely made the first rough draught of his work.—Bruyère.

It is more reasonable to wish for reputation while it may be enjoyed, as Anacreon calls upon his companions to give him for present use the wine and garlands which they propose to bestow upon his tomb.—Dr. Johnson.

Our admiration of a famous man lessens upon our nearer acquaintance with him; and we seldom hear of a celebrated person without a catalogue of some notorious weaknesses and infirmities.—Addison.

It is not without reason that fame is awarded only after death. The cloud-dust of notoriety which follows and envelops the men who drive with the wind bewilders contemporary judgment.—Lowell.

Fame confers a rank above that of gentleman and of kings. As soon as she issues her patent of nobility, it matters not a straw whether the recipient be the son of a Bourbon or of a tallow-chandler.—Bulwer-Lytton.

The desire of posthumous fame and the dread of posthumous reproach and execration are feelings from the influence of which scarcely any man is perfectly free, and which in many men are powerful and constant motives of action.—Macaulay.

If opinion hath lighted the lamp of thy name, endeavor to encourage it with thy own oil, lest it go out and stink; the chronical disease of popularity is shame; if thou be once up, beware; from fame to infamy is a beaten road.—Quarles.

Fame is a good so wholly foreign to our natures that we have no faculty in the soul adapted to it, nor any organ in the body to relish it; an object of desire placed out of the possibility of fruition.—Addison.

Those who despise fame seldom deserve it. We are apt to undervalue the purchase we cannot reach, to conceal our poverty the better. It is a spark which kindles upon the best fuel, and burns brightest in the bravest breast.—Jeremy Collier.

Fame often rests at first upon something accidental, and often, too, is swept away, or for a time removed; but neither genius nor glory is conferred at once, nor do they glimmer and fall, like drops in a grotto, at a shout.—Landor.

Common fame is the only liar that deserveth to have some respect still reserved to it; though she telleth many an untruth, she often hits right, and most especially when she speaketh ill of men.—Saville.

It is the penalty of fame that a man must ever keep rising. "Get a reputation and then go to bed," is the absurdest of all maxims. "Keep up a reputation or go to bed," would be nearer the truth.—Chapin.

Among the writers of all ages, some deserve fame, and have it; others neither have nor deserve it; some have it, not deserving it; others, though deserving it, yet totally miss it, or have it not equal to their deserts.—Milton.

Time has a doomsday book, upon whose pages he is continually recording illustrious names. But as often as a new name is written there, an old one disappears. Only a few stand in illuminated characters never to be effaced.—Longfellow.

The best-concerted schemes men lay for fame.
Die fast away; only themselves die faster.
The far-fam'd sculptor, and the laurell'd bard,
Those bold insurancers of deathless fame,
Supply their little feeble aids in vain.
—Blair.

What a wretched thing is all fame! A renown of the highest sort endures, say, for two thousand years. And then? Why, then, a fathomless eternity swallows it. Work for eternity: not the meagre rhetorical eternity of the periodical critics, but for the real eternity, wherein dwelleth the Divine. —Carlyle.

How idle a boast, after all, is the immortality of a name! Time is ever silently turning over his pages; we are too much engrossed by the story of the present to think of the character and anecdotes that gave interest to the past; and each age is a volume thrown aside and forgotten.—Washington Irving.

Thy fanes, thy temple, to the surface bow,
Commingling slowly with heroic earth,
Broke by the share of every rustic plough:
So perish monuments of mortal Birth,
To perish all in turn, save well-recorded
Worth. —Byron.

Fame has no necessary conjunction with praise; it may exist without the breath of a word: it is a recognition of excellence which must be felt, but need not be spoken. Even the envious must feel it,—feel it, and hate in silence.—Washington Allston.

The love of fame is too high and delicate a feeling in the mind to be mixed up with realities,—it is a solitary abstraction. * * A name "fast anchored in the deep abyss of time" is like a star twinkling in the firmament, cold, silent, distant, but eternal and sublime; and our transmitting one to posterity is as if we should con-

template our translation to the skies. —Hazlitt.

Fame is a revenue payable only to our ghosts; and to deny ourselves all present satisfaction, or to expose ourselves to so much hazard for this, were as great madness as to starve ourselves, or fight desperately for food, to be laid on our tombs after our death.—Mackenzie.

Fame is like a river, that bareth up things light and swollen, and drowns things weighty and solid; but if persons of quality and judgment concur, then it filleth all round about, and will not easily away; for the odors of ointments are more durable than those of flowers.—Bacon.

Popular glory is a perfect coquette; her lovers must toil, feel every inquietude, indulge every caprice, and perhaps at last be jilted into the bargain. True glory, on the other hand, resembles a woman of sense; her admirers must play no tricks. They feel no great anxiety, for they are sure in the end of being rewarded in proportion to their merit.—Goldsmith.

An earthly immortality belongs to a great and good character. History embalms it; it lives in its moral influence, in its authority, in its example, in the memory of the words and deeds in which it was manifested; and as every age adds to the illustrations of its efficacy, it may chance to be the best understood by a remote posterity. —Edward Everett.

To some characters, fame is like an intoxicating cup placed to the lips,—they do well to turn away from it who fear it will turn their heads. But to others fame is "love disguised," the love that answers to love in its widest, most exalted sense.—Mrs. Jameson.

Posthumous fame is a plant of tardy growth, for our body must be the seed of it; or we may liken it to a torch, which nothing but the last spark of life can light up; or we may compare it to the trumpet of the archangel, for it is blown over the dead: but unlike that awful blast, it is of earth, not of heaven, and can neither rouse nor raise us.—Colton.

It is a very indiscreet and troublesome ambition which cares so much about fame; about what the world says of us; to be always looking in the faces of others for approval; to be always anxious about the effect of what we do or say; to be always shouting, to hear the echoes of our own voices.—Longfellow.

What so foolish as the chase of fame?
How vain the prize! how impotent our aim!
For what are men who grasp at praise sublime,
But bubbles on the rapid stream of time,
That rise and fall, that swell, and are no more,
Born and forgot, ten thousand in an hour.
—Young.

Reputation being essentially contemporaneous, is always at the mercy of the Envious and the Ignorant. But Fame, whose very birth is posthumous, and which is only known to exist by the echo of its footsteps through congenial minds, can neither be increased nor diminished by any degree of wilfulness.—Mrs. Jameson.

A man who cannot win fame in his own age will have a very small chance of winning it from posterity. True, there are some half-dozen exceptions to this truth among millions of myriads that attest it; but what man of common sense would invest any large amount of hope in so unpromising a lottery?—Bulwer-Lytton.

After upwards of two thousand years Epicurus has been exonerated from the reproach that the doctrines of his philosophy recommended the pleasures of sensuality and voluptuousness as the chief good. Calumny may rest on genius a considerable part of a world's duration; what then is the value of fame?—W. B. Clulow.

Happy indeed the poet of whom, like Orpheus, nothing is known but an immortal name! Happy next, perhaps, the poet of whom, like Homer, nothing is known but the immortal works. The more the merely human part of the poet remains a mystery,

the more willing is the reverence given to his divine mission.—Bulwer-Lytton.

The triumphs of the warrior are bounded by the narrow theater of his own age, but those of a Scott or a Shakespeare will be renewed with greater luster in ages yet unborn, when the victorious chieftain shall be forgotten, or shall live only in the song of the minstrel and the page of the chronicler.—Prescott.

Milton neither aspired to present fame, nor even expected it; but (to use his own words) his high ambition was "to leave something so written to after ages, that they should not willingly let it die." And Cato finely observed, he would much rather that posterity should inquire why no statues were erected to him, than why they were.—Colton.

To be read by bare inscriptions, like many in Grüter,—to hope for eternity by enigmatical epithets or first letters of our names—to be studied by antiquarians who we were, and have new names given us like many of the mummies, are cold consolation unto the students of perpetuity, even by everlasting languages.—T. Hughes.

Live for something! Do good and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storm of time can never destroy. Write your name in kindness, love, and mercy on the hearts of the thousands you come in contact with, year by year, and you will never be forgotten. Your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind, as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as the stars of heaven.—Chalmers.

Vain empty words
Of honour, glory, and immortal fame,
Can these recall the spirit from its place,
Or re-inspire the breathless clay with life?
What tho' your fame with all its thousand trumpets,
Sound o'er the sepulchres, will that awake
The sleeping dead. —Sewell.

One might feel indignant at the injustice which deals out what is called fame with so unequal a hand, were it not for the reflection that men who are competent to add to the intellectual wealth of the world, and enlarge the domain of knowledge, have learned to take popular applause at its true value, and to find in the faithful discharge of honorable duty a satisfaction which is its own reward.—George S. Hillard.

Of present fame think little and of future less; the praises that we receive after we are buried, like the posies that are strewn over our grave, may be gratifying to the living, but they are nothing to the dead: the dead are gone either to a place where they hear them not, or where, if they do, they will despise them.—Colton.

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. —Milton.

A man's heart must be very frivolous if the possession of fame rewards the labor to attain it. For the worst of reputation is that it is not palpable or present,—we do not feel or see or taste it. People praise us behind our backs, but we hear them not; few before our faces, and who is not suspicious of the truth of such praise?—Bulwer-Lytton.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;—
Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwreck'd brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.
—Longfellow.

The highest greatness, surviving time and stone, is that which proceeds from the soul of man. Monarchs and cabinets, generals and admirals, with the pomp of court and the circumstance of war, in the lapse of time disappear from sight; but the pioneers of truth, though poor and lowly, especially those whose example elevates human nature, and teaches the rights of man, so that "a government of the people, by the people, for the people, may not perish from the

earth;" such a harbinger can never be forgotten, and their renown spreads co-extensive with the cause they served so well.—Charles Sumner.

To be rich, to be famous? do these profit a year hence, when other names sound louder than yours, when you lie hidden away under ground, along with the idle titles engraven on your coffin? But only true love lives after you, follows your memory with secret blessings or pervades you, and intercedes for you. *Non omnis moriar*, if, dying, I yet live in a tender heart or two; nor am lost and hopeless, living, if a sainted departed soul still loves and prays for me.—Thackeray.

Familiarity

Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.—Shakespeare.

All objects lose by too familiar a view.—Dryden.

Familiarity and satiety are twins. —Mme. Deluzy.

Make not thy friends too cheap to thee, nor thyself to thy friend.—Fuller.

The confidant of my vices is my master, though he were my valet.—Goethe.

Beauty soons grows familiar to the lover, fades in his eyes, and palls upon the sense.—Addison.

Though familiarity may not breed contempt, it takes off the edge of admiration.—Hazlitt.

A woman who throws herself at a man's head will soon find her place at his feet.—Louis Desnoyers.

Familiarity is a magician that is cruel to beauty, but kind to ugliness. —Ouida.

Familiarity is the most destructive of all iconoclasts.—Mme. de Genlis.

The ways suited to confidence are familiar to me, but not those that are suited to familiarity.—Joubert.

Familiarities are the aphides that imperceptibly suck out the juice intended for the germ of love.—Landor.

Be not too familiar with thy servants; at first it may beget love, but in the end it will breed contempt.—Fuller.

Familiarity is a suspension of almost all the laws of civility, which libertinism has introduced into society under the notion of ease.—Rochefoucauld.

Familiarity so dulls the edge of perception as to make us least acquainted with things forming part of our daily life.—Julia Ward Howe.

The living together for three long, rainy days in the country has done more to dispel love than all the perfidies in love that have ever been committed.—Arthur Helps.

An idol may be undeified by many accidental causes. Marriage, in particular, is a kind of counter apotheosis, as a deification inverted. When a man becomes familiar with his goddess she quickly sinks into a woman. —Addison.

A man does not wonder at what he sees frequently, even though he be ignorant of the reason. If anything happens which he has not seen before, he calls it a prodigy.—Cicero.

The man that hails you Tom or Jack,
And proves by thumps upon your back
How he esteems your merit,
Is such a friend that one had need
Be very much his friend indeed
To pardon or to bear it. —Cowper.

Famine

Famine ends famine.—Ben Jonson.

This famine has a sharp and meagre face;
'Tis death in an undress of skin and bone,
Where age and youth, their landmark, ta'en away,
Look all one common sorrow. —Dryden.

Fanaticism

Fanaticism is governed by imagination rather than judgment.—Mrs. Stowe.

The child of false zeal.—Chapin.

The false fire of an overheated mind.—Cowper.

Reason is not compatible with zeal run mad.—South.

A fanatic, either religious or political, is the subject of strong delusions. —Whately.

The downright fanatic is nearer to the heart of things than the cool and slippery disputant.—Chapin.

If you see one cold and vehement at the same time, set him down for a fanatic.—Lavater.

That can never be reasoned down which was not reasoned up.—Fisher Ames.

Fanaticism is the child of false zeal and of superstition, the father of intolerance and of persecution.—J. W. Fletcher.

Fanaticism is such an overwhelming impression of the ideas relating to the future world as disqualifies for the duties of life.—Robert Hall.

The blind fanaticism of one foolish honest man may cause more evil than the united efforts of twenty rogues.—Baron de Grimm.

What is fanaticism to-day is the fashionable creed to-morrow, and trite as the multiplication table a week after.—Wendell Phillips.

An uncontrolled imagination may become as surely intoxicated by overindulgence as a toper may do bodily with strong drink.—Haliburton.

Fanaticism, to which men are so much inclined, has always served not only to render them more brutalized but more wicked.—Voltaire.

Though fanaticism drinks at many founts, its predisposing cause is mostly the subject of an invisible futurity.—Atterbury.

There is such a delusion as evinces itself in cool vehemence; and it is the most dangerous of all expressions of fanaticism.—W. B. Clulow.

Earnestness is good; it means business. But fanaticism overdoes, and is consequently reactionary.—Spurgeon.

E. P. Whipple calls fanaticism "religion caricatured," which is a full definition in a word.—James Parton.

There is no doubt that religious fanatics have done more to prejudice the cause they affect to advocate than have its opponents.—Hosea Ballou.

Painful and corporeal punishments should never be applied to fanaticism; for, being founded on pride, it glories in persecution.—Beccaria.

Fanaticism is a fire, which heats the mind indeed, but heats without purifying. It stimulates and ferments all the passions; but it rectifies none of them.—Warburton.

To conquer fanaticism, you must tolerate it; the shuttlecock of religious difference soon falls to the ground when there are no battledoors to beat it backward and forward.—Chatfield.

Of all things, wisdom is the most terrified with epidemical fanaticism, because, of all enemies, it is that against which she is the least able to furnish any kind of resource.—Burke.

Fanaticism, or, to call it by its milder name, enthusiasm, is only powerful and active so long as it is aggressive. Establish it firmly in power, and it becomes conservatism, whether it will or no.—Lowell.

Fanaticism is an inflamed state of the passions; and nothing that is violent will last long. The vicissitudes of the world and the business of life are admirably adapted to abate the excesses of religious enthusiasm.—Robert Hall.

Everybody knows that fanaticism is religion caricatured; bears, indeed, about the same relation to it that a monkey bears to a man; yet, with

many, contempt of fanaticism is received as a sure sign of hostility to religion.—Whipple.

There is no cruelty so inexorable and unrelenting as that which proceeds from a bigoted and presumptuous supposition of doing service to God. The victim of the fanatical persecutor will find that the stronger the motives he can urge for mercy are, the weaker will be his chance for obtaining it, for the merit of his destruction will be supposed to rise in value in proportion as it is effected at the expense of every feeling both of justice and of humanity.—Colton.

Fancy

Fancy light from fancy caught.—Tennyson.

Every fancy you consult, consult your purse.—Franklin.

Fancy tortures more people than does reality.—Ouida.

In maiden meditation, fancy free.—Shakespeare.

Fancy, like the finger of a clock,
Runs the great circuit, and is still at home.
—Cowper.

All power of fancy over reason is a degree of insanity.—Dr. Johnson.

False fancy brings real misery.—Schiller.

Fancy sets the value on the gifts of fortune.—Rochefoucauld.

Do not let fancy outrun your means.—Franklin.

Fancy and pride seeks things at vast expense.—Young.

Who does not know the bent of woman's fancy?—Spenser.

Ever let the fancy roam; pleasure never is at home.—Keats.

Mine eyes he closed, but open left
the cell of Fancy, my immortal sight.
—Milton.

The devious paths where wanton fancy leads.—Rowe.

Fancy brings us as many vain hopes as idle fears.—Humboldt.

All impediments in fancy's course are motives of more fancy.—Shakespeare.

Pacing through the forest,
Chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy.
—Shakespeare.

Woe to the youth whom fancy gains
Winning from reason's hand the reins.
—Scott.

Two meanings have our lightest fantasies,
One of the flesh, and of the spirit one.
—James Russell Lowell.

So full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high fantastical.
—Shakespeare.

When at the close of each sad, sorrowing day,
Fancy restores what vengeance snatch'd away. —Pope.

A fretful fancy is constantly flinging its possessor into gratuitous tophets.—W. R. Alger.

Fancy borrows much from memory, and so looks back to the past.—Ruffini.

Fancy runs most furiously when a guilty conscience drives it.—Fuller.

Nothing is so atrocious as fancy without taste.—Goethe.

She's all my fancy painted her,
She's lovely, she's divine.
—Wm. Mer.

The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them. —Shakespeare.

Fancy is imagination in her youth and adolescence. Fancy is always excursive; imagination, not seldom, is sedate.—Landor.

Bright-eyed fancy, hovering o'er,
Scatters from her pictured urn,
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
—Gray.

'Tis not necessity, but opinion, that makes men miserable; and when we come to be fancy-sick, there's no cure. —L'Estrange.

Why will any man be so impertinently officious as to tell me all this is only fancy? If it is a dream, let me enjoy it.—Addison.

In the loss of an object we do not proportion our grief to the real value it bears, but to the value our fancies set upon it.—Addison.

Fancy and humour, early and constantly indulged in, may expect an old age overrun with follies.—Watts.

Fancy is a fairy, that can hear
Ever, the melody of nature's voice,
And see all lovely visions that she will.
—Mrs. Osgood.

Sentiment is intellectualized emotion, emotion precipitated, as it were, in pretty crystals by the fancy.—Lowell.

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
—Shakespeare.

The mere reality of life would be inconceivably poor without the charm of fancy, which brings in its bosom, no doubt, as many vain fears as idle hopes, but lends much oftener to the illusions it calls up a gay flattering hue than one which inspires terror.—Wilhelm von Humboldt.

Fancy restrained may be compared to a fountain, which plays highest by diminishing the aperture.—Goldsmith.

Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm, more longing, wavering, sooner lost and won, than women's are.—Shakespeare.

Fancy rules over two thirds of the universe, the past and the future, while reality is confined to the present.—Richter.

Every fancy that we would substitute for a reality is, if we saw aright, and saw the whole, not only false, but every way less beautiful and excellent than that which we sacrifice to it.—Sterling.

It is the fancy, not the reason of things, that makes us so uneasy. It is not the place, nor the condition, but the mind alone, that can make anybody happy or miserable.—L'Estrange.

If ever (as that ever may be near) you meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy, then shall you know the wounds invisible that love's keen arrows make.—Shakespeare.

Fancy, when once brought into religion, knows not where to stop. It is like one of those fiends in old stories which any one could raise, but which, when raised, could never be kept within the magic circle.—Whately.

When my way is too rough for my feet, or too steep for my strength, I get off it to some smooth velvet path which fancy has scattered over with rosebuds of delights; and, having taken a few turns in it, come back strengthened and refreshed.—Sterne.

That queen of error, whom we call fancy and opinion, is the more deceitful because she does not always deceive. She would be the infallible rule of truth if she were the infallible rule of falsehood; but being only most frequently in error, she gives no evidence of her real quality, for she marks with the same character both that which is true and that which is false. —Pascal.

A confused mass of thoughts, tumbling over one another in the dark; when the fancy was yet in its first work, moving the sleeping images of things towards the light, there to be distinguished and then either chosen or rejected by the judgment.—Dryden.

Fancy has an extensive influence in morals. Some of the most powerful and dangerous feelings in nature, as those of ambition and envy, derive their principal nourishment from a cause apparently so trivial. Its effect on the common affairs of life is greater than might be supposed.

Naked reality would scarcely keep the world in motion.—W. B. Clulow.

The difference is as great between
The optics seeing as the objects seen.
All manners take a tincture from our own;
Or come discolor'd through our passions shown;
Or fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dyes. —Pope.

Most marvellous and enviable is that fecundity of fancy which can adorn whatever it touches, which can invest naked fact and dry reasoning with unlooked-for beauty, make flowerets bloom even on the brow of the precipice, and, when nothing better can be had, can turn the very substance of rock itself into moss and lichens. This faculty is incomparably the most important for the vivid and attractive exhibition of truth to the minds of men.—Fuller.

Fancy, an animal faculty, is very different from imagination, which is intellectual. The former is passive; but the latter is active and creative. Children, the weak minded, and the timid, are full of fancy. Men and women of intellect, of great intellect, are alone possessed of great imagination.—Joubert.

Farewell

The bitter word which closed all earthly friendships, and finished every feast of love,—farewell.—Pollok.

Farewell! "But not for ever."—Cowper.

Sweets to the sweet; farewell!—Shakespeare.

Farewell, happy fields,
Where joy forever dwells; hail, horrors!
—Milton.

So sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return.
—Shenstone.

To all, to each, a fair good-night,
And pleasing dreams, and slumbers light.
—Scott.

Fare thee well! and if for ever,
Still for ever, fare thee well.
—Byron.

Farewell! if ever fondest prayer
For other's weal availed on high,
Mine will not all be lost in air
But waft thy name beyond the sky.
—Byron.

Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troops, and the big wars
That make ambition virtue.
—Shakespeare.

Fare thee well;
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort! —Shakespeare.

Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been—
A sound which makes us linger;—yet—farewell. —Byron.

Farewell!
For in that word,—that fatal word,—howe'er
We promise—hope—believe,—there breathes despair. —Byron.

One kind kiss before we part,
Drop a tear, and bid adieu;
Though we sever, my fond heart
Till we meet shall pant for you.
—Robert Dodsley.

'Twere vain to speak, to weep, to sigh;
Oh, more than tears of blood can tell
When wrung from guilt's expiring eye,
Are in the word farewell—farewell.
—Byron.

The happy never say, and never hear said, farewell.—Landor.

Where thou art gone, adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.—Cowper.

Gude nicht, and joy be wi' you a'.—Lady Nairne.

Give me your hand first; fare you well.—Shakespeare.

"Adieu," she cries, and waved her lily hand.—Gay.

Farewell, and stand fast.—Shakespeare.

So, farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,
Farewell remorse: all good to me is lost.
—Milton.

Here's a sigh to those who love me,
And a smile to those who hate;
And, whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for ev'ry fate.—Byron.

One struggle more, and I am free
From pangs that rend my heart in twain;
One last long sigh to love and thee,
Then back to busy life again. —Byron.

Then fare thee well, deceitful maid,
'Twere vain and fruitless to regret thee;
Nor hope nor memory yield their aid,
But time may teach me to forget thee.
—Byron.

Let's not unman each other—part at once;
All farewells should be sudden, when forever,
Else they make an eternity of moments,
And clog the last sad sands of life with tears. —Byron.

Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife. —Shakespeare.

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man; To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls as I do. —Shakespeare.

Farming

Farming is a most senseless pursuit, a mere laboring in a circle. You sow that you may reap, and then you reap that you may sow. Nothing ever comes of it.—Stobæus.

Let us never forget that the cultivation of the earth is the most important labor of man. Man may be civilized in some degree without great progress in manufactures and with little commerce with his distant neighbors. But without the cultivation of the earth, he is, in all countries, a savage. Until he gives up the chase, and fixes himself in some place, and seeks a living from the earth, he is a roaming barbarian. When tillage begins, other arts follow. The farmers, therefore, are the founders of civilization.—Daniel Webster.

Fashion

Fashion is aristocratic-autocratic.—J. G. Holland.

The fashion wears out more apparel than the man.—Shakespeare.

Fashionability is a kind of elevated vulgarity.—George Darley.

Fashion is the bastard of vanity, dressed by art.—Fuseli.

As soon as fashion is universal, it is out of date.—Marie Ebner-Eschenbach.

Lie ten nights awake carving the fashion of a new doublet.—Shakespeare.

He is only fantastical that is not in fashion.—Burton.

Ridiculous modes, invented by ignorance, and adopted by folly.—Smollett.

Fashion is only the attempt to realize art in living forms and social intercourse,—O. W. Holmes.

Every generation laughs at the old fashions, but follows religiously the new.—Thoreau.

Fashion,—a word which knaves and fools may use, their knavery and folly to excuse.—Churchill.

Silks, velvets, calicoes, and the whole lexicon of female fopperies.—Swift.

While fashion's brightest arts decoy, the heart, distrusting, asks if this be joy.—Goldsmith.

A woman would be in despair if Nature had formed her as fashion makes her appear.—Mlle. de l'Espinasse.

Fashion seldom interferes with nature without diminishing her grace and efficiency.—Tuckerman.

A fashionable woman is always in love—with herself.—La Rochefoucauld.

Fashion is the veriest goddess of semblance and of shade.—Colton.

The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observ'd of all observers.
—Shakespeare.

Fashion is, for the most part, nothing but the ostentation of riches.—Locke.

Women cherish fashion because it rejuvenates them, or at least renews them.—Madame de Preizeux.

Fashion is a potency in art, making it hard to judge between the temporary and the lasting.—Stedman.

Change of fashions is the tax which industry imposes on the vanity of the rich.—Chamfort.

Be not the first by whom the new is tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.
—Pope.

The secret of fashion is to surprise and never to disappoint.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Though wrong the mode, comply; more sense is shown in wearing others' follies than our own.—Young.

Fashion's smile has given wit to dullness and grace to deformity, and has brought everything into vogue, by turns, except virtue.—Colton.

New customs, though they be never so ridiculous,—nay, let them be unmanly,—yet are followed.—Shakespeare.

There would not be so much harm in the giddy following the fashions, if somehow the wise could always set them.—Bovee.

Nothing is thought rare which is not new, and followed; yet we know that what was worn some twenty years ago comes into grace again.—Beaumont and Fletcher.

Fashion is gentility running away from vulgarity, and afraid of being overtaken by it. It is a sign the two things are not far asunder.—Hazlitt.

As good be out of the World as out of the Fashion.—Colley Cibber.

Be neither too early in the fashion, nor too long out of it; nor at any time in the extremes of it.—Lavater.

Fashion is the science of appearances, and it inspires one with the desire to seem rather than to be.—Chapin.

He alone is a man who can resist the genius of the age, the tone of fashion with vigorous simplicity and modest courage.—Lavater.

Ladies of fashion starve their happiness to feed their vanity, and their love to feed their pride.—Colton.

It is the rule of rules, and the general law of all laws, that every person should observe those of the place where he is.—Montaigne.

Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity (so it be new, there is no respect how vile) that is not quickly buzzed into the ears?—Shakespeare.

Those who seem to lead the public taste are, in general, merely outrunning it in the direction which it is spontaneously pursuing.—Macaulay.

As the eye becomes blinded by fashion to positive deformity, so, through social conventionalism, the conscience becomes blinded to positive immorality.—Mrs. Jameson.

The coat of the buffalo never pinches under the arm, never puckers at the shoulders; it is always the same, yet never old fashioned nor out of date.—Theodore Parker.

We laugh heartily to see a whole flock of sheep jump because one did so. Might not one imagine that superior beings do the same, and for exactly the same reason?—Greville.

When I would go a-visiting, I find that I go off the fashionable street,—not being inclined to change my dress,—to where man meets man, and not polished shoe meets shoe.—Thoreau.

One would not object to the prevalent notion that whatever is fashionable is right, if our rulers of the mode would contrive that whatever is right should be fashionable.—Chatfield.

Custom is the law of one description of fools and fashion of another; but the two parties often clash; for precedent is the legislator of the first, and novelty of the last.—Colton.

And as the French we conquer'd once,
Now give us laws for pantaloons,
The length of breeches and the gathers,
Port-cannons, periwigs, and feathers.
—Butler.

Thus grows up fashion, an equivocal semblance, the most puissant, the most fantastic and frivolous, the most feared and followed, and which morals and violence assault in vain.—Emerson.

Fashion is a great restraint upon your persons of taste and fancy; who would otherwise in the most trifling instances be able to distinguish themselves from the vulgar.—Shenstone.

We are taught to clothe our minds, as we do our bodies, after the fashion in vogue; and it is accounted fantastical or something worse, not to do so.—Locke.

Our dress still varying, nor to forms confined,
Shifts like the sands, the sport of every wind.
—Propertius.

Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is, how giddily he turns about all the hot bloods between fourteen and five-and-thirty?—Shakespeare.

The Empress of France had but to change the position of a ribbon to set all the ribbons in Christendom to rustling. A single word from her convulsed the whalebone market of the world.—J. G. Holland.

Fashion builds her temple in the capital of some mighty empire, and having selected four or five hundred of the silliest people it contains, she dubs them with the magnificent and imposing title of "the world."—Colton.

Fashion being the art of those who must purchase notice at some cheaper rate than that of being beautiful, loves to do rash and extravagant things. She must be forever new, or she becomes insipid.—Lowell.

Fashion is the veriest goddess of semblance and of shade; to be happy is of far less consequence to her worshippers than to appear so; even pleasure itself they sacrifice to parade, and enjoyment to ostentation.—Colton.

Fashion is a tyrant from which nothing frees us. We must suit ourselves to its fantastic tastes. But being compelled to live under its foolish laws, the wise man is never the first to follow, nor the last to keep it.—Pascal.

I'll be at charges for a looking-glass,
And entertain some score or two of tailors.
To study fashions to adorn my body:
Since I am crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.
—Shakespeare.

Fashion is the abortive issue of vain ostentation and exclusive egotism: it is haughty, trifling, affected, servile, despotic, mean and ambitious, precise and fantastical, all in a breath,—tied to no rule, and bound to conform to every whim of the moment.—Hazlitt.

Avoid singularity. There may often be less vanity in following the new modes than in adhering to the old ones. It is true that the foolish invent them, but the wise may conform to, instead of contradicting, them.—Joubert.

I have seen many men and women of fashion die, and I never saw one of them die well. The trappings off, there they lay on the tumbled pillow, and there were just two things that bothered them, a wasted life and e coming eternity.—Aughey.

Fashion is an odd jumble of contradictions, of sympathies and antipathies. It exists only by its being participated among a certain number of persons, and its essence is destroyed by being communicated to a greater number. * * * Fashion constantly begins and ends in the two things

it abhors most,—singularity and vulgarity.—Hazlitt.

The mere leader of fashion has no genuine claim to supremacy; at least, no abiding assurance of it. He has embroidered his title upon his waistcoat, and carries his worth in his watch chain; and, if he is allowed any real precedence for this it is almost a moral swindle,—a way of obtaining goods under false pretences.—Chapin.

I have been told by persons of experience in matters of taste, that the fashions follow a law of gradation, and are never arbitrary. The new mode is always only a step onward in the same direction as the last mode; and a cultivated eye is prepared for and predicts the new fashion.—Emerson.

We ought always to conform to the manners of the greater number, and so behave as not to draw attention to ourselves. Excess either way shocks, and every man truly wise ought to attend to this in his dress as well as language, never to be affected in anything, and follow without being in too great haste the changes of fashion.—Molière.

Manners have been somewhat cynically defined to be a contrivance of wise men to keep fools at a distance. Fashion is shrewd to detect those who do not belong to her train, and seldom wastes her attentions. Society is very swift in its instincts, and if you do not belong to it, resists and sneers at you, or quietly drops you.—Emerson.

Something clearly is wrong with fashionable women. They accept the thinnest gilt, the poorest pinchbeck, for gold. They care more for a dreary social pre-eminence than for home or children. They find in extravagance of living and a vulgar costliness of dress their only expression of vague desire for the beauty and elegance of life.—Mrs. L. G. Calhoun.

Fashion is not public opinion, or the result of embodiment of public opinion. It may be that public opinion will condemn the shape of a bonnet, as it may venture to do always, and with the certainty of being right nine times in ten: but fashion will place it upon the head of every woman in America; and, were it literally a crown of thorns, she would smile contentedly beneath the imposition.—J. G. Holland.

Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion,
Round the wealthy bride;
But when compar'd with real passion
Poor is all that pride,—
What are their showy treasures?
What are their noisy pleasures?
The gay, gaudy glare of vanity and art—
The polish'd jewels blaze
May draw the wond'ring gaze,
But never, never can come near the worthy heart.
—Burns.

Fashion, leader of a chatt'ring train,
Whom man for his own hurt permits to reign
Who shifts and changes all things but his shape,
And would degrade her vot'ry to an ape,
The fruitful parent of abuse and wrong,
Holds a usurp'd dominion o'er his tongue,
There sits and prompts him with his own disgrace,
Prescribes the theme, the tone, and the grimace,
And when accomplish'd in her wayward school,
Calls gentleman whom she has made a fool.
—Cowper.

Beauty too often sacrifices to fashion. The spirit of fashion is not the beautiful, but the wilful; not the graceful, but the fantastic; not the superior in the abstract, but the superior in the worst of all concretes,—the vulgar. The high point of taste and elegance is to be sought for, not in the most fashionable circles, but in the best-bred, and such as can dispense with the eternal necessity of never being twice the same.—Leigh Hunt.

Without depth of thought or earnestness of feeling or strength of purpose, living an unreal life, sacrificing substance to show, substituting the fictitious for the natural, mistaking a crowd for society, finding its chief pleasure in ridicule, and exhausting its ingenuity in expedients for killing time, fashion is among the last influences under which a human being who

respects himself, or who comprehends the great end of life, would desire to be placed.—Channing.

Fastidiousness

Fastidiousness is the envelope of indelicacy.—Haliburton.

Fastidiousness is only another word for egotism; and all men who know not where to look for truth save in the narrow well of self will find their own image at the bottom, and mistake it for what they are seeking.—Lowell.

Fate

The die is cast.—The exclamation of Cæsar as he crossed the Rubicon.—Suetonius.

Fate is unpenetrated causes.—Emerson.

Fate hath no voice but the heart's impulse.—Schiller.

No one becomes guilty by fate.—Seneca.

The heart is its own fate.—Bailey.

To bear is to conquer our fate.—Campbell.

From no place can you exclude the fates.—Martial.

Yet who shall shut out fate?—Edwin Arnold.

The compulsion of fate is bitter.—Wieland.

He must needs go that the devil drives.—George Peele.

We bear each one our own destiny.—Virgil.

For rarely man escapes his destiny.—Ariosto.

Fulfil thy fate! Be—do—bear—and thank God.—Bailey.

Fair or foul the lot apportioned life on earth, we bear alike.—Robert Browning.

Fate is character.—William Winter.

We can only obey our own polarity.—Emerson.

This day we fashion destiny, our web of fate we spin.—Whittier.

Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate.—Pope.

When fate summons, monarchs must obey.—Dryden.

Wherever the fates lead us let us follow.—Virgil.

Man blindly works the will of fate.—Wieland.

Things are where things are, and, as fate has willed,
So shall they be fulfilled.
—Robert Browning.

A man's power is hooped in by a necessity, which, by many experiments, he touches on every side until he learns its arc.—Emerson.

And out of darkness came the hands
That reach thro' nature, moulding men.
—Tennyson.

What fates impose, that men must needs abide;
It boots not to resist both wind and tide.
—Shakespeare.

Those whom God to ruin has design'd,
He fits for fate, and first destroys their mind. —Dryden.

With equal pace, impartial fate,
Knocks at the palace and the cottage gate.
—Horace.

But, O vain boast!
Who can control his fate?
—Shakespeare.

Necessity and chance
Approach not me, and what I will is fate.
—Milton.

Fate holds the strings, and men like children, move
But as they're led; success is from above
—Lord Lansdowne.

Jove lifts the golden balances that show
The fates of mortal men, and things below.
—Homer.

All things are in fate, yet all things are not decreed by fate.—Plato.

One common fate we both must prove;
You die with envy, I with love. —Gay.

'Tis writ on Paradise's gate,
"Woe to the dupe that yields to Fate!"
—Hafiz.

Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
—Sam'l Johnson.

But blind to former as to future fate,
What mortal knows his pre-existent state?
—Pope.

Whither the fates lead virtue will follow without fear.—Lucan.

Many have reached their fate while dreading fate.—Seneca.

The fates glide with linked hands over life.—Richter.

They only fall that strive to move, or lose that care to keep.—Owen Meredith.

We are led on, like little children, by a way we know not.—George Eliot.

We make our fortunes, and we call them fate.—Beaconsfield.

There is no good in arguing with the inevitable.—Lowell.

There is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will.—Shakespeare.

Fate and the dooming gods are deaf to tears.—Dryden.

If you believe in fate to your harm, believe it, at least, for your good.—Emerson.

The slippery tops of human state, the gilded pinnacles of fate.—Cowley.

Men are the sport of circumstances, when circumstances seem the sport of men.—Byron.

The fates lead the willing, and drag the unwilling.—Seneca.

It is often a comfort in misfortune to know our own fate.—Quintus Curtius Rufus.

Man, be he who he may, experiences a last piece of good fortune and a last day.—Goethe.

Every soul has a landscape that changes with the wind that sweeps the sky, with the clouds that return after its rain.—George MacDonald.

Struggle against it as thou wilt, yet heaven's ways are heaven's ways.—Lessing.

What should be spoken here, where our fate,
Hid within an auger-hole, may rush, and
seize us? —Shakespeare.

Alas, by what rude fate
Our lives, like ships at sea, an instant meet,
Then part forever on their courses fleet.
—E. C. Stedman.

And sing to those that hold the vital shears;
And turn the adamantine spindle round,
On which the fate of gods and men is wound.
—Milton.

"Whosoever quarrels with his fate, does not understand it," says Bettine; and among all her inspired sayings, she spoke none wiser.—Mrs. L. M Child.

Fate whirls on the bark, and the rough gale sweeps from the rising tide the lazy calm of thought.—Bulwer-Lytton.

God overrules all mutinous accidents, brings them under His laws of fate, and makes them all serviceable to His purpose.—Marcus Antoninus.

Fate is the friend of the good, the guide of the wise, the tyrant of the foolish, the enemy of the bad.—W. R. Alger.

Fate with impartial hand turns out the doom of high and low; her capacious urn is constantly shaking the names of all mankind.—Horace.

Who is it needs such flawless shafts as fate? What archer of his arrows is so choice, or hits the white so surely?—Lowell.

Fates! we will know your pleasures: that we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time, and drawing days

out, that men stand upon.—Shakespeare.

Though fear should lend him pinions like the wind, yet swifter fate will seize him from behind.—Swift.

Stern fate and time will have their victims; and the best die first, leaving the bad still strong, though past their prime.—Ebenezer Elliott.

No power or virtue of man could ever have deserved that what has been fated should not have taken place.—Ammianus Marcellinus.

Our wills and fates do so contrary run
That our devices still are overthrown;
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own. —Shakespeare.

When fate has allowed to any man more than one great gift, accident or necessity seems usually to contrive that one shall encumber and impede the other.—Swinburne.

The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings.
—Shirley.

Lucky he who has been educated to bear his fate, whatsoever it may be, by an early example of uprightness, and a childish training in honor.—Thackeray.

All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.
—Longfellow.

Fate steals along with silent tread,
Found oftenest in what least we dread;
Frowns in the storm with angry brow,
But in the sunshine strikes the blow.
—Cowper.

A strict belief in fate is the worst of slavery, imposing upon our necks an everlasting lord and tyrant, whom we are to stand in awe of night and day.—Epicurus.

Our life is determined for us; and it makes the mind very free when we give up wishing, and only think of bearing what is laid upon us and doing what is given us to do.—George Eliot.

A man's fate is his own temper; and according to that will be his opinion as to the particular manner in which the course of events is regulated. A consistent man believes in destiny, a capricious man in chance.—Beaconsfield.

Man, tho' limited
By fate, may vainly think his actions free,
While all he does, was at his hour of birth,
Or by his gods, or potent stars ordain'd.
—Rowe.

Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing,
Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the darkness;
So on the ocean of life we pass and speak one another,
Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and a silence.
—Longfellow.

A few seem favourites of fate,
In pleasure's lap caress'd;
Yet, think not all the rich and great
Are likewise truly blest. —Burns.

Alas, what stay is there in human state,
Or who can shun inevitable fate?
The doom was written, the decree was past,
Ere the foundations of the world were cast.
—Dryden.

We defy augury: there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all.—Shakespeare.

Sometimes an hour of Fate's serenest weather
Strikes through our changeful sky its coming beams;
Somewhere above us, in elusive ether,
Waits the fulfillment of our dearest dreams. —Bayard Taylor.

Let those deplore their doom,
Whose hope still grovels in this dark sojourn;
But lofty souls, who look beyond the tomb,
Can smile at Fate, and wonder how they mourn. —Beattie.

Whatever may happen to thee, it was prepared for thee from all eternity; and the implication of causes was from eternity spinning the thread

of thy being and of that which is incident to it.—Marcus Antoninus.

It is an awful thing to get a glimpse, as one sometimes does, when the time is past, of some little, little wheel which works the whole mighty machinery of fate, and see how our destinies turn on a minute's delay or advance.—Thackeray.

As fate is inexorable, and not to be moved either with tears or reproaches, an excess of sorrow is as foolish as profuse laughter; while, on the other hand, not to mourn at all is insensibility.—Seneca.

It was a smart reply that Augustus made to one that ministered this comfort of the fatality of things: this was so far from giving any ease to his mind, that it was the very thing that troubled him.—Tillotson.

O beautiful, awful Summer day,
What hast thou given, what taken away?
Life and death, and love and hate,
Homes made happy or desolate,
Hearts made sad or gay. —Longfellow.

Ask me no more; thy fate and mine are seal'd;
I strove against the stream and all in vain:
Let the great river take me to the main:
No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield:
Ask me no more.
—Tennyson.

'Tis the best use of fate to teach a fatal courage. Go face the fire at sea, or the cholera in your friend's house, or the burglar in your own, or what danger lies in the way of duty, knowing you are guarded by the cherubim of destiny.—Emerson.

Success, the mark no mortal wit,
Or surest hand, can always hit;
For whatsoe'er we perpetrate,
We do but row—w'are steer'd by fate,
Which in success oft disinherits,
For spurious causes, noblest merits.
—Butler.

The Stoics held a fatality, and a fixed, unalterable course of events; but they held also that they fell out by a necessity emergent from and inherent in the things themselves, which God Himself could not alter.—South.

The wrath peculiar to ardent natures rudely awakened by the sudden annihilation of a hope—dream, if you will—in which the choicest happinesses were thought to be certainly in reach. In such cases nothing intermediate will carry off the passion,—the quarrel is with fate. * * * It were well in such quarrels if fate were something tangible, to be despatched with a look or a blow, or a speaking personage with whom high words were possible; then the unhappy mortal would not always end the affair by punishing himself.—Lew Wallace.

Father

Oh, who would be a father!—Holcroft.

No one ever knew his own father.—Buckley.

It is a wise father that knows his own child.—Shakespeare.

The child is father of the man.—Wordsworth.

Father of all! in every age
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord. —Pope.

To you your father should be as a god;
One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one,
To whom you are but as a form in wax,
By him imprinted, and within his power
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.
—Shakespeare.

Fathers that wear rags do make their children blind:
But fathers that bear bags shall see their children kind. —Shakespeare.

Faults

Best men oft are moulded out of faults.—Shakespeare.

Condemn the fault, but not the actor.—Shakespeare.

Faults are beauties in a lover's eye.—Theocritus.

A fault finds its own authors.—Law Maxim.

Is she not a wilderness of faults and follies?—Sheridan.

Bad men excuse their faults, good men will leave them.—Ben Jonson.

Unless you bear with the faults of a friend, you betray your own.—Syrus.

He who overlooks a fault, invites the commission of another.—Syrus.

The greatest of faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none.—Carlyle.

The first fault is the child of simplicity, but every other the offspring of guilt.—Goldsmith.

All his faults are such that one loves him still the better for them.—Goldsmith.

Had we not faults of our own we should take less pleasure in observing those of others.—Rochefoucauld.

Why do we discover faults so much more readily than perfections?—Madame de Sévigné.

We are often more agreeable through our faults than through our good qualities.—Rochefoucauld.

It is not so much the being exempt from faults, as the having overcome them, that is an advantage to us.—Alexander Pope.

Every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow-fault came to match it.—Shakespeare.

If the best man's faults were written on his forehead, he would draw his hat over his eyes.—Gray.

We easily forget those faults which are known only to ourselves.—La Rochefoucauld.

The faults of our neighbours with freedom we blame,
But tax not ourselves, though we practise the same. —Cunningham.

Excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault worse by the excuse. —Shakespeare.

Only those faults which we encounter in ourselves are insufferable to us in others.—Madame Swetchine.

Why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but perceivest not the beam that is in thine own eye?—Bible.

No man is born without faults, he is best who has the fewest.—Horace.

A woman will confess her faults sooner than her follies.—Alfred Bougeart.

The great fault in women is to desire to be like men.—De Maistre.

'Tis a meaner part of sense to find a fault than taste an excellence.—Rochester.

It requires less character to discover the faults of others than to tolerate them.—J. Petit-Senn.

He shall be immortal who liveth till he be stoned by one without fault.—Fuller.

Just as you are pleased at finding faults, you are displeased at finding perfections.—Lavater.

Women will sometimes confess their sins, but I never knew one to confess her faults.—Haliburton.

God Himself allows certain faults; and often we say, "I have deserved to err; I have deserved to be ignorant." Mme. Swetchine.

It is a shrewd device to pretend we have some one unimportant fault,—it overshadows so many serious defects.—Mme. Deluzy.

Most of their faults women owe to us, whilst we are indebted to them for the most of our better qualities.—Lemesles.

It is well that there is no one without a fault, for he would not have a friend in the world. He would seem to belong to a different species.—Hazlitt.

We need not be much concerned about those faults which we have the courage to own.—Rochefoucauld.

Every man has a bag hanging before him, in which he puts his neighbor's faults, and another behind him in which he stows his own.—Knight's Shakespeare.

Relative to getting rid of it, a fault is serious or not in proportion to the depth of its root rather than the amount of its foliage.—George MacDonald.

What sort of faults may we retain, nay, even cherish in ourselves? Those faults which are rather pleasant than offensive to others.—Goethe.

A woman's faults, be they never so small, cast a shadow which all her virtues cannot dispel.—Achilles Poincelot.

While we are indifferent to our good qualities, we keep on deceiving ourselves in regard to our faults, until we at last come to look upon them as virtues.—Heine.

There are some faults which, when well managed, make a greater figure than virtue itself.—Rochefoucauld.

The ability to find fault is believed, by some people, to be a sure sign of great wisdom, when, in most cases, it only indicates narrowness of mind and ill nature.—Aughey.

None, none descends into himself, to find
The secret imperfections of his mind:
But every one is eagle-ey'd to see
Another's faults, and his deformity.
—Dryden.

Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler, sister woman;
Tho' they may gang a kennin' wrang;
To step aside is human! —Burns.

Men still had faults, and men will have them still;
He that hath none, and lives as angels do,
Must be an angel. —Wentworth Dillon.

O wad some pow'r the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as others see us!
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
And foolish notion. —Burns.

I like her, with all her faults; nay, like her for her faults. Her follies are so natural, or so artful, that they become her; and those affections which in another woman would be odious serve but to make her more agreeable. —Congreve.

Moral epochs have their course as well as the seasons. We can no more hold them fast than we can hold sun, moon, and stars. Our faults perpetually return upon us; and herein lies the subtlest difficulty of self-knowledge.—Goethe.

To acknowledge our faults when we are blamed, is modesty; to discover them to one's friends in ingenuousness, is confidence; but to preach them to all the world, if one does not take care, is pride.—Confucius.

He who exhibits no faults is a fool or a hypocrite, whom we should mistrust. There are faults so intimately connected with fine qualities that they indicate them, and we do well not to correct them.—Joubert.

It is not so much the being exempt from faults as the having overcome them that is an advantage to us; it being with the follies of the mind as with weeds of a field, which, if destroyed and consumed upon the place where they grow, enrich and improve it more than if none had ever sprung there.—Swift.

If we were faultless, we should not be so much annoyed by the defects of those with whom we associate. If we were to acknowledge honestly that we have not virtue enough to bear patiently with our neighbor's weaknesses, we should show our own imperfection, and this alarms our vanity.—Fénelon.

Do you wish to find out a person's weak points? Note the failings he has the quickest eye for in others. They may not be the very failings he is himself conscious of; but they will be their next door neighbors. No man keeps such a jealous lookout as a rival.—J. C. and A. W. Hare.

As there are some faults that have been termed faults on the right side, so there are some errors that might be denominated errors on the safe side.

Thus we seldom regret having been too mild, too cautious, or too humble; but we often repent having been too violent, too precipitate, or too proud.—Colton.

Favor

To accept a favor is to sell one's freedom.—Syrus.

That man is worthless who knows how to receive a favor, but not how to return one.—Plautus.

No free man will ask as favor, what he cannot claim as reward.—Terence.

He only confers favors generously who appears, when they are once conferred, to remember them no more.—Johnson.

Favor exalts a man above his equals, but his dismissal from that favor places him below them.—La Bruyère.

A favor tardily bestowed is no favor; for a favor quickly granted is a more agreeable favor.—Ausonius.

For however often a man may receive an obligation from you, if you refuse a request, all former favors are effaced by this one denial.—Pliny the Younger.

'Tis ever thus when favours are denied;
All had been granted but the thing we beg:
And still some great unlikely substitute—
Your life, your soul, your all of earthly good—
Is proffer'd, in the room of one small boon.
—Joanna Baillie.

Poor wretches, that depend
On greatness' favor, dream as I have done;
Wake, and find nothing. But, alas, I swerve.
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steep'd in favors.
—Shakespeare.

'Tis the curse of service;
Preferment goes by letter, and affection,
And not by old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to the first. —Shakespeare.

Fear

The concessions of the weak are the concessions of fear.—Burke.

Fear not; for I am with thee.—Bible.

Nothing is to be feared but fear.—Bacon.

Fear is the mother of safety.—Burke.

Fear has many eyes.—Cervantes.

Fear always springs from ignorance.—Emerson.

Fear is the mother of foresight.—Henry Taylor.

Fear is the tax that conscience pays to guilt.—Sewell.

Fear naturally quickens the flight of guilt.—Johnson.

Fear is the parent of cruelty.—Froude.

Fear in the world first created the gods.—Statius.

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.—Bible.

Of all base passions fear is most accurs'd.—Shakespeare.

No one loves the man whom he fears.—Aristotle.

Fear is faithlessness.—George MacDonald.

Fear makes men believe the worst.—Quintus Curtius Rufus.

In time we hate that which we often fear—Shakespeare.

To grief there is a limit; not so to fear.—Bacon.

In extreme danger fear feels no pity.—Cæsar.

Fear loves the idea of danger.—Joubert.

Fear makes us feel our humanity.—Beaconsfield.

Fear is cruel and mean.—Emerson

By daring, great fears are often concealed.—Lucan.

Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness.—Keats.

'Tis time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss.—Pericles.

Fain would I climb, yet fear I to fall.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

Fear though blind is swift and strong.—Dr. Mackay.

He has but one great fear that fears to do wrong.—Bovee.

Fear is the proof of a degenerate mind.—Virgil.

Hang those that talk of fear.—Shakespeare.

Fear is not a lasting teacher of duty.—Cicero.

Less base the fear of death than fear of life.—Young.

Fearless as the strong-winged eagle.—Ossian.

Whistling to keep myself from being afraid.—Dryden.

Fear is the white lipp'd sire
Of subterfuge and treachery.
—Mrs. Sigourney.

Desponding fear, of feeble fancies full,
Weak and unmanly, loosens ev'ry power.
—Thomson.

There is not such a word
Spoke of in Scotland, as this term of fear.
—Shakespeare.

Those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. —Shakespeare.

When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.
—Shakespeare.

Fear not the proud and the haughty; fear rather him who fears God.—Saadi.

We Germans fear God, but nothing else in the world.—Prince Bismarck.

Of all faults the greatest is the excess of impious terror, dishonoring divine grace.—Metastasio.

Present fears are less than horrible imaginings.—Shakespeare.

Fear is a dagger with which hypocrisy assassinates the soul.—R. G. Ingersoll.

Mutual fear is a principal link in the chain of mutual love.—Thomas Paine.

There is no fear in love, but perfect love casteth out fear, because fear hath torment.—Bible.

The Fear of God is freedom, joy, and peace;
And makes all ills that vex us here to cease.
—Waller.

In politics, what begins in fear usually ends in folly.—Coleridge.

Fear is far more painful to cowardice than death to true courage.—Sir Philip Sidney.

The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear——Bible.

It is only the fear of God that can deliver us from the fear of man.—Witherspoon.

You are uneasy, * * * you never sailed with me before, I see.—Andrew Jackson.

We are not apt to fear for the fearless, when we are companions in their danger.—George Eliot.

Stared in her eyes and chalk'd her face.—Tennyson.

Fear invites danger; concealed cowards insult known ones.—Chesterfield.

Speechless with wonder and half dead with fear.—Addison.

No one but a poltroon will boast that he never was afraid.—Marshal Lannes.

If you will fear nothing, think that all things are to be feared.—Seneca.

Every one wishes that the man whom he fears would perish.—Ovid.

An immense, misshapen, marvelous monster, whose eye is out.—Virgil.

The absent danger greater still appears; less fears he who is near the thing he fears.—Daniel.

Fear, either as a principle or a motive, is the beginning of all evil.—Mrs. Jameson.

Whom we fear more than love, we are not far from hating.—Richardson.

The only inheritance I have received from my ancestors is a soul incapable of fear.—Julian.

When the truth cannot be clearly made out, what is false is increased through fear.—Quintus Curtius Rufus.

Even the bravest men are frightened by sudden terrors.—Tacitus.

From the moment fear begins I have ceased to fear.—Schiller.

Fear on guilt attends, and deeds of darkness;
The virtuous breast ne'er knows it.
—Havard.

Fear is implanted in us as a preservative from evil.—Dr. Johnson.

I rather tell thee what is to be feared than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar.—Shakespeare.

The miser acquires, yet fears to use his gains.—Horace.

To die without fear of death is to be desired.—Seneca.

Why, what should be the fear? I do not set my life at a pin's fee; and, for my soul, what can it do to that, being a thing immortal.—Shakespeare.

A certain degree of fear produces the same effects as rashness.—Cardinal de Retz.

Apprehensions are greater in proportion as things are unknown.—Livy.

He must necessarily fear many, whom many fear.—Seneca.

Or in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear!
—Shakespeare.

Nothing routs us but the villainy of our fears.—Shakespeare.

We must expect everything and fear everything from time and from men.—Vauvenargues.

There is this paradox in fear: he is most likely to inspire it in others who has none himself!—Colton.

From a distance it is something; and nearby it is nothing.—La Fontaine.

Oh! that fear
When the heart longs to know, what it is death to hear. —Croly.

The direct foe of courage is the fear itself, not the object of it; and the man who can overcome his own terror is a hero, and more.—George MacDonald.

The wounded limb shrinks from the slightest touch; and a slight shadow alarms the nervous.—Ovid.

To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
Gives in your weakness strength unto your foe. —Shakespeare.

The dove, O hawk, that has once been wounded by thy talons, is frightened by the least movement of a wing.—Ovid.

There is a courageous wisdom; there is also a false, reptile prudence, the result not of caution, but of fear.—Burke.

Fear is that passion which hath the greatest power over us, and by which God and His laws take the surest hold of us.—Tillotson.

Nothing so demoralizes the forces of the soul as fear. Only as we realize the presence of the Lord does fear give place to faith.—Sarah Smiley.

What can that man fear who takes care to please a Being that is able to crush all his adversaries?—Addison.

We often pretend to fear what we really despise, and more often to despise what we really fear.—Colton.

I feel my sinews slackened with the fright, and a cold sweat trills down all over my limbs, as if I were dissolving into water.—Dryden.

Fearfulness, contrary to all other vices, maketh a man think the better of another, the worse of himself.—Sir P. Sidney.

Fear sometimes adds wings to the heels, and sometimes nails them to the ground, and fetters them from moving. —Montaigne.

In how large a proportion of creatures is existence composed of one ruling passion, the most agonizing of all sensations—fear.—Bulwer-Lytton.

There is great beauty in going through life fearlessly. Half our fears are baseless, the other half discreditable.—Bovee.

Good men have the fewest fears. He has but one great fear who fears to do wrong; he has a thousand who has overcome it.—Bovee.

And being thus frighted swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. —Shakespeare.

Imagination frames events unknown,
In wild, fantastic shapes of hideous ruin,
And what it fears creates.
—Hannah More.

We must be afraid of neither poverty nor exile nor imprisonment; of fear itself only should we be afraid.—Epictetus.

Nothing is so rash as fear; and the counsels of pusillanimity very rarely put off, whilst they are always sure to aggravate, the evils from which they would fly.—Burke.

The thing in the world I am most afraid of is fear, and with good reason; that passion alone, in the trouble of it, exceeding all other accidents. —Montaigne.

Fear hath the common fault of a justice of peace, and is apt to conclude hastily from every slight circumstance, without examining the evidence on both sides.—Fielding.

O, fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long,—
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.
—Longfellow.

Shun fear, it is the ague of the soul! a passion man created for himself—for sure that cramp of nature could not dwell in the warm realms of glory.—Aaron Hill.

There is nothing so ingenious as fear; it is even more ingenious than hatred, especially when its concern is with the preservation of money.—Bayle St. John.

The fear o' hell's the hangman's whip
To haud the wretch in order;
But where ye feel your honor grip,
Let that aye be your border.
—Burns.

A man should always allow his fears to rise to their highest possible pitch, and then some consolation or other will suddenly fall, like a warm rain-drop, upon his heart.—Richter.

Many never think on God but in extremity of fear; and then, perplexity not suffering them to be idle, they think and do as it were in a frenzy.—Hooker.

We are ashamed of our fear; for we know that a righteous man would not suspect danger nor incur any. Wherever a man feels fear, there is an avenger.—Thoreau.

All fear is in itself painful, and, when it conduces not to safety, is painful without use. Every consideration, therefore, by which groundless terrors may be removed adds something to human happiness.—Johnson.

Fear guides more to their duty than gratitude; for one man who is virtuous from the love of virtue, from the

obligation he thinks he lies under to the Giver of all, there are ten thousand who are good only from their apprehension of punishment.—Goldsmith.

Must I consume my life—this little life,
In guarding against all may make it less?
It is not worth so much!—it were to die
Before my hour, to live in dread of death.
—Byron.

What are fears but voices airy?
Whispering harm where harm is not,
And deluding the unwary
Till the fatal bolt is shot!
—Wordsworth.

The dreadful fear of hell is to be driven out, which disturbs the life of man and renders it miserable, overcasting all things with the blackness of darkness, and leaving no pure, unalloyed pleasure.—Lucretius.

In every mind where there is a strong tendency to fear there is a strong capacity to hate. Those who dwell in fear dwell next door to hate; and I think it is the cowardice of women which makes them such intense haters.—Mrs. Jameson.

God planted fear in the soul as truly as He planted hope or courage. Fear is a kind of bell, or gong, which rings the mind into quick life and avoidance upon the approach of danger. It is the soul's signal for rallying.—Beecher.

Fear nothing but what thy industry may prevent; be confident of nothing but what fortune cannot defeat; it is no less folly to fear what is impossible to be avoided than to be secure when there is a possibility to be deprived.—Quarles.

In morals, what begins in fear usually ends in wickedness; in religion, what begins in fear usually ends in fanaticism. Fear, either as a principle or a motive, is the beginning of all evil.—Mrs. Jameson.

They who cannot be induced to fear for love will never be enforced to love for fear. Love opens the heart, fear shuts it; that encourages, this compels; and victory meets encouragement, but flees compulsion.—Quarles.

Timidity is a disease of the mind, obstinate and fatal; for a man once persuaded that any impediment is insuperable has given it, with respect to himself, that strength and weight which it had not before.—Dr. Johnson.

Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be feared. —Shakespeare.

The wretch that fears to drown, will break through flames;
Or, in his dread of flames, will plunge in waves.
When eagles are in view, the screaming doves
Will cower beneath the feet of man for safety. —Cibber.

Were a man's sorrows and disquietudes summed up at the end of his life, it would generally be found that he had suffered more from the apprehension of such evils as never happened to him than from those evils which had really befallen him.—Addison.

Many men affect to despise fear, and in preaching resent any appeal to it; but not to fear when there is occasion is as great a weakness as to fear unduly without reason. God implanted fear in the soul as truly as He implanted hope or courage.—Aughey.

Man begins life helpless. The babe is in paroxysms of fear the moment its nurse leaves it alone, and it comes so slowly to any power of self-protection that mothers say the salvation of the life and health of a young child is a perpetual miracle.—Emerson.

Fear is implanted in us as a preservative from evil; but its duty, like that of other passions, is not to overbear reason, but to assist it; nor should it be suffered to tyrannize in the imagination, to raise phantoms of horror, or to beset life with supernumerary distresses.—Johnson.

Fear accomplishes much in love. The husband of the Middle Ages was loved by his wife for his very severity. The bride of William the Conqueror, having been beaten by him, recognized him

by this token for her lord and husband.—Michelet.

Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frighting me.
For I am sick and capable of fears;
Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;
A woman, naturally born to fears;
And though thou now confess, thou did'st but jest,
With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day. —Shakespeare.

Fear never was a friend to the love of God or man, to duty or conscience, truth, probity, or honor. It therefore can never make a good subject, a good citizen, or a good soldier, and, least of all, a good Christian; except the devils, who believe and tremble, are to be accounted good Christians.—Henry Brooke.

The passion of fear (as a modern philosopher informs me) determines the spirits of the muscles of the knees, which are instantly ready to perform their motion, by taking up the legs with incomparable celerity, in order to remove the body out of harm's way.—Shaftesbury.

The weakness we lament, ourselves create.
Instructed from our infant years to court,
With counterfeited fears, the aid of man,
We learn to shudder at the rustling breeze,
Start at the light, and tremble in the dark,
Till affectation, rip'ning to belief
And folly, frighted at our own chimeras,
Habitual cowardice usurps the soul.
—Johnson.

I saw a delicate flower had grown up two feet high, between the horses' path and the wheel-track. An inch more to the right or left had sealed its fate, or an inch higher; and yet it lived to flourish as much as if it had a thousand acres of untrodden space around it, and never knew the danger it incurred. It did not borrow trouble, nor invite an evil fate by apprehending it. —Thoreau.

Such as are in immediate fear of losing their estates, of banishment, or of slavery, live in perpetual anguish, and lose all appetite and repose; whereas such as are actually poor slaves and exiles oftentimes live as merrily as men in a better condition; and so many people who, impatient of the perpetual alarms of fear, have hanged and drowned themselves give us sufficiently to understand that it is more importunate and insupportable than death itself.—Montaigne.

I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine.
—Shakespeare.

There is a virtuous fear which is the effect of faith; and there is a vicious fear, which is the product of doubt. The former leads to hope, as relying on God, in whom we believe; the latter inclines to despair, as not relying on God, in whom we do not believe. Persons of the one character fear to lose God; persons of the other character fear to find Him.—Pascal.

When the sun sets, shadows that show'd at noon
But small, appear most long and terrible:
So when we think fate hovers o'er our heads,
Our apprehensions shoot beyond all bounds;
Owls, ravens, crickets, seem the watch of death:
Nature's worst vermin scare her godlike sons.
Echoes, the very leaving of a voice,
Grow babbling ghosts, and call us to our graves.
Each mole-hill thought swells to a huge Olympus,
While we, fantastic dreamers, heave and puff,
And sweat with an imagination's weight.
—Lee.

Feasting

The feast of reason and the flow of soul.—Pope.

The turnpike road to people's hearts, I find,
Lies through their mouths, or I mistake mankind. —Peter Pindar.

Their various cares in one great point combine
The business of their lives, that is—to dine.
—Young.

It is not the quantity of the meat, but the cheerfulness of the guests,

which makes the feast; at the feast of the Centaurs they ate with one hand, and had their drawn swords in the other; where there is no peace, there can be no feast.—Clarendon.

The latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feast,
Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest.
—Shakespeare.

Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale.
—Goldsmith.

But 'twas a public feast, and public day,
Quite full, right dull, guests hot, and dishes cold,
Great plenty, much formality, small cheer,
And everybody out of their own sphere.

Of all appeals,—although
I grant the power of pathos, and of gold,
Of beauty, flattery, threats, a shilling,—no
Methods more sure at moments to take hold,
Of the best feelings of mankind, which grow
More tender, as we every day behold,
Than that all-softening, overpow'ring knell,
The tocsin of the soul—the Dinner Bell.
—Byron.

Features

Features—the great soul's apparent seat.—Bryant.

Feeling

A fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind.—Garrick.

Feeling comes before reflection—Hugh R. Haweis.

I would help others, out of a fellow-feeling.—Burton.

The feelings, like flowers and butterflies, last longer the later they are delayed.—Richter.

Life is a comedy to him who thinks, and tragedy to him who feels.—Horace Walpole.

Though there is nothing more dangerous, yet there is nothing more ordinary, than for weak saints to make their sense and feeling the judge of their condition. We must strive to walk by faith.—Thomas Brooks.

Every human feeling is greater and larger than the exciting cause.—Coleridge.

Some feelings are to mortals given
with less of earth in them than heaven.—Sir Walter Scott.

A man deep wounded may feel too much pain to feel much anger.—George Eliot.

What unknown seas of feeling lie in man, and will from time to time break through!—Carlyle.

He best shall paint them who shall feel them most.—Pope.

Feeling in the young precedes philosophy, and often acts with a more certain aim.—Wm. Carleton.

But spite of all the criticising elves,
Those who would make us feel, must feel themselves.
—Churchill.

The head best leaves to the heart what the heart alone divines.—A. Bronson Alcott.

He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man.—Beattie.

The heart that is soonest awake to the flowers is always the first to be touched by the thorns.—Moore.

Fine feelings, without vigor of reason, are in the situation of the extreme feather of a peacock's tail—dragging in the mud.—Foster.

Our feelings were given us to excite to action, and when they end in themselves, they are impressed to no one good purpose that I know of.—Bishop Sandford.

Feelings come and go like light troops following the victory of the present; but principles, like troops of the line, are undisturbed, and stand fast.—Richter.

Some people carry their hearts in their heads; very many carry their heads in their hearts. The difficulty is to keep them apart, and yet both actively working together.—Anon.

My friends, does God invite you? If He does, why don't you accept the invitation? If you want to come, just come along, and don't be talking about feeling. Do you think Lazarus had any feeling when Christ called him out of the sepulchre?—D. L. Moody.

The soul of music slumbers in the shell,
Till wak'd and kindled by the master's spell,
And feeling hearts—touch them but lightly
—pour
A thousand melodies unheard before.
—Rogers.

Feeling is deep and still; and the word that
floats on the surface
Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where
the anchor is hidden. —Longfellow.

The wealth of rich feelings—the deep—the
pure;
With strength to meet sorrow, and faith to
endure. —Frances S. Osgood.

Tears never yet saved a soul. Hell is full of weepers weeping over lost opportunities, perhaps over the rejection of an offered Saviour. Your Bible does not say, "Weep, and be saved." It says, "Believe, and be saved." Faith is better than feeling.—T. L. Cuyler.

"Verily I say unto you, he that heareth My word and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life." My friend, that is worth more than all the feeling you can have in a lifetime.—D. L. Moody.

A word, a look, which at one time would make no impression, at another time wounds the heart; and like a shaft flying with the wind pierces deep, which, with its own natural force, would scarce have reached the object aimed at.—Sterne.

The heart of man is older than his head. The first-born is sensitive, but blind—his younger brother has a cold, but all-comprehensive glance. The blind must consent to be led by the clear-sighted if he would avoid falling. —Ziegler.

The last, best fruit which comes to perfection, even in the kindliest soul, is tenderness toward the hard, forbearance toward the unforbearing, warmth of heart toward the cold, philanthropy toward the misanthropic.—Richter.

It is far more easy not to feel, than always to feel rightly, and not to act, than always to act well. For he that is determined to admire only that which is beautiful imposes a much harder task upon himself than he that, being determined not to see that which is the contrary, effects it by simply shutting his eyes.—Colton.

Some feelings are quite untranslatable; no language has yet been found for them. They gleam upon us beautifully through the dim twilight of fancy, and yet when we bring them close to us, and hold them up to the light of reason, lose their beauty all at once, as glow worms which gleam with such a spiritual light in the shadows of evening, when brought in where the candles are lighted, are found to be only worms like so many others.—Longfellow.

Feelings are like chemicals — the more you analyze them the worse they smell. So it is best not to stir them up very much, only enough to convince one's self that they are offensively wrong, and then look away as far as possible, out of one's self, for a purifying power; and that we know can only come from Him who holds our hearts in His hands, and can turn us whither He will.—Charles Kingsley.

Felicity

True felicity consists of its own consciousness.—Rivarol.

Felicity is in possession, happiness in anticipation.—Racine.

True happiness resides in things not seen.—Young.

Since every man that lives is born to die, and none can boast sincere felicity, with equal minds what happens let us bear.—Dryden.

The world produces for every pint of honey a gallon of gall, for every dram of pleasure a pound of pain, for every

inch of mirth an ell of moan; and as the ivy twines around the oak, so does misery and misfortune encompass the happy man. Felicity, pure and unalloyed felicity, is not a plant of earthly growth; her gardens are the skies.—Robert Burton.

Festivity

Oh, leave the gay and festive scenes,
The halls of dazzling light.
—H. S. Vandyke.

Venice once was dear,
The pleasant place of all festivity,
The rival of the earth, the masque of Italy.
—Byron.

We keep the day. With festal cheer,
With books and music, surely we
Will drink to him, whate'er he be,
And sing the songs he loved to hear.
—Tennyson.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men. —Byron.

The music, and the banquet, and the wine—
The garlands, the rose odors, and the flowers,
The sparkling eyes, and flashing ornaments—
The white arms and the raven hair—the braids,
And bracelets; swan-like bosoms, and the necklace,
An India in itself, yet dazzling not.
—Byron.

Fickleness

Fickleness has always befriended the beautiful.—Propertius.

Change amuses the mind, but rarely profits.—Goethe.

Stand firm, don't flutter!—Franklin.

Frailty, thy name is woman!—Shakespeare.

Woman is a miracle of divine contradictions.—Michelet.

The irresolute man flecks from one egg to another, so hatches nothing.—Feltham.

Love is not love which alters where it alteration finds.—Shakespeare.

Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro as this multitude.—Shakespeare.

Men love little and often, women much and rarely.—Basta.

He wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat; it ever changes with the next block.—Shakespeare.

Ladies, like variegated tulips, show
'Tis to their changes half their charms we owe. —Pope.

There are three things a wise man will not trust—the wind, the sunshine of an April day, and woman's plighted faith.—Southey.

It will be found that they are the weakest winded and the hardest hearted men that most love change.—Ruskin.

There is in all of us an impediment to perfect happiness; namely, weariness of the things which we possess, and a desire for the things which we have not.—Mme. de Rieux.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea and one on shore;
To one thing constant never.
—Shakespeare.

He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he pleased he could whistle them back. —Goldsmith.

We are all of us, in this world, more or less like St. January, whom the inhabitants of Naples worship one day, and pelt with baked apples the next.—Mme. Swetchine.

Oh! the tender ties,
Close twisted with the fibres of the heart!
Which broken, break them, and drain off the soul
Of human joy, and make it pain to live.
—Young.

The hearts of all his people shall revolt from him, and kiss the lips of unacquainted change.—Shakespeare.

To be longing for this thing to-day and for that thing to-morrow; to

change likings for loathings, and to stand wishing and hankering at a venture—how is it possible for any man to be at rest in this fluctuant, wandering humor and opinion?—L'Estrange.

Papillia, wedded to her amorous spark,
Sighs for the shades—"How charming is a park?"
A park is purchas'd, but the fair he sees
All bath'd in tears—"O odious, odious trees!"
—Pope.

It carries too great an imputation of ignorance, lightness or folly for men to quit and renounce their former tenets presently upon the offer of an argument which they cannot immediately answer.—Locke.

It is plain there is not in nature a point of stability to be found; everything either ascends or declines; when wars are ended abroad, sedition begins at home; and when men are freed from fighting for necessity, they quarrel through ambition.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

A man so various that he seem'd to be.
Not one, but all mankind's epitome.
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong;
Was everything by starts, and nothing long;
But, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chymist, fiddler, statesman and buffoon.
—Dryden.

Who o'er the herd would wish to reign,
Fantastic, fickle, fierce, and vain?
Vain as the leaf upon the stream,
And fickle as a changeful dream;
Fantastic as a woman's mood,
And fierce as Frenzy's fever'd blood—
Thou many-headed monster thing,
Oh, who would wish to be thy king?
—Scott.

Fiction

Fiction is the microscope of truth.—Lamartine.

Truth, severe by fairy fiction drest.—Gray.

Parent of golden dreams—romance!—Byron.

The greater portion of our lives is thrown away in fiction; it is only in maturer years that we awake to the stern realities of life.—James Ellis.

Tales that have the rime of age.—Longfellow.

An old novel has a history of its own.—Alexander Smith.

Every novel is a debtor to Homer.—Emerson.

Novels are to love as fairy tales to dreams.—Coleridge.

Wondrous strong are the spells of fiction.—Longfellow.

I have often maintained that fiction may be much more instructive than real history.—John Foster.

Man is a poetical animal, and delights in fiction.—Hazlitt.

Truth and fiction are so aptly mixed that all seems uniform and of a piece.—Roscommon.

More strange than true, I never may believe
These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.
—Shakespeare.

Unbind the charms that in slight fables lie, and teach that truth is truest poesy.—Cowley.

No author ever drew a character consistent to human nature but what he was forced to ascribe it to many inconsistencies.—Bulwer-Lytton.

In employing fiction to make truth clear and goodness attractive, we are only following the example which every Christian ought to propose to himself.—Macaulay.

Those who relish the study of character may profit by the reading of good works of fiction, the product of well-established authors.—Whately.

Fiction may be said to be the caricature of history.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Who would with care some happy fiction frame, so mimics truth it looks the very same.—Granville.

Fiction is most powerful when it contains most truth; and there is little

truth we get so true as that which we find in fiction.—J. G. Holland.

If you would understand your own age, read the works of fiction produced in it. People in disguise speak freely. —Arthur Helps.

He cometh to you with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney-corner.—Sir P. Sidney.

When fiction rises pleasing to the eye,
Men will believe, because they love the lie;
But truth herself, if clouded with a frown,
Must have some solemn proof to pass her down. —Churchill.

Fiction is no longer a mere amusement; but transcendent genius, accommodating itself to the character of the age, has seized upon this province of literature, and turned fiction from a toy into a mighty engine.—Channing.

Fiction is of the essence of poetry as well as of painting; there is a resemblance in one of human bodies, things, and actions which are not real, and in the other of a true story by fiction.—Dryden.

Every fiction since Homer has taught friendship, patriotism, generosity, contempt of death. These are the highest virtues; and the fictions which taught them were therefore of the highest, though not of unmixed, utility. —Sir J. Mackintosh.

Addison acknowledged that he would rather inform than divert his reader; but he recollected that a man must be familiar with wisdom before he willingly enters on Seneca and Epictetus. Fiction allures him to the severe task by a gayer preface. Embellished truths are the illuminated alphabet of larger children.—Willmott.

The most influential books, and the truest in their influence, are works of fiction. * * * They repeat, they re-arrange, they clarify the lessons of life; they disengage us from ourselves, they constrain us to the acquaintance of others; and they show us the web of experience, but with a singular change—that monstrous, consuming ego of ours being, nonce, struck out.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Fidelity

Fidelity is the sister of justice.—Horace.

To God, thy country, and thy friend be true.—Vaughan.

Faithful found among the faithless. —Milton.

The root of all steadfastness is in consecration to God.—Alexander Maclaren.

Trust reposed in noble natures obliges them the more.—Dryden.

With strength to meet sorrow, and faith to endure.—Mrs. Osgood.

Prosperity asks for fidelity; adversity exacts it.—Seneca.

Ever keep thy promise, cost what it may; this it is to be "true as steel."—Charles Reade.

She is as constant as the stars
That never vary, and more chaste than they.
—Proctor.

The fidelity of barbarians depends on fortune.—Livy.

Through perils both of wind and limb,
Through thick and thin she follow'd him.
—Butler.

Flesh of flesh,
Bone of my bone, thou art, and from thy state
Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe.
—Milton.

True as the needle to the pole,
Or as the dial to the sun.
—Barton Booth.

But faithfulness can feed on suffering,
And knows no disappointment.
—George Eliot.

Fidelity bought with money is overcome by money.—Seneca.

No man can mortgage his injustice as a pawn for his fidelity.—Burke.

It is more difficult for a man to be faithful to his mistress when he is favored than when he is ill-treated by her.—Rochefoucauld.

Master, go on, and I will follow thee
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.
—Shakespeare.

Years have not seen, Time shall not see
The hour that tears my soul from thee.
—Byron.

Unkindness may do much;
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. —Shakespeare.

To be true to each other, let 'appen what maäy
Till the end o' the daäy
An the last loäd hoäm.—Tennyson.

Then come the wild weather, come sleet or come snow,
We will stand by each other, however it blow.
—Simon Dach.

I am constant as the Northern Star, of whose true-fixed and resting quality there is no fellow in the firmament. —Shakespeare.

His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth. —Shakespeare.

Full many a miserable year hath past—
She knows him as one dead, or worse than dead,
And many a change her varied life hath known,
But her heart none. —Maturin.

Confirm'd then I resolve,
Adam shall share with me in bliss or woe:
So dear I love him, that with him all deaths
I could endure, without him live no life.
—Milton.

Nothing is more noble, nothing more venerable than fidelity. Faithfulness and truth are the most sacred excellences and endowments of the human mind.—Cicero.

Let it be ours to be self-reliant amidst hosts of the vacillating—real in a generation of trifiers—true amongst a multitude of shams; when tempted to swerve from principle, sturdy as an oak in its maintenance; when solicited by the enticement of sinners, firm as a rock in our denial.—Wm. M. Punshon.

Within her heart was his image,
Cloth'd in the beauty of love and youth, as last she beheld him,
Only more beautiful made by his death-like silence and absence. —Longfellow.

For me—I have no lingering wish to rove;
For though I worship all things fair and free,
Of outward grace, of soul nobility,
Happier than thou, I find them all in one,
And I would worship at thy shrine alone.
—Miss Lynch.

He who is faithful over a few things is a lord of cities. It does not matter whether you preach in Westminster Abbey or teach a ragged class, so you be faithful. The faithfulness is all.—George MacDonald.

Be but faithful, that is all;
Go right on, and close behind thee
There shall follow still and find thee
Help, sure help.
—Arthur Hugh Clough.

No grace is more necessary to the Christian worker than fidelity; the humble grace that marches on in sunshine and storm, when no banners are waving, and there is no music to cheer the weary feet.—S. J. Nicholls.

Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer!
Tho' the herd hath fled from thee, thy home is still here;
Here is still the smile that no cloud can o'ercast,
And the heart and the hand all thy own to the Last! —Moore.

Where is honor,
Innate and precept-strengthen'd, 'tis the rock
Of faith connubial: where it is not—where
Light thoughts are lurking, or the vanities
Of worldly pleasure rankle in the heart,
Or sensual throbs convulse it. —Byron.

Oh! it irradiates all our days with lofty beauty, and it makes them all hallowed and divine, when we feel that not the apparent greatness, not the prominence nor noise with which it is done, nor the external consequences which flow from it, but the motive

from which it flowed, determines the worth of our deed in God's eyes. Faithfulness is faithfulness, on whatsoever scale it be set forth.—Alexander Maclaren.

It goes a great way towards making a man faithful to let him understand that you think him so, and he that does but so much as suspect that I will deceive him gives me a sort of right to cozen him.—Seneca.

He who, being bold
For life to come, is false to the past sweet
Of mortal life, hath killed the world above.
For why to live again if not to meet?
And why to meet if not to meet in love?
And why in love if not in that dear love
of old? —Sydney Dobell.

Yes!—still I love thee: Time, who sets
His signet on my brow,
And dims my sunken eye, forgets,
The heart he could not bow;—
Where love, that cannot perish, grows
For one, Alas! that little knows
How love may sometimes last;
Like sunshine wasting in the skies
When clouds are overcast.
—Rufus Dawes.

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so foldly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy-gifts fading away!
Thou would'st still be ador'd, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And, around the dear ruin, each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still!
—Moore.

I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other,
Remove your thought; it doth abuse your bosom.
If any wretch hath put this in your head,
Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!
For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There's no man happy: the purest of their wives
Is foul as slander. —Shakespeare.

There is a third silent party to all our bargains. The nature and soul of things takes on itself the guaranty of the fulfillment of every contract, so that honest service cannot come to loss. If you serve an ungrateful master, serve him the more. Put God in your debt. Every stroke shall be repaid. The longer the payment is withholden, the better for you; for compound interest on compound interest is the rate and usage of this exchequer.—Emerson.

Pure as the snow the summer sun—
Never at noon hath look'd upon—
Deep, as is the diamond wave,
Hidden in the desert cave—
Changeless, as the greenest leaves
Of the wreath the cypress weaves—
Hopeless, often, when most fond—
Without hope or fear beyond
Its own pale fidelity—
And this woman's love can be.
—Miss Landon.

Chain me with roaring bears;
Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'er-covered quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks and yellow chapless skulls;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;
Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble;
And I will do it without Fear or Doubt,
To live an unstain'd Wife of my sweet Love. —Shakespeare.

They said her cheek of youth was beautiful
Till withering sorrow blanch'd the bright rose there;
But grief did lay his icy finger on it,
And chill'd it to a cold and joyless statue.
Methought she caroll'd blithely in her youth,
As the couched nestling trills his vesper lay;
But song and smile, beauty and melody,
And youth and happiness are gone from her,
Perchance—even as she is—he would not scorn her,
If he could know her—for, for him she's chang'd,
She is much alter'd—but her heart—her heart! —Maturin.

Give us a man, young or old, high or low, on whom we know we can thoroughly depend, who will stand firm when others fail; the friend faithful and true, the adviser honest and fearless, the adversary just and chivalrous—in such a one there is a fragment of the Rock of Ages.—Dean Stanley.

Fighting

Fight the good fight.—Bible.

I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hacked.—Shakespeare.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
—Campbell.

Those who in quarrels interpose,
Must often wipe a bloody nose.
—Gay.

For those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain.
—Butler.

He who fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day;
But he who is in battle slain
Can never rise and fight again.
—Goldsmith.

Fiend

Satan—the impersonation of that mixture of the bestial, the malignant, the impious, and the hopeless, which constitute the fiend—the enemy of all that is human and divine.—Mrs. Jameson.

Finis

My pen is at the bottom of a page,
Which being finished, here the story ends;
'Tis to be wish'd it had been sooner done,
But stories somehow lengthen when begun.
—Byron.

Finesse

Sure never to o'ershoot, but just to hit.—Pope.

Finesse is the best adaptation of means to circumstances.—Macaulay.

Grant graciously what you cannot refuse safely, and conciliate those you cannot conquer.—Colton.

The moment one begins to solder right and wrong together, one's conscience becomes like a piece of plated goods.—Mrs. Jameson.

A man who knows the world will not only make the most of everything he does know, but of many things he does not know, and will gain more credit by his adroit mode of hiding his ignorance than the pedant by his awkward attempt to exhibit his erudition.—Colton.

"There is no difficulty," says the steward of Molière's miser, "in giving a fine dinner with plenty of money; the really great cook is he who can set out a banquet with no money at all." Macaulay.

Fire

From small fires comes oft no small mishap.—George Herbert.

From little spark may burst a mighty flame.—Dante.

Fire that's closest kept burns most of all.—Shakespeare.

A spark neglected makes a mighty fire.—Herrick.

The most tangible of all visible mysteries—fire.—Leigh Hunt.

Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth.—Bible.

The fire i' the flint
Shows not till it be struck.
—Shakespeare.

A little fire is quickly trodden out;
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.
—Shakespeare.

And where two raging fires meet together
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury.
—Shakespeare.

Your own property is concerned when your neighbor's house is on fire. —Horace.

What is more useful than fire? Yet if any one prepares to burn a house, it is with fire that he arms his daring hands.—Ovid.

Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, play the man! We shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out. —Latimer.

Firmness

Stubbornness is not firmness.—Schiller.

Stand firm and immovable as an anvil when it is beaten upon.—St. Ignatius.

It is only dislocated minds whose movements are spasmodic.—Willmott.

It is firmness that makes the gods on our side.—Voltaire.

The greatest firmness is the greatest mercy.—Longfellow.

Firmness is great; persistency is greater.—Ninon de Lenclos.

I am here, here I remain.—Marshal MacMahon.

When firmness is sufficient, rashness is unnecessary.—Napoleon.

He who is firm in will molds the world to himself.—Goethe.

That which is called firmness in a king is called obstinacy in a donkey.—Lord Erskine.

You will hardly conquer; but conquer you must.—Ovid.

Be steadfast as a tower, that doth not bend its stately summit to the tempest's shock.—Dante.

I know no real worth but that tranquil firmness which seeks dangers by duty, and braves them without rashness.—Stanislaus.

Cowards are scared with threatenings; boys are whipped into confession; but a steady mind acts of itself, ne'er asks the body counsel.—Otway.

There is a natural firmness in some minds, which cannot be unlocked by trifles, but which, when unlocked, discovers a cabinet of fortitude.—Thomas Paine.

Firmness of purpose is one of the most necessary sinews of character and one of the best instruments of success. Without it, genius wastes its efforts in a maze of inconsistencies.—Chesterfield.

Rely on principles; walk erect and free, not trusting to bulk of body, like a wrestler, for one should not be unconquerable in the sense that an ass is. Who then is unconquerable? He whom the inevitable cannot overcome. —Epictetus.

That profound firmness which enables a man to regard difficulties but as evils to be surmounted, no matter what shape they may assume.—Colton.

Firmness, both in sufferance and exertion, is a character which I would wish to possess. I have always despised the whining yelp of complaint, and the cowardly, feeble resolve.—Burns.

The aged oak upon the steep stands more firm and secure if assailed by angry winds; for if the winter bares its head, the more strongly it strikes its roots into the ground, acquiring strength as it loses beauty.—Metastasio.

It is only persons of firmness that can have real gentleness; those who appear gentle are in general only of a weak character, which easily changes into asperity.—Rochefoucauld.

I said to Sorrow's awful storm,
That beat against my breast,
Rage on—thou may'st destroy this form,
And lay it low at rest;
But still the spirit that now brooks
Thy tempest raging high,
Undaunted on its fury looks
With steadfast eye. —Mrs. Stoddard.

Fish

It is unseasonable and unwholesome in all months that have not an R in their names to eat an oyster.—Butler.

Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

Why, as men do a-land: the great ones eat up the little ones.—Pericles.

Our plenteous streams a various race supply,
The bright-eye perch with fins of Tyrian dye.
The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd,
The yellow carp, in scales bedropp'd with gold,
Swift trouts, diversified with crimson stains,
And pikes, the tyrants of the wat'ry plains.
—Pope.

They say fish should swim thrice * * * first it should swim in the sea (do you mind me?), then it should

swim in butter, and at last, sirrah, it should swim in good claret.—Swift.

"Will you walk a little faster?" said a whiting to a snail,
"There's a porpoise close behind us, and he's treading on my tail!
See how eagerly the lobsters and the turtles all advance:
They are waiting on the shingle—will you come and join the dance?"
—Lewis Carroll.

O scaly, slippery, wet, swift, staring wights,
What is 't ye do? what life lead? eh, dull goggles?
How do ye vary your vile days and nights?
How pass your Sundays? Are ye still but joggles
In ceaseless wash? Still nought but gapes and bites,
And drinks, and stares, diversified with boggles. —Leigh Hunt.

Fitness

When James and John asked Jesus for the best places in His kingdom, they were told in His gentle, gracious way that the main point was not wanting the best places, but being worth them. It is a question of preparation —"For whom they are prepared" is only another way of saying for those who are prepared. We are so used to favoritism in public life that we turn every way for enough influence to get ourselves appointed. But perfect governments are officered, not by official favorites, but by qualified men. "God is no respecter of persons." He does not look twice at a man's petition and signatures. It is wholly a question of personal fitness. Let us put the emphasis of our life, then, in the right place. It is not wanting something, but being worth something. God has plenty of time in which to make discoveries, but we have none too much time in which to become worth discovering. We should care, not so much about being recognized as about being worth recognition. The real values of life are spiritual and eternal, and the fit man will some day succeed the favorite.—Maltbie Babcock.

Flag

The flag of our union forever!—George P. Morris.

A star for every state, and a state for every star.—Robert C. Winthrop.

The meteor flag of England.—Campbell.

This token serveth for a flag of truce
Betwixt ourselves and all our followers.
—Shakespeare.

Under spread ensigns moving nigh, in slow
But firm battalion. —Milton.

When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air.
—Joseph Rodman Drake.

If any one attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot.—John A. Dix.

Bastard Freedom waves
Her fustian flag in mockery over slaves.
—Moore.

Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurl'd
Th' imperial ensign, which full high advanc'd
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind.
—Milton.

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky.
—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Let it rise! let it rise, till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and the parting day linger and play on its summit.—Daniel Webster.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angel hands to valor given,
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
—Joseph Rodman Drake.

Ye mariners of England!
That guard our native seas;
Whose flag has braved a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze.—Campbell.

Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the God of storms,
The lightning and the gale.
—O. W. Holmes.

"A song for our banner?"—The watchword recall
Which gave the republic her station;
"United we stand—divided we fall!"
It made and preserves us a nation!
—George P. Morris.

Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust!"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave. —F. S. Key.

Fling out, fling out, with cheer and shout,
To all the winds Our Country's Banner!
Be every bar, and every star,
Displayed in full and glorious manner!
Blow, zephyrs, blow, keep the dear ensign flying!
Blow, zephyrs, sweetly mournful, sighing, sighing, sighing! —Abraham Coles.

Banner of England, not for a season,
O banner of Britain, has thou
Floated in conquering battle or flapt to the battle-cry!
Never with mightier glory than when we had rear'd thee on high,
Flying at top of the roofs in the ghastly siege of Lucknow—
Shot thro' the staff or the halyard, but ever we raised thee anew,
And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew. —Tennyson.

Flattery

All-potent flattery, universal lord!—Pope.

Flatterers are the worst kind of enemies.—Tacitus.

Flatterers are the bosom enemies of princes.—South.

Oh, flatter me; for love delights in praises.—Shakespeare.

Knavery and flattery are blood relations.—Abraham Lincoln.

Flattery is the handmaid of the vices.—Cicero.

Self-love is the greatest of flatterers. —La Rochefoucauld.

Flattery, the dangerous nurse of vice.—Daniel.

No man flatters the woman he truly loves.—Tuckerman.

He that is much flattered soon learns to flatter himself.—Johnson.

Parent of wicked, bane of honest deeds.—Prior.

The lie that flatters I abhor the most.—Cowper.

A flatterer is the shadow of a fool. —Sir Thomas Overbury.

Imitation is the sincerest of flattery. —Colton.

It is easy to flatter; it is harder to praise.—Richter.

If you mean to profit, learn to praise.—Churchill.

See how they beg an alms of flattery!—Young.

Lay not that flattering unction to your soul.—Shakespeare.

Just praise is only a debt, but flattery is a present.—Johnson.

Flattery labors under the odious charge of servility.—Tacitus.

Nothing is so great an instance of ill-manners as flattery.—Swift.

The most subtle flattery that a woman can receive is by actions, not by words.—Mme. Necker.

Those are generally good at flattering who are good for nothing else.—South.

When flatterers meet the devil goes to dinner.—De Foe.

Of all wild beasts preserve me from a tyrant;
Of all tame—a flatterer. —Johnson.

Flattery corrupts both the receiver and the giver; and adulation is not of more service to the people than to kings.—Burke.

The firmest purpose of a woman's heart to well-timed, artful flattery may yield.—Lillo.

He that loves to be flattered is worthy o' the flatterer.—Shakespeare.

Meddle not with him that flattereth with his lips.—Bible.

Flattery is like a painted armor; only for show.—Socrates.

The most dangerous of all flattery is the inferiority of those about us.—Mme. Swetchine.

A man who flatters a woman hopes either to find her a fool or to make her one.—Richardson.

People flatter us because they can depend upon our credulity.—Tacitus.

But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does, being then most flattered.
—Shakespeare.

No visor does become black villainy so well as soft and tender flattery.—Shakespeare.

A man finds no sweeter voice in all the world than that which chants his praise.—Fontenelle.

O that men's ears should be to counsel deaf, but not to flattery!—Shakespeare.

Gallantry of mind consists in saying flattering things in an agreeable manner.—La Rochefoucauld.

Sirs, adulation is a fatal thing—
Rank poison for a subject, or a king.
—Dr. Wolcot.

Men are like stone jugs—you may lug them where you like by the ears.—Johnson.

When the world frowns, we can face it; but let it smile, and we are undone.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Flattery is a sort of bad money, to which our vanity gives currency.—La Rochefoucauld.

A fool flatters himself, a wise man flatters the fool.—Bulwer-Lytton.

If we would not flatter ourselves, the flattery of others could not harm us.—Rochefoucauld.

Not kings alone—the people, too, have their flatterers.—Mirabeau.

The most skillful flattery is to let a person talk on, and be a listener.—Addison.

Alas! the praise given to the ear
Ne'er was nor ne'er can be sincere.
—Miss Landon.

If any man flatters me, I'll flatter him again, though he were my best friend.—Franklin.

Flattery, which was formerly a vice, is now grown into a custom.—Publius Syrus.

Flattery is like base coin; it impoverishes him who receives it.—Madame Voillez.

There is no flattery so adroit or effectual as that of implicit assent.—Hazlitt.

This barren verbiage current among men,
Light coin, the tinsel clink of compliment.
—Tennyson.

Who flatters is of all mankind the lowest,
Save he who courts the flattery.
—Hannah More.

He does me double wrong, that wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.—Shakespeare.

If we never flattered ourselves we should have but scant pleasure.—La Rochefoucauld.

It is better to fall among crows than flatterers; for those devour the dead only, these the living.—Antisthenes.

The flatterer easily insinuates himself into the closet, while honest merit stands shivering in the hall or antechamber.—Jane Porter.

You play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me.
—Shakespeare.

Applause is of too coarse a nature to be swallowed in the gross, though the extract or tincture be ever so agreeable.—Shenstone.

Flatterers are but the shadows of princes' bodies; the least thick cloud makes them invisible.—John Webster.

Though flattery blossoms like friendship, yet there is a vast difference in the fruit.—Socrates.

O flatt'ry!
How soon thy smooth insinuating oil
Supples the toughest fool! —Fenton.

We sometimes think we hate flattery, when we only hate the manner in which we have been flattered.—Rochefoucauld.

Flattery is no more than what raises in a man's mind an idea of a preference which he has not.—Burke.

There is nothing which so poisons princes as flattery, nor anything whereby wicked men more easily obtain credit and favor with them.—Montaigne.

It hath been well said that the archflatterer, with whom all the petty flatterers have intelligence, is a man's self.—Bacon.

People generally despise where they flatter, and cringe to those they would gladly overtop; so that truth and ceremoney are two things.—Marcus Antonius.

Give me flattery—flattery, the food of courts, that I may rock him, and lull him in the down of his desires.—Beaumont.

The love of flattery in most men proceeds from the mean opinion they have of themselves; in women, from the contrary.—Swift.

Among all the diseases of the mind, there is not one more epidemical or more pernicious than the love of flattery.—Steele.

The rich man despises those who flatter him too much, and hates those who do not flatter him at all.—Talleyrand.

The art of flatterers is to take advantage of the foibles of the great, to foster their errors, and never to give advice which may annoy.—Molière.

Flattery is often a traffic of mutual meanness, where although both parties intend deception, neither are deceived. —Colton.

Beware of flattery, 'tis a weed
Which oft offends the very idol—vice,.
Whose shrine it would perfume.
—Fenton.

There is not one of us that would not be worse than kings, if so continually corrupted as they are with a sort of vermin called flatterers.—Montaigne.

No flattery, boy! an honest man cannot live by it; it is a little, sneaking art, which knaves use to cajole and soften fools withal.—Otway.

Very ugly or very beautiful women should be flattered on their understanding, and mediocre ones on their beauty. —Chesterfield.

His nature is too noble for the world; he would not flatter Neptune for his trident, or Jove for his power to thunder.—Shakespeare.

Because all men are apt to flatter themselves, to entertain the addition of other men's praises is most perilous. —Sir Walter Raleigh.

Commend a fool for his wit and a knave for his honesty, and they will receive you into their bosoms.—Fielding.

It is possible to be below flattery as well as above it. One who trusts nobody will not trust sycophants. One who does not value real glory will not value its counterfeit.—Macaulay.

We must define flattery and praise; they are distinct. Trajan was encouraged to virtue by the panegyric of Pliny; Tiberius became obstinate in vice from the flattery of his senators. —Louis the Sixteenth.

If you had told Sycorax that her son Caliban was as handsome as Apollo, she would have been pleased, witch as she was.—Thackeray.

Some indeed there are, who profess to despise all flattery, but even these are, nevertheless, to be flattered, by being told that they do despise it.—Colton.

Ah! when the means are gone, that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made. —Shakespeare.

If you tell a woman she is beautiful, whisper it softly, for if the devil hears, he will echo it many times.—F. A. Durivage.

Women swallow at one mouthful the lie that flatters, and drink drop by drop the truth that is bitter.—Diderot.

Flatterers of every age resemble those African tribes of which the credulous Pliny speaks, who made men, animals, and even plants perish, while fascinating them with praises.—Richter.

Adroit observers will find that some who affect to dislike flattery may yet be flattered, indirectly by a well-seasoned abuse and ridicule of their rivals.—Colton.

Flattery is an ensnaring quality, and leaves a very dangerous impression. It swells a man's imagination, entertains his vanity, and drives him to a doting upon his own person.—Jeremy Collier.

There is no detraction worse than to overpraise a man, for if his worth proves short of what report doth speak of him, his own actions are ever giving the lie to his honor.—Feltham.

Flattery pleases very generally. In the first place, the flatterer may think what he says to be true, but, in the second place, whether he thinks so or not, he certainly thinks those whom he flatters of consequence enough to be flattered.—Johnson.

An ingenuous mind feels in unmerited praise the bitterest reproof. If you reject it, you are unhappy; if you accept it, you are undone.—Landor.

At the throng'd levee bends the venal tribe:
With fair but faithless smiles each varnish'd o'er,
Each smooth as those that mutually deceive. —Thomson.

I would give worlds, could I believe
One-half that is profess'd me;
Affection! could I think it Thee,
When Flattery has caress'd me.
—Miss Landon.

Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame;
Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
Who pepper'd the highest was surest to please. —Goldsmith.

For praise too dearly lov'd, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought;
And the weak soul within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
—Goldsmith.

Should the poor be flattered? No; let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp, and crook the pregnant hinges of the knee where thrift may follow fawning.—Shakespeare.

'Tis an old maxim in the schools,
That flattery's the food of fools,
Yet now and then you men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit.
—Swift.

Of folly, vice, disease, men proud we see,
And (stranger still!) of blockhead's flattery,
Whose praise defames; as if a fool should mean,
By spitting on your face, to make it clean.
—Young.

Fine speeches are the instruments of fools or knaves, who use them when they want good sense; but honesty needs no disguise or ornament.—Otway.

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* * * for ne'er
Was flattery lost on Poet's ear:
A simple race! they waste their toil
For the vain tribute of a smile.—Scott.

The mischief of flattery is, not that it persuades any man that he is what he is not, but that it suppresses the influence of honest ambition by raising an opinion that honor may be gained without the toil of merit.—Johnson.

There is no tongue that flatters like a lover's; and yet, in the exaggeration of his feelings, flattery seems to him commonplace. Strange and prodigal exuberance, which soon exhausts itself by flowing!—Bulwer-Lytton.

First we flatter ourselves; and then the flattery of others is sure of success. It awakens our self-love within—a party who is ever ready to revolt from our better judgment, and join the enemy without.—Steele.

Christian! thou knowest thou carriest gunpowder about thee. Desire them that carry fire to keep at a distance. It is a dangerous crisis when a proud heart meets with flattering lips.—Flavel.

Take care how you listen to the voice of the flatterer, who, in return for his little stock, expects to derive from you considerable advantage. If one day you do not comply with his wishes, he imputes to you two hundred defects instead of perfections.—Saadi.

Let the passion of flattery be ever so inordinate, the supply can keep pace with the demand, and in the world's great market, in which wit and folly drive their bargains with each other, there are traders of all sorts.—Cumberland.

Flattery, though a base coin, is the necessary pocket money at court; where, by custom and consent, it has obtained such a currency that it is no longer a fraudulent, but a legal payment.—Chesterfield.

Flatterers are the worst kind of traitors, for they will strengthen thy imperfections, encourage thee in all evils, correct thee in nothing, but so shadow and paint thy follies and vices as thou shalt never, by their will, discover good from evil, or vice from virtue.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

A flatterer is said to be a beast that biteth smiling. But it is hard to know them from friends, they are so obsequious and full of protestations; for as a wolf resembles a dog, so doth a flatterer a friend.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

Praise not people to their faces, to the end that they may pay thee in the same coin. This is so thin a cobweb that it may with little difficulty be seen through; it is rarely strong enough to catch flies of any considerable magnitude.—Fuller.

Know thyself, thy evil as thy good, and flattery shall not harm thee; yea, her speech shall be a warning, a humbling, and a guide. For wherein thou lackest most, there chiefly will the sycophant commend thee.—Tupper.

By God, I cannot flatter: I do defy
The tongues of soothers; but a braver place
In my heart's love, hath no man than yourself;
Nay, task me to my word; approve me, lord.
—Shakespeare.

Delicious essence! how refreshing art thou to nature! how strongly are all its powers and all its weaknesses on thy side! how sweetly dost thou mix with the blood, and help it through the most difficult and tortuous passages to the heart!—Sterne.

It requires but little acquaintance with the heart to know that woman's first wish is to be handsome; and that, consequently, the readiest method of obtaining her kindness is to praise her beauty.—Johnson.

Blinded as they are to their true character by self-love, every man is his own first and chiefest flatterer, prepared, therefore, to welcome the flatterer from the outside, who only comes confirming the verdict of the flatterer within.—Plutarch.

Nature has hardly formed a woman ugly enough to be insensible to flattery upon her person: if her face is so shocking that she must in some degree be conscious of it, her figure and her air, she trusts, make ample amends for it.—Chesterfield.

To be flattered is grateful, even when we know that our praises are not believed by those who pronounce them; for they prove at least our power, and show that our favor is valued, since it is purchased by the meanness of falsehood.—Johnson.

Parent of wicked, bane of honest deeds,
Pernicious flattery! thy malignant seeds,
In an ill hour, and by a fatal hand,
Sadly diffus'd o'er virtue's gleby land,
With rising pride amidst the corn appear,
And choke the hopes and harvest of the year. —Prior.

It is scarcely credible to what degree discernment may be dazzled by the mist of pride, and wisdom infatuated by the intoxication of flattery; or how low the genius may descend by successive gradations of servility, and how swiftly it may fall down the precipice of falsehood.—Johnson.

Allow no man to be so free with you as to praise you to your face. Your vanity by this means will want its food. At the same time your passion for esteem will be more fully gratified; men will praise you in their actions; where you now receive one compliment, you will then receive twenty civilities.—Steele.

We must be careful how we flatter fools too little, or wise men too much; for the flatterer must act the very reverse of the physician, and administer the strongest dose only to the weakest patient.—Colton.

Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;
For, "get you gone," she doth not mean, "away."
Flatter and praise, commend, extol their graces;
Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.
—Shakespeare.

We must suit the flattery to the mind and taste of the recipient. We do not put essences into hogsheads, nor porter into phials. Delicate minds may be disgusted by compliments that would please a grosser intellect; as some fine ladies who would be shocked at the idea of a dram will not refuse a liqueur.—Colton.

In order that all men may be taught to speak truth, it is necessary that all likewise should learn to hear it; for no species of falsehood is more frequent than flattery, to which the coward is betrayed by fear, the dependent by interest, and the friend by tenderness. Those who are neither servile nor timorous are yet desirous to bestow pleasure; and while unjust demands of praise continue to be made, there will always be some whom hope, fear, or kindness will dispose to pay them.—Johnson.

Flirting

Flirtation is the tomb of virtue.—Mme. Roland.

Who is it can read a woman?—Shakespeare.

Alas, the transports beauty can inspire!—Bovee.

One expresses well only the love he does not feel.—Alphonse Karr.

It is the same in love as in war; a fortress that parleys is half taken.—Marguerite de Valois.

Cupid makes it his sport to pull the warrior's plum.—Sir P. Sidney.

Flirtation is a circulating library, in which we seldom ask twice for the same volume.—N. P. Willis.

Do you know a young and beautiful woman who is not ready to flirt—just a little?—J. Petit-Senn.

There are women who fly their falcons at any game, little birds and all. —George MacDonald.

As the excitement of the game increases, prudence is sure to diminish. —Bulwer-Lytton.

That soul-subduing sentiment, harshly called flirtation, which is the spell of a country house.—Beaconsfield.

Flirtation and coquetry are so nearly allied as to be identical; both are the art of successful and pleasing deception.—Mme. Louise Colet.

Admiration is natural; and it has been said there are many lovable women, but no perfect ones.—Laténa

Novelty is to love like bloom to fruit; it gives a luster which is easily effaced, but never returns.—Rochefoucauld.

There are few young women in existence who have not the power of fascinating, if they choose to exert it. —Beaconsfield.

From a grave thinking mouser she was grown
The gayest flirt that coach'd it round the town. —Pitt.

There are some women who are flirts upon principle; they consider it their duty to make themselves as pleasing as possible to every one.—Rivarol.

How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away!
But, while ye thus tease me together,
To neither a word will I say. —Gay.

Never wedding, ever wooing,
Still a love-lorn heart pursuing,
Read you not the wrong you're doing,
In my cheek's pale hue?
All my life with sorrow strewing,
Wed, or cease to woo. —Campbell.

I assisted at the birth of that most significant word flirtation, which dropped from the most beautiful mouth in the world, and which has since received the sanction of our most accurate laureate in one of his comedies.—Chesterfield.

Flowers

The bright consummate flower.—Milton.

Flowers are love's truest language. —Park Benjamin.

Prophets of fragrance, beauty, joy, and song.—Ebenezer Elliott.

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower. —Burns.

Flowers preach to us if we will hear.—Christina G. Rossetti.

How like they are to human things! —Longfellow.

Ye pretty daughters of the earth and sun.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

The amen! of nature is always a flower.—Holmes.

They speak of hope to the fainting heart.—Mrs. Hemans.

Where flowers degenerate man cannot live.—Napoleon.

The flower of sweetest smell is shy and lowly.—Wordsworth.

Flowers are like the pleasures of the world.—Shakespeare.

That queen of secrecy, the violet.—Keats.

These stars of earth, these golden flowers.—Longfellow.

There spring the wild-flowers—fair as can be.—Eliza Cook.

The flowers are gone when the fruits appear to ripen.—Pope.

Flora peering in April's front.—Shakespeare.

A snow of blossoms, and a wild of flowers.—Tickell.

Hope's gentle gem, the sweet forget-me-not.—Coleridge.

Beautiful objects of the wild-bee's love.—Nicoll.

Sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste.—Shakespeare.

The moss-clad violet, fragrant and concealed like hidden charity.—J. F. Hollings.

The plants look up to heaven, from whence they have their nourishment.—Shakespeare.

Flowers are sent to do God's work in unrevealed paths, and to diffuse influence by channels that we hardly suspect.—Henry Ward Beecher.

There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; * * * and there is pansies, that's for thoughts.—Shakespeare.

Flowers are the sweetest things that God ever made and forgot to put a soul into.—Beecher.

But the rose leaves herself upon the brier
For winds to kiss and grateful bees to feed.
—Keats.

The daisy is fair, the day-lily rare,
The bud o' the rose as sweet as it's bonnie.
—Hogg.

Roses, and pinks, and violets, to adorn
The shrine of Flora in her early May.
—Keats.

Flowers are words
Which even a babe may understand.
—Bishop Coxe.

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.
—Wordsworth.

Hope smiled when your nativity was cast,
Children of Summer! —Wordsworth.

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen, and waste its sweetness on the desert air.—Gray.

Look how the blue-eyed violets glance love to one another!—T. B. Read.

Ye living flowers, that skirt the eternal frost!—Coleridge.

The milk-white lilies that lean from the fragrant hedge.—Alice Cary.

Fade, flowers, fade! Nature will have it so; 'tis but what we in our autumn do.—Waller.

With fragrant breath the lilies woo me now, and softly speaks the sweet-voiced mignonette.—Julia C. R. Dorr.

The sweet forget-me-nots that grow for happy lovers.—Tennyson.

The daisies' eyes are a-twinkle with happy tears of dew.—Fitz-Hugh Ludlow.

Sweet flowers alone can say what passion fears revealing.—Moore.

Flowers, leaves, fruit, are the air-woven children of light.—Moleschott.

Foster the beautiful, and every hour thou callest new flowers to birth.—Schiller.

The buttercups across the field made sunshine rifts of splendor.—Miss Mulock.

And the spring arose on the garden fair like the spirit of Love felt everywhere.—Shelley.

Like saintly vestals, pale in prayer, their pure breath sanctifies the air.—Julia C. R. Dorr.

Flowers may beckon towards us, but they speak toward heaven and God.—Henry Ward Beecher.

The opening and the folding flowers, that laugh to the summer's day.—Mrs. Hemans.

He who does not love flowers has lost all love and fear of God.—Ludwig Tieck.

These children of the meadows, born
Of sunshine and of showers!
—Whittier.

Flowers spring up unsown and die ungathered.—Bryant.

Floral apostles! that in dewy splendor weep without woe, and blush without a crime.—Horace Smith.

I always think the flowers can see us, and know what we are thinking about.—George Eliot.

The gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds.
—William Cullen Bryant.

Emblems of our own great resurrection, emblems of the bright and better land.—Longfellow.

In eastern lands they talk in flowers, and they tell in a garland their loves and cares.—Percival.

Lovely flowers are smiles of God's goodness.—Wilberforce.

I do love violets: they tell the history of woman's love.—L. E. Landon

Happy are they who can create a rose tree or erect a honeysuckle.—Gray.

How the universal heart of man blesses flowers! They are wreathed round the cradle, the marriage altar, and the tomb.—Mrs. L. M. Child.

The snowdrop and primrose our woodlands adorn,
And violets bathe in the wet o' the morn.
—Burns.

The breath of flowers is far sweeter in the air (where it comes and goes like the warbling of music) than in the hand.—Bacon.

It is with flowers as with moral qualities; the bright are sometimes poisonous; but, I believe, never the sweet.—Hare.

Who that has loved knows not the tender tale which flowers reveal, when lips are coy to tell?—Bulwer-Lytton.

E'en the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom, and trodden weeds send out a rich perfume.—Addison.

Flowers are the beautiful hieroglyphics of nature, with which she indicates how much she loves us.—Goethe.

If thou wouldest attain to thy highest, go look upon a flower; what that does willessly, that do thou willingly.—Schiller.

The daffodil is our door-side queen; she pushes up the sward already, to spot with sunshine the early green.—Bryant.

May-flowers blooming around him.
Fragrant, filling the air with a strange and wonderful sweetness. —Longfellow.

I regard them, as Charles the Emperor did Florence, that they are too pleasant to be looked upon except on holidays.—Izaak Walton.

Most gladly would I give the blood-stained laurel for the first violet which March brings us, the fragrant pledge of the new-fledged year.—Schiller.

There is not the least flower but seems to hold up its head and to look pleasantly, in the secret sense of the goodness of its Heavenly Maker.—South.

A passion for flowers is, I really think, the only one which long sickness leaves untouched with its chilling influence.—Mrs. Hemans.

The Omnipotent has sown His name on the heavens in glittering stars; but upon earth He planteth His name by tender flowers.—Richter.

Leaves are the Greek, flowers the Italian, phase of the spirit of beauty that reveals itself through the flora of the globe.—T. Starr King.

I think I am quite wicked with roses. I like to gather them, and smell them till they have no scent left.—George Eliot.

As timid violets lade the ambient air
With their heart's richest fragrance, unaware
The fragrance whispers that the flower is there. —Anna Katharine Green.

Sweet flower, thou tellest how hearts as pure and tender as thy leaf, as low and humble as thy stem, will surely know the joy that peace imparts.—Percival.

The harebells nod as she passes by,
The violet lifts its tender eye,
The ferns bend her steps to greet,
And the mosses creep to her dancing feet.
—Julia C. R. Dorr.

And all the meadows, wide unrolled,
Were green and silver, green and gold,
Where buttercups and daisies spun
Their shining tissues in the sun.
—Julia C. R. Dorr.

Spake full well, in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.
—Longfellow.

Your voiceless lips, O flowers, are living preachers—each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book.—Horace Smith

The herb feeds upon the juice of a good soil, and drinks in the dew of heaven as eagerly, and thrives by it as effectually, as the stalled ox that tastes everything that he eats or drinks.—South.

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine.
—Shakespeare.

Flowers never emit so sweet and strong a fragrance as before a storm. Beauteous soul! when a storm approaches thee, be as fragrant as a sweet-smelling flower.—Richter.

Gorgeous flowerets in the sunlight shining,
Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day,
Tremulous leaves, with soft and silver lining,
Buds that open only to decay.
—Longfellow.

The purple heath and golden broom
On moory mountains catch the gale,
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
The violet in the vale.
—Montgomery.

Not a flower but shows some touch, in freckle, streak, or stain, of His unrivaled pencil. He inspires their balmy odors, and imparts their hues. —Cowper.

The rose is fragrant, but it fades in time:
The violet sweet, but quickly past the prime:
White lilies hang their heads, and soon decay,
And white snow in minutes melts away.
—Dryden.

What a pity flowers can utter no sound! A singing rose, a whispering violet, a murmuring honeysuckle—oh, what a rare and exquisite miracle would these be!—Beecher.

Flowers and fruits are always fit presents—flowers, because they are a proud assertion that a ray of beauty outvalues all the utilities of the world. —Emerson.

Yellow japanned buttercups and star-disked dandelions—just as we see them lying in the grass, like sparks that have leaped from the kindling sun of summer.—O. W. Holmes.

Underneath large blue-bells tented
Where the daisies are rose-scented,
And the rose herself has got
Perfume which on earth is not.
—Keats.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
The primrose down the brae;
The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
And milkwhite is the slae. —Burns.

To analyze the charms of flowers is like dissecting music; it is one of those things which it is far better to enjoy than to attempt to understand.—Tuckerman.

What a desolate place would be a world without a flower! It would be a face without a smile, a feast without a welcome. Are not flowers the stars of the earth, and are not our stars the flowers of heaven?—Mrs. Balfour.

They speak of hope to the fainting heart,
With a voice of promise they come and part,
They sleep in dust through the wintry hours,
They break forth in glory—bring flowers, bright flowers! —Mrs. Hemans.

A love-tint flushes the wind-flower's cheek,
Rich melodies gush from the violet's beak,
On the rifts of the rock, the wild columbines grow,
Their heavy honey-cups bending low.
—Sarah Helen Whitman.

Learn, O student, the true wisdom. See yon bush aflame with roses, like the burning bush of Moses. Listen, and thou shalt hear, if thy soul be not deaf, how from out it, soft and clear, speaks to thee the Lord Almighty.—Hafiz.

Flowers are the bright remembrances of youth; they waft us back, with their bland odorous breath, the joyous hours that only young life knows, ere we have learnt that this fair earth hides graves.—Countess of Blessington.

There is to the poetical sense a ravishing prophecy and winsome intima-

tion in flowers that now and then, from the influence of mood or circumstance, reasserts itself like the reminiscence of childhood, or the spell of love.—Tuckerman.

As for marigolds, poppies, hollyhocks, and valorous sunflowers, we shall never have a garden without them, both for their own sake and for the sake of old-fashioned folks, who used to love them.—Beecher.

Doubtless botany has its value; but the flowers knew how to preach divinity before men knew how to dissect and botanize them; they are apt to stop preaching, though, so soon as we begin to dissect and botanize them. —H. N. Hudson.

The instinctive and universal taste of mankind selects flowers for the expression of its finest sympathies, their beauty and their fleetingness serving to make them the most fitting symbols of those delicate sentiments for which language itself seems almost too gross a medium.—Hillard.

The loveliest flowers the closest cling to earth,
And they first feel the sun: so violets blue;
So the soft star-like primrose—drenched in dew—
The happiest of spring's happy, fragrant birth. —Keble.

They know the time to go!
The fairy clocks strike their inaudible hour
In field and woodland, and each punctual flower
Bows at the signal an obedient head
And hastes to bed.
—Susan Coolidge.

Flowers are Love's truest language; they betray,
Like the divining rods of Magi old,
Where precious wealth lies buried, not of gold,
But love—strong love, that never can decay!
—Park Benjamin.

Flowers have an expression of countenance as much as men or animals. Some seem to smile; some have a sad expression; some are pensive and diffident; others again are plain, honest and upright, like the broad-faced sunflower and hollyhock.—Henry Ward Beecher.

With roses musky-breathed,
And drooping daffodilly,
And silver-leaved lily,
And ivy darkly-wreathed,
I wove a crown before her,
For her I love so dearly.
—Tennyson.

Flowers belong to Fairyland: the flowers and the birds and the butterflies are all that the world has kept of its golden age—the only perfectly beautiful things on earth—joyous, innocent, half divine—useless, say they who are wiser than God.—Ouida.

To cultivate a garden is to walk with God, to go hand in hand with nature in some of her most beautiful processes, to learn something of her choicest secrets, and to have a more intelligent interest awakened in the beautiful order of her works elsewhere.—Bovee.

There is to me a daintiness about early flowers that touches me like poetry. They blow out with such a simple loveliness among the common herbs of pastures, and breathe their lives so unobtrusively, like hearts whose beatings are too gentle for the world.—Willis.

Every rose is an autograph from the hand of the Almighty God on this world about us. He has inscribed His thoughts in these marvelous hieroglyphics which sense and science have been these many thousand years seeking to understand.—Theodore Parker.

Flowers should deck the brow of the youthful bride, for they are in themselves a lovely type of marriage. They should twine round the tomb, for their perpetually renewed beauty is a symbol of the resurrection. They should festoon the altar, for their fragrance and their beauty ascend in perpetual worship before the Most High.—Mrs. L. M. Child.

"If flowers have souls," said Undine, "the bees, whose nurses they are, must seem to them darling children at

the breast. I once fancied a paradise for the spirits of departed flowers." "They go," answered I, "not into paradise, but into a middle state; the souls of lilies enter into maidens' foreheads, those of hyacinths and forget-me-nots dwell in their eyes, and those of roses in their lips."—Richter.

The little flower which sprung up through the hard pavement of poor Picciola's prison was beautiful from contrast with the dreary sterility which surrounded it. So here amid rough walls, are there fresh tokens of nature. And O, the beautiful lessons which flowers teach to children, especially in the city! The child's mind can grasp with ease the delicate suggestions of flowers.—Chapin.

Yet, no—not words, for they
But half can tell love's feeling;
Sweet flowers alone can say
What passion fears revealing:
A once bright rose's wither'd leaf,
A tow'ring lily broken—
Oh, these may paint a grief
No words could e'er have spoken.
—Moore.

Daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength—a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips and
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one!
—Shakespeare.

I remember, I remember
The roses, red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs, where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday—
The tree is living yet. —Hood.

Often a nosegay of wild flowers, which was to us, as village children, a grove of pleasure, has in after years of manhood, and in the town, given us by its old perfume, an indescribable transport back into godlike childhood; and how, like a flower goddess, it has raised us into the first embracing Aurora clouds of our first dim feelings!—Richter.

Sweet is the rose, but grows upon a brere;
Sweet is the juniper, but sharp his bough;
Sweet is the eglantine, but sticketh nere;
Sweet is the firbloome, but its braunches rough;
Sweet is the cypress, but its rynd is tough;
Sweet is the nut, but bitter is his pill;
Sweet is the broome-flowre, but yet sowre enough;
And sweet is moly, but his root is ill.
—Spenser.

Here eglantine embalm'd the air,
Hawthorne and hazel mingled there;
The primrose pale, and violet flower,
Found in each cliff a narrow bower;
Fox-glove and nightshade, side by side,
Emblems of punishment and pride,
Group'd their dark hues with every stain
The weather-beaten crags retain.—Scott.

There bloomed the strawberry of the wilderness;
The trembling eyebright showed her sapphire blue,
The thyme her purple, like the blush of Even;
And if the breath of some to no caress
Invited, forth they peeped so fair to view,
All kinds alike seemed favorites of heaven.
—Wordsworth.

Sweet letters of the angel tongue,
I've loved ye long and well,
And never have failed in your fragrance sweet
To find some secret spell—
A charm that has bound me with witching power,
For mine is the old belief,
That midst your sweets and midst your bloom,
There's a soul in every leaf!
—M. M. Ballou.

He bore a simple wild-flower wreath:
Narcissus, and the sweet brier rose;
Vervain, and flexile thyme, that breathe
Rich fragrance; modest heath, that glows
With purple bells; the amaranth bright,
That no decay, nor fading knows,
Like true love's holiest, rarest light;
And every purest flower, that blows
In that sweet time, which Love most blesses,
When spring on summer's confines presses. —Thomas Love Peacock.

He must have an artist's eye for color and form who can arrange a hundred flowers as tastefully, in any other way, as by strolling through a garden, and picking here one and there one, and adding them to the bouquet

in the accidental order in which they chance to come. Thus we see every summer day the fair lady coming in from the breezy side hill with gorgeous colors and most witching effects. If only she could be changed to alabaster, was ever a finer show of flowers in so fine a vase? But instead of allowing the flowers to remain as they were gathered, they are laid upon the table, divided, rearranged on some principle of taste, I know not what, but never again have that charming naturalness and grace which they first had.—Beecher.

The foxglove, with its stately bells
Of purple, shall adorn thy dells;
The wallflower, on each rifted rock,
From liberal blossoms shall breathe down,
(Gold blossoms frecked with iron-brown,)
Its fragrance; while the hollyhock,
The pink, and the carnation vie
With lupin and with lavender,
To decorate the fading year;
And larkspurs, many-hued, shall drive
Gloom from the groves, where red leaves lie,
And Nature seems but half alive.
—D. M. Moir.

The windflower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow;
But on the hills the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook, in autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone, from upland glade and glen.
—Bryant.

Foe

He makes no friend who never made a foe.—Tennyson.

Cursed be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe. —Pope.

Alike reserved to blame, or to commend,
A timorous foe and a suspicious friend.
—Pope.

A foe to God was ne'er true friend to man,
Some sinister intent taints all he does.
—Young.

Fool — Folly

Fools are not mad folks.—Shakespeare.

None but a fool is always right.—Hare.

Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.—Pope.

A fool at forty is a fool indeed.—Young.

To the fool-king belongs the world.—Schiller.

No creature smarts so little as a fool.—Pope.

A fool's bolt is soon shot.—Shakespeare.

A rogue is a roundabout fool.—Coleridge.

It needs brains to be a real fool.—George MacDonald.

The wise man knows himself to be a fool.—Shakespeare.

Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit.—Shakespeare.

Fools are apt to imitate only the defects of their betters.—Swift.

Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die.—Young.

A fool may now and then be right by chance.—Cowper.

The fool doth think he is wise.—Shakespeare.

Even the fool is wise after the event.—Homer.

A fool with judges, amongst fools a judge.—Cowper.

Fool beckons fool, and dunce awakens dunce.—Churchill.

Levity of behavior, always a weakness, is far more unbecoming in a woman than a man.—William Penn.

Fools are my theme, let satire be my song.—Byron.

Too many giddy, foolish hours are gone.—Rowe.

Fortune makes folly her peculiar care.—Churchill.

Folly loves the martyrdom of fame. —Byron.

Old fools are more foolish than young ones.—Rochefoucauld.

Mingle a little folly with your wisdom.—Horace.

Who lives without folly is not so wise as he thinks.—La Rochefoucauld.

Fools, to talking ever prone
Are sure to make their follies known.
—Gay.

A man may be as much a fool from the want of sensibility as the want of sense.—Mrs. Jameson.

Women, like men, may be persuaded to confess their faults; but their follies, never.—Alfred de Musset.

'Tis my maxim, he's a fool that marries; but he's a greater that does not marry a fool.—Wycherly.

O noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.
—Shakespeare.

Thou little thinkest what a little foolery governs the whole world.—John Selden.

Leave such to trifle with more grace and ease,
Whom Folly pleases, and whose Follies please.
—Pope.

Young men think old men are fools; but old men know young men are fools.—George Chapman.

There are well-dressed follies, as there are well-clothed fools.—Chamfort.

No one should so act as to take advantage of another's folly.—Cicero.

If thou hast never been a fool, be sure thou wilt never be a wise man.—Thackeray.

By outward show let's not be cheated;
An ass should like an ass be treated.
—Gay.

People are never so near playing the fool as when they think themselves wise.—Lady Montagu.

Every man's follies are the caricature resemblances of his wisdom.—John Sterling.

Ever since Adam fools have been in the majority.—Casimir Delavigne.

It is the peculiar quality of a fool to perceive the faults of others, and to forget his own.—Cicero.

If the advice of a fool for once happens to be good, it requires a wise man to carry it out.—Lessing.

I am always afraid of a fool. One cannot be sure that he is not a knave as well.—Hazlitt.

A man of wit would often be much embarrassed without the company of fools.—Rochefoucauld.

Generally nature hangs out a sign of simplicity in the face of a fool.—Thomas Fuller.

Of all thieves, fools are the worst; they rob you of time and temper.—Goethe.

Surely he is not a fool that hath unwise thoughts, but he that utters them. —Bishop Hall.

Tricks and treachery are the practice of fools that have not wit enough to be honest.—Benjamin Franklin.

There are follies as catching as contagious disorders.—La Rochefoucauld.

A learned fool is more foolish than an ignorant fool.—Molière.

He must be a thorough fool who can learn nothing from his own folly.—J. C. and A. W. Hare.

It would be easier to endow a fool with intellect than to persuade him that he had none.—Babinet.

A fool is often as dangerous to deal with as a knave, and always more incorrigible.—Colton.

What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!—Burke.

If you wish to avoid seeing a fool you must first break your looking-glass.—Rabelais.

The instruction of the foolish is a waste of knowledge; soap cannot wash charcoal white.—Kabir.

What matter though the scorn of fools be given,
If the path follow'd lead us on to heaven!
—Mrs. Hale.

I am a fool, I know it; and yet, God help me, I'm poor enough to be a wit.—Congreve.

A fool cannot look, nor stand, nor walk like a man of sense.—La Bruyère.

Men are so necessarily fools that it would be being a fool in a higher strain of folly, not to be a fool.—Pascal.

All men are fools, and with every effort they differ only in the degree.—Boileau.

He who provides for this life, but takes no care for eternity, is wise for a moment, but a fool forever.—Tillotson.

As riches and honor forsake a man, we discover him to be a fool, but nobody could find it out in his prosperity.—La Bruyère.

Oh, brother wearers of motley, are there not moments when one grows sick of grinning and trembling and the jingling of cap and bells?—Thackeray.

How can you make a fool perceive that he is a fool? Such a personage can no more see his own folly than he can see his own ears.—Thackeray.

Fools with bookish knowledge are children with edged weapons; they hurt themselves, and put others in pain.—Zimmermann.

There are certain people fated to be fools; they not only commit follies by choice, but are even constrained to do so by fortune.—Rochefoucauld.

A fool who has a flash of wit creates astonishment and scandal, like hack-horses setting out to gallop.—Chamfort.

After a man has sown his wild oats in the years of his youth, he has still every year to get over a few weeks and days of folly.—Richter.

He is one of those wise philanthropists who, in a time of famine, would vote for nothing but a supply of toothpicks.—Douglas Jerrold.

People have no right to make fools of themselves, unless they have no relations to blush for them.—Haliburton.

Fools and sensible men are equally innocuous. It is in the half fools and the half wise that the greatest danger lies.—Goethe.

Well, thus we play the fools with the time, and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us.—Shakespeare.

Fools are very often united in the strictest intimacies, as the lighter kinds of woods are the most closely glued together.—Shenstone.

There is nothing which one regards so much with an eye of mirth and pity as innocence when it has in it a dash of folly.—Addison.

Women are charged with a fondness for nonsense and frivolity. Did not Talleyrand say, "I find nonsense singularly refreshing"?—Alfred de Musset.

The multitude of fools is a protection to the wise.—St. Augustine.

You pity a man who is lame or blind, but you never pity him for being a fool, which is often a much greater misfortune.—Sydney Smith.

Though thou shouldst bray a fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him.—Bible.

Folly is like the growth of weeds, always luxurious and spontaneous; wisdom, like flowers, requires cultivation.—Hosea Ballou.

The compliments of the season to my worthy masters, and a merry first of April to us all. We have all a speck of the motley.—Lamb.

The greatest of fools is he who imposes on himself, and in his greatest concern thinks certainly he knows that which he has least studied, and of which he is most profoundly ignorant. —Shaftesbury.

The imputation of being a fool is a thing which mankind, of all others, is the most impatient of, it being a blot upon the prime and specific perfection of human nature.—South.

To succeed in the world, it is much more necessary to possess the penetration to discover who is a fool than to discover who is a clever man.—Cato.

There is in human nature generally more of the fool than of the wise; and therefore those faculties by which the foolish part of men's minds are taken are more potent.—Bacon.

Men of all ages have the same inclinations, over which reason exercises no control. Thus, wherever men are found, there are follies, ay, and the same follies.—La Fontaine.

Men are so completely fools by necessity that he is but a fool in a higher strain of folly who does not confess his foolishness.—Pascal.

Some old men, by continually praising the time of their youth, would almost persuade us that there were no fools in those days; but unluckily they are left themselves for examples. —Pope.

If a traveler does not meet with one who is his better or his equal, let him firmly keep to his solitary journey; there is no companionship with a fool. —Max Müller.

To pardon those absurdities in ourselves which we cannot suffer in others is neither better nor worse than to be more willing to be fools ourselves than to have others so.—Pope.

I have play'd the fool, the gross fool, to believe
The bosom of a friend will hold a secret
Mine own could not retain.
—Massinger.

The right to be a cussed fool
Is safe from all devices human,
It's common (ez a gin'l rule)
To every critter born of woman.
—Lowell.

A rational reaction against irrational excesses and vagaries of skepticism may * * * readily degenerate into the rival folly of credulity. —Gladstone.

Nothing exceeds in ridicule, no doubt,
A fool in fashion, but a fool that's out;
His passion for absurdity's so strong,
He cannot bear a rival in the wrong.
—Young.

'Tis not by guilt the onward sweep
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;
'Tis by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from heaven away.
—Sill.

Always win fools first. They talk much, and what they have once uttered they will stick to; whereas there is always time, up to the last moment, to bring before a wise man arguments that may entirely change his opinion. —Helps.

Men, when their actions succeed not as they would, are always ready to impute the blame thereof to heaven, so as to excuse their own follies.—Spenser

A fool and a wise man are alike both in the starting-place—their birth, and at the post—their death; only they differ in the race of their lives.—Fuller.

Folly consists in the drawing of false conclusions from just principles, by which it is distinguished from madness, which draws just conclusions from false principles.—Locke.

At thirty man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve,
Resolves—and re-resolves; then dies the same. —Young.

A harmless hilarity and a buoyant cheerfulness are not infrequent concomitants of genius; and we are never more deceived than when we mistake gravity for greatness, solemnity for science, and pomposity for erudition.—Colton.

If men are to be fools, it were better that they were fools in little matters than in great; dullness, turned up with temerity, is a livery all the worse for the facings; and the most tremendous of all things is a magnanimous dunce.—Sydney Smith.

The wise man has his follies no less than the fool; but it has been said that herein lies the difference—the follies of the fool are known to the world, but are hidden from himself; the follies of the wise are known to himself, but hidden from the world.—Colton.

Were I to be angry at men being fools, I could here find ample room for declamation; but, alas! I have been a fool myself; and why should I be angry with them for being something so natural to every child of humanity?—Goldsmith.

For not only is Fortune herself blind, but she generally causes those men to be blind whose interests she has more particularly embraced. Therefore they are often haughty and arrogant; nor is there anything more intolerable than a prosperous fool. And hence we often see that men who were at one time affable and agreeable are completely changed by prosperity, despising their old friends, and clinging to new.—Cicero.

Foot — Feet

Nay, her foot speaks.—Shakespeare.

Feet like sunny gems on our English green.—Tennyson.

The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light.—Shakespeare.

Feet that run on willing errands!—Longfellow.

Footprints on the sands of time.—Longfellow.

Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen.—Shakespeare.

And the prettiest foot; Oh, if a man could but fasten his eyes to her feet as they steal in and out, and play at bo-peep under her petticoats, Ah! Mr. Trapland?—Congreve.

Steps with a tender foot, light as on air,
The lovely, lordly creature floated on.
—Tennyson.

So lightly walks, she not one mark imprints,
Nor brushes off the dews, nor soils the tints. —Churchill.

O happy earth,
Whereon thy innocent feet doe ever tread!
—Spenser.

As if the wind, not she, did walk,
Nor pressed a flower, nor bowed a stalk.
—Ben Jonson.

There is as much expression in the feet as in the hands.—Chamfort.

A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew. —Scott.

Her pretty feet, like snails, did creep
A little out, and then,
As if they played at bo-peep,
Did soon draw in again.
—Robert Herrick.

So light a foot will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint.—Shakespeare.

The flower she touched on dipped and rose.—Tennyson.

Her feet beneath her petticoat like little mice stole in and out, as if they feared the light.—Suckling.

Fop — Foppery

Foppery is the egotism of clothes.—Victor Hugo.

A dandy is a clothes-wearing man.—Carlyle.

Nature made every fop to plague his brother,
Just as one beauty mortifies another.
—Pope.

Their methods various, but alike their aim; the sloven and the fopling are the same.—Young.

A fop takes great pains to hang out a sign, by his dress, of what he has within.—Richardson.

Ambiguous things that ape goats in their visage, women in their shape.—Byron.

A coxcomb is ugly all over with affectation of a fine gentleman.—Dr. Johnson.

Nature has sometimes made a fool; but a coxcomb is always of a man's own making.—Addison.

So gentle, yet so brisk, so wondrous sweet,
So fit to prattle at a lady's feet.
—Churchill.

Foppery, being the chronic condition of women, is not so much noticed as it is when it breaks out on the person of the male bird.—Balzac.

Foppery is never cured; it is the bad stamina of the mind, which, like those of the body, are never rectified; once a coxcomb always a coxcomb.—Johnson.

A beau is one who arranges his curled locks gracefully, who ever smells of balm, and cinnamon; who hums the songs of the Nile, and Cadiz; who throws his sleek arms into various attitudes; who idles away the whole day among the chairs of the ladies, and is ever whispering into some one's ear; who reads little billets-doux from this quarter and that, and writes them in return; who avoids ruffling his dress by contact with his neighbors sleeve, who knows with whom everybody is in love; who flutters from feast to feast, who can recount exactly the pedigree of Hirpinus. What do you tell me? is this a beau, Cotilus? Then a beau, Cotilus, is a very trifling thing.—Martial.

A fop who admires his person in a glass soon enters into a resolution of making his fortune by it, not questioning that every woman who falls in his way will do him as much justice as himself.—Thomas Hughes.

In form so delicate, so soft his skin,
So fair in feature, and so smooth his chin,
Quite to unman him nothing wants but this;
Put him in coats, and he's a very miss.
—Horace.

A six-foot suckling, mincing in its gait,
Affected, peevish, prim and delicate;
Fearful it seemed, tho' of athletic make,
Lest brutal breezes should so roughly shake
Its tender form, and savage motion spread
O'er its pale cheeks, the horrid manly red.
—Churchill.

The all importance of clothes has sprung up in the intellect of the dandy without effort, like an instinct of genius; he is inspired with clothes, a poet of clothes.—Carlyle.

Forbearance

If thou wouldst be borne with bear with others.—Fuller.

Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also.—Bible.

The kindest, and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear;
And something every day they live
To pity and perhaps forgive.—Cowper.

Learn from Jesus to love and to forgive. Let the blood of Jesus, which implores pardon for you in heaven,

obtain it from you for your brethren here upon earth.—Valpy.

Be to her virtues very kind;
Be to her faults a little blind.
Let all her ways be unconfin'd,
And clap your padlock on her mind.
—Prior.

It is a noble and a great thing to cover the blemishes and to excuse the failings of a friend; to draw a curtain before his stains, and to display his perfections; to bury his weaknesses in silence, but to proclaim his virtues upon the housetop.—South.

Everything has two handles; the one soft and manageable, the other such as will not endure to be touched. If then your brother do you an injury, do not take it by the hot hard handle, by representing to yourself all the aggravating circumstances of the fact; but look rather on the soft side, and extenuate it as much as is possible, by considering the nearness of the relation, and the long friendship and familiarity between you—obligations to kindness which a single provocation ought not to dissolve. And thus you will take the accident by its manageable handle. —Epictetus.

Force

Right reason is stronger than force. —James A. Garfield.

Gentleness succeeds better than violence.—La Fontaine.

The power that is supported by force alone will have cause often to tremble.—Kossuth.

Force is all-conquering, but its victories are short-lived.—Abraham Lincoln.

That which had no force in the beginning can gain no strength from the lapse of time.—Law Maxim.

Force, force, everywhere force; we ourselves a mysterious force in the center of that. There is not a leaf rotting on the highway but has force in it; how else could it rot?—Carlyle.

It is now as in the days of yore when the sword ruled all things.—Schiller.

Who overcomes by force,
Hath overcome but half his foe.
—Milton.

Force and not opinion is the queen of the world; but it is opinion that uses the force.—Pascal.

Hence it happened that all the armed prophets conquered, all the unarmed perished.—Machiavelli.

Everything is heaving and great events are pending, and it is hard to study Genesis when all is now Revelation.—Dr. M. W. Jacobus.

What otherwise is good and just, if it be aimed at by fraud or violence, becomes evil and unjust.—Law Maxim.

Those glorious days, when man said to man, Let us be brothers, or I will knock you down.—Le Brun.

Forefathers Day

Among the sentiments of most powerful operation upon the human heart, and most highly honorable to the human character, are those of veneration for our forefathers, and of love for our posterity.—John Quincy Adams.

As Mecca is to the Mohammedan and Jerusalem to the Christian, so we make our pilgrimage to-night to Plymouth Rock, hoping that as we lay our tribute upon that hill, we shall gird up our loins to meet the fortunes, the successes, the trials, and the duties that are before us.—Judge Russell.

It was reserved for the first settlers of New England to perform achievements equally arduous, to trample down obstructions equally formidable, to dispel dangers equally terrific, under the single inspiration of conscience. —John Quincy Adams.

No nation since the days of Israel was ever founded with so choice people, selected by the operation of so high and spiritual motives, as those whose vanguard was borne across the

sea in the Mayflower. It was truly said of them that "God sifted a whole nation that He might send choice grain into the wilderness."—Rev. H. Wayland.

American history has been too largely written from the English standpoint. Let us divide honors all around and give all of our forefathers their share. England was not the first to lead Europe. It was the Dutch republic that first led Europe.—Judge Russell.

They (the Pilgrims) believed in the existence of right and wrong, and in the infinite supremacy of righteousness. They believed in the intense reality of God and of the unseen and the spiritual; they held that these were the real, and that everything else was the shadow.—Rev. H. Wayland.

Moses and Joshua and Samuel were Puritans in their reverent regard for rigorous righteousness.—Judge Russell.

Poor, but independent, not frilled and powdered, but armed mightily with the sword of the Spirit, and with purpose of freedom pulsating at the very centers of their hearts—these were the men whom God had chosen for the settlement of this land. For a hundred years He had kept the new world waiting until they should be ready to possess it.—Rev. D. J. Burrell, D. D.

Guizot, when he was in exile, asked Mr. Lowell, when he was our minister in London, how long the American union would exist, and Lowell said to him: "It will exist so long as the men of America hold to the fundamental principles of their fathers." Central in these fundamental principles is the determination of fathers and of children that in each day of life the world shall be a better world; that is, in each day of life a man shall live to the glory of God.—Edward Everett Hale.

Why is it that the states lying side by side are not quarreling together as they always do in feudal institutions or in European history? The difference is that the feudal institutions die within fifteen minutes after the immigrant lands in America. The word feudal is a good one, because it describes the eternal war which exists between the men who are educated in that complicated social system of top, bottom, and middle. The feudal system perishes as soon as every man understands that he is his brother's keeper, and in the company of men who know that they live together for the greater glory of God.—Edward Everett Hale.

The theocratic state which the Puritans founded in Massachusetts was not suited to our present civilization, with its representatives of all nations and creeds. But it contained the springs of life which purify our civilization and the seeds of that free government of which our liberty under law is the fairest fruit.—Congregationalist.

But the closer we study their lives, and the better we know their deeds, the more profound is our admiration and the greater our reverence for the Pilgrim fathers. Between the drafting of their immortal charter of liberty in the cabin of the Mayflower and the fruition of their principles in the power and majesty of the republic of the United States of to-day is but a span in the records of the world, and yet it is the most important and beneficent chapter in history. To be able to claim descent from them, either by birth or adoption, is to glory in kinship with God's nobility.—Chauncey Depew.

France lost her Pilgrim element in the expulsion and massacre of the Huguenots, and her noblest political aspirations have lacked the moral strength that comes of a pure and vigorous religious faith. * * * But the men who came hither brought the fundamental conception of man restored as a child of God. Personality was their root idea, the personal soul linked to the personal God; and this was greater than king or parliament, this was greater than church or bishop, and no combination against

this could ever crush it.—Rev. Dr. J. P. Thompson.

They believed, and truly, that the strength of Romanism in religion, as well as its despotism in politics, lay in the ignorance of the people; and they sought the freedom which is grander than they knew in the education of all the people, while they sought to inculcate a sense of supreme personal obligation to God. Hence came free churches and free schools, the essential elements of the free state. Hence the Puritan aristocracy, not of birth but of character, because the American republic, with vitality to assimilate the incoming multitudes of all nations.—Rev. D. J. Burrell, D. D.

The Pilgrims were right in affirming the paramount authority of the law of God. If they erred in seeking that authoritative law, and passed over the Sermon on the Mount for the stern Hebraisms of Moses; if they hesitated in view of the largeness of Christian liberty; if they seemed unwilling to accept the sweetness and light of the good tidings—let us not forget that it was the mistake of men who feared more than they dared to hope, whose estimate of the exceeding awfulness of sin caused them to dwell upon God's vengeance rather than His compassion; and whose dread of evil was so great that, in shutting their hearts against it, they sometimes shut out the good.—Whittier.

The great west and the awakening south have felt the influence of the same sturdy endurance, enterprise, and resolute faith that drove the famous little company to brave the unknown dangers of a bleak and hostile country. Plymouth, historic and filled with interest as it is, does not, and cannot, hold the full story of the Pilgrims. That story is written in letters of light over the whole continent; all over the country, wherever they have gone, they have carried with them a respect for law, a reverence for God, education and freedom of worship, and a courage to uphold them, that has made this our great nation the "land of the free and the home of the brave." May America, with her churches, her schools, her civil and religious liberty, her great past and her glorious future be truly and forever the "land of the Pilgrims' pride."—Priscilla Leonard.

But while the Jews repudiated the giving of their religion to the nations the Puritans have been and continue to be foremost in giving their gospel to mankind. They sought to serve God with all their hearts, and they believed that in making a nation He could use as freemen only those who sought to serve Him both in their spirit and in their way. But when they could no longer carry out their plan for a nation, they set themselves to maintain in the nation they had planted the ethical impulse which brought them to these shores and controlled their lives.—Congregationalist.

They sailed away from Provincetown Bay
In the fireless light of the sun,
And they came at night to a havened height,
And the journey at last was done.
With rain and sleet were the tall masts iced,
And frosty and dark was the air,
But they looked from the crystal sails to Christ
As they moored in the harbor fair.
The sky was cold and gray,
And there were no ancient bells to ring,
No priests to chant, no choirs to sing,
No chapel of baron, lord or king,
That gray, cold winter day.
—Hezekiah Butterworth.

The revolutions of time furnish no previous example of a nation shooting up to maturity and expanding into greatness with the rapidity which has characterized the growth of the American people. In the luxuriance of youth, and in the vigor of manhood, it is pleasing and instructive to look backwards upon the helpless days of infancy; but in the continual and essential changes of a growing subject the transactions of that early period would soon be obliterated from the memory but for some periodical call of attention to aid the silent records of the historian. Such celebrations arouse and gratify the kindliest emotions of the bosom. They are faithful pledges of the respect we bear to the memory of our ancestors and of the tenderness with which we cherish the

rising generation. They introduce the sages and heroes of ages past to the notice and emulation of succeeding times; they are at once testimonials of our gratitude, and schools of virtue to our children.—John Quincy Adams.

Shall we be ashamed because our ancestors were trading colonists; because they bought and sold and exchanged the products of the new world for the riches of the old? Nay, rather let us have a care that they have no cause to be ashamed of us. Let us see to it that amid the broadening of our enterprises and the increase of our wealth, we do not lose those principles of uprightness and strict justice and old-fashioned honor which made the merchants of New York and New England respected and renowned. Above all, let us remember with pride and loyalty that we are Americans.—Rev. H. J. Van Dyke.

Thou who didst steer the little Mayflower to her desired haven, bring America to port! Grant that upon this gathering of the people our dear flag may shine with the light of an evangel, pure as the sweet influences of the Pleiades and firm as the bands of Orion. Thou who dost guide Arcturus, grant that those stars may glow in the coronet of Christ. In the enthusiasm of loyalty to God and serried against the evils and forebodings of the time we will march in the footsteps of a believing ancestry. Let every flagstaff, and belfry, every throbbing dome and thundering cannon, every eloquent orator and voice of multitudes, every prayer of gratitude and every tear of joy, carry the name that is above every name and swear it with a mighty oath: "This God is our God, as He was our fathers' God, and He shall be ours forever and forever."—M. W. Stryker, D. D.

Give a thing time; if it can succeed it is a right thing. Look now at American Saxondom; and at that little fact of the sailing of the Mayflower two hundred years ago * * * ! Were we of open sense as the Greeks were, we had found a poem here; one of nature's own poems, such as she writes in broad facts over great continents. For it was properly the beginning of America. There were straggling settlers in America before, some material as if a body was there; but the soul of it was first this. * * * They thought the earth would yield them food, if they tilled honestly; the everlasting heaven would stretch there, too, overhead; they should be left in peace to prepare for eternity by living well in this world of time, worshiping in what they thought the true, not the idolatrous, way. * * * Hah! these men. I think, had a work! The weak thing, weaker than a child, becomes strong in one day, if it be a true thing. Puritanism was only despicable, laughable then, but nobody can manage to laugh at it now.—Thomas Carlyle.

Not satisfied with great principles, they were avaricious of great achievements. They subdued forests, organized emigration, marched westward under the star of empire. They achieved Louisburg and Concord and Lexington, and Paul Revere's ride and the Charter Oak and Bennington and Gaspee Point, and Harvard and Yale and Bowdoin and Dartmouth. They preserved the union, annihilated slavery, crushed repudiation, made the promises of the nation equal to gold. They have spoken the word of protest and pleading in behalf of the Chinaman and the Indian and the African, in behalf of a reformed civil service, and of honest elections. And where has there been a battle for God and humanity that they and their sons have not been in it?—Rev. H. Wayland, D. D.

With our sympathy for the wrongdoer we need the old Puritan and Quaker hatred of wrongdoing; with our just tolerance of men and opinions a righteous abhorrence of sin. * * * * The true life of a nation is in its personal morality, and no excellence of constitution and laws can avail much if the people lack purity and integrity. Culture, art, refinement, care for our own comfort and that of others are well, but truth, honor, reverence, and fidelity to duty

are indispensable. * * * It is well for us if we have learned to listen to the sweet persuasion of the Beatitudes, but there are crises in all lives which require also the emphatic "Thou shalt not" of the decalogue which the founders wrote on the gate-posts of their commonwealth. * * * The great struggle through which we have passed (the Civil war) has taught us how much we owe to the men and women of the Plymouth colony—the noblest ancestry that ever a people looked back to with love and reverence.—John G. Whittier.

Laugh at their whims and rigid tenets as we may, they have left us a heritage unequaled in the story of the world. Theirs was a mighty struggle for all that may ennoble man or make him better than his fathers were. The hopes and fears of all the ages centered in that shaky ship bound westward on an unknown and tempestuous sea. The spirit of the free was with that little bark, as each day gave its light, the God of the heroic and the true its pilot, when the night came down on the sea. A wild and stormy ride from shore to shore; a fierce and bitter strife with fire and flood, savage and element, their daily portion as they sail and when they rested on the rocky shore they called at last their home. What wonder that they cradled there at once the offspring of their love and the freedom of their kind; what wonder that from their sturdy loins sprang forth a race of giants, fit warriors for the rights of generations yet to be; what wonder that sires and sons have laughed to scorn the fear of tempest or of tyrant in service of their faith through all the years.—David C. Robinson.

Holland's place in history is not fixed by its institutional greatness, but rather by the diffusiveness of the ideas, the spirit, which constitutes its real life. Its part in the making of America is not seen in the separate institutions, civil, educational, religious, which it transplanted, but in the spirit of its scattered people losing everything like organic union, but thereby carrying into every community and every school and every church the influence of a high ideal of character, a strong sense of human brotherhood, a spirit of conciliation and kindness which is to make it the destiny of Holland to live a still larger life in the America which is to be the strong and helpful neighbor to all the world, hastening the time when all the sons of men shall be the sons of God, and He who "went about doing good" shall be in truth the king of a regenerated humanity, and the whole earth one great neighborhood, where the need of each will be the care of all.—Andrew U. V. Raymond.

But though your forefathers may not have been much, if any, better than yourselves, let us extol them for the fact that they started this country in the right direction. They laid the foundation for American manhood. The foundation must be more solid and firm and unyielding than any other part of the structure. On that Puritanic foundation we can safely build all nationalities. Let us remember that the coming American is to be an admixture of all foreign bloods. In about twenty-five or fifty years the model American will step forth. He will have the strong brain of the German, the polished manners of the French, the artistic taste of the Italian, the stanch heart of the English, the steadfast piety of the Scotch, the lightning wit of the Irish, and when he steps forth, bone, muscle, nerve, brain entwined with the fibers of all the nationalities, the nations will break out in the cry: "Behold the American!" Columbus discovered only the shell of this country. Agassiz came and discovered fossiliferous America. Silliman came and discovered geological America. Audubon came and discovered bird America. Longfellow came and discovered poetic America; and there are a half-dozen other Americas yet to be discovered. — Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D.

A hardy race, worthy to set the pattern of civilization and liberty to the mighty people who to-night affectionately called them "fathers" in blood, in liberty, love and truth. All that nations can owe to founders; all that

children can owe to parents; all that truth and self-denial can owe to their especial champions, is laid upon the altar of their memory to-night. Peace to their sacred ashes, those Pilgrim Fathers of our life. Their sacrifices were many and their joys were few. Yet somewhere in the land where faith meets its reward; somewhere in the heaven of the good and pure; somehere within those temples of magnificent justice where is given alike reward for good and punishment for evil done on earth; somewhere beyond the reach of human toil or strife, those Pilgrim ancestors shall be given meed well-fitted to their high deservings; and

Till the sun grows cold and the stars are old,
And the leaves of the judgment book unfold,

no man among their sons shall feel within his veins the bounding of their consecrating blood without thanks for every drop that links him to their heroic lives.

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed.
And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.
What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine!
Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod;
They left unstained what there they found—
Freedom to worship God.
—Felicia Dorothea Hemans.

Our fathers brought with them from England two priceless possessions—the common law and King James' Bible—the former a vital organism, not of symmetrical form and graceful outline, but full of the vigorous sap of liberty and drawing its growth from the soil of the popular heart; the latter, apart from its transcendent claims as the revelation of God to man, in a purely intellectual aspect the most precious treasure that any modern nation enjoys, preserving as it does our noble language at its best point of growth—just between antique ruggedness and modern refinement—embalming immortal truths in words simple, strong, and sweet, that charm the child at the mother's knee, that nerve and calm the soldier in the dread half hour before the shock of battle, that comfort and sustain the soul that is entering upon the valley of the shadow of death. * * * The progress of our country is not traced by the camp, the café, the theater, and the prison, but by the meeting house, the school house, the court house, and the ballot box—all the legitimate fruits of the Bible and the common law.—Hon. George S. Hillard.

Foresight

To fear the worst, oft cures the worst.—Shakespeare.

Look ere thou leap, see ere thou go.—Thomas Tusser.

Human foresight often leaves its proudest possessor only a choice of evils.—Colton.

Those old stories of visions and dreams guiding men have their truth; we are saved by making the future present to ourselves.—George Eliot.

It is only the surprise and newness of the thing which makes that misfortune terrible which by premeditation might be made easy to us. For that which some people make light by sufferance, others do by foresight.—Seneca.

Accustom yourself to submit on all and every occasion, and on the most minute, no less than on the most important circumstances of life, to a small present evil, to obtain a greater distant good. This will give decision, tone, and energy to the mind, which, thus disciplined, will often reap victory from defeat and honor from repulse.—Colton.

That is to be wise to see not merely that which lies before your feet, but to foresee even those things which are in the womb of futurity.—Terence.

Forest

This is the forest primeval.
—Longfellow.

Summer or winter, day or night,
The woods are an ever-new delight;
They give us peace, and they make us strong,
Such wonderful balms to them belong:
So, living or dying, I'll take mine ease
Under the trees, under the trees.
—R. H. Stoddard.

Forethought

In life, as in chess, forethought wins.—Charles Buxton.

Forethought we may have, undoubtedly, but not foresight.—Napoleon I.

If a man take no thought about what is distant, he will find sorrow near at hand.—Confucius.

God will not suffer man to have the knowledge of things to come.—St. Augustine.

Whoever fails to turn aside the ills of life by prudent forethought, must submit to fulfill the course of destiny.—Schiller.

To have too much forethought is the part of a wretch; to have too little is the part of a fool.—Cecil.

If I foreknew, foreknowledge had no influence on their fault, which had no less proved certain unforeknown.—Milton.

As a man without forethought scarcely deserves the name of a man, so forethought without reflection is but a metaphorical phrase for the instinct of a beast.—Coleridge.

Forgetfulness

The world forgetting, by the world forgot.—Pope.

Men are men; the best sometimes forget.—Shakespeare.

It is sure the hardest science to forget!—Pope.

Oh, if, in being forgotten, we could only forget.—Lew Wallace.

Forget thyself to marble.—Milton.

And when he is out of sight, quickly also is he out of mind.—Thomas à Kempis.

Quit the world, and the world forgets you.—Beaconsfield.

It is far off; and rather like a dream than an assurance that my remembrance warrants.—Shakespeare.

There is nothing new except what is forgotten.—Mlle. Bertin.

The pyramids themselves, doting with age, have forgotten the names of their founders.—Fuller.

There is no remembrance which time does not obliterate, nor pain which death does not terminate.—Cervantes.

Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls his watery labyrinth, which whoso drinks forgets both joy and grief.—Milton.

We bury love,
Forgetfulness grows over it like grass;
That is a thing to weep for, not the dead.
—Alexander Smith.

It is sometimes expedient to forget what you know.—Syrus.

When I forget that the stars shine in air—
When I forget that beauty is in stars—
When I forget that love with beauty is—
Will I forget thee: till then all things else.
—Bailey.

Fill with Forgetfulness, fill high! yet stay—
—'Tis from the past we shadow forth the land
Where smiles, long lost, again shall light our way,
—Though the past haunt me as a spirit—yet I ask not to forget!
—Mrs. Hemans.

If e'er I win a parting token,
'Tis something that has lost its power—
A chain that has been used and broken,
A ruin'd glove, a faded flower;
Something that makes my pleasure less,
Something that means—forgetfulness.
—Willis.

Some men treat the God of their fathers as they treat their father's friend. They do not deny Him; by no means: they only deny themselves to

Him, when He is good enough to call upon them.—J. C. and A. W. Hare.

Go, forget me—why should sorrow
O'er that brow a shadow fling?
Go, forget me—and to-morrow
Brightly smile and sweetly sing.
Smile—though I shall not be near thee;
Sing—though I shall never hear thee.
—Charles Wolfe.

Forgotten? No, we never do forget;
We let the years go; wash them clean with tears,
Leave them to bleach out in the open day,
Or lock them careful by, like dead friends' clothes,
Till we shall dare unfold them without pain—
But we forget not, never can forget.
—D. M. Mulock.

There is nothing—no, nothing—innocent or good, that dies and is forgotten; let us hold to that faith or none. An infant, a prattling child, dying in the cradle, will live again in the better thoughts of those that loved it, and play its part through them in the redeeming actions of the world, though its body be burnt to ashes or drowned in the deep sea.—Dickens.

Forgiveness

They who forgive most shall be most forgiven.—Bailey.

When women love us they forgive everything.—Balzac.

A coward never forgives.—Sterne.

Write thy wrongs in ashes.—Sir T. Browne.

Forgive others often, yourself never.—Syrus.

The brave only know how to forgive.—Sterne.

Men are less forgiving than women.—Richardson.

The offender never pardons.—Herbert.

That curse shall be—forgiveness!—Byron.

She hugged the offender and forgave the offense—sex to the last!—Dryden.

Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us.—The Lord's Prayer.

We pardon as long as we love.—Rochefoucauld.

To err is human; to forgive, divine.—Pope.

Pardon, not wrath, is God's best attribute.—Bayard Taylor.

I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.—Shakespeare.

God pardons like a mother, who kisses the offense into everlasting forgetfulness.—Beecher.

To forgive a fault in another is more sublime than to be faultless one's self.—George Sand.

Life, that ever needs forgiveness, has, for its first duty, to forgive.—Lytton.

We may forgive those who bore us, we cannot forgive those whom we bore.—La Rochefoucauld.

Never does the human soul appear so strong as when it foregoes revenge, and dares to forgive an injury.—E. H. Chapin.

The mind that too frequently forgives bad actions will at last forget good ones.—Reynolds.

Good, to forgive;
Best to forget!
—Robert Browning.

As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.
—Shakespeare.

It is right for him who asks forgiveness for his offenses to grant it to others.—Horace.

Young men soon give, and soon forget affronts:
Old age is slow in both. —Addison.

We should always forgive,—the penitent for their sake, the impenitent for our own.—Marie Ebner-Eschenbach.

It is easier to forgive an enemy than a friend.—Mme. Deluzy.

To bear no malice or hatred in my heart.—Church Catechism.

'Tis easier for the generous to forgive,
Than for offence to ask it.—Thomson.

We forgive too little, forget too much.—Mme. Swetchine.

The rarer action is in virtue than in vengeance.—Shakespeare.

The truly great man is as apt to forgive as his power is able to revenge.—Sir P. Sidney.

There is no revenge so complete as forgiveness.—H. W. Shaw.

Forgiveness is commendable, but apply not ointment to the wound of an oppressor.—Saadi.

If we can still love those who have made us suffer, we love them all the more.—Mrs. Jameson.

As nice as we are in love, we forgive more faults in that than in friendship.—Henry Horne.

Only a woman will believe in a man who has once been detected in fraud and falsehood.—Dumas, Père.

Never does the human soul appear so strong as when it foregoes revenge, and dares to forgive an injury.—Chapin.

It is easy enough to forgive your enemies if you have not the means to harm them.—Heinrich Heine.

Yes, we ought to forgive our enemies, but not until they are hanged.—Heinrich Heine.

He that cannot forgive others breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself; for every man has need to be forgiven.—Lord Herbert.

Women do not often have it in their power to give like men, but they forgive like Heaven.—Mme. Necker.

Forgiveness to the injured does belong; but they ne'er pardon, who commit the wrong.—Dryden.

The more we know, the better we forgive;
Whoe'er feels deeply, feels for all who live. —Mme. de Staël.

It is necessary to repent for years in order to efface a fault in the eyes of men; a single tear suffices with God. —Chateaubriand.

His heart was as great as the world, but there was no room in it to hold the memory of a wrong.—Emerson.

There is a manner of forgiveness so divine that you are ready to embrace the offender for having called it forth. —Lavater.

Receive no satisfaction for premeditated impertinence; forget it, forgive it, but keep him inexorably at a distance who offered it.—Lavater.

'Tis sweet to stammer one letter of the Eternal's language; on earth it is called forgiveness.—Longfellow.

May I tell you why it seems to me a good thing for us to remember wrong that has been done us? That we may forgive it.—Dickens.

God's way of forgiving is thorough and hearty—both to forgive and to forget; and if thine be not so, thou hast no portion of His.—Leighton.

An old Spanish writer says, "To return evil for good is devilish; to return good for good is human; but to return good for evil is godlike."—Whately.

When a man but half forgives his enemy, it is like leaving a bag of rusty nails to interpose between them.—Latimer.

If you bethink yourself of any crime, unreconciled as yet to heaven and grace, solicit for it straight.—Shakespeare.

If thou wouldst find much favor and peace with God and man, be very low in thine own eyes. Forgive thyself little, and others much.—Leighton.

The narrow soul knows not the godlike glory of forgiving.—Rowe.

If ye forgive men their trespasses, your Heavenly Father will also forgive you.—Bible.

He who has not forgiven an enemy has never yet tasted one of the most sublime enjoyments of life.—Lavater.

We read that we ought to forgive our enemies; but we do not read that we ought to forgive our friends.—Cosmus.

Great souls forgive not injuries till time has put their enemies within their power, that they may show forgiveness is their own.—Dryden.

Humanity is never so beautiful as when praying for forgiveness, or else forgiving another.—Richter.

Thou whom avenging pow'rs obey,
Cancel my debt (too great to pay)
Before the sad accounting day.
—Wentworth Dillon.

God never pardons: the laws of His universe are irrevocable. God always pardons: sense of condemnation is but another word for penitence, and penitence is already new life.—William Smith.

A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man than this, that when the injury began on his part the kindness should begin on ours.—Tillotson.

More bounteous run rivers when the ice that locked their flow melts into their waters. And when fine natures relent, their kindness is swelled by the thaw.—Bulwer-Lytton.

His great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion do we bury
The incensing relics of it.
—Shakespeare.

The world never forgives our talents, our successes, our friends, nor our pleasures. It only forgives our death. Nay, it does not always pardon that. —Elizabeth, Queen of Roumania.

A brave man thinks no one his superior who does him an injury: for he has it then in his power to make himself his superior to the other by forgiveness.—Drummond.

Forgive and forget!—why, the world would be lonely,
The garden a wilderness left to deform,
If the flowers but remember'd the chilling winds only,
And the fields gave no verdure for fear of the storm. —Charles Swain.

To have the power to forgive,
Is empire and prerogative,
And 'tis in crowns a nobler gem,
To grant a pardon than condemn.
—Butler.

Hath any wronged thee? be bravely revenged; slight it, and the work is begun; forgive it, and it is finished; he is below himself that is not above an injury.—Quarles.

Let us no more contend, nor blame
Each other, blam'd enough elsewhere, but strive
In offices of love, how we may lighten
Each other's burden, in our share of woe.
—Milton.

It is right that man should love those who have offended him. He will do so when he remembers that all men are his relations, and that it is through ignorance and involuntarily that they sin,—and then we all die so soon.—Marcus Aurelius.

The sun should not set upon our anger, neither should he rise upon our confidence. We should forgive freely, but forget rarely. I will not be revenged, and this I owe to my enemy; but I will remember, and this I owe to myself.—Colton.

When thou forgivest,—the man who has pierced thy heart stands to thee in the relation of the sea-worm that perforates the shell of the mussel which straightway closes the wound with a pearl.—Richter.

It is vain for you to expect, it is impudent for you to ask of God forgiveness on your own behalf, if you refuse to exercise this forgiving temper with respect to others.—Hoadley.

"I can forgive, but I cannot forget," is only another way of saying "I will not forgive." A forgiveness ought to be like a cancelled note, torn in two and burned up, so that it never can be shown against the man.—Beecher.

Of him that hopes to be forgiven it is indispensably required that he forgive. It is, therefore, superfluous to urge any other motive. On this great duty eternity is suspended, and to him that refuses to practise it, the throne of mercy is inaccessible, and the Saviour of the world has been born in vain.—Johnson.

Alas! if my best Friend, who laid down His life for me, were to remember all the instances in which I have neglected Him, and to plead them against me in judgment, where should I hide my guilty head in the day of recompense? I will pray, therefore, for blessings on my friends, even though they cease to be so, and upon my enemies, though they continue such.—Cowper.

The fairest action of our human life
Is scorning to revenge an injury;
For who forgives without a further strife,
His adversary's heart to him doth tie:
And 'tis a firmer conquest, truly said,
To win the heart than overthrow the head.
—Lady Elizabeth Carew.

There is an ugly kind of forgiveness in this world,—a kind of hedgehog forgiveness, shot out like quills. Men take one who has offended, and set him down before the blowpipe of their indignation, and scorch him, and burn his fault into him; and when they have kneaded him sufficiently with their fiery fists, then — they forgive him.—Beecher.

The brave only know how to forgive; it is the most refined and generous pitch of virtue human nature can arrive at. Cowards have done good and kind actions,—cowards have even fought, nay, sometimes even conquered; but a coward never forgave. It is not in his nature; the power of doing it flows only from a strength and greatness of soul, conscious of its own force and security, and above the little temptations of resenting every fruitless attempt to interrupt its happiness. —Sterne.

The gospel comes to the sinner at once with nothing short of complete forgiveness as the starting point of all his efforts to be holy. It does not say, "Go and sin no more, and I will not condemn thee." It says at once, "Neither do I condemn thee: go and sin no more."—Horatius Bonar.

Behold affronts and indignities which the world thinks it right never to pardon, which the Son of God endures with a divine meekness! Let us cast at the feet of Jesus that false honor, that quick sense of affronts, which exaggerates everything, and pardons nothing, and, above all, that devilish determination in resenting injuries.—Quesnel.

How sure we are of our own forgiveness from God. How certain we are that we are made in His image, when we forgive heartily and out of hand one who has wronged us. Sentimentally we may feel, and lightly we may say, "To err is human, to forgive divine;" but we never taste the nobility and divinity of forgiving till we forgive and know the victory of forgiveness over our sense of being wronged, over mortified pride and wounded sensibilities. Here we are in living touch with Him who treats us as though nothing had happened—who turns His back upon the past, and bids us journey with Him into goodness and gladness, into newness of life.—Maltbie Babcock.

In what a delightful communion with God does that man live who habitually seeketh love! With the same mantle thrown over him from the cross—with the same act of amnesty, by which we hope to be saved—injuries the most provoked, and transgressions the most aggravated, are covered in eternal forgetfulness.—E. L. Magoon.

Formality

Oh, I see thee old and formal, fitted to thy petty part,
With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a daughter's heart!—Tennyson.

Lord Angelo is precise;
Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone.
—Shakespeare.

There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle, like a standing pond;
And do a willful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dressed in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say, I am sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!
—Shakespeare.

Fortitude

Learn to labor and to wait.—Longfellow.

Fortitude is a great help in distress.—Plautus.

Fortitude is the guard and support of the other virtues.—Locke.

He who weighs his burdens, can bear them.—Martial.

Bid that welcome which comes to punish us, and we punish it, seeming to bear it lightly.—Shakespeare.

In struggling with misfortunes lies the true proof of virtue.—Shakespeare.

We men are but poor, weak souls, after all; women beat us out and out in fortitude.—Charles Buxton.

Where true fortitude dwells, loyalty, bounty, friendship and fidelity may be found.—Gay.

The vulgar refuse or crouch beneath their load; the brave bear theirs without repining.—Mallet.

Gird your hearts with silent fortitude,
Suffering, yet hoping all things.
—Mrs. Hemans.

True fortitude is seen in great exploits, that justice warrants and that wisdom guides.—Addison.

Providence has clearly ordained that the only path fit and salutary for man on earth is the path of persevering fortitude—the unremitting struggle of deliberate self-preparation and humble but active reliance on divine aid.—E. L. Magoon.

The burden which is well borne becomes light.—Ovid.

'Tis easiest dealing with the firmest mind—
More just when it resists, and, when it yields, more kind. —Crabbe.

White men should exhibit the same insensibility to moral tortures that red men do to physical torments.—Théophile Gautier.

Though Fortune's malice overthrow my state,
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.
—Shakespeare.

Who fights
With passions and o'ercomes, that man is arm'd
With the best virtue—passive fortitude.
—Webster.

Every man should bear his own grievances rather than detract from the comforts of another.—Cicero.

Fortitude has its extremes as well as the rest of the virtues, and ought, like them, to be always attended by prudence.—Voet.

Brave spirits are a balsam to themselves;
There is a nobleness of mind that heals
Wounds beyond salves. —Cartwright.

There is a strength of quiet endurance as significant of courage as the most daring feats of prowess.—Tuckerman.

The fortitude of a Christian consists in patience, not in enterprises which the poets call heroic, and which are commonly the effects of interest, pride and worldly honor.—Dryden.

Fortitude is not the appetite of formidable things, nor inconsult rashness; but virtue fighting for a truth, derived from knowledge of distinguishing good or bad causes.—Nabb.

The greatest man is he who chooses the right with invincible resolution; who resists the sorest temptations from within and without; who is calmest in

storms, and whose reliance on truth, on virtue, on God, is the most unfaltering.—Channing.

We deem those happy who, from the experience of life, have learned to bear its ills, without being overcome by them.—Juvenal.

True fortitude I take to be the quiet possession of a man's self, and an undisturbed doing his duty, whatever evil besets or danger lies in his way.—Locke.

Blessed are those whose blood and judgment are so well commingled that they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger to sound what stop she please.—Shakespeare.

It is true fortitude to stand firm against
All shocks of fate, when cowards faint and die
In fear to suffer more calamity.
—Massinger.

Fortitude is the marshal of thought, the armor of the will, and the fort of reason.—Bacon.

Be not cast down. If ye saw Him who is standing on the shore, holding out His arms to welcome you to land, ye would wade, not only through a sea of wrongs, but through hell itself to be with Him.—Rutherford.

Fortitude implies a firmness and strength of mind that enables us to do and suffer as we ought. It rises upon an opposition, and, like a river, swells the higher for having its course stopped.—Jeremy Collier.

Every man must bear his own burden, and it is a fine thing to see any one trying to do it manfully; carrying his cross bravely, silently, patiently, and in a way which makes you hope that he has taken for his pattern the greatest of all sufferers.—James Hamilton.

The man who is just and resolute will not be moved from his settled purpose, either by the misdirected rage of his fellow citizens, or by the threats of an imperious tyrant.—Horace.

A Christian builds his fortitude on a better foundation than stoicism: he is pleased with everything that happens, because he knows it could not happen unless it first pleased God, and that which pleases Him must be best.—C. C. Colton.

—There is a strength
Deep-bedded in our hearts, of which we reck
But little, till the shafts of heaven have pierced
Its fragile dwelling. Must not earth be rent
Before her gems are found?
—Mrs. Hemans.

Bear your burden manfully. Boys at school, young men who have exchanged boyish liberty for serious business—all who have got a task to do, a work to finish—bear the burden till God gives the signal for repose—till the work is done, and the holiday is fairly earned.—James Hamilton.

It is sufficient to have a simple heart in order to escape the harshness of the age, in order not to fly from the unfortunate; but it is to have some understanding of the imperishable law, to seek them in the forgetfulness against which they dare not complain, to prefer them in their ruin, to admire them in their struggles.—Sénancour.

Existence may be borne, and the deep root
Of life and sufferance make its firm abode
In bare and desolate bosoms: mute
The camel labors with the heaviest load,
And the wolf dies in silence: Not bestow'd
In vain should such examples be; if they,
Things of ignoble or of savage mood,
Endure and shrink not, we of nobler clay
May temper it to bear—it is but for a day.
—Byron.

My sole resources in the path I trod,
Were these—my bark—my sword—my love
—my God.
The last I left in youth—He leaves me now—
And man but works His will to lay me low.
I have no thought to mock His throne with prayer,
Wrung from the coward crouching of despair;
It is enough—I breathe—and I can bear.
—Byron.

Fortune

Fortune favors the bold.—Cicero.

Fortune, not wisdom, human life doth sway.—Cicero.

Fortune favors fools.—Anonymous.

That strumpet — Fortune.—Shakespeare.

Every man is the architect of his own fortune.—Sallust.

Lucky men are favorites of Heaven.—Dryden.

O Fortune, Fortune! all men call thee fickle.—Shakespeare.

Lucky people are her favorites.—Mme. de Genlis.

Fortune is not content to do a man one ill turn.—Bacon.

A good man's fortune may grow out at heels.—Shakespeare.

Ill fortune seldom comes alone.—Dryden.

No man has perpetual good fortune.—Plautus.

Fortune makes him fool, whom she makes her darling.—Bacon.

The bitter dregs of Fortune's cup to drain.—Homer.

The mould of a man's fortune is in his own hands.—Bacon.

It is the fortunate who should extol fortune.—Goethe.

The prudent man really frames his own fortunes for himself.—Plautus.

A just fortune awaits the deserving.—Statius.

The less we deserve good fortune, the more we hope for it.—Molière.

When Fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.
—Shakespeare.

The good or the bad fortune of men depends not less upon their own dispositions than upon fortune.—La Rochefoucauld.

Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them.—Shakespeare.

Man's fortune is usually changed at once; life is changeable.—Plautus.

Fortune never seems so blind as to those upon whom she confers no favors.—La Rochefoucauld.

Blind fortune pursues inconsiderate rashness.—La Fontaine.

Men are seldom blessed with good fortune and good sense at the same time.—Livy.

Fortune is gentle to the lowly, and heaven strikes the humble with a light hand.—Seneca.

It is doubtful what fortune to-morrow will bring.—Lucretius.

The least reliance can be placed even on the most exalted fortune.—Livy.

Fortune! There is no fortune; all is trial, or punishment, or recompense, or foresight.—Voltaire.

The moderation of fortunate people comes from the calm which good fortune gives to their tempers. — La Rochefoucauld.

If fortune favors you do not be elated; if she frowns do not despond.—Ausonius.

It is fortune, not wisdom, that rules man's life.—Cicero.

The most wretched fortune is safe; for there is no fear of anything worse.—Ovid.

We treat fortune like a mistress—the more she yields, the more we demand.—Mme. Roland.

Fortune molds and circumscribes human affairs as she pleases.—Plautus.

Fortune gives too much to many, enough to none.—Martial.

They make their fortune who are stout and wise.—Tasso.

Men may second fortune, but they cannot thwart her.—Machiavelli.

Fortune does not change men; it only unmasks them.—Mme. Riccoboni.

We make our fortunes, and we call them "fate."—Beaconsfield.

We rise to fortune by successive steps; we descend by only one.—Stanislaus.

We are sure to get the better of fortune if we do but grapple with her. —Seneca.

We do not know what is really good or bad fortune.—Rousseau.

We do not commonly find men of superior sense amongst those of the highest fortune.—Juvenal.

Fortune brings in some boats that are not steered.—Shakespeare.

Many fortunes, like rivers, have a pure source, but grow muddy as they grow large.—J. Petit-Senn.

Those who lament for fortune do not often lament for themselves.—Voltaire.

Fortune is like a market, where many times if you wait a little the price will fall.—Bacon.

Our probity is not less at the mercy of fortune than our property.—Rochefoucauld.

Fortune is the rod of the weak and the staff of the brave.—Lowell.

Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us anything.
—Shakespeare.

The good, we do it: the evil, that is fortune; man is always right, and destiny always wrong.—La Fontaine.

Fortune dreads the brave, and is only terrible to the coward.—Seneca.

Whatever fortune has raised to a height, she has raised only that it may fall.—Seneca.

Fortune is like a coquette; if you don't run after her, she will run after you.—H. W. Shaw.

Ill-fortune never crushed that man whom good fortune deceived not.—Ben Jonson.

Fortune is but a synonymous word for nature and necessity.—Bentley.

Fickle Fortune reigns, and, undiscerning, scatters crowns and chains.—Pope.

Fortune, that arrant whore,
Ne'er turns the key to the poor.
—Shakespeare.

Fortune turns everything to the advantage of her favorites.—Rochefoucauld.

Let not one look of Fortune cast you down; she were not Fortune if she did not frown.—Earl of Orrery.

Fortune is like glass; when she shines, she is broken.—Syrus.

Fortune cannot take away what she did not give.—Seneca.

How Fortune piles her sports when she begins to practise them!—Ben Jonson.

Many dream not to find, neither deserve, and yet are steeped in favors.—Shakespeare.

For fortune's wheel is on the turn,
And some go up and some go down.
—Mary F. Tucker.

Receive the gifts of fortune without pride, and part with them without reluctance.—Antoninus.

Dame Nature gave him comeliness and health; and Fortune, for a passport, gave him wealth.—Walter Harte.

If a man look sharply and attentively, he shall see Fortune, for, though she be blind, yet she is not invisible.—Bacon.

Fortune makes quick dispatch, and in a day
May strip you bare as beggary itself.
—Cumberland.

Fortune in men has some small difference made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade.
—Pope.

Who thinks that Fortune cannot change her mind,
Prepares a dreadful jest for all mankind.
—Pope.

Fortune's unjust; she ruins oft the brave, and him who should be victor, makes the slave.—Dryden.

Let fortune do her worst, whatever she makes us lose, so long as she never makes us lose our honesty and our independence.—Pope.

It is a madness to make fortune the mistress of events, because in herself she is nothing, but is ruled by prudence.—Dryden.

Men have made of fortune an all-powerful goddess, in order that she may be made responsible for all their blunders.—Mme. de Staël.

Fortune confounds the wise,
And when they least expect it turns the dice.
—Dryden.

The Spaniards have a saying that there is no man whom Fortune does not visit at least once in his life.—Ik Marvel.

Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burden whe'r I will or no,
I must have patience to endure the load.
—Shakespeare.

The power of fortune is confessed only by the miserable; for the happy impute all their successes to prudence and merit.—Swift.

Fortune, to show us her power in all things, and to abate our presumption, seeing she could not make fools wise, has made them fortunate.—Montaigne.

If fortune wishes to make a man estimable she gives him virtues; if she wishes to make him esteemed she gives him success.—Joubert.

Fortune, like a coy mistress, loves to yield her favors, though she makes us wrest them from her.—Bovee.

The old saying is expressed with depth and significance: "On the pinnacle of fortune man does not long stand firm."—Goethe.

Dame Fortune, like most others of the female sex, is generally most indulgent to the nimble-mettled blockheads.—Otway.

Good and bad fortune are found severally to visit those who have the most of the one or the other.—Rochefoucauld.

It is a law of the gods which is never broken, to sell somewhat dearly the great benefits which they confer on us.—Corneille.

Fortune rules in all things, and advances and depresses things more out of her own will than right and justice.—Sallust.

Fortune, my friend, I've often thought
Is weak, if Art assist her not:
So equally all Arts are vain,
If Fortune help them not again.—Sheridan.

The wheel of fortune turns incessantly round, and who can say within himself, I shall to-day be uppermost?—Confucius.

Fortune is ever seen accompanying industry, and is as often trundling in a wheelbarrow as lolling in a coach and six.—Goldsmith.

It is a madness to make fortune the mistress of events, because in herself she is nothing, but is ruled by prudence.—Dryden.

The bad fortune of the good turns their faces up to heaven; and the good fortune of the bad bows their heads down to the earth.—Saadi.

There are some men who are fortune's favorites, and who, like cats, light forever on their legs.—Colton.

The fortunate circumstances of our lives are generally found at last to be of our own producing.—Goldsmith.

Though Fortune's malice overthrow my state, my mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.—Shakespeare.

A broken fortune is like a falling column; the lower it sinks, the greater weight it has to sustain.—Ovid.

Fortune's wings are made of Time's feathers, which stay not whilst one may measure them.—Lilly.

O Fortune, that enviest the brave, what unequal rewards thou bestowest on the righteous!—Seneca.

Fortunes made in no time are like shirts made in no time; it's ten to one if they hang long together.—Douglas Jerrold.

I am amazed how men can call her blind, when, by the company she keeps, she seems so very discriminating.—Goldsmith.

There is nothing which continues longer than a moderate fortune; nothing of which one sees sooner the end than a large fortune.—Bruyère.

He whom fortune has never deceived rarely considers the uncertainty of human events.—Livy.

If a man's fortune does not fit him, it is like the shoe in the story; if too large it trips him up, if too small it pinches him.—Horace.

Luck affects everything; let your hook always be cast; in the stream where you least expect it, there will be a fish.—Ovid.

We should manage our fortune as we do our health—enjoy it when good, be patient when it is bad, and never apply violent remedies except in an extreme necessity.—La Rochefoucauld.

As long as you are fortunate you will have many friends, but if the times become cloudy you will be alone.—Ovid.

Vicissitudes of fortune, which spare neither man nor the proudest of his works, which bury empires and cities in a common grave.—Gibbon.

Let fortune empty her whole quiver on me.
I have a soul that, like an ample shield,
Can take in all, and verge enough for more.
—Dryden.

Adverse fortune seldom spares men of the noblest virtues. No one can with safety expose himself often to dangers. The man who has often escaped is at last caught.—Seneca.

Happy the man who can endure the highest and the lowest fortune. He, who has endured such vicissitudes with equanimity, has deprived misfortune of its power.—Seneca.

Golden palaces break man's rest, and purple robes cause watchful nights.
Oh, if the breasts of the rich could be seen into, what terrors high fortune places within! —Seneca.

But assuredly fortune rules in all things; she raises to eminence or buries in oblivion everything from caprice rather than from well-regulated principle.—Sallust.

Whereas they have sacrificed to themselves, they become sacrificers to the inconstancy of fortune, whose wings they thought, by their self-wisdom, to have pinioned.—Bacon.

Many have been ruined by their fortunes; many have escaped ruin by the want of fortune. To obtain it, the great have become little, and the little great.—Zimmermann.

There is some help for all the defects of fortune: for if a man cannot attain to the length of his wishes, he may have his remedy by cutting of them shorter.—Cowley.

It is often the easiest move that completes the game. Fortune is like the lady whom a lover carried off from all

his rivals by putting an additional lace upon his liveries.—Bulwer-Lytton.

All our advantages are those of fortune; birth, wealth, health, beauty, are her accidents; and when we cry out against fate, it were well we should remember fortune can take naught save what she gave.—Byron.

It cannot be denied but outward accidents conduce much to fortune's favor,—opportunity, death of others, occasion fitting virtue; but chiefly the mould of a man's fortune is in his own hands.—Bacon.

I have heard Cardinal Imperiali say: "There is no man whom fortune does not visit once in his life; but when she does not find him ready to receive her, she walks in at the door, and flies out at the window."—Montesquieu.

What real good does an addition to a fortune already sufficient procure? Not any. Could the great man, by having his fortune increased, increase also his appetites, then precedence might be attended with real amusement.—Goldsmith.

To be thrown on one's own resources is to be cast on the very lap of fortune; for our faculties undergo a development, and display an energy, of which they were previously unsusceptible.—Franklin.

The fortunate man is he who, born poor or nobody, works gradually up to wealth and consideration, and, having got them, dies before he finds they were not worth so much trouble.—Charles Reade.

The good things of life are not to be had singly, but come to us with a mixture,—like a schoolboy's holiday, with a task affixed to the tail of it.—Lamb.

A fortunate shepherd is nursed in a rude cradle in some wild forest, and, if fortune smile, has risen to empire. That other, swathed in purple by the throne, has at last, if fortune frown, gone to feed the herd.—Metastasio.

Fortune is said to be blind, but her favorites never are. Ambition has the eye of the eagle, prudence that of the lynx; the first looks through the air, the last along the ground.—Bulwer-Lytton.

So is Hope
Changed for Despair—one laid upon the shelf,
We take the other. Under heaven's high cope
Fortune is god—all you endure and do
Depends on circumstance as much as you.
—Shelley.

Oft, what seems
A trifle, a mere nothing, by itself,
In some nice situation, turns the scale
Of fate, and rules the most important actions.
—Thomson.

If fortune has fairly sat on a man, he takes it for granted that life consists in being sat upon; but to be coddled on Fortune's knee, and then have his ears boxed,—that is aggravating.—Charles Buxton.

A man is thirty years old before he has any settled thoughts of his fortune; it is not completed before fifty. He falls to building in his old age, and dies by the time his house is in a condition to be painted and glazed.—Bruyère.

Alas! the joys that fortune brings
Are trifling, and decay,
And those who prize the trifling things,
More trifling still than they.
—Goldsmith.

Fortune, like other females, prefers a lover to a master, and submits with impatience to control; but he that wooes her with opportunity and importunity will seldom court her in vain.—Colton.

So quickly sometimes has the wheel turned round that many a man has lived to enjoy the benefit of that charity which his own piety projected.—Sterne.

The heavens do not send good haps in handfuls; but let us pick out our good by little, and with care, from out much bad, that still our little world may know its king.—Sir P. Sidney.

Fortune has rarely condescended to be the companion of Genius; others find a hundred by-roads to her palace; there is but one open, and that a very indifferent one, for men of letters.—Disraeli.

It is we that are blind, not fortune; because our eye is too dim to discern the mystery of her effects, we foolishly paint her blind, and hoodwink the providence of the Almighty. —Sir Thomas Browne.

In human life there is a constant change of fortune; and it is unreasonable to expect an exemption from the common fate. Life itself decays, and all things are daily changing.—Plutarch.

The old Scythians painted blind fortune's powerful hands with wings, to show her gifts come swift and suddenly, which, if her favorite be not swift to take, he loses them forever.—Chapman.

This is most true, and all history bears testimony to it, that men may second fortune, but they cannot thwart her,—they may weave her web, but they cannot break it.—Machiavelli.

It is with fortune as with fantastical mistresses,—she makes sport with those that are ready to die for her, and throws herself at the feet of others that despise her.—J. Beaumont.

The way of fortune is like the milky way in the sky, which is a meeting or knot of a number of small stars, not seen asunder, but giving light together; so are there a number of little and scarce discerned virtues, or rather faculties and customs, that make men fortunate.—Bacon.

Fortune does us neither good nor hurt; she only presents us the matter, and the seed, which our soul, more powerfully than she, turns and applies as she best pleases; being the sole cause and sovereign mistress of her own happy or unhappy condition.—Montaigne.

Fortune is painted blind in order to show her impartiality; but when she cheers the needy with hope, and depresses the wealthy with distrust, methinks she confers the richest boon on the poorest man, and injures those on whom she bestows her favors.—Chatfield.

Will fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach, and no food—
Such as are the poor in health; or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach—such are the rich,
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.
—Shakespeare.

Fortune made up of toys and impudence,
That common judge that has not common sense,
But fond of business insolently dares
Pretend to rule, yet spoils the world's affairs. —Buckingham.

Fortune, the great commandress of the world,
Hath divers ways t' enrich her followers:
To some she honor gives without deserving;
To other some, deserving without honor;
Some, wit—some, wealth—and some, wit without wealth;
Some, wealth without wit—some, nor wit nor wealth. —Chapman.

It has been remarked that almost every character which has excited either attention or pity has owed part of its success to merit, and part to a happy concurrence of circumstances in its favor. Had Cæsar or Cromwell exchanged countries, the one might have been a sergeant and the other an exciseman.—Goldsmith.

What men usually say of misfortunes, that they never come alone, may with equal truth be said of good fortune; nay, of other circumstances which gather round us in a harmonious way, whether it arise from a kind of fatality, or that man has the power of attracting to himself things that are mutually related.—Goethe.

The Europeans are themselves blind who describe fortune without sight. No first-rate beauty ever had finer eyes, or saw more clearly. They who

have no other trade but seeking their fortune need never hope to find her; coquette-like, she flies from her close pursuers, and at last fixes on the plodding mechanic who stays at home and minds his business.—Goldsmith.

To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile,
Assiduous wait upon her;
And gather gear by every wile
That's justified by honor.
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train attendant;
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent. —Burns.

In losing fortune many a lucky elf
Has found himself.
As all our moral bitters are design'd
To brace the mind,
And renovate its healthy tone, the wise
Their sorest trials hail as blessings in disguise. —Horace Smith.

Fortunes are made, if I the facts may state—
Though poor myself, I know the fortunate:
First, there's a knowledge of the way from whence
Good fortune comes—and this is sterling sense:
Then perseverance, never to decline
The chase of riches till the prey is thine;
And firmness never to be drawn away
By any passion from that noble prey—
By love, ambition, study, travel, fame,
Or the vain hope that lives upon a name.
—Crabbe.

Frailty

Man is frail, and prone to evil.—Jeremy Taylor.

Man with frailty is allied by birth. —Bishop Lowth.

Frailty, thy name is woman!—Shakespeare.

Fine by defect, and delicately weak. —Pope.

Love has a tide.—Helen Hunt.

Great for good, or great for evil.—Burns.

Unthought-of frailties cheat us in the wise.—Pope.

The French have a significant saying, that a woman who buys her complexion will sell it.—Tuckerman.

A woman filled with faith in the one she loves is the creation of a novelist's imagination.—Balzac.

Universal love is a glove without fingers, which fits all hands alike, and none closely.—Richter.

What is man's love? His vows are broke even while his parting kiss is warm.—Halleck.

All men are frail; but thou shouldst reckon none so frail as thyself.—Thomas à Kempis.

This is the porcelain clay of human kind.—Dryden.

Alas! our frailty is the cause, not we;
For, such as we are made of, such we be.
—Shakespeare.

Court a mistress, she denies you; let her alone, she will court you.—Ben Jonson.

Sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.
—Shakespeare.

Weep no more, lady, weep no more,
Thy sorrow is in vain;
For violets plucked, the sweetest showers
Will ne'er make grow again. —Percy.

The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die;
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed outbraves its dignity:
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds. —Shakespeare.

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away?—
The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom—is to die.
—Goldsmith.

When with care we have raised an imaginary treasure of happiness, we find at last that the materials of the structure are frail and perishing, and

the foundation itself is laid in the sand.—Rogers.

Glass antique! 'twixt thee and Nell
Draw we here a parallel.
She, like thee, was forced to bear
All reflections, foul or fair.
Thou art deep and bright within—
Depths as bright belong'd to Gwynne;
Thou art very frail as well,
Frail as flesh is—so was Nell.
—L. Blanchard.

France

A monarchy tempered by songs.—Chamfort.

Decayed in thy glory and sunk in thy worth.—Byron.

France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits the tread of a man's foot.—Shakespeare.

Studious to please, and ready to submit; the supple Gaul was born a parasite.—Johnson.

Gay, sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleased with thyself, whom all the world can please. —Goldsmith.

'Tis better using France than trusting France;
Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas,
Which He hath given for fence impregnable,
And with their helps only defend ourselves;
In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies.
—Shakespeare.

Frankness

He speaks home; you may relish him more in the soldier than in the scholar.—Shakespeare.

He that openly tells his friends all that he thinks of them, must expect that they will secretly tell his enemies much that they do not think of him.—Colton.

It is wrong to believe that frank sentiments and the candor of the mind are the exclusive share of the young: they ornament oftentimes old age, upon which they seem to spread a chaste reflection of the modest graces of their younger days, where they shine with the same brightness as those flowers which are often seen peeping, fresh and laughing, from among ruins.—Poincelot.

Fraud

The first and worst of all frauds is to cheat one's self.—Bailey.

His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.—Shakespeare.

Some cursed fraud
Of enemy hath beguiled thee, yet unknown,
And me with thee hath ruined.—Milton.

So glistered the dire Snake, and into fraud
Led Eve, our credulous mother, to the Tree
Of Prohibition, root of all our woe.
—Milton.

Though fraud in all other actions be odious, yet in matters of war it is laudable and glorious, and he who overcomes his enemies by stratagem is as much to be praised as he who overcomes them by force.—Machiavelli.

Freedom

The cause of freedom is the cause of God.—Bowles.

Freedom is only in the land of dreams.—Schiller.

The man is free who is protected from injury.—Daniel Webster.

Freedom is a new religion, the religion of our time.—Heine.

Free soil, free men, free speech, Fremont.—Republican Rallying Cry. 1856.

Freedom is not caprice, but room to enlarge.—C. A. Bartol.

Void of freedom, what would virtue be?—Lamartine.

A bird in a cage is not half a bird.—Beecher.

Knowledge is essential to freedom.—William Ellery Channing.

O freedom, first delight of human kind!—Dryden.

The cry of the soul is for freedom. It longs for liberty, from the date of

its first conscious moments.—J. G. Holland.

Is it worth the name of freedom to be at liberty to play the fool?—Locke.

Merely to breathe freely does not mean to live.—Goethe.

Freedom's soil hath only place
For a free and fearless race!
—Whittier.

Is any man free except the one who can pass his life as he pleases?—Persius.

Man is created free, and is free, even though born in chains.—Schiller.

Liberty is given by nature even to mute animals.—Tacitus.

That is true liberty which bears a pure and firm breast.—Ennius.

Oh, only a free soul will never grow old!
—Jean Paul Richter.

In giving freedom to the slave we assure freedom to the free—honorable alike in what we give and what we preserve.—Abraham Lincoln.

Slow are the steps of freedom, but her feet turn never backward.—Lowell.

All special charters of freedom must be abrogated where the universal law of freedom is to flourish.—Heine.

The greatest glory of a free-born people,
Is to transmit that freedom to their children. —Havard.

The recovery of freedom is so splendid a thing that we must not shun even death when seeking to recover it.—Cicero.

I intend no modification of my oft-expressed wish that all men everywhere could be free.—Abraham Lincoln.

Nations grow corrupt, love bondage more than liberty; bondage with ease than strenuous liberty.—Milton.

Countries are well cultivated, not as they are fertile, but as they are free.—Montesquieu.

Hope for a season bade the world farewell, and Freedom shrieked as Kosciusko fell.—Campbell.

The whole freedom of man consists either in spiritual or civil liberty.—Milton.

Personal liberty is the paramount essential to human dignity and human happiness.—Bulwer-Lytton.

And ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves. —Robert Treat Paine.

The man who seeks freedom for anything but freedom's self is made to be a slave.—De Tocqueville.

No, Freedom has a thousand charms to show,
That slaves, howe'er contented, never know. —Cowper.

A day, an hour of virtuous liberty,
Is worth a whole eternity of bondage.
—Addison.

The only freedom worth possessing is that which gives enlargement to a people's energy, intellect and virtues.—Channing.

As freedom is the only safeguard of governments, so are order and moderation generally necessary to preserve freedom.—Macaulay.

For Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeath'd by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft is ever won.
—Byron.

Service cannot be expected from a friend in service; let him be a freeman who wishes to be my master.—Martial.

And lo! the fullness of the time has come,
And over all the exile's western home,
From sea to sea the flowers of freedom bloom! —Whittier.

Freedom and slavery, the one is the name of virtue, and the other of vice.

and both are acts of the will.—Epictetus.

We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held. —Wordsworth.

'Tis liberty alone that gives the flowers
Of fleeting life their luster and perfume,
And we are weeds without it.—Cowper.

There are two freedoms—the false, where a man is free to do what he likes; the true, where a man is free to do what he ought.—Charles Kingsley.

We do not know of how much a man is capable if he has the will, and to what point he will raise himself if he feels free.—J. von Müller.

Freedom is the ferment of freedom. The moistened sponge drinks up water greedily; the dry one sheds it.—Holmes.

Know ye not who would be free themselves must strike the blow? by their right arms the conquest must be wrought?—Byron.

In a free country there is much clamor, with little suffering; in a despotic state there is little complaint, with much grievance.—Carnot.

To prove that the Americans ought not to be free, we are obliged to deprecate the value of freedom itself. —Burke.

Men are qualified for civil liberty in exact proportion to their disposition to put moral chains upon their own appetites.—Burke.

Freedom may come quickly in robes of peace, or after ages of conflict and war; but come it will, and abide it will, so long as the principles by which it was acquired are held sacred.—Edward Everett.

By the laws of God, of nature, of nations, and of your country you are and ought to be as free a people as your brethren in England.—Swift.

I always had an aversion to your apostles of freedom; each but sought for himself freedom to do what he liked.—Goethe.

I am as free as nature first made man,
Ere the base laws of servitude began,
When wild in woods the noble savage ran.
—Dryden.

Freedom in a democracy is the glory of the state, and, therefore, in a democracy only will the freeman of nature deign to dwell.—Plato.

Freedom needs all her poets; it is they
Who give her aspirations wings,
And to the wiser law of music sway
Her wild imaginings. —Lowell.

My angel—his name is Freedom—
Choose him to be your king;
He shall cut pathways east and west,
And fend you with his wing.
—Emerson.

When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
—Joseph Rodman Drake.

How does the meadow flower its bloom unfold?
Because the lovely little flower is free
Down to its root, and in that freedom, bold. —Wordsworth.

Better to dwell in freedom's hall,
With a cold damp floor and mouldering wall,
Than bow the head and bend the knee
In the proudest palace of slaverie.
—Moore.

To have freedom is only to have that which is absolutely necessary to enable us to be what we ought to be, and to possess what we ought to possess.—Rahel.

The cause of freedom is identified with the destinies of humanity, and in whatever part of the world it gains ground by and by, it will be a common gain to all those who desire it.—Kossuth.

Blandishments will not fascinate us, nor will threats of a "halter" intimidate. For, under God, we are determind that, wheresoever, whensoever, or howsoever we shall be called to

make our exit, we will die freemen.—Josiah Quincy.

That man is deceived who thinks it slavery to live under an excellent prince. Never does liberty appear in a more gracious form than under a pious king.—Claudianus.

Easier were it
To hurl the rooted mountain from its base,
Than force the yoke of slavery upon men
Determin'd to be free. —Southey.

He was the freeman whom the truth made free;
Who first of all, the bands of Satan broke;
Who broke the bands of sin, and for his soul,
In spite of fools consulted seriously.
—Pollok.

Whatever natural right men may have to freedom and independency, it is manifest that some men have a natural ascendency over others.—Lord Greville.

Oh, Liberty! thou goddess heavenly bright!
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight!
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
And smiling plenty leads thy wanton train.
—Addison.

In the long vista of the years to roll,
Let me not see my country's honor fade;
Oh! let me see our land retain its soul!
Her pride in Freedom, and not Freedom's shade. —Keats.

The only freedom which deserves the name is that of pursuing our own good in our own way, so long as we do not attempt to deprive others of theirs, or impede their efforts to obtain it.—John Stuart Mill.

Progress, the growth of power, is the end and boon of liberty; and, without this, a people may have the name, but want the substance and spirit of freedom.—Channing.

England may as well dam up the waters of the Nile with bulrushes as to fetter the step of freedom, more proud and firm in this youthful land than where she treads the sequestered glens of Scotland, or couches herself among the magnificent mountains of Switzerland.—Lydia Maria Child.

The water-lily, in the midst of waters, opens its leaves and expands its petals, at the first pattering of the shower, and rejoices in the rain-drops with a quicker sympathy than the packed shrubs in the sandy desert.—Coleridge.

Yes! to this thought I hold with firm persistence;
The last result of wisdom stamps it true;
He only earns his freedom and existence
Who daily conquers them anew.
—Goethe.

Here the free spirit of mankind, at length,
Throws its last fetters off; and who shall place
A limit to the giant's unchained strength,
Or curb his swiftness in the forward race? —Bryant.

Freedom is alone the unoriginated birthright of man; it belongs to him by force of his humanity, and is in dependence on the will and coaction of every other, in so far as this consists with every other person's freedom.—Kant.

The moment men obtain perfect freedom, that moment they erect a stage for the manifestation of their faults. The strong characters begin to go wrong by excess of energy; the weak by remissness of action.—Goethe.

The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone
I dream'd that Greece might still be free.
For standing on the Persians' grave
I could not deem myself a slave.
—Byron.

Many politicians are in the habit of laying it down as a self-evident proposition that no people ought to be free till they are fit to use their freedom. The maxim is worthy of the fool in the old story who resolved not to go into the water till he had learned to swim.—Macaulay.

The sea, as well as the air, is a free and common thing to all; and a particular nation cannot pretend to have the right to the exclusion of all others, without violating the rights of nature and public usage.—Queen Elizabeth.

In a free country every man thinks he has a concern in all public matters,—that he has a right to form and a right to deliver an opinion on them. This it is that fills countries with men of ability in all stations.—Burke.

We grant no dukedoms to the few,
We hold like rights and shall;
Equal on Sunday in the pew,
On Monday in the mall.
For what avail the plough or sail,
Or land, or life, if freedom fail?
—Emerson.

When freedom, on her natal day,
Within her war-rock'd cradle lay,
An iron race around her stood,
Baptiz'd her infant brow in blood,
And through the storm that round her swept,
Their constant ward and watching kept.
—Whittier.

Oh; not yet
May'st thou unbrace thy corslet, nor lay by
Thy sword, nor yet, O Freedom! close thy lids
In slumber; for thine enemy never sleeps.
And thou must watch and combat, till the day
Of the new earth and heaven.—Bryant.

Stranger, new flowers in our vales are seen,
With a dazzling eye, and a lovely green.—
They scent the breath of the dewy morn:
They feed no worm, and they hide no thorn,
But revel and glow in our balmy air;
They are flowers which Freedom hath planted there. —Mrs. Sigourney.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.
—Julia Ward Howe.

The slave will be free. Democracy in America will yet be a glorious reality; and when the top-stone of that temple of freedom which our fathers left unfinished shall be brought forth with shoutings and cries of grace unto it, when our now drooping Liberty lifts up her head and prospers, happy will he be who can say, with John Milton, "Among those who have something more than wished her welfare, I, too, have my charter and freehold of rejoicing to me and my heirs."—Whittier.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage;
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.
—Richard Lovelace.

Who then is free?—the wise, who well maintains
An empire o'er himself; whom neither chains,
Nor want, nor death, with slavish fear inspire;
Who boldly answers to his warm desire;
Who can ambition's vainest gifts despise;
Firm in himself, who on himself relies;
Polish'd and round, who runs his proper course,
And breaks misfortune with superior force.
—Horace.

Oh, Freedom! thou art not, as poets dream,
A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,
And wavy tresses gushing from the cap
With which the Roman master crowned his slave
When he took off the gyves. A bearded man
Armed to the teeth, art thou; one mailèd hand
Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword; thy brow,
Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred
With tokens of old wars.
—William Cullen Bryant.

They never fail who die
In a great cause: the block may soak their gore,
Their heads may sodden in the sun; their limbs
Be strung to city gates and castle walls;—
But still their spirit walks abroad. Though years
Elapse, and others share as dark a doom,
They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts
Which overpower all others, and conduct
The world at last to freedom. —Byron.

The man who stands upon his own soil, who feels, by the laws of the land in which he lives,—by the laws of civilized nations,—he is the rightful and exclusive owner of the land which he tills, is, by the constitution of our nature, under a wholesome influence,

not easily imbibed from any other source.—Edward Everett.

We hail the return of the day of thy birth,
Fair Columbia! washed by the waves of two oceans—
Where men from the farthest dominions of earth
Rear altars to Freedom, and pay their devotions;
Where our fathers in fight, nobly strove for the Right,
Struck down their fierce foemen or put them to flight;
Through the long lapse of ages, that so there might be
An asylum for all in the Land of the Free.
—Abraham Coles.

Freedom all winged expands,
Nor perches in a narrow place;
Her broad van seeks unplanted lands;
She loves a poor and virtuous race.
Clinging to a colder zone
Whose dark sky sheds the snow-flake down,
The snow-flake is her banner's star,
Her stripes the boreal streamers are.
Long she loved the Northman well;
Now the iron age is done,
She will not refuse to dwell
With the offspring of the Sun.
—Emerson.

What art thou Freedom? Oh, could slaves
Answer from their living graves
This demand, tyrants would flee
Like a dim dream's imagery!
Thou art Justice—ne'er for gold
May thy righteous laws be sold,
As laws are in England: thou
Shield'st alike high and low.
Thou art Peace—never by thee
Would blood and treasure wasted be
As tyrants wasted them when all
Leagued to quench thy flame in Gaul!
Thou art love: the rich have kist
Thy feet and like him following Christ
Given their substance to be free
And through the world have followed thee.
—Shelley.

Oh, joy to the world! the hour is come,
When the nations to freedom awake,
When the royalists stand agape and dumb,
And monarchs with terror shake!
Over the walls of majesty
"Upharsin" is writ in words of fire,
And the eyes of the bondsman, wherever they be
Are lit with wild desire.
Soon shall the thrones that blot the world,
Like the Orleans, into the dust be hurl'd,
And the word roll on like a hurricane's breath,
Till the farthest slave hears what it saith—
Arise, arise, be free!
—T. Buchanan Read.

There is what I call the American idea. * * * This idea demands, as the proximate organization thereof, a democracy; that is, a government of all the people, by all the people, for all the people; of course, a government of the principles of eternal justice, the unchanging law of God: for shortness' sake I will call it the idea of freedom.—Theodore Parker.

Free Speech

There is tonic in the things that men do not love to hear; and there is damnation in the things that wicked men love to hear. Free speech is to a great people what winds are to oceans and malarial regions, which waft away the elements of disease, and bring new elements of health. And where free speech is stopped miasma is bred, and death comes fast. —Beecher.

Fretting

Most men call fretting a minor fault, a foible, and not a vice. There is no vice except drunkenness which can so utterly destroy the peace, the happiness of a home.—Mrs. H. F. Jackson.

However nervous, depressed, and despairing may be the tone of any one, the Lord leaves him no excuse for fretting; for there is enough in God's promise to overbalance all these natural difficulties. In the measure in which the Christian enjoys his privileges, rises above the things that are seen, hides himself in the refuge provided for him, will he be able to voice the confession of Paul, and say. "None of these things move me."—S. H. Tyng, Jr.

Friendless

Deserted at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed;
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
—Dryden.

Friends

A friend may well be reckoned the masterpiece of nature.—Emerson.

A true friend is one soul in two bodies.—Aristotle.

Oblige a friend.—Stobæus.

Of friends, however humble, scorn not one.—Wordsworth.

Friends are ourselves.—John Donne.

Have no friends not equal to yourself.—Confucius.

The way to gain a friend is to be one.—Michelet.

Make friends of the wise.—Stobæus.

Make friends of equals.—Stobæus.

The greatest medicine is a true friend.—Sir W. Temple.

My friends! There are no friends!—Aristotle.

A friend to everybody is a friend to nobody.—Spanish Proverb.

A true friend is forever a friend.—George MacDonald.

He who reckons ten friends has not one.—Malesherbes.

Men make the best friends.—La Bruyère.

The wretched have no friends.—Dryden.

Amongst true friends there is no fear of losing anything.—Jeremy Taylor.

A friend must not be injured, even in jest.—Syrus.

It is a friendly heart that has plenty of friends.—Thackeray.

Save, oh! save me from the candid friend.—George Canning.

A man dies as often as he loses his friends.—Bacon.

To lose a friend is the greatest of all losses.—Syrus.

A friend is worth all hazards we can run.—Young.

Friends are to incite one another to God's works.—William Ellery Channing.

Be slow in choosing a friend, slower in changing.—Benjamin Franklin.

For his friend is another self.—Aristotle.

A book is a friend that never deceives.—Guilbert De Pixérécourt.

Virtuous men alone possess friends.—Voltaire.

He who hath many friends, hath none.—Aristotle.

Oh, be my friend, and teach me to be thine!—Emerson.

To God, thy country, and thy friend be true.—Vaughan.

Women, like princes, find few real friends.—Lord Lyttleton.

Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.—Shakespeare.

Friend more divine than all divinities.—George Eliot.

Kiss and be friends.—Farquhar.

True friends have no solitary joy or sorrow.—William Ellery Channing.

A constant friend is a thing rare and hard to find.—Plutarch.

No friend's a friend till he shall prove a friend.—Beaumont and Fletcher.

Have friends, not for the sake of receiving, but of giving.—Joseph Roux.

Thine own friend, and thy father's friend, forsake not.—Bible.

Keep thy friend under thy own life's key.—Shakespeare.

A man cannot be said to succeed in this life who does not satisfy one friend.—Henry D. Thoreau.

Between friends, frequent reproofs make the friendship distant.—Confucius.

My joy in friends, those sacred people, is my consolation.—Emerson.

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities.—Shakespeare.

Be kind to my remains; and O defend
Against your judgment, your departed friend. —Dryden.

I have loved my friends as I do virtue, my soul, my God.—Sir Thomas Browne.

Where you have friends you should not go to inns.—George Eliot.

I have myself to respect, but to myself I am not amiable; but my friend is my amiableness personified.—Henry D. Thoreau.

Defend me from my friends; I can defend myself from my enemies.—The French Ana.

The fallying out of faithful frends is the renuyng of love.—Richard Edwards.

A foe to God was ne'er true friend to man,
Some sinister intent taints all he does.
—Young.

'Tis thus that on the choice of friends
Our good or evil name depends.
—Gay.

Nothing makes the earth seem so spacious as to have friends at a distance; they make the latitudes and longitudes.—Henry D. Thoreau.

We have been friends together
In sunshine and in shade.
—Caroline E. S. Norton.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend. —Goldsmith.

Old friends are best. King James used to call for his old shoes. They were easiest for his feet.—John Selden.

May I never sit on a tribunal where my friends shall not find more favor from me than strangers.—Themistocles.

Friendship is the ideal; friends are the reality; reality always remains far apart from the ideal.—Joseph Roux.

Nothing endears so much a friend as sorrow for his death. The pleasure of his company has not so powerful an influence.—Hume.

A day for toil, an hour for sport,
But for a friend is life too short.
—Emerson.

Two persons will not be friends long if they cannot forgive each other little failings.—La Bruyère.

It is good to have friends at court.—Charles Lamb.

A friend should be like money, tried before being required, not found faulty in our need.—Plutarch.

Know this, that he that is a friend of himself is a friend to all men.—Seneca.

Animals are such agreeable friends—they ask no questions. They pass no criticisms.—George Eliot.

My designs and labors
And aspirations are my only friends.
—Longfellow.

He is a friend who, in dubious circumstances, aids in deeds when deeds are necessary.—Plautus.

The wound is for you, but the pain is for me.—Charles IX.

For to cast away a virtuous friend, I call as bad as to cast away one's own life, which one loves best.—Sophocles.

'Tis something to be willing to commend;
But my best praise is, that I am your friend. —Southerne.

When our friends are present we ought to treat them well; and when they are absent, to speak of them well.—Epictetus.

Our most intimate friend is not he to whom we show the worst, but the best of our nature.—Hawthorne.

Choose a good disagreeable friend, if you be wise—a surly, steady, economical, rigid fellow.—Thackeray.

Friends are rare, for the good reason that men are not common.—Joseph Roux.

A friend that you have to buy won't be worth what you pay for him, no matter what that may be.—George D. Prentice.

There are three faithful friends—an old wife, an old dog, and ready money.—Benjamin Franklin.

He that will lose his friend for a jest deserves to die a beggar by the bargain.—Thomas Fuller.

He will never have true friends who is afraid of making enemies.—Hazlitt.

If we are long absent from our friends, we forget them; if we are constantly with them, we despise them.—Hazlitt.

It is better to make friends than adversaries of a conquered race.—B. R. Haydon.

Promises may get friends, but it is performance that must nurse and keep them.—Owen Feltham.

Take the advice of a faithful friend, and submit thy inventions to his censure.—Thomas Fuller.

It is virtue which should determine us in the choice of our friends, without inquiring into their good or evil fortune.—La Bruyère.

Poor is the friendless master of a world:
A world in purchase for a friend is gain.
—Dr. Young.

There is nothing more friendly than a friend in need.—Plautus.

A faithful friend is the true image of the Deity.—Napoleon.

Chance makes our parents, but choice makes our friends.—Delille.

Friends I have made, whom envy must commend,
But not one foe whom I would wish a friend. —Churchill.

A friend loveth at all times; and a brother is born for adversity.—Bible.

The ornaments of a home are the friends who frequent it.—Emerson.

No better relation than a prudent and faithful friend.—Franklin.

O friend! O best of friends! Thy absence more
Than the impending night darkens the landscape o'er. —Longfellow.

Those who want friends to open themselves unto are cannibals of their own hearts.—Bacon.

From the loss of our friends teach us how to enjoy and improve those who remain.—William Ellery Channing.

Trust not yourself; but your defects to know,
Make use of ev'ry friend—and ev'ry foe.
—Pope.

The difficulty is not so great to die for a friend as to find a friend worth dying for.—Henry Home.

Nothing shows one who his friends are like prosperity and ripe fruit.—C. D. Warner.

A friend gives himself to his beloved, and the higher his excellence the richer the gift.—William Ellery Channing.

He who has ceased to enjoy his friend's superiority has ceased to love him.—Madame Swetchine.

We want but two or three friends, but these we cannot do without, and they serve us in every thought we think.—Emerson.

Purchase no friends by gifts; when thou ceasest to give such will cease to love.—Fuller.

Summer friends vanish when the cask is drained to the dregs.—Horatius.

In prosperity it is very easy to find a friend; but in adversity it is the most difficult of all things.—Epictetus.

There have been fewer friends on earth than kings.—Cowley.

Friends, those relations that one makes for one's self.—Deschamps.

Every friend is to the other a sun, and a sunflower also. He attracts and follows.—Richter.

True friends appear less moved than counterfeit.—Roscommon.

Talking with a friend is nothing else but thinking aloud.—Addison.

We want our friend as a man of talent, less because he has talent than because he is our friend.—Joseph Roux.

The genius of life is friendly to the noble, and, in the dark, brings them friends from far.—Emerson.

Some dire misfortune to portend, no enemy can match a friend.—Swift.

Chide a friend in private and praise him in public.—Solon.

Our friends interpret the world and ourselves to us, if we take them tenderly and truly.—A. Bronson Alcott.

Costly followers are not to be liked, lest while a man maketh his train longer, he make his wings shorter.—Bacon.

Friends are much better tried in bad fortune than in good.—Aristotle.

There is no man so friendless but what he can find a friend sincere enough to tell him disagreeable truths.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Friends are the thermometers by which we may judge the temperature of our fortunes.—Lady Blessington.

Friends are the leaders of the bosom, being more ourselves than we are, and we complement our affections in theirs.—A. Bronson Alcott.

The beloved friend does not fill one part of the soul, but, penetrating the whole, becomes connected with all feeling.—William Ellery Channing.

He casts off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew, when he pleased, he could whistle them back. —Goldsmith.

A faithful friend is better than gold—a medicine for misery, an only possession.—Burton.

The loss of a friend is like that of a limb. Time may heal the anguish of the wound, but the loss cannot be repaired.—Southey.

False friends are like our shadow, keeping close to us while we walk in the sunshine, but leaving us the instant we cross into the shade.—Bovee.

Whatever the number of a man's friends, there will be times in his life when he has one too few.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Very pleasant hast thou been unto me; thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women.—Bible.

He is happy that hath a true friend at his need; but he is more truly happy that hath no need of his friend.—Warwick.

Friends are often chosen for similitude of manners, and therefore each palliates the other's failings because they are his own.—Dr. Johnson.

We must love our friends as true amateurs love paintings; they have their eyes perpetually fixed on the fine parts, and see no others.—Mme. d'Epinay.

Friends should be weighed, not told; who boasts to have won a multitude of friends has never had one.—Coleridge.

Nothing is more dangerous than a friend without discretion; even a prudent enemy is preferable.—La Fontaine.

We never know the true value of friends. While they live we are too sensitive of their faults: when we have lost them we only see their virtues.—J. C. and A. W. Hare.

Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago, if thou but think'st him wronged, and mak'st his ear a stranger to thy thoughts.—Shakespeare.

Among real friends there is no rivalry or jealousy of one another, but they are satisfied and contented alike whether they are equal or one of them is superior.—Plutarch.

Sometimes we lose friends for whose loss our regret is greater than our grief, and others for whom our grief is greater than our regret.—La Rochefoucauld.

It is hard to dispraise those who are dispraised by others. He is little short of a hero who perseveres in thinking well of a friend who has become a butt for slander, and a byword.—Hazlitt.

'Twas sung, how they were lovely in their lives,
And in their deaths had not divided been.
—Campbell.

"Necessarius," the friend, the man who is necessary. * * * A deep word, an ingenious word, a touching word. When will it be French?—Joseph Roux.

Sweet is the memory of distant friends!
Like the mellow rays of the departing sun,
It falls tenderly, yet sadly, on the heart.
—Washington Irving.

The man abandoned by his friends, one after another, without just cause, will acquire the reputation of being hard to please, changeable, ungrateful, unsociable.—Joseph Roux.

Take heed of a speedy professing friend; love is never lasting which flames before it burns.—Feltham.

When we exaggerate the tenderness of our friends towards us, it is often less from gratitude than from a desire to exhibit our own merit.—La Rochefoucauld.

The poor make no new friends;
But oh, they love the better still
The few our Father sends.
—Lady Dufferin.

One faithful friend is enough for a man's self; 'tis much to meet with such an one, yet we can't have too many for the sake of others.—De La Bruyère.

He that doth a base thing in zeal for his friend burns the golden thread that ties their hearts together.—Jeremy Taylor.

Alas! to-day I would give everything
To see a friend's face, or hear a voice
That had the slightest tone of comfort in it.
—Longfellow.

Real friends are our greatest joy and our greatest sorrow. It were almost to be wished that all true and faithful friends should expire on the same day.—Fénelon.

True friends visit us in prosperity only when invited, but in adversity they come without invitation.—Theophrastus.

To wail friends lost
Is not by much so wholesome—profitable,
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.
—Shakespeare.

Real friendship is a slow grower; and never thrives unless engrafted upon a stock of known and reciprocal merit.—Chesterfield.

It is easy to say how we love new friends, and what we think of them, but words can never trace out all the fibers that knit us to the old.—George Eliot.

Then came your new friend: you began to change—
I saw it and grieved. —Tennyson.

They who dare to ask anything of a friend, by their very request seem to imply that they would do anything for the sake of that friend.—Cicero.

The place where two friends first met is sacred to them all through their friendship, all the more sacred as their friendship deepens and grows old.—Phillips Brooks.

As you grow ready for it, somewhere or other you will find what is needful for you in a book or a friend. —George MacDonald.

As we sail through life towards death,
Bound unto the same port—heaven—
Friend, what years could us divide?
—D. M. Mulock.

Friends are like melons. Shall I tell you why?
To find one good, you must a hundred try.
—Claude Mermet.

'Tis sweet, as year by year we lose
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse
How grows in Paradise our store.
—Keble.

Give, and you may keep your friend if you lose your money; lend, and the chances are that you lose your friend if ever you get back your money.—Bulwer-Lytton.

The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried, grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel.—Shakespeare.

All are friends in heaven, all faithful friends,
And many friendships in the days of Time
Begun, are lasting there and growing still.
—Pollok.

When our friends die, in proportion as we loved them, we die with them—we go with them. We are not wholly of the earth.—William Ellery Channing.

Our very best friends have a tincture of jealousy even in their friendship; and when they hear us praised by others, will ascribe it to sinister and interested motives if they can.—Colton.

For men may prove and use their friends, as the poet expresses it, *usque ad aras*, meaning that a friend should not be required to act contrary to the law of God.—Cervantes.

The attempt to make one false impression on the mind of a friend respecting ourselves is of the nature of perfidy. Sincerity should be observed most scrupulously.—William Ellery Channing.

The friend asks no return but that his friend will religiously accept and wear, and not disgrace, his apotheosis of him.—Thoreau.

Friends are as companions on a journey, who ought to aid each other to persevere in the road to a happier life.—Pythagoras.

Friends should not be chosen to flatter. The quality we should prize is that rectitude which will shrink from no truth. Intimacies which increase vanity destroy friendship.—William Ellery Channing.

I consider beyond all wealth, honor, or even health, is the attachment due to noble souls; because to become one with the good, generous, and true, is to be, in a manner, good, generous, and true yourself.—Dr. Arnold.

A true friend embraces our objects as his own. We feel another mind bent on the same end, enjoying it, ensuring it, reflecting it, and delighting in our devotion to it.—William Ellery Channing.

Wise were the kings who never chose a friend till with full cups they had unmasked his soul, and seen the bottom of his deepest thoughts.—Horace.

The qualities of your friends will be those of your enemies: cold friends, cold enemies—half friends, half enemies—fervid enemies, warm friends.—Lavater.

First on thy friend deliberate with thyself;
Pause, ponder, sift; not eager in the choice;
Nor jealous of the chosen; fixing, fix;—
Judge before friendship, then confide till death.
—Young.

A female friend, amiable, clever, and devoted, is a possession more valuable than parks and palaces; and

without such a muse, few men can succeed in life, none be contented.—Beaconsfield.

A true friend is distinguished in the crisis of hazard and necessity; when the gallantry of his aid may show the worth of his soul and the loyalty of his heart.—Ennius.

The lightsome countenance of a friend giveth such an inward decking to the house where it lodgeth, as proudest palaces have cause to envy the gilding.—Sir Philip Sidney.

To act the part of a true friend requires more conscientious feeling than to fill with credit and complacency any other station or capacity in social life.—Sarah Ellis.

The generality of friends puts us out of conceit with friendship; just as the generality of religious people puts us out of conceit with religion.—Rochefoucauld.

No receipt openeth the heart but a true friend, to whom you may impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatsoever lieth upon the heart to oppress it, in a kind of civil shrift or confession.—Bacon.

A friend is he who sets his heart upon us, is happy with us and delights in us; does for us what we want, is willing and fully engaged to do all he can for us, on whom we can rely in all cases.—William Ellery Channing.

A true friend will appear such in leaving us to act according to our intimate conviction,—will cherish this nobleness of sentiment, will never wish to substitute his power for our own.—William Ellery Channing.

Other blessings may be taken away, but if we have acquired a good friend by goodness, we have a blessing which improves in value when others fail. It is even heightened by sufferings.—William Ellery Channing.

The flatterer's object is to please in everything he does; whereas the true friend always does what is right, and so often gives pleasure, often pain, not wishing the latter, but not shunning it either, if he deems it best.—Plutarch.

We cannot enjoy a friend here. If we are to meet it is beyond the grave. How much of our soul a friend takes with him! We half die in him.—William Ellery Channing.

When true friends meet in adverse hour,
'Tis like a sunbeam through a shower;
A watery ray an instant seen,
The darkly closing clouds between.
—Scott.

So also it is good not always to make a friend of the person who is expert in twining himself around us; but, after testing them, to attach ourselves to those who are worthy of our affection and likely to be serviceable to us.—Plutarch.

Give thy friend counsel wisely and charitably, but leave him to his liberty whether he will follow thee or no; and be not angry if thy counsel be rejected, for advice is no empire, and he is not my friend that will be my judge whether I will or no.—Jeremy Taylor.

Ah! were I sever'd from thy side,
Where were thy friend and who my guide?
Years have not seen, Time shall not see
The hour that tears my soul from thee.
—Byron.

It's an owercome sooth fo' age an' youth,
And it brooks wi' nae denial,
That the dearest friends are the auldest friends,
And the young are just on trial.
—Robert Louis Stevenson.

But oh! if grief thy steps attend,
If want, if sickness be thy lot,
And thou require a soothing friend,
Forget me not! forget me not!
—Mrs. Opie.

At death our friends and relatives either draw nearer to us and are found out, or depart farther from us and are forgotten. Friends are as often brought nearer together as separated by death.—Henry D. Thoreau.

Self-love increases or diminishes for us the good qualities of our friends, in proportion to the satisfaction we feel with them; and we judge of their merit by the manner in which they act towards us.—La Rochefoucauld.

A friend whom you have been gaining during your whole life, you ought not to be displeased with in a moment. A stone is many years becoming a ruby; take care that you do not destroy it in an instant against another stone.—Saadi.

Yes, we must ever be friends; and of all who offer you friendship
Let me be ever the first, the truest, the nearest and dearest! —Longfellow.

Dear is my friend—yet from my foe, as from my friend, comes good:
My friend shows what I can do, and my foe what I should. —Schiller.

The most I can do for my friend is simply to be his friend. I have no wealth to bestow on him. If he knows that I am happy in loving him, he will want no other reward. Is not friendship divine in this?—Henry D. Thoreau.

Experience has taught me that the only friends we can call our own, who can have no change, are those over whom the grave has closed; the seal of death is the only seal of friendship. —Byron.

I would not enter on my list of friends,
(Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
—Cowper.

His gain is loss; for he that wrongs his friend
Wrongs himself more, and ever bears about
A silent court of justice in his breast,
Himself a judge and jury, and himself
The prisoner at the bar, ever condemned.
—Tennyson.

I have friends in Spirit Land—
Not shadows in a shadowy band,
Not others but themselves are they,
And still I think of them the same
As when the Master's summons came.
—Whittier.

When I choose my friend, I will not stay till I have received a kindness; but I will choose such a one that can do me many if I need them; but I mean such kindnesses which make me wiser, and which make me better.—Jeremy Taylor.

This communicating of a man's self to his friend works two contrary effects, for it redoubleth joys, and cutteth griefs in halves; for there is no man that imparteth his joys to his friend but he enjoyeth the more; and no man that imparteth his griefs to his friend, but he grieveth the less.—Bacon.

It is better to decide between our enemies than our friends; for one of our friends will most likely become our enemy; but on the other hand, one of your enemies will probably become your friend.—Bias.

Generally speaking, among sensible persons, it would seem that a rich man deems that friend a sincere one who does not want to borrow his money; while, among the less favored with fortune's gifts, the sincere friend is generally esteemed to be the individual who is ready to lend it.—Disraeli.

"Wal'r, my boy," replied the captain; "in the proverbs of Solomon you will find the following words: 'May we never want a friend in need, nor a bottle to give him!' When found, make a note of."—Dickens.

Now when men either are unnatural or irreligious they will not be friends; when they are neither excellent nor useful, they are not worthy to be friends; when they are strangers or unknown, they cannot be friends actually and practically; but yet, as any man hath anything of the good, contrary to those evils, so he can have and must have his share of friendship. —Jeremy Taylor.

A slender acquaintance with the world must convince every man that actions, not words, are the true criterion of the attachment of friends;

and that the most liberal professions of good-will are very far from being the surest marks of it.—George Washington.

Let no man choose him for his friend whom it shall be possible for him ever after to hate; for though the society may justly be interrupted, yet love is an immortal thing, and I will never despise him whom I could once think worthy of my love.—Jeremy Taylor.

It is a mere and miserable solitude to want true friends, without which the world is but a wilderness; and even in this scene also of solitude, whosoever in the frame of his nature and affections is unfit for friendship he taketh it of the beast, and not from humanity.—Bacon.

The man that hails you Tom or Jack,
And proves by thumps upon your back
How he esteems your merit,
Is such a friend, that one had need
Be very much his friend indeed
To pardon or to bear it.
—Cowper.

In all thy humors, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow,
Hast so much wit and mirth, and spleen about thee,
That there's no living with thee, nor without thee. —Addison.

If we take the freedom to put a friend under our microscope, we thereby insulate him from many of his true relations, magnify his peculiarities, inevitably tear him into parts, and, of course, patch him very clumsily together again. What wonder, then, should we be frightened by the aspect of a monster.—Hawthorne.

Nobody who is afraid of laughing, and heartily too at his friend, can be said to have a true and thorough love for him; and, on the other hand, it would portray a sorry want of faith to distrust a friend because he laughs at you. Few men, I believe, are much worth loving in whom there is not something well worth laughing at.—J. C. and A. W. Hare.

Deliberate long before thou consecrate a friend, and when thy impartial justice concludes him worthy of thy bosom, receive him joyfully, and entertain him wisely; impart thy secrets boldly, and mingle thy thoughts with his: he is thy very self; and use him so; if thou firmly think him faithful, thou makest him so.—Quarles.

The sun is a hundred thousand leagues away, and the water-roses that open to the light of day are in the pool; the moon, friend of the night-blooming lotus, is two hundred thousand leagues distant. Friendship knows no separation that divides it in space.—Vikramacharita.

We learn our virtues from the bosom friends who love us; our faults from the enemy who hates us. We cannot easily discover our real form from a friend. He is a mirror on which the warmth of our breath impedes the clearness of the reflection.—Richter.

Choose your friend wisely,
Test your friend well;
True friends, like rarest gems,
Prove hard to tell.
Winter him, summer him,
Know your friend well.
—Unknown.

True friends are the whole world to one another; and he that is a friend to himself is also a friend to mankind. Even in my studies the greatest delight I take is of imparting it to others; for there is no relish to me in the possessing of anything without a partner.—Seneca.

Friends are discovered rather than made; there are people who are in their own nature friends, only they don't know each other: but certain things, like poetry, music, and paintings are like the Freemason's sign,—they reveal the initiated to each other. —Mrs. Stowe.

The noblest part of a friend is an honest boldness in the notifying of errors. He that tells me of a fault, aiming at my good, I must think him wise and faithful—wise in spying that

which I see not; faithful in a plain admonishment, not tainted with flattery.—Feltham.

We ought to give our friend pain if it will benefit him, but not to the extent of breaking off our friendship; but just as we make use of some biting medicine that will save and preserve the life of the patient. And so the friend, like a musician, in bringing about an improvement to what is good and expedient, sometimes slackens the chords, sometimes tightens them, and is often pleasant, but always useful.—Plutarch.

However we may flatter ourselves to the contrary, our friends think no higher of us than the world do. They see us with the jaundiced or distrustful eyes of others. They may know better, but their feelings are governed by popular prejudice. Nay, they are more shy of us (when under a cloud) than even strangers; for we involve them in a common disgrace, or compel them to embroil themselves in continual quarrels and disputes in our defence.—Hazlitt.

Make not a bosom friend of a melancholy soul; he'll be sure to aggravate thy adversity and lessen thy prosperity. He goes always heavily loaded, and thou must bear half. He is never in a good humor, and may easily get into a bad one, and fall out with thee.—Fuller.

With regard to the choice of friends, there is little to say; for a friend is never chosen. A secret sympathy, the attraction of a thousand nameless qualities, a charm in the expression of the countenance, even in the voice or manner, a similarity of circumstances,—these are the things that begin attachment.—Mrs. Barbauld.

If thy friends be of better quality than thyself, thou mayest be sure of two things: the first, that they will be more careful to keep thy counsel, because they have more to lose than thou hast; the second, they will esteem thee for thyself, and not for that which thou dost possess.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

Few of us have been so exceptionally unfortunate as not to find, in our own age, some experienced friend who has helped us by precious counsel, never to be forgotten. We cannot render it in kind, but perhaps in the fulness of time it may become our noblest duty to aid another as we have ourselves been aided, and to transmit to him an invaluable treasure, the tradition of the intellectual life.—Hamerton.

Our friends should be our incentives to right, but not only our guiding, but our prophetic, stars. To love by right is much, to love by faith is more; both are the entire love, without which heart, mind, and soul cannot be alike satisfied. We love and ought to love one another, not merely for the absolute worth of each, but on account of a mutual fitness of temporary character.—Margaret Fuller Ossoli.

Thou may'st be sure that he that will in private tell thee of thy faults, is thy friend, for he adventures thy dislike, and doth hazard thy hatred; for there are few men that can endure it, every man for the most part delighting in self-praise, which is one of the most universal follies that bewitcheth mankind.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

There is no treasure the which may be
compared unto a faithful friend;
Gold soone decayeth, and worldly wealth
consumeth, and wasteth in the winde;
But love once planted in a perfect and pure
minde endureth weale and woe;
The frownes of fortune, come they never so
unkinde, cannot the same overthrowe.
—Roxburghe Ballads.

The way is short, O friend,
That reaches out before us;
God's tender heavens above us bend,
His love is smiling o'er us;
A little while is ours
For sorrow or for laughter;
I'll lay the hand you love in yours
On the shore of the Hereafter.
—Mary Clemmer.

No man can expect to find a friend without faults; nor can he propose himself to be so to another. Without reciprocal mildness and temperance there can be no continuance of friendship. Every man will have

something to do for his friend, and something to bear with in him. The sober man only can do the first; and for the latter, patience is requisite. It is better for a man to depend on himself, than to be annoyed with either a madman or a fool.—Owen Feltham.

What shall I do, my friend,
When you are gone forever?
My heart its eager need will send
Through the years to find you never,
And how will it be with you,
In the weary world, I wonder,
Will you love me with a love as true,
When our paths lie far asunder?
—Mary Clemmer.

O friend, my bosom said,
Through thee alone the sky is arched.
Through thee the rose is red;
All things through thee take nobler form,
And look beyond the earth,
The mill-round of our fate appears
A sun-path in thy worth.
Me too thy nobleness has taught
To master my despair;
The fountains of my hidden life
Are through thy friendship fair.
—Emerson.

Old friends are the great blessings of one's latter years. Half a word conveys one's meaning. They have memory of the same events, and have the same mode of thinking. I have young relations that may grow upon me, for my nature is affectionate, but can they grow old friends? My age forbids that. Still less can they grow companions. Is it friendship to explain half one says? One must relate the history of one's memory and ideas; and what is that to the young but old stories?—Horace Walpole.

Friendship

Friendship is the wine of life.—Young.

Friendship is communion.—Aristotle.

Friendship is a sheltering tree.—Coleridge.

Friendship requires deeds.—Richter.

Preserve friendship.—Stobæus.

Friendship? two bodies and one soul.—Joseph Roux.

Friendship is the marriage of the soul.—Voltaire.

Friendship is full of dregs.—Shakespeare.

Friendship is love without its flowers or veil.—Hare.

Friendship is infinitely better than kindness.—Cicero.

Friendship is stronger than kindred.—Publius Syrus.

Friendship buys friendship.—Emerson.

Friendship is love without his wings!—Byron.

Rare as is true love, true friendship is rarer.—La Fontaine.

Faith in friendship is the noblest part.—Earl of Orrery.

We call friendship the love of the Dark Ages.—Madame de Salm.

Female friendships are of rapid growth.—Beaconsfield.

Make yourself necessary to somebody.—Emerson.

Is mutual service the bond of friendship?—William Ellery Channing.

Sudden friendships rarely live to ripeness.—Mlle. de Scudéri.

Love and friendship exclude each other.—De La Bruyère.

No friendship can excuse a sin.—Jeremy Taylor.

The youth is better than the old age of friendship.—Hazlitt.

Poor is the friendless master of a world.—Young.

The most violent friendships soonest wear themselves out.—Hazlitt.

To friendship every burden's light. —Gay.

Hold friendship in regard.—Stobæus.

Friendship is but a name. I love no one.—Napoleon I.

Virtue is presupposed in friendship. —Landor.

There is flattery in friendship.—Shakespeare.

Friendship is constant in all other things, save in the office and affairs of love.—Shakespeare.

Kindred weaknesses induce friendships as often as kindred virtues.—Bovee.

Women bestow on friendship only what they borrow from love.—Chamfort.

Friendship is given us by nature, not to favor vice, but to aid virtue. —Cicero.

Dread more the blunderer's friendship than the calumniator's enmity.—Lavater.

Friendship is the shadow of the evening, which strengthens with the setting sun of life.—La Fontaine.

Be slow to fall into friendship; but when thou art in continue firm and constant.—Socrates.

That friendship will not continue to the end that is begun for an end. —Quarles.

Let friendship creep gently to a height; if it rush to it, it may soon run itself out of breath.—Fuller.

Honest men esteem and value nothing so much in this world as a real friend. Such a one is, as it were, another self.—Pilpay.

Friendship is a disinterested commerce between equals.—Goldsmith.

The friendships of the world are oft confederacies in vice, or leagues of pleasure.—Addison.

The vulgar herd estimate friendship by its advantages.—Ovid.

To desire the same things and to reject the same things, constitutes true friendship.—Sallust.

Friendship is a cadence of divine melody melting through the heart.—Mildmay.

Do not allow grass to grow on the road of friendship.—Madame Geoffrin.

The ideal of friendship is to feel as one while remaining two.—Madame Swetchine.

He who has not the weakness of friendship has not the strength.—Joubert.

Neither is life long enough for friendship. That is a serious and majestic affair.—Emerson.

Friendship should be in the singular; it can be no more plural than love.—Ninon de Lenclos.

Friendship needs to be rooted in respect, but love can live upon itself alone.—Ouida.

It is true that friendship often ends in love, but love in friendship never. —Colton.

Friendship always benefits, while love sometimes injures.—Seneca.

In friendship we find nothing false or insincere; everything is straightforward, and springs from the heart. —Cicero.

I think there is nothing more lovely than the love of two beautiful women who are not envious of each other's charms.—Beaconsfield.

Friendship is an order of nobility; from its revelations we come more worthily into nature.—Emerson.

Friendship is made fast by interwoven benefits.—Sir P. Sidney.

He removes the greatest ornament of friendship who takes away from it respect.—Cicero.

Friendship is the gift of the gods, and the most precious boon to man.—Earl of Beaconsfield.

The essence of friendship is entireness, a total magnanimity and trust.—Emerson.

Friendship should be surrounded with ceremonies and respects, and not crushed into corners.—Emerson.

The corpse of friendship is not worth embalming.—Hazlitt.

A sudden thought strikes me, let us swear eternal friendship.—Canning.

The highest friendship must always lead us to the highest pleasure.—Fielding.

Sincerity, truth, faithfulness, come into the very essence of friendship.—William Ellery Channing.

What is commonly called friendship even is only a little more honor among rogues.—Thoreau.

We inspire friendship in men when we have contracted friendship with the gods.—Thoreau.

Friendship has a power
To soothe affliction in her darkest hour.
—H. K. White.

Friendship is a plant that loves the sun, thrives ill under clouds.—A. Bronson Alcott.

Friendship with a man is friendship with his virtue, and does not admit of assumptions of superiority.—Mencius.

In friendship your heart is like a bell struck every time your friend is in trouble.—Henry Ward Beecher.

True friendship is like sound health, the value of it is seldom known until it be lost.—Colton.

Friendship is cemented by interest, vanity, or the want of amusement; it seldom implies esteem, or even mutual regard.—Hazlitt.

Friendship is the most pleasant of all things, and nothing more glads the heart of man.—Plutarch.

There are no rules for friendship. It must be left to itself; we cannot force it any more than love.—Hazlitt.

Friendship that possesses the whole soul, and there rules and sways with an absolute sovereignty, can admit of no rival.—Montaigne.

O friendship! thou divinest alchemist, that man should ever profane thee!—Douglas Jerrold.

Friendship is a traffic wherein self-love always proposes to be the gainer.—Rochefoucauld.

Friendship requires a steady, constant, and unchangeable character, a person that is uniform in his intimacy.—Plutarch.

Friendship * * * is a long time in forming, it is of slow growth, through many trials and months of familiarity.—La Bruyère.

Friendship is the greatest honesty and ingenuity in the world.—Jeremy Taylor.

Interest, ambition, fortune, time, temper, love, all kill friendship.—Joseph Roux.

I love a friendship that flatters itself in the sharpness and vigor of its communications.—Montaigne.

The vital air of friendship is composed of confidence. Friendship perishes in proportion as this air diminishes.—Joseph Roux.

Other men are lenses through which we read our own minds.—Emerson.

The dearest thing in nature is not comparable to the dearest thing of friendship.—Jeremy Taylor.

'Tis thus that on the choice of friends
Our good or evil name depends.—Gay.

To have the same desires and the same aversion is assuredly a firm bond of friendship.—Sallust.

Be slow to fall into friendship; but when thou art in continue firm and constant.—Socrates.

Literary friendship is a sympathy not of manners, but of feelings.—Isaac Disraeli.

Friendships begin with liking or gratitude—roots that can be pulled up.—George Eliot.

Pure friendship is something which men of an inferior intellect can never taste.—De La Bruyère.

Great souls by instinct to each other turn,
Demand alliance, and in friendship burn.
—Addison.

As often as I come back to his door, his love met me on the threshold, and his noble serenity gave me comfort and peace.—William Winter.

Ceremony and great professing renders friendships as much suspected as it does religion.—Wycherley.

It is said that friendship between women is only a suspension of hostilities.—Rivarol.

In the forming of female friendships beauty seldom recommends one woman to another.—Fielding.

A true and noble friendship shrinks not at the greatest of trials.—Jeremy Taylor.

Friendship between two women is always a plot against another one.—Alphonse Karr.

The light of friendship is like the light of phosphorus,—seen plainest when all around is dark.—Crowell.

Life is to be fortified by many friendships. To love, and to be loved, is the greatest happiness of existence. —Sydney Smith.

True friendship's laws are by this rule express'd,
Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest. —Homer.

"There is nothing that is meritorious but virtue and friendship; and indeed friendship itself is only a part of virtue."—Pope.

The friendship between me and you I will not compare to a chain; for that the rains might rust, or the falling tree might break.—Bancroft.

Some friendships are made by nature, some by contract, some by interest, and some by souls.—Jeremy Taylor.

A summer friendship, whose flattering leaves, that shadowed us in our prosperity, with the least gust drop off in the autumn of adversity.—Massinger.

We cannot expect the deepest friendship unless we are willing to pay the price, a self-sacrificing love. —Peloubet.

If we would build on a sure foundation in friendship, we must love our friends for their sake rather than our own.—Charlotte Brontë.

In the opinion of the world marriage ends all, as it does in a comedy. The truth is precisely the reverse; it begins all.—Mme. Swetchine.

Friendship, like love, is self-forgetful. The only inequality it knows is one that exalts the object, and humbles self.—Henry Giles.

Friendship throws a greater luster on prosperity, while it lightens adversity by sharing in its griefs and anxieties.—Cicero.

Friendship consists properly in mutual offices, and a generous strife in alternate acts of kindness.—South

Friendship is the only thing in the world concerning the usefulness of which all mankind are agreed.—Cicero.

A friendship that makes the least noise is very often the most useful; for which reason I should prefer a prudent friend to a zealous one.—Addison.

To what gods is sacrificed that rarest and sweetest thing upon earth, friendship? To vanity and to interest.—Malesherbes.

I would give more for the private esteem and love of one than for the public praise of ten thousand.—W. R. Alger.

Friendship is too pure a pleasure for a mind cankered with ambition, or the lust of power and grandeur.—Junius.

He who cannot feel friendship is alike incapable of love. Let a woman beware of the man who owns that he loves no one but herself.—Talleyrand.

As the yellow gold is tried in fire, so the faith of friendship must be seen in adversity.—Ovid.

We only need to be as true to others as we are to ourselves, that there may be grounds enough for friendship.—Thoreau.

Friendship improves happiness and abates misery, by the doubling of our joy and the dividing of our grief.—Cicero.

There is no friendship between those associated in power; he who rules will always be impatient of an associate.—Lucan.

Nature loves nothing solitary, and always reaches out to something, as a support, which ever in the sincerest friend is most delightful.—Cicero.

Friendship is seldom lasting, but between equals, or where superiority is reduced by some equivalent advantage.—Johnson.

Love and esteem are the first principles of friendship, which always is imperfect where either of these two is wanting.—Budgell.

We should remember that it is quite as much a part of friendship to be delicate in its demands as to be ample in its performances.—J. F. Boyes.

Friendship is like those ancient altars where the unhappy, and even the guilty, found a sure asylum.—Madame Swetchine.

Friendship is the medicine for all misfortune; but ingratitude dries up the fountain of all goodness.—Richelieu.

The services which cement friendship are reciprocal services. A feeling of dependence is scarcely compatible with friendship.—William Smith.

A friendship formed in childhood, in youth,—by happy accident at any stage of rising manhood,—becomes the genius that rules the rest of life.—A. Bronson Alcott.

The most familiar and intimate habitudes, connections, friendships, require a degree of good-breeding both to preserve and cement them.—Lord Chesterfield.

Friendship is to be purchased only by friendship. A man may have authority over others, but he can never have their heart but by giving his own.—Thomas Wilson.

Friendship's said to be a plant of tedious growth, its root composed of tender fibers, nice in their taste, cautious in spreading.—Vanbrugh.

Nature and religion are the bands of friendship, excellence and usefulness are its great endearments.—Jeremy Taylor.

The friendship I have cenceived will not be impaired by absence; but it may be no unpleasing circumstance to brighten the chain by a renewal of the covenant.—George Washington.

We are most of us very lonely in this world; you who have any who love you, cling to them and thank God.—Thackeray.

The feeling of friendship is like that of being comfortably filled with roast beef; love, like being enlivened with champagne.—Johnson.

There is a magic in the memory of schoolboy friendships; it softens the heart, and even affects the nervous system of those who have no hearts.—Beaconsfield.

Whosoever in the frame of his nature and affections is unfit for friendship, he taketh it of the beast, and not from humanity.—Bacon.

I hate the prostitution of the name of friendship to signify modish and worldly alliances.—Emerson.

Friendship heightens all our affections. We receive all the ardor of our friend in addition to our own. The communication of minds gives to each the fervor of each.—William Ellery Channing.

That friendship only is, indeed, genuine when two friends, without speaking a word to each other, can, nevertheless, find happiness in being together.—George Ebers.

Fix yourself upon the wealthy. In a word, take this for a golden rule through life: Never, never have a friend that is poorer than yourself.—Douglas Jerrold.

Thou learnest no secret until thou knowest friendship, since to the unsound no heavenly knowledge enters. —Hafiz.

The firmest friendships have been formed in mutual adversity; as iron is most strongly united by the fiercest flame.—Colton.

If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man, sir, should keep his friendship in constant repair.—Johnson.

Friendships are the purer and the more ardent, the nearer they come to the presence of God, the Sun not only of righteousness but of love.—Landor.

A good man is the best friend, and therefore soonest to be chosen, longer to be retained, and, indeed, never to be parted with, unless he cease to be that for which he was chosen.—Jeremy Taylor.

No friendship is so cordial or so delicious as that of girl for girl; no hatred so intense and immovable as that of woman for woman.—Landor.

To find by experience that friendships are mortal, is the hard but inevitable lot of fallible and imperfect men.—**Dr. Parr.**

Friendship, peculiar boon of Heaven,
The noble mind's delight and pride,
To men and angels only given,
To all the lower world denied.
—Sam'l Johnson.

Hand
Grasps hand, eye lights eye in good friendship,
And great hearts expand,
And grow one in the sense of this world's life. —Robert Browning.

Friendship's an abstract of this noble flame,
'Tis love refin'd, and purged from all its dross,
'Tis next to angel's love, if not the same,
As strong in passion is, though not so gross. Catherine Philips.

O friendship, equal-poised control,
O heart, with kindliest motion warm,
O sacred essence, other form,
O solemn ghost, O crowned soul!
—Tennyson.

Friendship, gift of heaven, delight of great souls; friendship which kings, so distinguished for ingratitude, are unhappy enough not to know.—Voltaire.

Charity commands us, where we know no ill, to think well of all;

but friendship that always goes a step higher, gives a man a peculiar right and claim to the good opinion of his friend.—South.

And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep;
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep?
—Goldsmith.

In friendship we only see those faults which may be prejudicial to our friends. In love we see no faults but those by which we suffer ourselves.—De La Bruyère.

As the shadow in early morning, is friendship with the wicked; it dwindles hour by hour. But friendship with the good increases, like the evening shadows, till the sun of life sets. —Herder.

If two men are united, the wants of neither are any greater, in some respects, than they would be were they alone, and their strength is superior to the strength of two separate men.—Sénancour.

We value the devotedness of friendship rather as an oblation to vanity than as a free interchange of hearts; an endearing contract of sympathy, mutual forbearance, and respect!—Jane Porter.

False friendship, like the ivy, decays and ruins the walls it embraces; but true friendship gives new life and animation to the object it supports.—Robert Burton.

He who disguises tyranny, protection, or even benefits under the air and name of friendship reminds me of the guilty priest who poisoned the sacramental bread.—Chamfort.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne? —Burns.

Friendship hath the skill and observation of the best physician, the diligence and vigilance of the best nurse, and the tenderness and patience of the best mother.—Clarendon.

Thou mayest be sure that he who will in private tell thee of thy faults is thy friend, for he adventures thy dislike and doth hazard thy hatred. —Sir Walter Raleigh.

Friendship, mysterious cement of the soul,
Sweetener of life, and solder of society,
I owe thee much: thou hast deserv'd from me
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
—Blair.

Although a friend may remain faithful in misfortune, yet none but the very best and loftiest will remain faithful to us after our errors and our sins.—F. W. Farrar.

What is friendship in virtuous minds but the concentration of benevolent emotions heightened by respect, and increased by exercise on one or more objects?—Robert Hall.

Friendship is made up of esteem and pleasure; pity is composed of sorrow and contempt: the mind may for some time fluctuate between them, but it can never entertain both at once.—Goldsmith.

A generous friendship no cold medium knows,
Burns with one love, with one resentment glows;
One should our interests and our passions be,
My friend must hate the man that injures me. —Pope.

I account that one of the greatest demonstrations of real friendship, that a friend can really endeavor to have his friend advanced in honor, in reputation, in the opinion of wit or learning, before himself.—Jeremy Taylor.

What is more notorious than that wherever a pecuniary interest appears upon the scene, friendship retires? Whether you take money from me, or whether you give it, the transaction is alike fatal to our old bond of amity.—William Smith.

The soil of friendship is worn out with constant use. Habit may still attach us to each other, but we feel ourselves fettered by it. Old friends

might be compared to old married people without the tie of children.—Hazlitt.

A woman's friendship borders more closely on love than man's. Men affect each other in the reflection of noble or friendly acts; whilst women ask fewer proofs and more signs and expressions of attachment.—Coleridge.

It seems to me that a truly lovable woman is thereby unfitted for friendship, and that a woman fitted for friendship is but little fitted for love. —Alexander Walker.

I have too deeply read mankind to be amused with friendship; it is a name invented merely to betray credulity; it is intercourse of interest, not of souls.—Havard.

There is this important difference between love and friendship: while the former delights in extremes and opposites, the latter demands equalities.—Mme. de Maintenon.

Friendship is a calm and sedate affection, conducted by reason and cemented by habit; springing from long acquaintance and mutual obligations, without jealousies or fears, and without those feverish fits of heat and cold, which cause such an agreeable torment in the amorous passion. —Hume.

There is a power in love to divine another's destiny better than that other can, and by heroic encouragements, hold him to his task. What has friendship so signal as its sublime attraction to whatever virtue is in us?—Emerson.

True friendship cannot be among many. For since our faculties are of a finite energy, it is impossible our love can be very intense when divided among many. No, the rays must be contracted to make them burn.—John Norris.

We love everything on our own account; we even follow our own taste and inclination when we prefer our friends to ourselves; and yet it is this preference alone that constitutes true and perfect friendship.—Rochefoucauld.

What is commonly called friendship is no more than a partnership; a reciprocal regard for one another's interests, and an exchange of good offices; in a word, a mere traffic, wherein self-love always proposes to be a gainer.—Rochefoucauld.

These hearts which suck up friendship like water, and yield it again with the first touch, might as well expect to squeeze a sponge and find it hold its moisture, as to retain affections which they are forever dashing from them.—Jane Porter.

As friendship must be founded on mutual esteem, it cannot long exist among the vicious; for we soon find ill company to be like a dog, which dirts those the most whom he loves the best.—Chatfield.

Character is so largely affected by associations that we cannot afford to be indifferent as to who and what our friends are. They write their names in our albums, but they do more, they help make us what we are. Be therefore careful in selecting them; and when wisely selected, never sacrifice them.—M. Hulburd.

O friendship! thou fond soother of the human breast, to thee we fly in every calamity: to thee the wretched seek for succor: on thee the caretired son of misery fondly relies; from thy kind assistance the unfortunate always hopes relief, and may be sure of—disappointment.—Goldsmith.

In your friendships and in your enmities let your confidence and your hostilities have certain bounds: make not the former dangerous, nor the latter irreconcilable. There are strange vicissitudes in business.—Chesterfield.

It is hard to believe long together that anything is "worth while," unless there is some eye to kindle in

common with our own,- some brief word uttered now and then to imply that what is infinitely precious to us is precious alike to another mind. —George Eliot.

We hate some persons because we do not know them; and we will not know them because we hate them. The friendships that succeed to such aversions are usually firm; for those qualities must be sterling that could not only gain our hearts, but conquer our prejudices.—Colton.

The friendship between great men is rarely intimate or permanent. It is a Boswell that most appreciates a Johnson. Genius has no brother, no co-mate; the love it inspires is that of a pupil or a son.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Old books, old wine, old nankin blue—
All things, in short, to which belong
The charm, the grace that Time makes strong,
All these I prize, but (*entre nous*)
Old friends are best.
—Austin Dobson.

Friendship, like love, is but a name,
Unless to one you stint the flame.
The child, whom many fathers share,
Hath seldom known a father's care.
'Tis thus in friendships; who depend
On many, rarely find a friend. —Gay.

It may be worth noticing as a curious circumstance, when persons past forty before they were at all acquainted form together a very close intimacy of friendship. For grafts of old wood to take, there must be a wonderful congeniality between the trees.—Whately.

Once let friendship be given that is born of God, nor time nor circumstance can change it to a lessening; it must be mutual growth, increasing trust, widening faith, enduring patience, forgiving love, unselfish ambition,—an affection built before the throne, that will bear the test of time and trial.—Allan Throckmorton.

Friendship is the unspeakable joy and blessing that result to two or more individuals who from constitution sympathize. Such natures are liable to no mistakes, but will know each other through thick and thin. Between two by nature alike and fitted to sympathize, there is no veil, and there can be no obstacle. Who are the estranged? Two friends explaining.—Thoreau.

Friendship, like love, is destroyed by long absence, though it may be increased by short intermissions. What we have missed long enough to want it, we value more when it is regained; but that which has been lost till it is forgotten will be found at last with little gladness, and with still less if a substitute has supplied the place.—Johnson.

Of all intellectual friendships, none are so beautiful as those which subsist between old and ripe men and their younger brethren in science or literature or art. It is by these private friendships, even more than by public performance, that the tradition of sound thinking and great doing is perpetuated from age to age.—Hamerton.

There are three friendships which are advantageous, and three which are injurious. Friendship with the upright; friendship with the sincere; and friendship with the man of much observation: these are advantageous. Friendship with the man of specious airs; friendship with the insinuatingly soft; and friendship with the glib-tongued: these are injurious.—Confucius.

Perfect friendship puts us under the necessity of being virtuous. As it can only be preserved among estimable persons, it forces us to resemble them. You find in friendship the surety of good counsel, the emulation of good example, sympathy in our griefs, succor in our distress.—Madame de Lambert.

Friendship is the alloy of our sorrows, the ease of our passions, the discharge of our oppressions, the sanctuary to our calamities, the counsellor of our doubts, the clarity of our minds, the emission of our thoughts,

the exercise and improvement of what we meditate. And although I love my friend because he is worthy, yet he is not worthy if he can do no good. —Jeremy Taylor.

When I see leaves drop from their trees in the beginning of autumn, just such, think I, is the friendship of the world. Whilst the sap of maintenance lasts my friends swarm in abundance; but in the winter of my need they leave me naked.—Warwick.

The friendship of high and sanctified spirits loses nothing by death but its alloy; failings disappear, and the virtues of those whose "faces we shall behold no more" appear greater and more sacred when beheld through the shades of the sepulchre.—Robert Hall.

The most elevated and pure souls cannot hear, even from the lips of the most contemptible men, these words, "friendship," "sensibility," "virtue," without immediately attaching to them all the grandeur of which their heart is susceptible.—Richter.

Let me take up your metaphor. Friendship is a vase, which, when it is flawed by heat or violence or accident, may as well be broken at once; it can never be trusted after. The more graceful and ornamental it was, the more clearly do we discern the hopelessness of restoring it to its former state. Coarse stones, if they are fractured, may be cemented again; precious stones, never.—Landor.

With a clear sky, a bright sun, and a gentle breeze, you will have friends in plenty; but let fortune frown, and the firmament be overcast, and then your friends will prove like the strings of the lute, of which you will tighten ten before you find one that will bear the stretch and keep the pitch. —Gotthold.

The highest compact we can make with our fellow is,—let there be truth between us two forevermore. * * * It is sublime to feel and say of another, I need never meet, or speak, or write to him; we need not reinforce ourselves or send tokens of remembrance; I rely on him as on myself; if he did thus or thus, I know it was right.—Emerson.

Thy presence sweet
Still through long years of vigil I may share,
For if from that enchanted spirit-land
Thy healthful thought into my soul may shine
(E'en though thy voice be still, and cold thy hand,)
To lift my life and make it pure as thine;
Then, though thy place on earth a void must be,
Beloved friend, thou art not dead to me.
—H. H. Boyesen.

Come back! ye friendships long departed!
That like o'erflowing streamlets started,
And now are dwindled, one by one,
To stony channels in the sun!
Come back! ye friends, whose lives are ended,
Come back, with all that light attended,
Which seemed to darken and decay
When ye arose and went away!
—Longfellow.

Fast as the rolling seasons bring
The hour of fate to those we love,
Each pearl that leaves the broken string
Is set in Friendship's crown above.
As narrower grows the earthly chain,
The circle widens in the sky;
These are our treasures that remain,
But those are stars that beam on high.
—O. W. Holmes.

How were friendship possible? In mutual devotedness to the good and true; otherwise impossible, except as armed neutrality or hollow commercial league. A man, be the heavens ever praised, is sufficient for himself; yet were ten men, united in love, capable of being and of doing what ten thousand singly would fail in. Infinite is the help man can yield to man. —Carlyle.

People young, and raw, and self-natured, think it an easy thing to gain love, and reckon their own friendship a sure price of any man's; but when experience shall have shown them the hardness of most hearts, the hollowness of others, and the baseness and ingratitude of almost all, they will then find that a true friend is the gift of God, and that He only who made hearts can unite them.—South.

A wound in the friendship of young persons, as in the bark of young trees, may be so grown over as to leave no scar. The case is very different in regard to old persons and old timber. The reason of this may be accountable from the decline of the social passions, and the prevalence of spleen, suspicion, and rancor towards the latter part of life.—Shenstone.

Rejoice, and men will seek you;
Grieve, and they turn and go,
They want full measure of all your pleasure,
But they do not need your woe.
Be glad, and your friends are many;
Be sad, and you lose them all,—
There are none to decline your nectar'd wine,
But alone you must drink life's gall.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

When the first time of love is over, there comes a something better still. Then comes that other love; that faithful friendship which never changes, and which will accompany you with its calm light through the whole of life. It is only needful to place yourself so that it may come, and then it comes of itself. And then everything turns and changes itself to the best.—Fredrika Bremer.

Such is friendship, that through it we love places and seasons; for as bright bodies emit rays to a distance, and flowers drop their sweet leaves on the ground around them, so friends impart favor even to the places where they dwell. With friends even poverty is pleasant. Words cannot express the joy which a friend imparts; they only can know who have experienced. A friend is dearer than the light of heaven, for it would be better for us that the sun were exhausted than that we should be without friends.—St. Chrysostom.

There are many moments in friendship, as in love, when silence is beyond words. The faults of our friend may be clear to us, but it is well to seem to shut our eyes to them. Friendship is usually treated by the majority of mankind as a tough and everlasting thing which will survive all manner of bad treatment. But this is an exceedingly great and foolish error; it may die in an hour of a single unwise word; its conditions of existence are that it should be dealt with delicately and tenderly, being as it is a sensitive plant and not a roadside thistle. We must not expect our friend to be above humanity.—Ouida.

Frivolity

Frivolity, under whatever form it appears, takes from attention its strength, from thought its originality, from feeling its earnestness.—Madame de Staël.

Alas! that Christians should stand at the door of eternity having more work upon their hands than their time is sufficient for, and yet be filling their heads and hearts with trifles. —John Flavel.

Frost

All the panes are hung with frost
Wild wizard-work of silver lace.
—T. B. Aldrich.

What miracle of weird transforming
Is this wild work of frost and light,
This glimpse of glory infinite!
—Whittier.

Come see the north-wind's masonry.
Out of an unseen quarry evermore
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected roof
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.
—Emerson.

These winter nights, against my window-pane
Nature with busy pencil draws designs
Of ferns and blossoms and fine spray of pines,
Oak-leaf and acorn and fantastic vines,
Which she will make when summer comes again—
Quaint arabesques in argent, flat and cold,
Like curious Chinese etchings.
—T. B. Aldrich.

He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes!—from the frozen Labrador,—
From the icy bridge of the Northern seas, which the white bear wanders o'er,—
Where the fisherman's sail is stiff with ice, and the luckless forms below
In the sunless cold of the lingering night into marble statues grow!
—Whittier.

Frugality

By sowing frugality we reap liberty, a golden harvest.—Agesilaus.

The world has not yet learned the riches of frugality.—Cicero.

Frugality is founded upon the principle, that all riches have limits.—Burke.

Frugality may be termed the daughter of prudence, the sister of temperance, and the parent of liberty.—Dr. Johnson.

Frugality, when all is spent, comes too late.—Seneca.

He will always be a slave, who does not know how to live upon a little.—Horace.

He seldom lives frugally who lives by chance. Hope is always liberal, and they that trust her promises make little scruple of revelling to-day on the profits of to-morrow.—Johnson.

He that spareth in everything is an inexcusable niggard. He that spareth in nothing is an inexcusable madman. The mean is to spare in what is least necessary, and to lay out more liberally in what is most required in our several circumstances.—Lord Halifax.

Frugality is good if liberality be joined with it. The first is leaving off superfluous expenses; the last is bestowing them to the benefit of others that need. The first without the last begets covetousness; the last without the first begets prodigality.—William Penn.

Fruit

The ripest fruit first falls.—Shakespeare.

Fruits that blossom first will first be ripe.—Shakespeare.

The ripest peach is highest on the tree.—James Whitcomb Riley.

The juicy pear
Lies, in a soft profusion, scattered round.
—Thompson.

As touching peaches in general, the very name in Latine whereby they are called Persica, doth evidently show that they were brought out of Persia first.—Pliny.

But the fruit that can fall without shaking,
Indeed is too mellow for me.
—Lady Montagu.

Oh, happy are the apples when the south winds blow.—Wm. Wallace Harney.

The strawberry grows underneath the nettle
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality.
—Shakespeare.

To satisfy the sharp desire I had
Of tasting those fair apples, I resolv'd
Not to defer; hunger and thirst at once
Powerful persuaders, quicken'd at the scent
Of that alluring fruit, urged me so keen.
—Milton.

Superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live.
—Shakespeare.

O,—fruit loved of boyhood!—the old days recalling,
When wood-grapes were purpling and brown nuts were falling!
When wild, ugly faces were carved in its skin,
Glaring out through the dark with a candle within!
When we laughed round the corn-heap, with hearts all in tune,
Our chair a broad pumpkin,—our lantern the moon,
Telling tales of the fairy who travelled like steam
In a pumpkin-shell coach, with two rats for her team!
—Whittier.

After the conquest of Afric, Greece, the lesser Asia, and Syria were brought into Italy all the sorts of their Mala, which we interprete apples, and might signify no more at first; but were afterwards applied to many other foreign fruits.—Sir Wm. Temple.

The flowers of life are but visionary. How many pass away and leave no trace behind! How few yield any fruit,—and the fruit itself, how rarely does it ripen! And yet there are flowers enough; and is it not strange, my friend, that we should suffer the

little that does really ripen to rot, decay, and perish unenjoyed?—Goethe.

Nothing great is produced suddenly, since not even the grape or the fig is. If you say to me now that you want a fig, I will answer to you that it requires time: let it flower first, then put forth fruit, and then ripen. —Epictetus.

Fun

To a young heart everything is fun. —Dickens.

Next to the virtue, the fun in this world is what we can least spare.—Agnes Strickland.

Fun is a sugar-coated physic.—H. W. Shaw.

Fun has no limits. It is like the human race and face; there is a family likeness among all the species, but they all differ.—Haliburton.

There is nothing like fun, is there? I haven't any myself, and I do like it in others. Oh, we need it!—we need all the counterweights we can muster to balance the sad relations of life. God has made sunny spots in the heart: why should we exclude the light from them?—Haliburton.

Funeral

It is but waste to bury them preciously.—Chaucer.

The nodding plume,
Which makes poor man's humiliation proud;
Boast of our ruin! triumph of our dust!
—Dr. Young.

Groans and convulsions, and discolour'd faces,
Friends weeping round us, blacks, and obsequies,
Make death a dreadful thing; the pomp of death
Is far more terrible than death itself.
—Nat. Lee.

The only kind office performed for us by our friends of which we never complain is our funeral; and the only thing which we most want, happens to be the only thing we never purchase—our coffin.—Colton.

Of all
The fools who flock'd to swell or see the show,
Who car'd about the corpse? The funeral
Made the attraction, and the black the woe;
There throbb'd not there a thought which pierc'd the pall. —Byron.

Why is the hearse with scutcheons blazon'd round,
And with the nodding plume of ostrich crown'd?
The dead know it not, nor profit gain;
It only serves to prove the living vain.
How short is life; how frail is human trust!
Is all this pomp for laying dust to dust?
—Gay.

But see! the well-plumed hearse comes nodding on, stately and slow;
But tell us, why this waste?
Why this ado in earthing up a carcass
That's fallen into disgrace, and in the nostrils smells horrible? —Blair.

What though no friends in sable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year?
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances, and the public show!
—Pope.

Thus, day by day, and month by month, we pass'd;
It pleas'd the Lord to take my spouse at last.
I tore my gown, I soil'd my locks with dust,
And beat my breasts—as wretched widows must.
Before my face my handkerchief I spread,
To hide the flood of tears I did—not shed.
—Pope.

Fuss

A paroxysm of nervous effervescence.—Douglas Jerrold.

Fuss is the froth of business.—Hood.

Fuss is half-sister to hurry, and neither of them can do anything without getting in their own way.—H. W. Shaw.

Future — Futurity

The best preparation for the future is the present well seen to, the last duty done.—George MacDonald

Futurity is the great concern of mankind.—Burke.

The future is purchased by the present.—Johnson.

Belief in a future life is the appetite of reason.—Landor.

You can never plan the future by the past.—Burke.

But there's a gude time coming.—Scott.

It is easy to see, hard to foresee.—Franklin.

The curtain of the future is always drawn.—John Bigelow.

Oh, could we lift the future's sable shroud.—Bailey.

The glories of the possible are ours.—Bayard Taylor.

Coming events cast their shadows before.—Campbell.

The present is great with the future.—Leibnitz.

Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.—Bible.

The mind that is anxious about the future is miserable.—Seneca.

A wise God shrouds the future in obscure darkness.—Horace.

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
—Longfellow.

No one sees what is before his feet: we all gaze at the stars.—Cicero.

Man must have some fears, hopes, and cares, for the coming morrow.—Schiller.

O Death, O Beyond,
Thou art sweet, thou art strange!
Mrs. Browning.

We know what we are, but know not what we may be.—Shakespeare.

It is vain to be always looking toward the future and never acting toward it.—J. F. Boyes.

If there was no future life, our souls would not thirst for it.—Richter.

We are always looking into the future, but we see only the past.—Madame Swetchine.

Locked up from mortal eye in shady leaves of destiny.—Crashaw.

Another life, if it were not better than this, would be less a promise than a threat.—J. Petit-Senn.

We always live prospectively, never retrospectively, and there is no abiding moment.—Jacobi.

When all else is lost, the future still remains.—Bovee.

Who knows whether the gods will add to-morrow to the present hour?—Horace.

O heaven! that one might read the book of fate, and see the revolution of the times.—Shakespeare.

Age and sorrow have the gift of reading the future by the sad past.—Rev. J. Farrar.

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot.
—Shakespeare.

The great world's altar-stairs
That slope thro' darkness up to God.
—Tennyson.

It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
—Tennyson.

It is heaven itself that points out an hereafter, and intimates eternity to man.—Addison.

After us the deluge.—Mme. Pompadour.

The earth with its scarred face is the symbol of the past; the air and heaven, of futurity.—Coleridge.

The veil which covers the face of futurity is woven by the hand of mercy.—Bulwer-Lytton.

There is no hope—the future will but turn
The old sand in the falling glass of time.
—R. H. Stoddard.

The state of that man's mind who feels too intense an interest as to future events, must be most deplorable. —Seneca.

The future does not come from before to meet us, but comes streaming up from behind over our heads.—Rahel.

It ever is the marked propensity of restless and aspiring minds to look into the stretch of dark futurity.—Joanna Baillie.

There is no divining-rod whose dip shall tell us at twenty what we shall most relish at thirty.—N. P. Willis.

How narrow our souls become when absorbed in any present good or ill! It is only the thought of the future that makes them great.—Richter.

No soul is bad enough for a fixed "hell," or good enough for a fixed "heaven," however useful the words may be as pointing to opposite states. —Hugh R. Haweis.

Sure there is none but fears a future state
And when the most obdurate swear they do not,
Their trembling hearts belie their boasting tongues.
—Dryden.

Oh, blindness to the future! kindly giv'n,
That each may fill the circle marked by Heaven.
—Pope.

We may believe that we shall know each other's forms hereafter; and in the bright fields of the better land call the lost dead to us.—Willis.

There was a wise man in the East whose constant prayer was that he might see to-day with the eyes of to-morrow.—Alfred Mercier.

Nothing can be reckoned good or bad to us in this life, any further than it indisposes us for the enjoyment of another.—Atterbury.

It has been well observed that we should treat futurity as an aged friend from whom we expect a rich legacy.—Colton.

Cease to inquire what the future has in store, and to take as a gift whatever the day brings forth.—Horace.

The spirit of man, which God inspired, cannot together perish with this corporeal clod.—Milton.

Whatever improvement we make in ourselves, we are thereby sure to meliorate our future condition.—Paley.

Everything that looks to the future elevates human nature; for never is life so low or so little as when occupied with the present.—Landor.

May you live unenvied, and pass many pleasant years unknown to fame; and also have congenial friends. —Ovid.

God will not suffer man to have the knowledge of things to come; for if he had prescience of his prosperity, he would be careless; and, understanding of his adversity, he would be senseless.—St. Augustine.

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant;
Let the dead past bury its dead;
Act,—act in the living present,
Heart within and God o'erhead!
—Longfellow.

When the world dissolves,
And every creature shall be purified,
All places shall be hell that are not heaven.
—Marlowe.

O if this were seen!
The happiest youth—viewing his progress through
What perils past, what crosses to ensue—
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.
—Shakespeare.

The golden age is not in the past, but in the future; not in the origin of human experience, but in its consummate flower: not opening in Eden, but out from Gethsemane.—Chapin

There is, I know not how, in the minds of men, a certain presage, as it were, of a future existence, and this takes the deepest root, and is most discoverable, in the greatest geniuses and most exalted souls.—Cicero.

Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.
—Montgomery.

Dear Land to which Desire forever flees;
Time doth no present to our grasp allow,
Say in the fixed Eternal shall we seize
At last the fleeting Now?
—Bulwer-Lytton.

The year goes wrong, and tares grow strong.
Hope starves without a crumb;
But God's time is our harvest time,
And that is sure to come.
—Lewis J. Bates.

But ask not bodies (doomed to die),
To what abode they go;
Since knowledge is but sorrow's spy,
It is not safe to know. —Davenant.

What a world were this
How unendurable its weight, if they
Whom Death hath sundered did not meet again! —Southey.

We bewail our friends as if there were no better futurity yonder, and bewail ourselves as if there were no better futurity here; for all our passions are born atheists and infidels.—Richter.

Look not mournfully into the past, —it comes not back again; wisely improve the present,—it is thine; go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear, and with a manly heart. —Longfellow.

My mind can take no hold on the present world, nor rest in it a moment, but my whole nature rushes onward with irresistible force towards a future and better state of being.—Fichte.

There is something beyond the grave; death does not put an end to everything, the dark shade escapes from the consumed pile.—Propertius.

The things of another world being distant, operate but faintly upon us: to remedy this inconvenience, we must frequently revolve their certainty and importance.—Atterbury.

Some day Love shall claim his own,
Some day Right ascend his throne,
Some day hidden Truth be known;
Some day—some sweet day.
—Lewis J. Bates.

A. N. hopes in the next world for his felicity to live with Raphael, Mozart, and Goethe. But how can they be happy if they must live with him? —Auerbach.

We live in the future. Even the happiness of the present is made up mostly of that delightful discontent which the hope of better things inspires.—J. G. Holland.

The present is never the mark of our designs. We use both past and present as our means and instruments, but the future only as our object and aim.—Pascal.

The search of our future being is but a needless, anxious, and uncertain haste to be knowing, sooner than we can, what, without all this solicitude, we shall know a little later.—Pope.

Ah Christ, that it were possible
For one short hour to see
The souls we loved, that they might tell us
What and where they be. —Tennyson.

What after all remains, when life is sped,
And man is gathered to the silent dead?
Home to the narrow house, the long, long sleep,
Where pain is stilled, and sorrow doth not weep. —William Winter.

O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business, ere it come!
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known.
—Shakespeare.

To me there is something thrilling and exalting in the thought that we are drifting forward into a splendid mystery,—into something that no

mortal eye has yet seen, no intelligence has yet declared.—Chapin.

There's nae sorrow there, John,
There's neither cauld nor care, John,
The day is aye fair,
In the land o' the leal.
—Lady Nairne.

O heavens! that one might read the book of fate,
And see the revolutions of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent,
(Weary of solid firmness,) melt itself
Into the sea. —Shakespeare.

If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow, and which will not;
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favors nor your hate.
—Shakespeare.

What cities, as great as this, have * * * promised themselves immortality! posterity can hardly trace the situation of some. The sorrowful traveler wanders over the awful ruins of others.—Goldsmith.

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.
—Tennyson.

Divine wisdom, intending to detain us some time on earth, has done well to cover with a veil the prospect of life to come; for if our sight could clearly distinguish the opposite bank, who would remain on this tempestuous coast?—Madame de Staël.

It is one of God's blessings that we cannot foreknow the hour of our death; for a time fixed, even beyond the possibility of living, would trouble us more than doth this uncertainty. —James the Sixth.

The future is lighted for us with the radiant colors of hope. Strife and sorrow shall disappear. Peace and love shall reign supreme. The dream of poets, the lesson of priest and prophet, the inspiration of the great musician, is confirmed in the light of modern knowledge.—John Fiske.

One might as well attempt to calculate mathematically the contingent forms of the tinkling bits of glass in a kaleidoscope as to look through the tube of the future and foretell its pattern.—Beecher.

The dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.
—Shakespeare.

Why will any man be so impertinently officious as to tell me all prospect of a future state is only fancy and delusion? Is there any merit in being the messenger of ill news? If it is a dream, let me enjoy it, since it makes me both the happier and better man.—Addison.

The grand difficulty is to feel the reality of both worlds, so as to give each its due place in our thoughts and feelings, to keep our mind's eye and our heart's eye ever fixed on the land of promise, without looking away from the road along which we are to travel toward it.—Hare.

The dead carry our thoughts to another and a nobler existence. They teach us, and especially by all the strange and seemingly untoward circumstances of their departure from this life, that they and we shall live in a future state forever.—Orville Dewey.

We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth; there is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be spread before us like islands that slumber on the ocean,—and where the beings that pass before us like shadows will stay in our presence forever.—Bulwer-Lytton.

We are lead to the belief of a future state, not only by the weaknesses, by the hopes and fears of human nature, but by the noblest and best principles which belong to it,—by the love of virtue, and by the abhorrence of vice and injustice.—Adam Smith.

Futurity is impregnable to mortal ken: no prayer pierces through heaven's adamantine walls. Whether the birds fly right or left, whatever be the aspect of the stars, the book of nature is a maze, dreams are a lie, and every sign a falsehood.—Schiller.

While a man is stringing a harp, he tries the strings, not for music, but for construction. When it is finished it shall be played for melodies. God is fashioning the human heart for future joy. He only sounds a string here and there to see how far His work has progressed.—Beecher.

Since we stay not here, being people but of a day's abode, and our age is like that of a fly, and contemporary with that of a gourd, we must look somewhere else for an abiding city, a place in another country, to fix our house in, whose walls and foundation is God, where we must rest, or else be restless forever.—Jeremy Taylor.

God keeps a niche
In Heaven, to hold our idols; and albeit
He brake them to our faces, and denied
That our close kisses should impair their white,—
I know we shall behold them raised complete,
The dust swept from their beauty, glorified,
New Memnons singing in the great God-light.
—E. B. Browning.

If that marvellous microcosm, man, with all the costly cargo of his faculties and powers, were indeed a rich argosy, fitted out and freighted only for shipwreck and destruction, who amongst us that tolerate the present only from the hope of the future, who that have any aspirings of a high and intellectual nature about them, could be brought to submit to the disgusting mortifications of the voyage?—Colton.

The future is always fairyland to the young. Life is like a beautiful and winding lane, on either side bright flowers, and beautiful butterflies and tempting fruits, which we scarcely pause to admire and to taste, so eager are we to hasten to an opening which we imagine will be more beautiful still. But by degrees, as we advance, the trees grow bleak; the flowers and butterflies fail, the fruits disappear, and we find we have arrived—to reach a desert waste.—G. A. Sala.

There's a good time coming, boys;
A good time coming:
We may not live to see the day,
But earth shall glisten in the ray
Of the good time coming.
Cannon-balls may aid the truth,
But thought's a weapon stronger;
We'll win our battle by its aid,
Wait a little longer.
—Chas. Mackay.

Is there a rarer being,
Is there a fairer sphere
Where the strong are not unseeing,
And the harvests are not sere;
Where, ere the seasons dwindle
They yield their due return;
Where the lamps of knowledge kindle
While the flames of youth still burn?
—E. C. Stedman.

It is the "where I am" that makes heaven. The life after death might become through its very endlessness a burden to our spirits, if it were not to be filled with the infinite variety and freshness of God's love. Some have shrunk from its very infinitude, because they have not realized what God's love can make of it. Human love helps us to understand this. When we have come to love any one with all our power of affection, then there is no monotony or weariness in the days and hours we spend with them.—Maltbie Babcock.

G

Gaiety

Gaiety is often the reckless ripple over depths of despair. —Chapin.

Gaiety is the soul's health; sadness is its poison.—Stanislaus.

Gaiety pleases more when we are assured that it does not cover carelessness.—Mme. de Staël.

Some people are commended for a giddy kind of good-humor, which is as much a virtue as drunkenness.—Pope.

Leaves seem light and useless, and idle and wavering, and changeable—they even dance; yet God has made them part of the oak. In so doing, He has given us a lesson, not to deny the stout-heartedness within because we see the lightsomeness without.—Leigh Hunt.

Gaiety is to good-humor as animal perfumes to vegetable fragrance. The one overpowers weak spirits, the other recreates and revives them. Gaiety seldom fails to give some pain; good-humor boasts no faculties which every one does not believe in his own power, and pleases principally by not offending.—Johnson.

Is there anything in life so lovely and poetical as the laugh and merriment of a young girl, who, still in harmony with all her powers, sports with you in luxuriant freedom, and in her mirthfulness neither despises nor dislikes? Her gravity is seldom as innocent as her playfulness; still less that haughty discontent which converts the youthful Psyche into a dull thick, buzzing, wing-drooping night-moth.—Richter.

Gain

For me to live is Christ, to die is gain.—Bible.

An evil gain equals a loss.—Syrus.

The elegant simplicity of the three per cents.—Lord Eldon.

A captive fetter'd at the oar of gain. —Falconer.

He who seeks for gain must be at some expense.—Plautus.

Counts his sure gains, and hurries back for more.—Montgomery.

Everywhere in life, the true question is not what we gain, but what we do.—Carlyle.

From others' slips some profit from one's self to gain.—Terence.

Little pains
In a due hour employ'd great profit yields.
—John Philips.

Men that hazard all
Do it in hope of fair advantages:
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross.
—Shakespeare.

That, sir, which serves and seeks for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will pack, when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in a storm.
—Shakespeare.

Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee. Light gains make heavy

purses. 'Tis good to be merry and wise.—George Chapman.

As to pay, sir, I beg leave to assure the Congress that as no pecuniary consideration could have tempted me to accept this arduous employment at the expense of my domestic ease and happiness, I do not wish to make any profit from it.—George Washington.

Gallantry

A gallant man is above ill words.—Selden.

Love is the smallest part of gallantry.—Rochefoucauld.

The gallantry of the mind consists in agreeable flattery.—Rochefoucauld.

Gallantry thrives most in the atmosphere of the court.—Mme. Necker.

Conscience has no more to do with gallantry than it has with politics.—Sheridan.

Gallantry, though a fashionable crime, is a very detestable one; and the wretch who pilfers from us in the hour of distress is an innocent character compared to the plunderer who wantonly robs us of happiness and reputation.—Rev. H. Kelley.

Gallantry to women (the sure road to their favor) is nothing but the appearance of extreme devotion to all their wants and wishes, a delight in their satisfaction, and a confidence in yourself as being able to contribute towards it. The slightest indifference with regard to them, or distrust of yourself is equally fatal.—Hazlitt.

Gambling

It is lost at dice, what ancient honor won.—Shakespeare.

Keep flax from fire, youth from gaming.—Franklin.

A heavy tax placed upon fools.—Castelar.

Games of chance are traps to catch schoolboy novices and gaping country squires, who begin with a guinea and end with a mortgage.—Cumberland.

European lotteries are the tax on fools.—Count Cavour.

The gambler is a moral suicide.—Colton.

Oh, this pernicious vice of gaming!—Ed. Moore.

Could fools to keep their own contrive,
On what, on whom could gamesters thrive?
—Gay.

Curst is the wretch enslaved to such a vice,
Who ventures life and soul upon the dice.
—Horace.

Lookers-on many times see more than gamesters.—Bacon.

The most patient man in loss, the most coldest that ever turned up ace.—Shakespeare.

It is the child of avarice, the brother of iniquity, and the father of mischief.—Washington.

The gambler is more wicked as he is a greater proficient in his art.—Syrus.

What more than madness reigns, when one short sitting many hundreds drains.—Sir J. Davies.

There is but one good throw upon the dice, which is to throw them away.—Chatfield.

What honest man would not rather be the sufferer than the defrauder?—Richardson.

A mode of transferring property without producing any intermediate good.—Dr. Johnson.

Cards were at first for benefits designed,
Sent to amuse, not to enslave the mind.
—David Garrick.

Gambling with cards, or dice, or stocks, is all one thing—it is getting money without giving an equivalent for it.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Gaming finds a man a cully, and leaves him a knave.—T. Hughes.

A gamester, as such, is the cool, calculating, essential spirit of concentrated, avaricious selfishness.—Henry Ward Beecher.

The deal, the shuffle, and the cut.—Swift.

Gaming is the child of avarice, but the parent of prodigality.—Colton.

Our Quixote bard sets out a monster taming.
Arm'd at all points to fight that hydra, gaming. —David Garrick.

A gamester, the greater master he is in his art, the worse man he is.—Bacon.

Bets at first were fool-traps, where the wise like spiders lay in ambush for the flies.—Dryden.

Play not for gain, but sport. Who plays for more
Than he can lose with pleasure, stakes his heart;
Perhaps his wife's too, and whom she hath bore. —Herbert.

All gaming, since it implies a desire to profit at the expense of another, involves a breach of the tenth commandment.—Whately.

Gaming is the destruction of all decorum; the prince forgets at it his dignity, and the lady her modesty.—Marchioness d'Alembert.

Look round, the wrecks of play behold,
Estates dismember'd, mortgag'd, sold!
Their owners now to jails confin'd,
Show equal poverty of mind. —Gay.

The gamester, if he die a martyr to his profession, is doubly ruined. He adds his soul to every other loss, and by the act of suicide, renounces earth to forfeit heaven.—Colton.

It is possible that a wise and good man may be prevailed on to game; but it is impossible that a professed gamester should be a wise and good man.—Lavater.

By gaming we lose both our time and treasure—two things most precious to the life of man.—Feltham.

Ay, rail at gaming—'tis a rich topic, and affords noble declamation. Go, preach against it in the city—you'll find a congregation in every tavern.—Ed. Moore.

Some play for gain; to pass time others play
For nothing; both play the fool, I say:
Nor time nor coin I'll lose, or idly spend;
Who gets by play, proves loser in the end.
—Heath.

Whose game was empires, and whose stakes were thrones;
Whose table earth, whose dice were human bones. —Byron.

A night of fretful passion may consume
All that thou hast of beauty's gentle bloom;
And one distemper'd hour of sordid fear
Print on thy brow the wrinkles of a year.
—Sheridan.

I look upon every man as a suicide from the moment he takes the dice-box desperately in his hand; and all that follows in his fatal career from tha time is only sharpening the dagger before he strikes it to his heart.—Cumberland.

It is well for gamesters that they are so numerous as to make a society of themselves; for it would be a strange abuse of terms to rank those among society at large, whose profession it is to prey upon all who compose it.—Cumberland.

The coldness of a losing gamester lessens the pleasure of the winner. I would no more play with a man that slighted his ill fortune than I would make love to a woman who undervalued the loss of her reputation.—Congreve.

Sports and gaming, whether pursued from a desire of gain or love of pleasure, are as ruinous to the temper and disposition of the party addicted to them, as they are to his fame and fortune.—Burton.

Gaming has been resorted to by the affluent as a refuge from ennui. It is a mental dram, and may succeed for a moment; but, like all other stimuli, it produces indirect debility.—Colton.

That reproach of modern times, that gulf of time and fortune, the passion for gaming, which is so often the refuge of the idle sons of pleasure and often, alas! the last resource of the ruined.—Blair.

I'll tell thee what it says; it calls me villain, a treacherous husband, a cruel father, a false brother; one lost to nature and her charities; or to say all in one short word, it calls me—gamester.—Ed. Moore.

The exercises I wholly condemn are dicing and carding, especially if you play for any great sum of money, or spend any time in them, or use to come to meetings in dicing-houses, where cheaters meet and cozen young gentlemen out of all their money.—Lord Herbert.

Gambling houses are temples where the most sordid and turbulent passions contend; there no spectator can be indifferent. A card or a small square of ivory interests more than the loss of an empire, or the ruin of an unoffending group of infants, and their nearest relatives.—Zimmermann.

Gaming is a kind of tacit confession that the company engaged therein do in general exceed the bounds of their respective fortunes, and therefore they cast lots to determine upon whom the ruin shall at present fall, that the rest may be saved a little longer.—Blackstone.

Be assured that, although men of eminent genius have been guilty of all other vices, none worthy of more than a secondary name has ever been a gamester. Either an excess of avarice or a deficiency of what, in physics, is called excitability, is the cause of it; neither of which can exist in the same bosom with genius, with patriotism, or with virtue.—Landor.

There is nothing that wears out a fine lace like the vigils of the card table, and those cutting passions which naturally attend them. Hollow eyes, haggard looks and pale complexions are the natural indications.—Steele.

Gaming is a vice the more dangerous as it is deceitful; and, contrary to every other species of luxury, flatters its votaries with the hopes of increasing their wealth; so that avarice itself is so far from securing us against its temptations that it often betrays the more thoughtless and giddy part of mankind into them.—Fielding.

An assembly of the states, a court of justice, shows nothing so serious and grave as a table of gamesters playing very high; a melancholy solicitude clouds their looks; envy and rancor agitate their minds while the meeting lasts, without regard to friendship, alliances, birth or distinctions.—Bruyère.

If thy desire to raise thy fortunes encourage thy delights to the casts of fortune, be wise betimes, lest thou repent too late; what thou gettest, thou gainest by abused providence; what thou losest, thou losest by abused patience; what thou winnest is prodigally spent; what thou losest is prodigally lost; it is an evil trade that prodigality drives; and a bad voyage where the pilot is blind.—Quarles.

This is a vice which is productive of every possible evil, equally injurious to the morals and health of its votaries. It is the child of avarice, the brother of iniquity, and the father of mischief. It has been the ruin of many worthy families, the loss of many a man's honor, and the cause of suicide. To all those who enter the lists, it is equally fascinating. The successful gamester pushes his good fortune, till it is overtaken by a reverse. The losing gamester, in hopes of retrieving past misfortunes, goes on from bad to worse, till, grown desperate, he pushes at everything and loses his all. In a word, few gain by this abominable practice, while thousands are injured.—George Washington.

Games

As to cards and dice, I think the safest and best way is never to learn to play upon them, and so to be incapacitated for those dangerous temp-

tations and encroaching wasters of time.—Locke.

Let the world have their May games, wakes, and whatever sports and recreations please them, provided they be followed with discretion.—Robert Burton.

Games lubricate the body and the mind.—Franklin.

Games are good or bad as to their nature; all may be perverted.—Dr. Johnson.

It is wonderful to see persons of sense passing away a dozen hours together in shuffling and dividing a pack of cards.—Addison.

The games of the ancient Greeks were, in their original institutions, religious solemnities.—Brande.

Garden

God the first garden made, and the first city, Cain.—Cowley.

And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure.
—Milton.

The garden lies,
A league of grass, wash'd by a slow broad stream. —Tennyson.

My garden is a forest ledge
Which older forests bound;
The banks slope down to the blue lake-edge,
Then plunge to depths profound!
—Emerson.

A little garden square and wall'd;
And in it throve an ancient evergreen,
A yew-tree, and all round it ran a walk
Of shingle, and a walk divided it.
—Tennyson.

His gardens next your admiration call,
On every side you look, behold the wall!
No pleasing intricacies intervene,
No artful wildness to perplex the scene;
Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other.
The suffering eye inverted nature sees,
Trees cut to statues, statues thick as trees;
With here a fountain, never to be play'd,
And there a summer-house that knows no shade. —Pope.

A garden, sir, wherein all rainbowed flowers were heaped together.—Charles Kingsley.

The splash and stir
Of fountains spouted up and showering down
In meshes of the jasmine and the rose:
And all about us peal'd the nightingale,
Rapt in her song, and careless of the snare.
—Tennyson.

An album is a garden, not for show
Planted, but use; where wholesome herbs should grow. —Charles Lamb.

Who loves a garden loves a greenhouse, too.—Cowper.

Generosity

Generosity is only benevolence in practice.—Bishop Ken.

Generosity is more charitable than wealth.—Joseph Roux.

One can love any man that is generous.—Leigh Hunt.

Generosity is the flower of justice.—Hawthorne.

Bounty, being free itself, thinks all others so.—Shakespeare.

Our generosity never should exceed our abilities.—Cicero.

The secret pleasure of a generous act is the great mind's great bribe.—Dryden.

It is not enough to help the feeble up, but to support him after.—Shakespeare.

In this world, it is not what we take up, but what we give up, that makes us rich.—Beecher.

A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.—Shakespeare.

Some are unwisely liberal; and more delight to give presents than to pay debts.—Sir P. Sidney.

Almost always the most indigent are the most generous.—Stanislaus.

If there be any truer measure of a man than by what he does, it must be by what he gives.—South.

To give awkwardly is churlishness. The most difficult part is to give, then why not add a smile?—La Bruyère.

Generosity, wrong placed, becometh a vice; a princely mind will undo a private family.—Fuller.

The truly generous is the truly wise;
And he who loves not others, lives unblest.
—Horace.

Bounty always receives part of its value from the manner it is bestowed. —Dr. Johnson.

A man who suddenly becomes generous may please fools, but he will not deceive the wise.—Phædrus.

Many men have been capable of doing a wise thing, more a cunning thing, but very few a generous thing.—Alexander Pope.

Generosity, to be perfect, should always be accompanied by a dash of humor.—Marie Ebner-Eschenbach.

Generosity is the accompaniment of high birth; pity and gratitude are its attendants.—Corneille.

For his bounty, there was no winter in it; an autumn 'twas that grew the more by reaping.—Shakespeare.

What seems generosity is often disguised ambition, that despises small to run after greater interests.—Rochefoucauld.

How much easier it is to be generous than just! Men are sometimes bountiful who are not honest.—Junius.

In giving, a man receives more than he gives; and the more is in proportion to the worth of the thing given.—George MacDonald.

O the world is but a word: were it all yours to give it in a breath, how quickly were it gone!—Shakespeare.

Men of the noblest dispositions think themselves happiest when others share their happiness with them.—Duncan.

The generous who is always just, and the just who is always generous, may, unannounced, approach the throne of heaven.—Lavater.

When you give, take to yourself no credit for generosity, unless you deny yourself something in order that you may give.—Henry Taylor.

To be generous, guiltless, and of a free disposition is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets.—Shakespeare.

No one ever sowed the grain of generosity who gathered not up the harvest of the desire of his heart.—Saadi.

Wherever I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, I take it for granted there would be as much generosity if he were a rich man.—Pope.

Let us proportion our alms to our ability, lest we provoke God to proportion His blessings to our alms.—Beveridge.

They that do an act that does deserve requital pay first themselves the stock of such content.—Sir Robert Howard.

Any one may do a casual act of good-nature; but a continuation of them shows it a part of the temperament.—Sterne.

There were in him candor and generosity, which, unless tempered by due moderation, lead to ruin.—Tacitus.

There is a greatness in being generous, and there is only simple justice in satisfying creditors. Generosity is the part of the soul raised above the vulgar.—Goldsmith.

He who gives what he would as readily throw away gives without generosity; for the essence of generosity is in self-sacrifice.—Henry Taylor.

It is a pleasure appropriate to man for him to save a fellow-man, and gratitude is acquired in no better way. —Ovid.

All my experience of the world teaches me that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the safe side and the just side of a question is the generous side and the merciful side.—Mrs. Jameson.

True generosity is a duty as indispensably necessary as those imposed upon us by the law. It is a rule imposed upon us by reason, which should be the sovereign law of a rational being.—Goldsmith.

Generosity, when once set going, knows not how to stop; as the more familiar we are with the lovely form, the more enamored we become of her charms.—Pliny the Younger.

'God blesses still the generous thought
And still the fitting word He speeds,
And truth, at His requiring taught,
He quickens into deeds. —Whittier.

It is good to be unselfish and generous; but don't carry that too far. It will not do to give yourself to be melted down for the benefit of the tallow-trade; you must know where to find yourself.—George Eliot.

A friend to everybody is often a friend to nobody, or else in his simplicity he robs his family to help strangers, and becomes brother to a beggar. There is wisdom in generosity, as in everything else.—Spurgeon.

He that gives all, though but little, gives much; because God looks not to the quantity of the gift, but to the quality of the givers; he that desires to give more than he can hath equaled his gift to his desire, and hath given more than he hath.—Quarles.

The reputation of generosity is to be purchased pretty cheap; it does not depend so much upon a man's general expense, as it does upon his giving handsomely where it is proper to give at all. A man, for instance, who should give a servant four shillings would pass for covetous, while he who gave him a crown would be reckoned generous; so that the difference of those two opposite characters turns upon one shilling.—Chesterfield.

One great reason why men practice generosity so little in the world is their finding so little there. Generosity is catching; and if so many men escape it, it is in a great degree from the same reason the countrymen escape the smallpox,—because they meet no one to give it to them.—Greville.

There is a story of some mountains of salt in Cumana, which never diminished, though carried away in much abundance by merchants; but when once they were monopolized to the benefit of a private purse, then the salt decreased, till afterward all were allowed to take of it, when it had a new access and increase. The truth of this story may be uncertain, but the application is true; he that envies others the use of his gifts decays then, but he thrives most that is most diffusive.—Spencer.

Genius

Genius is only great patience.—Buffon.

Genius is universal.—David Dudley Field.

Genius does not herd with genius.—O. W. Holmes.

Genius is independent of situation. —Churchill.

Genius involves both envy and calumny.—Pope.

Genius speaks only to genius.—Stanislaus.

A happy genius is the gift of nature.—Dryden.

No enemy is so terrible as a man of genius.—Disraeli.

Genius is intensity.—Balzac.

Genius, even, as it is the greatest good, is the greatest harm.—Emerson.

Genius can never despise labor.—Abel Stevens.

Genius, like humanity, rusts for want of use.—Hazlitt.

Genius has no brother.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Genius must be born, and never can be taught.—Dryden.

The faculty of growth.—Coleridge.

Genius points the way; talent pursues it.—Marie Ebner-Eschenbach.

Genius is ever a riddle to itself.—Richter.

All great men are in some degree inspired.—Cicero.

One genius has made many clever artists.—Martial.

Genius is clairvoyant.—Abel Stevens.

The freemasonry of genius.—Moses Harvey.

To do what is impossible for talent is the mark of genius.—Amiel.

Genius is that in whose power a man is.—Lowell.

Genius only leaves behind it the monuments of its strength.—Hazlitt.

Genius can only breathe freely in an atmosphere of freedom.—John Stuart Mill.

Great geniuses have the shortest biographies.—Emerson.

The lamp of genius burns quicker than the lamp of life.—Schiller.

The honors of genius are eternal.—Propertius.

We measure genius by quality, not by quantity.—Wendell Phillips.

Courage of soul is necessary for the triumphs of genius.—Mme. de Staël.

No age is shut against great genius.—Seneca.

Genius is mainly an affair of energy.—Matthew Arnold.

Genius is always more suggestive than expressive.—Abel Stevens.

Talent should minister to genius.—Robert Browning.

Patience is a necessary ingredient of genius.—Beaconsfield.

Genius, in one respect, is like gold—numbers of persons are constantly writing about both, who have neither.—Colton.

A woman must be a genius to create a good husband.—Balzac.

Taste consists in the power of judging; genius in the power of executing.—Blair.

There are no laws by which we can write Iliads.—Ruskin.

Genius is not a single power, but a combination of great powers.—Whipple.

Genius does what it must; and talent does what it can.—Owen Meredith.

The path of genius is not less obstructed with disappointment than that of ambition.—Voltaire.

One science only will one genius fit, so vast is art, so narrow human wit.—Pope.

Genius of the highest kind implies an unusual intensity of the modifying power.—Coleridge.

There is no great genius free from some tincture of madness.—Seneca.

Genius, thou gift of Heaven! thou light divine!—Crabbe.

The proportion of genius to the vulgar is like one to a million.—Lavater.

Nature is the master of talent; genius is the master of nature.—J. G. Holland.

Genius is the highest type of reason —talent the highest type of the understanding.—Hickok.

Genius, the Pythian of the beautiful, leaves its large truths a riddle to the dull.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Genius is an immense capacity for taking trouble.—Carlyle.

Genius is the gold in the mine, talent is the miner who works and brings it out.—Lady Blessington.

The first and last thing which is required of genius is the love of truth. —Goethe.

Genius always gives its best at first, prudence at last.—Lavater.

The life of great geniuses is nothing but a sublime storm.—George Sand.

I know no such thing as genius—genius is nothing but labor and diligence.—Hogarth.

Philosophy becomes poetry, and science imagination, in the enthusiasm of genius.—Isaac Disraeli.

Genius unexerted is no more genius than a bushel of acorns is a forest of oaks.—Beecher.

Many men of genius must arise before a particular man of genius can appear.—Isaac Disraeli.

Fortune has rarely condescended to be the companion of genius.—Isaac Disraeli.

Genius in poverty is never feared, because nature, though liberal in her gifts in one instance, is forgetful in another.—B. R. Haydon.

Every man who observes vigilantly and resolves steadfastly, grows unconsciously into genius.—Bulwer-Lytton.

A man of genius is inexhaustible only in proportion as he is always renourishing his genius.—Bulwer-Lytton.

He alone can claim this name, who writes
With fancy high, and bold and daring Flights.
—Horace.

Intelligence is to genius as the whole is in proportion to its part.—De La Bruyère.

Genius is essentially creative; it bears the stamp of the individual who possesses it.—Mme. de Staël.

Wit is the god of moments, but Genius is the god of ages.—La Bruyère.

Steady work turns genius to a loom. —George Eliot.

It is the privilege of genius that to it life never grows commonplace as to the rest of us.—Lowell.

Genius—the free and harmonious play of all the faculties of a human being.—Alcott.

Genius does not care much for a set of explicit regulations, but that does not mean that genius is lawless.—Charles H. Parkhurst.

Many a genius has been slow of growth. Oaks that flourish for a thousand years do not spring up into beauty like a reed.—George Henry Lewes.

The scorn of genius is the most arrogant and the most boundless of all scorn.—Ouida.

Genius is inconsiderate, self-relying, and, like unconscious beauty, without any intention to please.—Isaac Mayer Wise.

Genius is subject to the same laws which regulate the production of cotton and molasses.—Macaulay.

Of the three requisitions of genius, the first is soul, and the second, soul, and the third, soul.—E. P. Whipple.

Genius finds its own road and carries its own lamp.—Willmott.

Heaven and earth, advantages and obstacles, conspire to educate genius.—Fuseli.

Genius may be almost defined as the faculty of acquiring poverty.—Whipple.

Genius is the power of carrying the feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood.—Coleridge.

Genius makes its observations in shorthand; talent writes them out at length.—Bovee.

The miracles of genius always rest on profound convictions which refuse to be analyzed.—Emerson.

How often we see the greatest genius buried in obscurity!—Plautus.

Genius may at times want the spur, but it stands as often in need of the curb.—Longinus.

There is genius as well in virtue as in intellect. 'Tis the doctrine of faith over works.—Emerson.

That genius is feeble which cannot hold its own before the masterpieces of the world.—T. W. Higginson.

Genius is always impatient of its harness; its wild blood makes it hard to train.—Holmes.

The gifts of genius are far greater than the givers themselves venture to suppose.—Moses Harvey.

Genius is lonely without the surrounding presence of a people to inspire it.—T. W. Higginson.

Men of genius are often dull and inert in society, as the blazing meteor when it descends to the earth is only a stone.—Longfellow.

A man of genius may sometimes suffer a miserable sterility; but at other times he will feel himself the magician of thought.—John Foster.

Genius cannot escape the taint of its time more than a child the influence of its begetting.—Ouida.

Refined taste forms a good critic; but genius is further necessary to form the poet or the orator.—Blair.

There is none but he whose being I do fear; and, under him, my genius is rebuked, as it is said Antony's was by Cæsar.—Shakespeare.

It is in the heart that God has placed the genius of women, because the works of this genius are all works of love.—Lamartine.

Genius is rarely found without some mixture of eccentricity, as the strength of spirit is proved by the bubbles on its surface.—Mrs. Balfour.

His genius quite obscured the brightest ray
Of human thought, as Sol's effulgent beams
At morn's approach, extinguished all the stars.
—R. Wynne.

The finest flowers of genius have grown in an atmosphere where those of Nature are prone to droop, and difficult to bring to maturity.—Dr. Guthrie.

The greatest genius is never so great as when it is chastised and subdued by the highest reason.—Colton.

Talent, lying in the understanding, is often inherent; genius, being the action of reason and imagination, rarely or never.—Coleridge.

There is hardly a more common error than that of taking the man who has but one talent for a genius.—Arthur Helps.

Some have the temperament and tastes of genius, without its creative power. They feel acutely, but express tamely.—Bulwer.

The true characteristic of genius—without despising rules, it knows when and how to break them.—Channing.

Genius has its fatality. Must we not see in its works a manifestation of

the will of Providence?—Arsène Houssaye.

When a true genius appears in the world you may know him by this sign, that the dunces are all in confederacy against him.—Swift.

Genius, like a torch, shines less in the broad daylight of the present than in the night of the past.—J. Petit-Senn.

Talent wears well, genius wears itself out; talent drives a brougham in fact; genius, a sun-chariot in fancy. —Ouida.

Not oft near home does genius brightly shine,
No more than precious stones while in the mine. —Omar Khayyam.

Genius and its rewards are briefly told:
A liberal nature and a niggard doom,
A difficult journey to a splendid tomb.
—Forster.

Genius inspires this thirst for fame: there is no blessing undesired by those to whom Heaven gave the means of winning it.—Mme. de Staël.

To think and to feel, constitute the two grand divisions of men of genius —the men of reasoning and the men of imagination.—Isaac Disraeli.

Men of humor are always in some degree men of genius; wits are rarely so, although a man of genius may, amongst other gifts, possess wit, as Shakespeare.—Coleridge.

Men of genius are rarely much annoyed by the company of vulgar people, because they have a power of looking at such persons as objects of amusement of another race altogether. —Coleridge.

Latent genius is but a presumption. Everything that can be, is bound to come into being, and what never comes into being is nothing.—Amiel.

It is the habit of party in England to ask the alliance of a man of genius, but to follow the guidance of a man of character.—Lord John Russell.

The very thrills of genius are disorganizing. The body is never quite acclimated to its atmosphere, but how often succumbs and goes into a decline.—Henry D. Thoreau.

Eccentricity is not a proof of genius, and even an artist should remember that originality consists not only in doing things differently, but also in "doing things better."—Stedman.

This is the highest miracle of genius, that things which are not should be as though they were, that the imaginations of one mind should become the personal recollections of another. —Macaulay.

There is no work of genius which has not been the delight of mankind, no word of genius to which the human heart and soul have not, sooner or later, responded.—Lowell.

Many have genius, but, wanting art, are forever dumb. The two must go together to form the great poet, painter, or sculptor.—Longfellow.

It is good sense applied with diligence to what was at first a mere accident, and which by great application grew to be called, by the generality of mankind, a particular genius.—Johnson.

This is the method of genius, to ripen fruit for the crowd by those rays of whose heat they complain.—Margaret Fuller.

The greatest geniuses have always attributed everything to God, as if conscious of being possessed of a spark of His divinity.—B. R. Haydon.

Men of genius are often considered superstitious, but the fact is, the fineness of their nerve renders them more alive to the supernatural than ordinary men.—B. R. Haydon.

Genius is only as rich as it is generous. If it hoards, it impoverishes itself. What the banker sighs for, the meanest clown may have—leisure and a quiet mind.—Henry D. Thoreau.

So far from genius discarding law, rather is it the supreme joy of genius to re-enact the eternal and unwritten law in the chamber of its own intellect.—Charles H. Parkhurst.

Rising genius always shoots forth its rays from among clouds and vapors, but these will gradually roll away and disappear as it ascends to its steady and meridian lustre.—Washington Irving.

Men of genius do not excel in any profession because they labor in it, but they labor in it because they excel.—Hazlitt.

Unpretending mediocrity is good, and genius is glorious; but the weak flavor of genius in a person essentially common is detestable.—Holmes.

Genius, that power which constitutes a poet; that quality without which judgment is cold and knowledge is inert; that energy which collects, combines, amplifies and animates.—Johnson.

There never appear more than five or six men of genius in an age, but if they were united the world could not stand before them.—Swift.

With the offspring of genius, the law of parturition is reversed; the throes are in the conception, the pleasure in the birth.—Colton.

A nation does wisely, if not well, in starving her men of genius. Fatten them, and they are done for.—Charles Buxton.

Without a genius, learning soars in vain;
And, without learning, genius sinks again;
Their force united, crowns the sprightly reign. —Elphinston.

Every age might perhaps produce one or two geniuses, if they were not sunk under the censure and obloquy of plodding, servile, imitating pedants. —Swift.

Genius grafted on womanhood is like to overgrow it and break its stem, as you may see a grafted fruit-tree spreading over the stock which cannot keep pace with its evolutions.—Holmes.

But the sublime, when it is introduced at a seasonable moment, has often carried all before it with the rapidity of lightning, and shown at a glance the mighty power of genius.—Longinus.

Genius is allied to a warm and inflammable constitution; delicacy of taste, to calmness and sedateness. Hence it is common to find genius in one who is a prey to every passion.—Lord Kames.

To be endowed with strength by nature, to be actuated by the powers of the mind, and to have a certain spirit almost divine infused into you. —Cicero.

Who in the same given time can produce more than many others, has vigor; who can produce more and better, has talents; who can produce what none else can, has genius.—Lavater.

Genius, without religion, is only a lamp on the outer gate of a palace. It may serve to cast a gleam of light on those that are without while the inhabitant sits in darkness.—Hannah More.

Genius is supposed to be a power of producing excellences which are out of the reach of the rules of art: a power which no precepts can teach, and which no industry can acquire.—Sir J. Reynolds.

Genius, with all its pride in its own strength, is but a dependent quality, and cannot put forth its whole powers nor claim all its honors without an amount of aid from the talents and labors of others which it is difficult to calculate.—Bryant.

As what we call genius arises out of the disproportionate power and size of a certain faculty, so the great difficulty lies in harmonizing with it the rest of the character.—Mrs. Jameson

The drafts which true genius draws upon posterity, although they may not always be honored so soon as they are due, are sure to be paid with compound interest in the end.—Colton.

And genius hath electric power,
Which earth can never tame;
Bright suns may scorch, and dark clouds lower—
Its flash is still the same.
—Lydia M. Child.

The highest genius never flowers in satire, but culminates in sympathy with that which is best in human nature, and appeals to it.—Chapin.

Genius is intensity of life; an overflowing vitality which floods and fertilizes a continent or a hemisphere of being; which makes a nature many-sided and whole, while most men remain partial and fragmentary.—Hamilton W. Mabie.

There are two kinds of genius. The first and highest may be said to speak out of the eternal to the present, and must compel its age to understand it; the second understands its age, and tells it what it wishes to be told.—Lowell.

Men of the greatest genius are not always the most prodigal of their encomiums. But then it is when their range of power is confined, and they have in fact little perception, except of their own particular kind of excellence.—Hazlitt.

Genius is nothing more than our common faculties refined to a greater intensity. There are no astonishing ways of doing astonishing things. All astonishing things are done by ordinary materials.—B. R. Haydon.

Obey thy genius, for a minister it is unto the throne of fate. Draw to thy soul, and centralize the rays which are around of the Divinity.—Bailey.

The productions of a great genius, with many lapses and inadvertences, are infinitely preferable to the works of an inferior kind of author which are scrupulously exact, and conformable to all the rules of correct writing.—Addison.

The effusions of genius, or rather the manifestations of what is called talent, are often the effects of distempered nerves and complexional spleen, as pearls are morbid secretions.—Robert Walsh.

The light of genius is sometimes so resplendent as to make a man walk through life amid glory and acclamation; but it burns very dimly and low when carried into "the valley of the shadow of death."—Mountford.

Genius does not seem to derive any great support from syllogisms. Its carriage is free; its manner has a touch of inspiration. We see it come, but we never see it walk.—Count de Maistre.

It is interesting to notice how some minds seem almost to create themselves, springing up under every disadvantage, and working their solitary but irresistible way through a thousand obstacles.—Washington Irving.

The effusions of genius are entitled to admiration rather than applause, as they are chiefly the effect of natural endowment, and sometimes appear to be almost involuntary.—W. B. Clulow.

Genius never grows old—young today, mature yesterday, vigorous tomorrow, always immortal. It is peculiar to no sex or condition, and is the divine gift to woman no less than to man.—Juan Lewis.

We declare to you that the earth has exhausted its contingent of master spirits. Now for decadence and general closing. We must make up our minds to it. We shall have no more men of genius.—Victor Hugo.

As diamond cuts diamond, and one hone smooths a second, all the parts of intellect are whetstones to each other; and genius, which is but the result of their mutual sharpening, is character, too.—C. A. Bartol.

Genius is to other gifts what the carbuncle is to the precious stones. It sends forth its own light, whereas other stones only reflect borrowed light.—A. Schopenhauer.

Some very dull and sad people have genius though the world may not count it as such; a genius for love, or for patience, or for prayer, maybe. We know the divine spark is here and there in the world: who shall say under what manifestations, or humble disguise!—Anne Isabella Thackeray.

Genius, indeed, melts many ages into one, and thus effects something permanent, yet still with a similarity of office to that of the more ephemeral writer. A work of genius is but the newspaper of a century, or perchance of a hundred centuries.—Hawthorne.

High original genius is always ridiculed on its first appearance; most of all by those who have won themselves the highest reputation in working on the established lines. Genius only commands recognition when it has created the taste which is to appreciate it.—Froude.

All the means of action, the shapeless masses—the materials—lie everywhere about us. What we need is the celestial fire to change the flint into transparent crystal, bright and clear. That fire is genius!—Longfellow.

The light of genius never sets, but sheds itself upon other faces, in different hues of splendor. Homer glows in the softened beauty of Virgil, and Spenser revives in the decorated learning of Gray.—Willmott.

The richest genius, like the most fertile soil, when uncultivated, shoots up into the rankest weeds; and instead of vines and olives for the pleasure and use of man, produces to its slothful owner the most abundant crop of poisons.—Hume.

The wild force of genius has often been fated by Nature to be finally overcome by quiet strength. The volcano sends up its red bolt with terrific force, as if it would strike the stars; but the calm, resistless hand of gravitation seizes it and brings it to the earth.—Bayne.

Was genius ever ungrateful? Mere talents are dry leaves, tossed up and down by gusts of passion, and scattered and swept away; but Genius lies on the bosom of Memory, and Gratitude at her feet.—Landor.

The whole genius of an author consists in describing well, and delineating character well. Homer, Plato, Virgil, Horace only excel other writers by their expressions and images; we must indicate what is true if we mean to write naturally, forcibly and delicately.—La Bruyère.

Genius, without work, is certainly a dumb oracle; and it is unquestionably true that the men of the highest genius have invariably been found to be amongst the most plodding, hard-working, and intent men—their chief characteristic apparently consisting simply in their power of laboring more intensely and effectively than others.—Samuel Smiles.

The very greatest genius, after all, is not the greatest thing in the world, any more than the greatest city in the world is the country or the sky. It is the concentration of some of its greatest powers, but it is not the greatest diffusion of its might. It is not the habit of its success, the stability of its sereneness.—Leigh Hunt.

Genius is not a single power, but a combination of great powers. It reasons, but it is not reasoning; it judges, but it is not judgment; it imagines, but it is not imagination; it feels deeply and fiercely, but it is not passion. It is neither, because it is all.—Whipple.

All are to be men of genius in their degree,—rivulets or rivers, it does not matter, so that the souls be clear and pure; not dead walls encompassing dead heaps of things, known and numbered, but running waters in the sweet wilderness of things unnumbered and unknown, conscious only of the living banks, on which they partly refresh

and partly reflect the flowers, and so pass on.—Ruskin.

Neither can we admit that definition of genius that some would propose—"a power to accomplish all that we undertake;" for we might multiply examples to prove that this definition of genius contains more than the thing defined. Cicero failed in poetry, Pope in painting, Addison in oratory; yet it would be harsh to deny genius to these men.—Colton.

When the great Kepler had at length discovered the harmonic laws that regulate the motions of the heavenly bodies, he exclaimed: "Whether my discoveries will be read by posterity or by my contemporaries is a matter that concerns them more than me. I may well be contented to wait one century for a reader, when God Himself, during so many thousand years, has waited for an observer like myself."—Macaulay.

What we call genius may, perhaps, in more strict propriety, be described as the spirit of discovery. Genius is the very eye of intellect and the wing of thought. It is always in advance of its time. It is the pioneer for the generation which it precedes. For this reason it is called a seer—and hence its songs have been prophecies. —Simms.

As well might a lovely woman look daily in her mirror, yet not be aware of her beauty, as a great soul be unconscious of the powers with which Heaven has gifted him; not so much for himself, as to enlighten others—a messenger from God Himself, with a high and glorious mission to perform. Woe unto him who abuses that mission!—Chambers.

There is nothing so remote from vanity as true genius. It is almost as natural for those who are endowed with the highest powers of the human mind to produce the miracles of art, as for other men to breathe or move. Correggio, who is said to have produced some of his divinest works almost without having seen a picture, probably did not know that he had done anything extraordinary.—Hazlitt.

Genius! thou gift of Heav'n! thou Light divine!
Amid what dangers art thou doom'd to shine!
Oft will the body's weakness check thy force,
Oft damp thy Vigour, and impede thy course;
And trembling nerves compel thee to restrain
Thy noble efforts, to contend with pain;
Or Want (sad guest!) will in thy presence come,
And breathe around her melancholy gloom:
To Life's low cares will thy proud thought confine,
And make her sufferings, her impatience, thine. —Crabbe.

The whole difference between a man of genius and other men, it has been said a thousand times, and most truly, is that the first remains in great part a child, seeing with the large eyes of children, in perpetual wonder, not conscious of much knowledge—conscious, rather, of infinite ignorance, and yet infinite power; a fountain of eternal admiration, delight, and creative force within him meeting the ocean of visible and governable things around him. —Ruskin.

The only difference between a genius and one of common capacity is that the former anticipates and explores what the latter accidentally hits upon. But even the man of genius himself more frequently employs the advantages that chance presents to him. It is the lapidary that gives value to the diamond, which the peasant has dug up without knowing its worth.—Abbé Raynal.

Nature seems to delight in disappointing the assiduities of art, with which it would rear dulness to maturity, and to glory in the vigor and luxuriance of her chance productions. She scatters the seeds of genius to the winds, and though some may perish among the stony places of the world, and some may be choked by the thorns and brambles of early adversity, yet others will now and then strike root even in the clefts of the rock, struggle

bravely up into sunshine, and spread over their sterile birthplace all the beauties of vegetation.—Washington Irving.

Gentility

How weak a thing is gentility, if it wants virtue.—Fuller.

There cannot be a surer proof of low origin, or of an innate meanness of disposition, than to be always talking and thinking of being genteel.—Hazlitt.

I would have you not stand so much on your gentility, which is an airy and mere borrowed thing from dead men's dust and bones; and none of yours except you make and hold it.—Ben Jonson.

Gentleman

He is gentle that doth gentle deeds. —Chaucer.

The gentleman is a Christian product.—George H. Calvert.

An affable and courteous gentleman. —Shakespeare.

The prince of darkness is a gentleman.—Marlowe.

His tribe were God Almighty's gentlemen.—Dryden.

Since every Jack became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.
—Shakespeare.

To make a fine gentleman, several trades are required, but chiefly a barber.—Goldsmith.

When Adam dolve and Eva span
Who was then the gentleman?
—Pegge.

The look of a gentleman is little else than the reflection of the looks of the world.—Hazlitt.

Education begins the gentleman, but reading, good company, and reflection must finish him.—Locke.

He is the best gentleman who is the son of his own deserts.—Victor Hugo.

The gentleman is solid mahogany; the fashionable man is only veneer.—J. G. Holland.

He whom we call a gentleman is no longer the man of Nature.—Diderot.

There is no man that can teach us to be gentlemen better than Joseph Addison.—Thackeray.

He that bears himself like a gentleman, is
Worth to have been born a gentleman.
—Chapman.

Gentleman is a term which does not apply to any station, but to the mind and the feelings in every station.—Talfourd.

Repose and cheerfulness are the badge of the gentleman—repose in energy.—Emerson.

In a word, to be a fine gentleman is to be a generous and brave man.—Steele.

The gentle minde by gentle deeds is knowne;
For a man by nothing is so well bewrayed
As by his manners. —Spenser.

It is difficult to believe that a true gentleman will ever become a gamester, a libertine, or a sot.—Chapin.

Tho' modest, on his unembarrass'd brow
Nature had written—"Gentleman."
—Byron.

Oh! St. Patrick was a gentleman,
Who came of decent people.
—Henry Bennett.

The taste of beauty and the relish of what is decent, just, and amiable perfects the character of the gentleman and the philosopher.—Shaftesbury.

A gentleman is always a gentleman; but the butterflies of society differ as much in their moods as does that insect in its colors.—Mme. Dufresnoy.

My master hath been an honorable gentleman; tricks he hath had in him which gentlemen have.—Shakespeare.

Religion is the most gentlemanly thing in the world. It alone will gentilize, if unmixed with cant.—Coleridge.

The grand old name of gentleman
Defam'd by every charlatan
And soil'd with all ignoble use.
—Tennyson.

We sometimes meet an original gentleman, who, if manners had not existed, would have invented them.—Emerson.

He had then the grace, too rare in every clime,
Of being, without alloy of fop or beau,
A finish'd gentleman from top to toe.
—Byron.

We are gentlemen,
That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,
Envy the great, nor do the low despise.
—Shakespeare.

Propriety of manners and consideration for others are the two main characteristics of a gentleman.—Beaconsfield.

Men of courage, men of sense, and men of letters are frequent; but a true gentleman is what one seldom sees.—Steele.

A gentleman is one who understands and shows every mark of deference to the claims of self-love in others, and exacts it in return from them.—Hazlitt.

God knows that all sorts of gentlemen knock at the door; but whenever used in strictness and with any emphasis, the name will be found to point at original energy.—Emerson.

Perhaps propriety is as near a word as any to denote the manners of the gentleman; elegance is necessary to the fine gentleman; dignity is proper to noblemen, and majesty to kings.—Hazlitt.

The flowering of civilization is the finished man, the man of sense, of grace, of accomplishment, of social power—the gentleman.—Emerson.

A gentleman has ease without familiarity, is respectful without meanness; genteel without affectation, insinuating without seeming art.—Chesterfield.

The best of men
That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer;
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit.
The first true gentleman that ever breathed.
—T. Dekker.

Measure not thy carriage by any man's eye,
Thy speech by no man's ear; but be resolute
And confident in doing and saying;
And this is the grace of a right gentleman.
—Chapman.

"I am a gentleman." I'll be sworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon.
—Shakespeare.

Of the offspring of the gentilman Jafeth, came Habraham, Moyses, Aron and the profettys; and also the kyng of the right line of Mary, of whom that gentilman Jhesus was borne.—Juliana Berners.

A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,
Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,
Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt right royal;
The spacious world cannot again afford.
—Shakespeare.

That man will never be a perfect gentleman who lives only with gentlemen. To be a man of the world we must view that world in every grade and in every perspective.—Bulwer-Lytton.

The expression of a gentleman's face is not so much that of refinement, as of flexibility, not of sensibility and enthusiasm as of indifference; it argues presence of mind rather than enlargement of ideas.—Hazlitt.

He that can enjoy the intimacy of the great, and on no occasion disgust them by familiarity, or disgrace himself by servility, proves that he is as perfect a gentleman by nature, as his companions are by rank.—Colton.

To be a gentleman does not depend upon the tailor or the toilet. Good clothes are not good habits. A gentleman is just a gentle-man—no more, no less: a diamond polished, that was first a diamond in the rough.—Bishop Doane.

We may daily discover crowds acquire sufficient wealth to buy gentility, but very few that possess the virtues which ennoble human nature, and (in the best sense of the word) constitute a gentleman.—Shenstone.

A gentleman's first characteristic is that fineness of structure in the body which renders it capable of the most delicate sensation: and of structure in the mind which renders it capable of the most delicate sympathies: one may say simply "fineness of nature."—Ruskin.

Our manners, our civilization, and all the good things connected with manners and civilization, have, in this European world of ours, depended for ages upon two principles: I mean the spirit of a gentleman, and the spirit of religion.—Burke.

Self-command is often thought a characteristic of high breeding. * * * A true gentleman has no need of self-command; he simply feels rightly in all directions on all occasions, and, desiring to express only so much of his feeling as it is right to express, does not need to command himself.—Ruskin.

His qualities depend, not upon fashion or manners, but upon moral worth; not on personal possessions, but on personal qualities. The Psalmist briefly describes him as one "that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart."—Samuel Smiles.

He is like to be mistaken who makes choice of a covetous man for a friend, or relieth upon the reed of narrow and poltroon friendship. Pitiful things are only to be found in the cottages of such breasts; but bright thoughts, clear deeds, constancy, fidelity, bounty and generous honesty are the gems of noble minds, wherein (to derogate from none) the true, heroic English gentleman hath no peer.—Sir Thomas Browne.

He is a noble gentleman; withal
Happy in 's endeavours: the gen'ral voice
Sounds him for courtesy, behaviour, language,
And ev'ry fair demeanour, an example:
Titles of honour add not to his worth;
Who is himself an honour to his title.
—John Ford.

The true gentleman is extracted from ancient and worshipful parentage. When a pepin is planted on a pepin-stock, the fruit growing thence is called a renate, a most delicious apple, as both by sire and dame well descended. Thus his blood must needs be well purified who is genteelly born on both sides.—Fuller.

His years are young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
And in a word (for far behind his worth
Come all the praises that I now bestow)
He is complete in feature and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.
—Shakespeare.

The taste of beauty, and the relish of what is decent, just and amiable, perfects the character of the gentleman and the philosopher. And the study of such a taste or relish will, as we suppose, be ever the great employment and concern of him who covets as well to be wise and good, as agreeable and polite.—Shaftesbury.

There are some spirits nobly just, unwarp'd by pelf or pride,
Great in the calm, but greater still when dash'd by adverse tide;—
They hold the rank no king can give, no station can disgrace;
Nature puts forth her gentleman, and monarchs must give place.
—Eliza Cook.

What is it to be a gentleman? Is it to be honest, to be gentle, to be generous, to be brave, to be wise, and, possessing all these qualities, to exercise them in the most graceful outward manner? Ought a gentleman to be a loyal son, a true husband, an honest father? Ought his life to be

decent, his bills to be paid, his taste to be high and elegant, his aims in life lofty and noble?—Thackeray.

But nature, with a matchless hand, sends forth her nobly born,
And laughs the paltry attributes of wealth and rank to scorn;
She moulds with care a spirit rare, half human, half divine,
And cries, exulting, "Who can make a gentleman like mine?"

—Eliza Cook.

A gentleman is a rarer thing than some of us think for. Which of us can point out many such in his circle—men whose aims are generous, whose truth is constant and elevated: who can look the world honestly in the face, with an equal manly sympathy for the great and the small? We all know a hundred whose coats are well made, and a score who have excellent manners; but of gentlemen how many? Let us take a little scrap of paper and each make out his list.—Thackeray.

After all, there is such a thing as looking like a gentleman. There are men whose class no dirt or rags can hide, any more than they could Ulysses. I have seen such men in plenty among workmen, too; but, on the whole, the gentleman—by whom I do not mean just now the rich—have the superiority in that point. But not, please God, forever. Give us the same air, water, exercise, education, good society, and you will see whether this "haggardness," this "coarseness" (etc., for the list is too long to specify), be an accident, or a property, of the man of the people.—Charles Kingsley.

A Christian is God Almighty's gentleman; a gentleman, in the vulgar, superficial way of understanding the word, is the devil's christian. But to throw aside these polished and too current counterfeits for something valuable and sterling, the real gentleman should be gentle in everything, at least in everything that depends on himself—in carriage, temper, constructions, aims, desires. He ought, therefore, to be mild, calm, quiet, even, temperate—not hasty in judgment, not exorbitant in ambition, not overbearing, not proud, not rapacious, not oppressive; for these things are contrary to gentleness. Many such gentlemen are to be found, I trust; and many more would be were the true meaning of the name borne in mind and duly inculcated.—Hare.

Gentleness

Gentleness is the outgrowth of benignity.—Hannah More.

The gentleness of all the gods go with thee.—Shakespeare.

Let gentleness thy strong enforcement be.—Shakespeare.

Gentleness and affability conquer at last.—Terence.

We must be gentle now we are gentlemen.—Shakespeare.

Sweet speaking oft a currish heart reclaims.—Sir P. Sidney.

Let mildness ever attend thy tongue.—Theogius.

The mildest manners and the gentlest heart.—Homer.

The power of gentleness is irresistible.—H. Martyn.

Gentleness! more powerful than Hercules.—Ninon de Lenclos.

A woman's strength is most potent when robed in gentleness.—Lamartine.

Your gentleness shall force, more than your force move us to gentleness.—Shakespeare.

Gentleness and repose are paramount to everything else in woman.—Montaigne.

With all women gentleness is the most persuasive and powerful argument.—Théophile Gautier.

The human heart becomes softened by hearing of instances of gentleness and consideration.—Plutarch.

In the husband, wisdom; in the wife, gentleness.—George Herbert.

Gentleness in the gait is what simplicity is in the dress. Violent gestures or quick movements inspire involuntary disrespect.—Balzac.

Those that do teach young babes
Do it with gentle means and easy tasks.
—Shakespeare.

They are as gentle
As zephyrs blowing below the violet.
—Shakespeare.

Better make penitents by gentleness than hypocrites by severity.—St. Francis de Sales.

Gentleness corrects whatever is offensive in our manners.—Blair.

We do not believe, or we forget, that "the Holy Ghost came down, not in shape of a vulture, but in the form of a dove."—Emerson.

A man never so beautifully shows his own strength as when he respects a woman's softness.—Douglas Jerrold.

Fearless gentleness is the most beautiful of feminine attractions, born of modesty and love.—Mrs. Balfour.

It is only people who possess firmness who can possess true gentleness. In those who appear gentle, it is generally only weakness, which is readily converted into harshness.—La Rochefoucauld.

Power can do by gentleness that which violence fails to accomplish: and calmness best enforces the imperial mandate.—Claudianus.

What thou wilt, thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile, than hew to it with thy sword.—Shakespeare.

If you would fall into any extreme, let it be on the side of gentleness. The human mind is so constructed that it resists rigor, and yields to softness.—St. Francis de Sales.

Gentleness, which belongs to virtue, is to be carefully distinguished from the mean spirit of cowards and the fawning assent of sycophants.—Blair.

The golden beams of truth and the silken cords of love, twisted together, will draw men on with a sweet violence, whether they will or not.—Cudworth.

In families well ordered, there is always one firm, sweet temper, which controls without seeming to dictate. The Greeks represented Persuasion as crowned.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Gentleness is far more successful in all its enterprises than violence; indeed, violence generally frustrates its own purpose, while gentleness scarcely ever fails.—Locke.

Experience has caused it to be remarked that in the country where the laws are gentle, the minds of the citizens are struck by it, as it is elsewhere by the most severe.—Catherine the Second.

With regard to manner, be careful to speak in a soft, tender, kind and loving way. Even when you have occasion to rebuke, be careful to do it with manifest kindness. The effect will be incalculably better.—Hosea Ballou.

A crystal river
Diaphanous because it travels slowly,
Soft is the music that would charm forever;
The flower of sweetest smell is shy and lowly. —Wordsworth.

True gentleness is founded on a sense of what we owe to Him who made us, and to the common nature which we all share. It arises from reflection on our own failings and wants, and from just views of the condition and the duty of man. It is native feeling heightened and improved by principle.—Blair.

If we were to form an image of dignity in a man, we should give him wisdom and valor, as being essential to the character of manhood. In the like manner, if you describe a right woman, in a laudable sense, she should have gentle softness, tender fear, and all those parts of life which distinguish her from the other sex, with

some subordination to it, but such an inferiority as makes her still more lovely.—Steele.

The best and simplest cosmetic for women is constant gentleness and sympathy for the noblest interests of her fellow-creatures. This preserves and gives to her features an indelibly gay, fresh, and agreeable expression. If women would but realize that harshness makes them ugly, it would prove the best means of conversion.—Auerbach.

An accent very low
In blandishment, but a most silver flow
Of subtle-pacèd counsel in distress,
Right to the heart and brain, though undiscried,
Winning its way with extreme gentleness
Through all the outworks of suspicion's pride. —Tennyson.

Gesture

The natural language of gesture is God's language. We did not invent it. Surely natural language is the language of nature; and these gestures which make us hang the head, and give us the erect attitude, are proclamations made, not by the will of man, but by the will of that Power which has co-ordinated all things, and given them harmony with each other, and never causes an instinct to utter a lie. —Joseph Cook.

Ghosts

For spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
Assume what sexes and what shapes they please. —Pope.

Thou canst not say, I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me. —Shakespeare.

It was about to speak, when the cock crew,
And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. —Shakespeare.

Many ghosts, and forms of fright,
Have started from their graves to-night;
They have driven sleep from mine eyes away. —Longfellow.

But, soft: behold! lo, where it comes again!
I'll cross it, though it blast me.—Stay, illusion!
If thou hast any sound, or use a voice,
Speak to me. —Shakespeare.

I can call up spirits from the vasty deep.—
——Why so can I, or so can any man;
But will they come, when you do call for them? —Shakespeare.

Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes,
Which thou dost glare with! —Shakespeare.

Some have mistaken blocks and posts,
For spectres, apparitions, ghosts,
With saucer-eyes and horns; and some
Have heard the devil beat a drum. —Butler.

I am thy father's spirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night
And, for the day, confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purg'd away. —Shakespeare.

They gather round, and wonder at the tale
Of horrid apparition, tall and ghostly,
That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand
O'er some new-open'd grave, and (strange to tell),
Evanishes at crowing of the cock. —Blair.

Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!—
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou comest in such questionable shape
That I will speak to thee. —Shakespeare.

O, answer me:
Let me not burst in ignorance! but tell,
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements! why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again? —Shakespeare.

Gibbet

The gibbet is a species of flattery to the human race. Three or four persons are hung from time to time for the sake of making the rest believe that they are virtuous.—Sanial-Dubay.

Gifts

The more we give to others, the more we are increased.—Lao-Tze.

He gives twice who gives quickly.—Syrus.

When you give, give with joy and smiling.—Joubert.

Riches, understanding, beauty, are fair gifts of God.—Luther.

For the will and not the gift makes the giver.—Lessing.

We like the gift when we the giver prize.—Sheffield.

For to give is the business of the rich.—Goethe.

Giving requires good sense.—Ovid.

God hands gifts to some, whispers them to others.—W. R. Alger.

Who gives a trifle meanly is meaner than the trifle.—Lavater.

Of gifts, there seems none more becoming to offer a friend than a beautiful book.—Amos Bronson Alcott.

That which is given with pride and ostentation is rather an ambition than a bounty.—Seneca.

Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.—Shakespeare.

Gifts are as gold that adorns the temple; grace is like the temple that sanctifies the gold.—Burkitt.

There is no grace in a benefit that sticks to the fingers.—Seneca.

Gifts come from above in their own peculiar forms.—Goethe.

For whatever man has, is in reality only a gift.—Wieland.

The gift derives its value from the rank of the giver.—Ovid.

Those gifts are ever the most acceptable which the giver makes precious.—Ovid.

Give freely to him that deserveth well, and asketh nothing: and that is a way of giving to thyself.—Fuller.

The manner of giving shows the character of the giver more than the gift itself.—Lavater.

He who loves with purity considers not the gift of the lover, but the love of the giver.—Thomas à Kempis.

While you look at what is given, look also at the giver.—Seneca.

Wear this for me,—one out of suits with fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means. —Shakespeare.

Saints themselves will sometimes be,
Of gifts that cost them nothing, free.
—Butler.

The greatest grace of a gift, perhaps, is that it anticipates and admits of no return.—Longfellow.

One must be poor to know the luxury of giving.—George Eliot.

The heart of the giver makes the gift dear and precious.—Luther.

Take gifts with a sigh; most men give to be paid.—Boyle O'Reilly.

How can that gift leave a trace which has left no void?—Mme. Swetchine.

You gave with them words of so sweet breath composed, as made the things more rich.—Shakespeare.

That alone belongs to you which you have bestowed.—Vemuna.

Whoever makes great presents, expects great presents in return.—Martial.

Every gift which is given, even though it be small, is in reality great, if it be given with affection.—Pindar.

It is a proof of boorishness to confer a favor with a bad grace; it is the act of giving that is hard and painful. How little does a smile cost?—Bruyère.

Gifts, they weigh like mountains on a sensitive heart. To me they are

oftener punishments than pleasures.—Mme. Fee.

The making presents to a lady one addresses is like throwing armor into an enemy's camp, with a resolution to recover it.—Shenstone.

He was one of those men, moreover, who possess almost every gift except the gift of the power to use them.—Charles Kingsley.

Posthumous charities are the very essence of selfishness, when bequeathed by those who, when alive, would part with nothing.—Colton.

Gifts are like fish-hooks; for who is not aware that the greedy char is deceived by the fly which he swallows?—Martial.

It is a cold, lifeless business, when you go to the shops to buy something, which does not represent your life and talent, but a goldsmith's.—Emerson.

Your gift is princely, but it comes too late,
And falls like sunbeams on a blasted blossom. —Suckling.

The gift, to be true, must be the flowing of the giver unto me, correspondent to my flowing unto him.—Emerson.

Win her with gifts, if she respect not words:
Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind. —Shakespeare.

She gave me eyes, she gave me ears;
And humble cares, and delicate fears;
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears;
And love, and thought, and joy.
—Wordsworth.

A gift—its kind, its value and appearance; the silence or the pomp that attends it; the style in which it reaches you—may decide the dignity or vulgarity of the giver.—Lavater.

Liberty is of more value than any gifts; and to receive gifts is to lose it. Be assured that men most commonly seek to oblige thee only that they may engage thee to serve them.—Saadi.

Gifts are the greatest usury, because a two-fold retribution is an urged effect that a noble mind prompts us to; and it is said we pay the most for what is given us.—J. Beaumont.

If we will take the good we find, asking no questions, we shall have heaping measures. The great gifts are not got by analysis. Everything good is on the highway.—Emerson.

When thou makest presents, let them be of such things as will last long; to the end they may be in some sort immortal, and may frequently refresh the memory of the receiver.—Fuller.

Nature makes us buy her presents at the price of so many sufferings that it is doubtful whether she deserves most the name of parent or stepmother.—Pliny the Elder.

She prizes not such trifles as these are:
The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart, which I have given already,
But not deliver'd. —Shakespeare.

He ne'er consider'd it as loath
To look a gift-horse in the mouth,
And very wisely would lay forth
No more upon it than 'twas worth.
—Butler.

Policy counselleth a gift, given wisely and in season;
And policy afterwards approveth it, for great is the influence of gifts.
—Tupper.

I never cast a flower away,
A gift of one who car'd for me;
A flower—a faded flower,
But it was done reluctantly.
—L. E. Landon.

Favors, and especially pecuniary ones, are generally fatal to friendship; for our pride will ever prompt us to lower the value of the gift by diminishing that of the donor.—Chatfield.

The only gift is a portion of thyself. * * * Therefore the poet brings his poem; the shepherd, his lamb; the farmer, corn; the miner, a gem; the sailor, coral and shells; the

painter, his picture; the girl, a handkerchief of her own sewing.—Emerson.

People do not care to give alms without some security for their money; and a wooden leg or a withered arm is a sort of draft upon heaven for those who choose to have their money placed to account there.—Mackenzie.

In giving, a man receives more than he gives; and the more is in proportion to the worth of the thing given. —George MacDonald.

We are as answerable for what we give as for what we receive; nay, the misplacing of a benefit is worse than the not receiving of it; for the one is another person's fault, but the other is mine.—Seneca.

No man esteems anything that comes to him by chance; but when it is governed by reason, it brings credit both to the giver and receiver; whereas those favors are in some sort scandalous that make a man ashamed of his patron.—Seneca.

God's love gives in such a way that it flows from a Father's heart, the well-spring of all good. The heart of the giver makes the gift dear and precious; as among ourselves we say of even a trifling gift, "It comes from a hand we love," and look not so much at the gift as at the heart.—Luther.

He gives not best that gives most; but he gives most who gives best. If then I cannot give bountifully, yet I will give freely; and what I want in my hand, supply by my heart. He gives well that gives willingly.—Arthur Warwick.

Those Spaniards in Mexico who were chased of the Indians tell us what to do with our goods in our extremity. They being to pass over a river in their flight, as many as cast away their gold swam over safe; but some, more covetous, keeping their gold, were either drowned with it, or overtaken and slain by the savages: you have received, now learn to give. —Bacon.

It passes in the world for greatness of mind, to be perpetually giving and loading people with bounties; but it is one thing to know how to give and another thing not to know how to keep. Give me a heart that is easy and open, but I will have no holes in it; let it be bountiful with judgment, but I will have nothing run out of it I know not how.—Seneca.

The secret of giving affectionately is great and rare; it requires address to do it well; otherwise we lose instead of deriving benefit from it. This man gives lavishly in a way that obliges no one; the manner of giving is worth more than the gift. Another loses intentionally at a game, thus disguising his present; another forgets a jewel, which would have been refused as a gift. A generous booby seems to be giving alms to his mistress when he is making a present.—Corneille.

Some men give so that you are angry every time you ask them to contribute. They give so that their gold and silver shoot you like a bullet. Other persons give with such beauty that you remember it as long as you live; and you say, "It is a pleasure to go to such men." There are some men that give as springs do: whether you go to them or not, they are always full; and your part is merely to put your dish under the ever-flowing stream. Others give just as a pump does where the well is dry, and the pump leaks.—Beecher.

Gipsies

There are men and women who are in life as the wild river and the night-owl, as the blasted tree and the wind over ancient graves.—Charles G. Leland.

Gipsies, who every ill can cure,
Except the ill of being poor,
Who charms 'gainst love and agues sell,
Who can in hen-roost set a spell,
Prepar'd by arts, to them best known
To catch all feet except their own,
Who, as to fortune, can unlock it,
As easily as pick a pocket.
—Churchill.

Girlhood

A lovely girl is above all rank.—Charles Buxton.

The blushing beauty of a modest maid.—Dryden.

Girls we love for what they are; young men for what they promise to be.—Goethe.

The inward fragrance of a young girl's heart is what crystallizes into love.—Richter.

When one is five-and-twenty, one has not chalk-stones at one's finger-ends that the touch of a handsome girl should be entirely indifferent.—George Eliot.

The girl of the period sets up to be natural, and is only rude; mistakes insolence for innocence; says everything that comes first to her lips, and thinks she is gay when she is only giddy.—Beaconsfield.

One must always regret that law of growth which renders necessary that kittens should spoil into demure cats, and bright, joyous school-girls develop into the spiritless, crystallized beings denominated young ladies. — Abba Goold Woolson.

She was in the lovely bloom and spring-time of womanhood; at the age when, if ever angels be for God's good purpose enthroned in mortal form, they may be, without impiety, supposed to abide in such as hers.—Dickens.

We love a girl for very different qualities than understanding. We love her for her beauty, her youth, her mirth, her confidingness, her character, with its faults, caprices and God knows what other inexpressible charms; but we do not love her understanding.—Goethe.

The presence of a young girl is like the presence of a flower; the one gives its perfume to all that approach it, the other her grace to all that surround her.—Louis Desnoyers.

Gladness

True gladness doth not always speak; joy, bred and born but in the tongue, is weak.—Ben Jonson.

Nations and men are only the best when they are the gladdest, and deserve heaven when they enjoy it.—Richter.

For from the crushed flowers of gladness on the road of life a sweet perfume is wafted over to the present hour, as marching armies often send out from heaths the fragrance of trampled plants.—Richter.

Gloom

He who is only just is stern; he who is only wise lives in gloom.—Voltaire.

Gloom and sadness are poison to us, and the origin of hysterics. You are right in thinking that this disease is in the imagination; you have defined it perfectly; it is vexation which causes it to spring up, and fear that supports it.—Madame de Sévigné.

Glory

Glory is priceless.—Lytton.

True glory is a flame lighted at the skies.—Horace Mann.

Glory is the fair child of peril. —Smollett.

Glory grows guilty of detested crimes.—Shakespeare.

No flowery road leads to glory.—La Fontaine.

The paths of glory lead but to the grave.—Gray.

Alas! how difficult it is to retain glory!—Syrus.

Glory paid to our ashes comes too late.—Martial.

For what is glory but the blaze of fame?—Milton.

The glory dies not, and the grief is past.—Brydges.

We rise in glory as we sink in pride.—Young.

His glory now lies buried in the dust.—Quarles.

Nothing is so expensive as glory.—Sydney Smith.

This goin' ware glory waits ye haint one agreeable feetur.—Lowell.

A field of glory is a field for all.—Pope.

Great is the glory, for the strife is hard!—Wordsworth.

Like madness is the glory of this life.—Shakespeare.

So may a glory from defect arise.—Robert Browning.

Fame points the course, and glory leads the way.—Pye.

Glory, the casual gift of thoughtless crowds!
Glory, the bribe of avaricious virtue!
—Johnson.

Rising glory occasions the greatest envy, as kindling fire the greatest smoke.—Spenser.

Our greatest glory consists not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.—Goldsmith.

Glory is a poison, good to be taken in small doses.—Balzac.

The love of glory can only create a great hero; the contempt of it creates a great man.—Talleyrand.

Glory built
On selfish principles, is shame and guilt.
—Cowper.

Glory follows virtue as if it were its shadow.—Cicero.

Unless what we do is useful, our glory is vain.—Phædrus.

Glory long has made the sages smile; 'tis something, nothing, words, illusion, wind.—Byron.

I am climbing a difficult road; but the glory gives me strength.—Propertius.

Glories, like glow-worms, afar off shine bright;
But look'd too near, have neither heat nor light. —Webster.

The smoke of glory is not worth the smoke of a pipe.—George Sand.

Glory can be for a woman but the brilliant morning of happiness.—Mme. de Staël.

The sweetness of glory is so great that, join it to what we will, even to death, we love it.—Pascal.

Men are guided less by conscience than by glory; and yet the shortest way to glory is to be guided by conscience.—Henry Home.

As to be perfectly just is an attribute of the Divine nature, to be so to the utmost of our abilities is the glory of man.—Addison.

Glory fills the world with virtue, and, like a beneficent sun, covers the whole earth with flowers and with fruits.—Vauvenargues.

The glory of a people and of an age is always the work of a small number of great men, and disappears with them.—Baron de Grimm.

Real glory springs from the quiet conquest of ourselves; and without that the conqueror is nought but the first slave.—Thomson.

True glory takes root, and even spreads; all false pretenses, like flowers, fall to the ground; nor can any counterfeit last long.—Cicero.

Let us not disdain glory too much—nothing is finer except virtue. The height of happiness would be to unite both in this life.—Chateaubriand.

Glory is safe when it is deserved; it is not so with popularity; one lasts like a mosaic, the other is effaced like a crayon drawing.—Bouffiers.

The pure soul shall mount on native wings, . . . and cut a path into the heaven of glory.—Blake.

'Twas glory once to be a Roman;
She makes it glory, now, to be a man.
—Bayard Taylor.

Glory drags all men along, low as well as high, bound captive at the wheels of her glittering car.—Horace.

Glory darts her soul-pervading ray on thrones and cottages, regardless still of all the artificial nice distinctions vain human customs make.—Hannah More.

The shortest way to arrive at glory should be to do that for conscience which we do for glory.—Montaigne.

Our glories float between the earth and heaven
Like clouds which seem pavilions of the sun,
And are the playthings of the casual wind.
—Bulwer-Lytton.

To a father who loves his children victory has no charms. When the heart speaks, glory itself is an illusion. Napoleon I.

Glory is a shroud that posterity often tears from the shoulders of those who wore it when living—Béranger.

Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself
Till, by broad spreading it disperse to nought. —Shakespeare.

The road to glory would cease to be arduous if it were trite and trodden; and great minds must be ready not only to take opportunities but to make them.—Colton.

Those great actions whose luster dazzles us are represented by politicians as the effects of deep design; whereas they are commonly the effects of caprice and passion.—Rochefoucauld.

I have ventured like little wanton boys that swim on bladders, this many summers in a sea of glory, but far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride at length broke under me.—Shakespeare.

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.
—Scott.

True glory consists in doing what deserves to be written, in writing what deserves to be read, and in so living as to make the world happier and better for our living in it.—Pliny.

There are two things which ought to teach us to think but meanly of human glory; the very best have had their calumniators, the very worst their panegyrists.—Colton.

Ye sons of France, awake to glory!
Hark! Hark! what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
—Rouget de l'Isle.

Is death more cruel from a private dagger than in the field from murdering swords of thousands? Or does the number slain make slaughter glorious?—Cibber.

Glory relaxes often and debilitates the mind; censure stimulates and contracts—both to an extreme. Simple fame is, perhaps, the proper medium. —Shenstone.

Gashed with honourable scars,
Low in Glory's lap they lie;
Though they fell, they fell like stars,
Streaming splendour through the sky.
Montgomery.

He that first likened glory to a shadow did better than he was aware of. They are both of them things excellently vain. Glory also, like a shadow, goes sometimes before the body, and sometimes in length infinitely exceeds it.—Montaigne.

There is but one thing necessary to keep the possession of true glory, which is to hear the opposers of it with patience, and preserve the virtue by which it was acquired.—Steele.

Glory is sometimes a low courtesan who on the road entices many who did

not think of her. They are astonished to obtain favors without having done anything to deserve them.—Prince de Ligne.

Who is it that does not voluntarily exchange his health, his repose, and his very life for reputation and glory? The most useless, frivolous, and false coin that passes current among us.—Montaigne.

Individuals may wear for a time the glory of our institutions, but they carry it not to the grave with them. Like raindrops from heaven, they may pass through the circle of the shining bow and add to its luster; but when they have sunk in the earth again, the proud arch still spans the sky and shines gloriously on.—James A. Garfield.

The shortest way to arrive at glory should be to do that for conscience which we do for glory. And the virtue of Alexander appears to me with much less vigor in his theater than that of Socrates in his mean and obscure employment. I can easily conceive Socrates in the place of Alexander, but Alexander in that of Socrates I cannot.—Montaigne.

Wood burns because it has the proper stuff for that purpose in it; and a man becomes renowned because he has the necessary stuff in him. Renown is not to be sought, and all pursuit of it is vain. A person may, indeed, by skillful conduct and various artificial means, make a sort of name for himself; but if the inner jewel is wanting, all is vanity, and will not last a day.—Goethe.

What is glory? what is fame?
The echo of a long-lost name;
A breath, an idle hour's brief talk;
The shadow of an arrant naught;
A flower that blossoms for a day,
Dying next morrow;
A stream that hurries on its way,
Singing of sorrow.—Motherwell.

Those who start for human glory, like the mettled hounds of Actæon, must pursue the game not only where there is a path, but where there is none. They must be able to simulate and dissimulate; to leap and to creep; to conquer the earth like Cæsar, or to fall down and kiss it like Brutus; to throw their sword like Brennus into the trembling scale, or, like Nelson, to snatch the laurels from the doubtful hand of Victory, while she is hesitating where to bestow them.—Colton.

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on Life's parade shall meet
The brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.
—Theodore O'Hara.

Gluttony

He is a very valiant trencher-man.—Shakespeare.

Born merely for the purpose of digestion.—Bruyère.

Hunger makes everything sweet.—Antiphanes.

Reason should direct and appetite obey.—Cicero.

The turnpike road to people's hearts, I find, lies through their mouths.—Dr. John Wolcott.

Such, whose sole bliss is eating, who can give but that one brutal reason why they live.—Juvenal.

I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.—Shakespeare.

Their various cares in one great point combine,
The business of their lives—that is, to dine.
—Young.

As for me, give me turtle or give me death. What is life without turtle? nothing. What is turtle without life? nothinger still.—Artemus Ward.

I have come to the conclusion that mankind consume twice too much food.—Sydney Smith.

The belly has no ears.—Plutarch.

Whose god is their belly and whose glory is their shame.—Bible.

Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits. —Shakespeare.

The pleasures of the palate deal with us like Egyptian thieves who strangle those whom they embrace.—Seneca.

As houses well stored with provisions are likely to be full of mice, so the bodies of those that eat much are full of diseases.—Diogenes.

Gluttony and drunkenness have two evils attendant on them; they make the carcass smart, as well as the pocket.—Marcus Antoninus.

Why, at this rate, a fellow that has but a groat in his pocket may have a stomach capable of a ten-shilling ordinary.—Congreve.

Let me have men about me that are fat; sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights; yonder Cassius has a lean and hungry look; he thinks too much; such men are dangerous.—Shakespeare.

He was a kind and thankful toad, whose heart dilated in proportion as his skin was filled with good cheer; and whose spirits rose with eating, as some men's do with drink.—Washington Irving.

Swinish gluttony never looks to heaven amidst its gorgeous feast; but with besotted, base ingratitude, cravens and blasphemes his feeder.—Milton.

He that prolongs his meals, and sacrifices his time as well as his other conveniences, to his luxury, how quickly does he outset his pleasure!—South.

Gluttony is the source of all our infirmities, and the fountain of all our diseases. As a lamp is choked by a superabundance of oil, a fire extinguished by excess of fuel, so is the natural health of the body destroyed by intemperate diet.—Burton.

And by his side rode loathsome gluttony,
Deform'd creature, on a filthy swine;
His belly was up-blown with luxury,
And eke with fatness swollen were his eyne. —Spenser.

But for the cravings of the belly not a bird would have fallen into the snare; nay, nay, the fowler would not have spread his net. The belly is chains to the hands and fetters to the feet. He who is a slave to his belly seldom worships God.—Saadi.

Some men find happiness in gluttony and in drunkenness, but no delicate viands can touch their taste with the thrill of pleasure, and what generosity there is in wine steadily refuses to impart its glow to their shriveled hearts.—Whipple.

Some men are born to feast, and not to fight;
Whose sluggish minds, e'en in fair honor's field,
Still on their dinner turn—
Let such pot-boiling varlets stay at home,
And wield a flesh-hook rather than a sword.
—Joanna Baillie.

When I behold a fashionable table set out in all its magnificence, I fancy that I see gouts and dropsies, fevers and lethargies, with other innumerable distempers lying in ambuscade among the dishes. Nature delights in the most plain and simple diet. Every animal but man keeps to one dish. Herbs are the food of this species, fish of that, and flesh of a third. Man falls upon everything that comes in his way; not the smallest fruit or excrescence of the earth, scarce a berry or a mushroom can escape him.—Addison.

God

For God is love.—Bible.

God's glory is His goodness.—Henry Ward Beecher.

There is a God within us.—Ovid.

I am athirst for God, the living God.—Jean Ingelow.

God alone is true; God alone is great; alone is God.—Laboulaye.

God, from a beautiful necessity, is love.—Tupper.

Thou Great First Cause, least understood.—Pope.

O Thou above all gods supreme.—Klopstock.

God is the one great employer, thinker, planner, supervisor.—Henry Ward Beecher.

His steps are beauty, and His presence light.—Montgomery.

God is truth, and light His shadow. —Plato.

God's will is the very perfection of all reason.—Edward Payson.

Space is the statue of God.—Joubert.

Where God is, all agree.—Vaughan.

God is the only sure foundation on which the mind can rest.—S. Irenæus Prime.

Fear that man who fears not God. —Abdl-el-Kader.

The rolling year is full of Thee.—Thomson.

All but God is changing day by day. —Charles Kingsley.

We love Him, because He first loved us.—Bible.

His eye is upon every hour of my existence.—Chalmers.

Nothing with God can be accidental. —Longfellow.

The divine essence itself is love and wisdom.—Swedenborg.

The Eternal Being is forever if He is at all.—Pascal.

Nothing reveals character more than self-sacrifice. So the highest knowledge we have of God is through the gift of His Son.—William Harris.

God is able to do more than man can understand.—Thomas à Kempis.

Can we outrun the heavens?—Shakespeare.

Acquaint thyself with God, if thou wouldst taste His works.—Cowper.

God never made His work for man to mend.—Dryden.

Think of God oftener than you breathe.—Epictetus.

God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.—Laurence Sterne.

These are Thy glorious works, Parent of good.—Milton.

God deceiveth thee not.—Thomas à Kempis.

A foe to God was never true friend to man.—Young.

History is the revelation of Providence.—Kossuth.

By night an atheist half believes a God.—Young.

Let us think less of men and more of God.—Bailey.

There is a God to punish and avenge.—Schiller.

A God all mercy is a God unjust.—Young.

I believe the promises of God enough to venture an eternity on them.—Watts.

As a man is, so is his God; therefore God was so often an object of mockery.—Goethe.

He who knows what it is to enjoy God will dread His loss; he who has seen His face will fear to see His back.—Richard Alleine.

God said, "Let us make man in our image." Man said, "Let us make God in our image."—Douglas Jerrold.

A God alone can comprehend a God. —Dr. Young.

One on God's side is a majority.—Wendell Phillips.

God's in His Heaven—
All's right with the world!
—Robert Browning.

God enters by a private door into every individual.—Emerson.

Of what I call God,
And fools call Nature.
—Robert Browning.

Naught but God
Can satisfy the soul. —Bailey.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul.
—Pope.

God shall be my hope,
My stay, my guide and lantern to my feet.
—Shakespeare.

To attain the height and depth of Thy eternal ways, all human thoughts come short.—Milton.

He mounts the storm and walks upon the wind.—Pope.

God is as great in minuteness as He is in magnitude.—Colton.

Philosophers call God "the great unknown." "The great mis-known" would be more correct.—Joseph Roux.

God often visits us, but most of the time we are not at home.—Joseph Roux.

Give me Thy light, and fix my eyes on Thee!—Boethius.

Heaven is above all yet; there sits a Judge that no king can corrupt.—Shakespeare.

There is no God but God, the living, the self-subsisting.—Koran.

And God said, Let there be light, and there was light.—Bible.

God's power never produces what His goodness cannot embrace.—South.

'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking.
—Lowell.

It is folly to seek the approbation of any being besides the Supreme.—Addison.

God governs the world, and we have only to do our duty wisely, and leave the issue to Him.—John Jay.

The perfect love of God knoweth no difference between the poor and the rich.—Pacuvius.

God alone is entirely exempt from all want: of human virtues, that which needs least is the most absolute and divine.—Plutarch.

Thy attributes, how endearing! how parental! all loving, all forgiving.—Hosea Ballou.

The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him.—Bible.

Happy the man who sees a God employ'd
In all the good and ill that chequer life!
—Cowper.

God is absolutely good; and so, assuredly, the cause of all that is good. —Sir Walter Raleigh.

Men sunk in the greatest darkness imaginable retain some sense and awe of the Deity.—Tillotson.

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears Him in the wind. —Pope.

He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow.
—Shakespeare.

There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them as we will.
—Shakespeare.

If God were not a necessary being of Himself, He might almost seem to be made for the use and benefit of men.—John Tillotson.

How did the atheist get his idea of that God whom he denies?—Coleridge.

If God did not exist, it would be necessary to invent Him.—Voltaire.

O Thou, whose certain eye foresees
The fix'd event of fate's remote decrees.
—Homer.

God is a perfect poet,
Who in His person acts His own creations.
—Robert Browning.

I fear God, and next to God I chiefly fear him who fears Him not.—Saadi.

At whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminished heads.—Milton.

God had sifted three kingdoms to find the wheat for this planting.—Longfellow.

There is no creature so small and abject. that it representeth not the goodness of God.—Thomas à Kempis.

'Tis hard to find God, but to comprehend Him, as He is, is labour without end.
—Herrick.

As long as we work on God's line, He will aid us. When we attempt to work on our own lines, He rebukes us with failure.—T. L. Cuyler.

God's justice and love are one. Infinite justice must be infinite love. Justice is but another sign of love.—F. W. Robertson.

Can we be unsafe where God has placed us, and where He watches over us as a parent a child that he loves?—Fénelon.

The great soul that sits on the throne of the universe is not, never was, and never will be, in a hurry.—J. G. Holland.

The presence of God calms the soul, and gives it quiet and repose.—Fénelon.

The God of merely traditional believers is the great Absentee of the universe.—W. R. Alger.

God is all love: it is He who made everything, and He loves everything that He has made.—Henry Brooke.

God wishes to exhaust all means of kindness before His hand takes hold on justice.—Henry Ward Beecher.

We know God easily, provided we do not constrain ourselves to define Him.—Joubert.

God is a being who gives everything but punishment in over measure.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Thou awakest us to delight in Thy praise; for Thou madest us for Thyself, and our heart is restless until it repose in Thee.—Augustine.

The vision of the Divine Presence ever takes the form which our circumstances most require.—Alexander Maclaren.

God never makes us sensible of our weakness except to give us of His strength.—Fénelon.

However wickedness outstrips men, it has no wings to fly from God.—Shakespeare.

God's truth is too sacred to be expounded to superficial worldliness in its transient fit of earnestness.—F. W. Robertson.

Born of God, attach thyself to Him, as a plant to its root, that ye may not be withered.—Demophilus.

God is like us to this extent, that whatever in us is good is like God.—Henry Ward Beecher.

God's sovereignty is not in His right hand; God's sovereignty is not in His intellect; God's sovereignty is in His love.—Henry Ward Beecher.

O, there is naught on earth worth being known but God and our own souls!—Bailey.

We must be in some way like God in order that we may see God as He is.—Chapin.

I believe not only in "special providences," but in the whole universe as

one infinite complexity of "special providences."—Charles Kingsley.

To be struck with His power, it is only necessary to open our eyes.—Burke.

Under whose feet (subjected to His grace),
Sit nature, fortune, motion, time, and place.
—Tasso.

To attain the height and depth of Thy eternal ways, all human thoughts come short.—Milton.

There is no god but God!—to prayer—lo! God is great!—Byron.

Sometimes Providences, like Hebrew letters, must be read backwards.—John Flavel.

But, oh, Thou bounteous Giver of all good, Thou art, of all Thy gifts, Thyself the crown!—Cowper.

Everyone is in a small way the image of God.—Manilius.

God can change the lowest to the highest, abase the proud, and raise the humble.—Horace.

Nothing is so high and above all danger that is not below and in the power of God.—Ovid.

There is indeed a God that hears and sees whate'er we do.—Plautus.

God is a shower to the heart burned up with grief; God is a sun to the face deluged with tears.—Joseph Roux.

My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me in the end.
—Wentworth Dillon.

To Him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, He bounds, connects and equals all! —Pope.

The very impossibility in which I find myself to prove that God is not, discloses to me His existence.—La Bruyère.

God's mercy is a holy mercy, which knows how to pardon sin, not to protect it: it is a sanctuary for the penitent, not for the presumptuous.—Bishop Reynolds.

And now we beseech of Thee that we may have every day some such sense of God's mercy and of the power of God above us, as we have of the fullness of the light of heaven before us.—H. W. Beecher.

It is as easy for God to supply thy greatest as thy smallest wants, even as it was within His power to form a system or an atom, to create a blazing sun as to kindle the fire-fly's lamp.—Thomas Guthrie.

Our God is a household God, as well as a heavenly one. He has an altar in every man's dwelling; let men look to it when they rend it lightly, and pour out its ashes.—Ruskin.

If God be infinitely holy, just, and good, He must take delight in those creatures that resemble Him most in these perfections.—Atterbury.

Such was God's original love for man, that He was willing to stoop to any sacrifice to save him; and the gift of a Saviour was the mere expression of that love.—Albert Barnes.

The love of God ought continually to predominate in the mind, and give to every act of duty grace and animation.—Beattie.

It is highly convenient to believe in the infinite mercy of God when you feel the need of mercy, but remember also His infinite justice.—B. R. Haydon.

Mistrusts sometimes come over one's mind of the justice of God. But let a real misery come again, and to whom do we fly? To whom do we instinctively and immediately look up? —B. R. Haydon.

There is nothing left to us but to see how we may be approved of Him, and how we may roll the weight of our weak souls in well-doing upon Him, who is God omnipotent.—Rutherford.

To love God, which was a thing far excelling all the cunning that is possible for us in this life to obtain.—Sir Thomas More.

Not a flower
But shows some touch, in freckle, streak, or stain,
Of His unrivall'd pencil. —Cowper.

Thou sovereign power, whose secret will controls the inward bent and motion of our souls.—Prior.

Be He nowhere else, God is in all that liberates and lifts, in all that humbles, sweetens, and consoles.—Lowell.

There is no worm of the earth, no spire of grass, no leaf, no twig, wherein we see not the footsteps of a Deity.—Robert Hall.

Remember that there is nothing in God but what is godlike; and that He is either not at all, or truly and perfectly good.—Shaftesbury.

To escape from evil, we must be made as far as possible like God; and this resemblance consists in becoming just and holy and wise.—Plato.

The Providence that watches over the affairs of men works out of their mistakes, at times, a healthier issue than could have been accomplished by their wisest forethought.—J. A. Froude.

It is a most unhappy state to be at a distance with God; man needs no greater infelicity than to be left to himself.—Feltham.

The Omnipotent has sown His name on the heavens in glittering stars, but upon earth He planteth His name by tender flowers.—Richter.

As the soul is the life of the body, so God is the life of the soul. As therefore the body perishes when the soul leaves it, so the soul dies when God departs from it.—St. Augustine.

Let us always remember that God has never promised to supply our wishes, but only our wants, and these only as they arise from day to day.—Alexander Dickson.

Contemplation of human nature doth by a necessary connection and chain of causes carry us up to the Deity.—Sir M. Hale.

When God reveals His march through Nature's night
His steps are beauty, and His presence light. —Montgomery.

All things that are on earth shall wholly pass away,
Except the love of God, which shall live and last for aye. —Bryant.

The very impossibility in which I find myself to prove that God is not discovers to me His existence.—Bruyère.

When we have broken our god of tradition, and ceased from our god of rhetoric, then may God fire the heart with His presence.—Emerson.

Take comfort, and recollect however little you and I may know, God knows; He knows Himself and you and me and all things; and His mercy is over all His works.—Charles Kingsley.

The moral perfections of the Deity, the more attentively we consider, the more perfectly still shall we know them.—Addison.

God, who oft descends to visit men
Unseen, and through their habitations walks
To mark their doings. —Milton.

One sole God;
One sole ruler,—His Law;
One sole interpreter of that law—Humanity. —Mazzini.

Yet forget not that "the whole world is a phylactery, and everything we see an item of the wisdom, power, or goodness of God"—Sir Thomas Browne.

When we attempt to define and describe God, both language and thought desert us, and we are as helpless as fools and savages.—Emerson.

As a countenance is made beautiful by the soul's shining through it, so the world is beautiful by the shining through it of a God.—Jacobi.

The glorious Author of the universe,
Who reins the winds, gives the vast ocean bounds,
And circumscribes the floating worlds their rounds! —Gay.

God has been pleased to prescribe limits to His own power, and to work His ends within these limits.—Paley.

What can 'scape the eye
Of God, all-seeing, or deceive His heart,
Omniscient! —Milton.

The glory of Him who hung His masonry pendent on nought, when the world He created.—Longfellow.

I sought Thee at a distance, and did not know that Thou wast near. I sought Thee abroad, and behold, Thou wast within me.—St. Augustine.

There is nothing so small but that we may honor God by asking His guidance of it, or insult Him by taking it into our own hands.—John Ruskin.

If thou art fighting against thy sins so is God. On thy side is God who made all, and Christ who died for all, and the Holy Spirit who alone gives wisdom, purity, and nobleness.—Charles Kingsley.

If I make the seven oceans ink, if I make the trees my pen, if I make the earth my paper, the glory of God cannot be written.—Kabir.

As the sensation of hunger presupposes food to satisfy it, so the sense of dependence on God presupposes His existence and character.—O. B. Frothingham.

Who can know heaven except by its gifts? and who can find out God unless the man who is himself an emanation from God?—Manilius.

When the Master of the universe has points to carry in His government He impresses His will in the structure of minds.—Emerson.

But who with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to heaven an unpresumptuous eye.
And smiling say, my Father made them all.
—Cowper.

God should be the object of all our desires, the end of all our actions, the principle of all our affections, and the governing power of our whole souls.—Massillon.

We are never less alone than when we are in the society of a single, faithful friend; never less deserted than when we are carried in the arms of the All-Powerful.—Fénelon.

It is a great truth, "God reigns," and therefore grace reigns through righteousness unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ our Lord; and, therefore, no sinner on earth need ever despair.—Ichabod Spencer.

God's commandments are the iron door into Himself. To keep them is to have it opened and His great heart of love revealed.—Samuel Willoughby Duffield.

Forgetful youth! but know, the Power above
With ease can save each object of His love;
Wide as His will, extends His boundless grace. —Homer.

It is one of my favorite thoughts that God manifests Himself to men in all the wise, good, humble, generous, great, and magnanimous men.—Lavater.

I know by myself how incomprehensible God is, seeing I cannot comprehend the parts of my own being.—St. Bernard.

We cannot think too oft there is a never, never-sleeping Eye, which reads the heart, and registers our thoughts. —Bacon.

In all God's providences, it is good to compare His word and His works together; for we shall find a beautiful harmony between them, and that they

mutually illustrate each other.—Matthew Henry.

God governs in the affairs of men; and if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without His notice, neither can a kingdom rise without His aid.—Benjamin Franklin.

Tell me how it is that in this room there are three candles and but one light, and I will explain to you the mode of the Divine existence.—John Wesley.

God works in a mysterious way in grace as well as in nature, concealing His operations under an imperceptible succession of events, and thus keeps us always in the darkness of faith.—Fénelon.

Not a sorrow, not a burden, not a temptation, not a bereavement, not a disappointment, not a care, not a groan or tear, but has its antidote in God's rich and inexhaustible resources. —George C. Lorimer.

Converting grace puts God on the throne, and the world at His footstool; Christ in the heart, and the world under His feet.—Joseph Alleine.

Though man sits still, and takes his ease,
God is at work on man;
No means, no moment unemploy'd,
To bless him, if He can. —Young.

A Deity believed, is joy begun;
A Deity adored, is joy advanced;
A Deity beloved, is joy matured.
Each branch of piety delight inspires.
—Young.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.
—Whittier.

The God of metaphysics is but an idea. But the God of religion, the Maker of heaven and earth, the sovereign Judge of actions and thoughts, is a power.—Joubert.

God is the light which, never seen itself, makes all things visible, and clothes itself in colors. Thine eye feels not its ray, but thine heart feels its warmth.—Richter.

The sun and every vassal star,
All space, beyond the soar of angel's wings,
Wait on His word: and yet He stays His car
For every sigh a contrite suppliant brings. —Keble.

By tracing Heaven His footsteps may be found:
Behold! how awfully He walks the round!
God is abroad, and wondrous in His ways
The rise of empires, and their fall surveys.
—Dryden.

A voice is in the wind I do not know;
A meaning on the face of the high hills
Whose utterance I cannot comprehend.
A something is behind them: that is God.
—George MacDonald.

God is everywhere! the God who framed
Mankind to be one mighty family,
Himself our Father, and the world our home. —Coleridge.

Praise to our Father-God,
High praise in solemn lay,
Alike for what His hand hath given,
And what it takes away.
—Mrs. Sigourney.

Amid so much war and contest and variety of opinion, you will find one consenting conviction in every land, that there is one God, the King and Father of all.—Maximus Tyrius.

He made little, too little of sacraments and priests, because God was so intensely real to him. What should he do with lenses who stood thus full in the torrent of the sunshine.—Phillips Brooks.

To God belongeth the east and the west; therefore, whithersoever ye turn yourselves to pray, there is the word of God; for God is omnipresent and omniscient.—Koran.

They that deny a God destroy man's nobility; for certainly man is like the beasts in his body; and if he is not like God in his spirit, he is an ignoble creature.—Bacon.

I can understand the things that afflict mankind, but I often marvel at

those which console. An atom may wound, but God alone can heal.—Mme. Swetchine.

From God derived, to God by nature joined,
We act the dictates of His mighty mind:
And though the priests are mute and temples still,
God never wants a voice to speak His will.
—Rowe.

He who bridles the fury of the billows knows also to put a stop to the secret plans of the wicked. Submitting with respect to His holy will, I fear God, and have no other fear.—Racine.

He hath made the earth by His power, He hath established the world by His wisdom, and hath stretched out the heavens by His discretion.—Bible.

The slender capacity of man's heart cannot comprehend, much less utter, that unsearchable depth and burning zeal of God's love towards us.—Luther.

If we look closely at this earth, where God seems so utterly forgotten, we shall find that it is He, after all, who commands the most fidelity and the most love.—Madame Swetchine.

Since therefore all things are ordered in subserviency to the good of man, they are so ordered by Him that made both man and them.—Charnock.

Give God the margin of eternity to justify Himself in, and the more we live and know of our own souls and of spiritual experience generally, the more we shall be convinced that we have to do with one who is good and just.—Hugh R. Haweis.

God, so to speak, is myriad-minded. We cannot look, therefore, to put ourselves in accord with His plans any more than one man can run a line for a railroad which it requires a small army to survey.—Samuel Willoughby Duffield.

Kircher lays it down as a certain principle, that there never was any people so rude which did not acknowledge and worship one supreme Deity. —Stillingfleet.

God is not dumb that He should speak no more; if thou hast wanderings in the wilderness and find'st no Sinai, 'tis thy soul is poor.—Lowell.

He who can imagine the universe fortuitous or self-created is not a subject for argument, provided he has the power of thinking or even the faculty of seeing.—MacCulloch.

When we would think of God, how many things we find which turn us away from Him, and tempt us to think otherwise. All this is evil, yet it is innate.—Pascal.

Be an observer of providence; for God is showing you ever, by the way in which He leads you, whither He means to lead. Study your trials, your talents, the world's wants, and stand ready to serve God now, in whatever He brings to your hand.—Horace Bushnell.

My bark is wafted to the strand
By breath Divine;
And on the helm there rests a hand
Other than mine. —Dean Alford.

I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What, but Thy grace, can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!
—H. F. Lyte.

What must be the knowledge of Him, from whom all created minds have derived both their power of knowledge, and the innumerable objects of their knowledge! What must be the wisdom of Him, from whom all things derive their wisdom!—Timothy Dwight.

Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But His mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.
—Bowring.

We never know through what Divine mysteries of compensation the

great Father of the universe may be carrying out His sublime plan; but those three words, "God is love," ought to contain, to every doubting soul, the solution of all things.—D. M. Craik.

God is kind; but within the limits of inexorable law. He is good; but you can take no liberties with Him; for back of His pity and kindness is the righteousness that is so exact, and that must be satisfied to the uttermost farthing.—J. R. Paxton.

God's highest gifts—talent, beauty, feeling, imagination, power—they carry with them the possibility of the highest heaven and the lowest hell. Be sure that it is by that which is highest in you that you may be lost.—F. W. Robertson.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home! —Watts.

God's treasury where He keeps His children's gifts will be like many a mother's store of relics of her children, full of things of no value to others, but precious in His eyes for the love's sake that was in them.—Fénelon.

The mystery of the universe, and the meaning of God's world, are shrouded in hopeless obscurity, until we learn to feel that all laws suppose a lawgiver, and that all working involves a Divine energy.—Alexander Maclaren.

God hides nothing. His very work from the beginning is revelation—a casting aside of veil after veil, a showing unto men of truth after truth. On and on from fact Divine He advances, until at length in His Son Jesus He unveils His very face.—George MacDonald.

The man who forgets the wonders and mercies of the Lord is without any excuse; for we are continually surrounded with objects which may serve to bring the power and goodness of God strikingly to mind.—Slade.

Think not thy love to God merits God's love to thee; His acceptance of thy duty crowns His own gifts in thee; man's love to God is nothing but a faint reflection of God's love to man.—Quarles.

How calmly may we commit ourselves to the hands of Him who bears up the world—of Him who has created, and who provides for the joys even of insects, as carefully as if He were their father.—Richter.

It takes something of a poet to apprehend and get into the depth, the lusciousness, the spiritual life of a great poem. And so we must be in some way like God in order that we may see God as He is.—Chapin.

Is there any other seat of the Divinity than the earth, sea, air, the heavens, and virtuous minds? why do we seek God elsewhere? He is whatever you see; He is wherever you move.—Lucan.

There are regions beyond the most nebulous outskirts of matter; but no regions beyond the Divine goodness. We may conceive of tracts where there are no worlds, but not of any where there is no God of mercy.—J. W. Alexander.

Since, in possessing You, we possess all if we had nothing else, and in not possessing You we have nothing if we had all the rest, oh, my God! I will love You that I may possess You upon earth; and I will possess You that I may love You one day in heaven.—Joseph Roux.

A secret sense of God's goodness is by no means enough. Men should make solemn and outward expressions of it, when they receive His creatures for their support; a service and homage not only due to Him, but profitable to themselves.—Dean Stanhope.

There never was a man of solid understanding, whose apprehensions are sober, and by a pensive inspection advised, but that he hath found by an irresistible necessity one true God

and everlasting being.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

Of what consequence is it that anything should be concealed from man? Nothing is hidden from God; He is present in our minds and comes into the midst of our thoughts. Comes, do I say?—as if He were ever absent!—Seneca.

If you wish to behold God, you may see Him in every object around; search in your breast, and you will find Him there. And if you do not yet perceive where He dwells, confute me, if you can, and say where He is not.—Metastasio.

With God is terrible majesty. Touching the Almighty we cannot find Him out. He is excellent in power and in judgment, and in plenty of justice. He will not afflict. Men do therefore fear Him.—Bible.

Though, in debating with regard to theories, it be lawful to say whether this or that is consistent with the Divine attributes, yet, when we find that God has actually done any thing, all question about its justice, wisdom, and benevolence is forever out of place.—Nehemiah Adams.

Who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best:
His state
Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest.
—Milton.

The kingdom of God which is within us consists in our willing whatever God wills, always, in everything, and without reservation; and thus His kingdom comes; for His will is then done as it is in heaven, since we will nothing but what is dictated by His sovereign pleasure.—Fénelon.

Whatever may be the mysteries of life and death, there is one mystery which the cross of Christ reveals to us, and that is the infinite and absolute goodness of God. Let all the rest remain a mystery so long as the mystery of the cross of Christ gives us faith for all the rest.—Charles Kingsley.

It were better to have no opinion of God at all than such an opinion as is unworthy of Him; for the one is unbelief, and the other is contumely; and certainly superstition is the reproach of the Deity.—Bacon.

Dear Lord, our God and Saviour! for Thy gifts
The world were poor in thanks, though every soul
Were to do nought but breathe them, every blade
Of grass, and every atomie of earth
To utter it like dew. —Bailey.

It never frightened a Puritan when you bade him stand still and listen to the speech of God. His closet and his church were full of the reverberations of the awful, gracious, beautiful voice for which he listened.—Phillips Brooks.

If you were to spend a month feeding on the precious promises of God, you would not be going about with your heads hanging down like bulrushes, complaining how poor you are; but you would lift up your heads with confidence, and proclaim the riches of His grace because you could not help it.—D. L. Moody.

God is everywhere present by His power. He rolls the orbs of heaven with His hand; He fixes the earth with His foot; He guides all creatures with His eye, and refreshes them with His influence; He makes the powers of hell to shake with His terrors, and binds the devils with His word.—Jeremy Taylor.

We are not to consider the world as a body of God: He is an uniform being, devoid of organs, members, or parts; and they are His creatures, subordinate to Him, and subservient to His will.—Newton.

Because I believe in a God of absolute and unbounded love, therefore I believe in a loving anger of His which will and must devour and destroy all which is decayed, monstrous, abortive in His universe till all enemies shall be put under His feet, and God shall be all in all.—Charles Kingsley.

So long as the word "God" endures in a language will it direct the eyes of men upwards. It is with the Eternal as with the sun, which, if but its smallest part can shine uneclipsed, prolongs the day, and gives its rounded image in the dark chamber.—Richter.

In all thy actions think God sees thee; and in all His actions labor to see Him; that will make thee fear Him; this will move thee to love Him; the fear of God is the beginning of knowledge, and the knowledge of God is the perfection of love.—Quarles.

Thou art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee!
Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine!
—Moore.

Ah, my friends, we must look out and around to see what God is like. It is when we persist in turning our eyes inward and prying curiously over our own imperfections, that we learn to make God after our own image, and fancy that our own darkness and hardness of heart are the patterns of His light and love.—Charles Kingsley.

Whenever I think of God I can only conceive of Him as a Being infinitely great and infinitely good. This last quality of the divine nature inspires me with such confidence and joy that I could have written even a *miserere* in *tempo allegro*.—Haydn.

We worship unity in trinity, and trinity in union; neither confounding the person nor dividing the substance. There is one person of the Father, another of the Son, and another of the Holy Ghost; but the Godhead of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, is all one; the glory equal, the majesty co-eternal.—Tertullian.

The hand of God never tires, nor are its movements aimless. It makes all things subservient to its designs, and, at every turn, disappoints the calculations of man, causing the most insignificant events to expand to the mightiest consequences, while those that have the appearance of mountains vanish into nothing.—John Lanahan.

Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty; for all that is in the heaven and in the earth, is Thine; Thine is the kingdom, O Lord, and Thou art exalted as head above all.—Bible.

Nothing is more ancient than God, for He was never created; nothing more beautiful than the world, it is the work of that same God; nothing more active than thought, for it flies over the whole universe; nothing stronger than necessity, for all must submit to it.—Thales.

God's truth and faithfulness "are a great deep." They resemble the ocean itself; always there—vast, fathomless, sublime, the same in its majesty, its inexhaustible fullness, yesterday, to-day, and forever; the same in calm and storm, by day and by night; changeless while generations come and pass; everlasting while ages are rolling away.—Richard Fuller.

The wisdom of the Lord is infinite as are also His glory and His power. Ye heavens, sing His praises; sun, moon, and planets, glorify Him in your ineffable language! Praise Him, celestial harmonies, and all ye who can comprehend them! And thou, my soul, praise thy Creator! It is by Him and in Him that all exist.—Kepler.

While earthly objects are exhausted by familiarity the thought of God becomes to the devout man continually brighter, richer, vaster; derives fresh luster from all that he observes of nature and Providence, and attracts to itself all the glories of the universe.—Channing.

However dark our lot may be, there is light enough on the other side of the cloud, in that pure empyrean where God dwells, to irradiate every darkness of this world; light enough to clear every difficult question, remove every ground of obscurity, conquer every atheistic suspicion, silence-

every hard judgment, light enough to satisfy, nay, to ravish the mind forever.—Horace Bushnell.

When my reason is afloat, my faith cannot long remain in suspense, and I believe in God as firmly as in any other truth whatever; in short, a thousand motives draw me to the consolatory side, and add the weight of hope to the equilibrium of reason.—Rousseau.

God! sing, ye meadow-streams, with gladsome voice!
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God! —Coleridge.

The Christian will sometimes be brought to walk in a solitary path. God seems to cut away his props, that He may reduce him to Himself. His religion is to be felt as a personal, particular, appropriate possession. He is to feel that, as there is but one Jehovah to bless, so there seems to him as though there were but one penitent in the universe to be blessed by Him.—Richard Cecil.

There is a God! the sky His presence shares,
His hand upheaves the billows in their mirth,
Destroys the mighty, yet the humble spares
And with contentment crowns the thought of worth. —Charlotte Cushman.

Day and night, and every moment, there are voices about us. All the hours speak as they pass; and in every event there is a message to us; and all our circumstances talk with us; but it is in Divine language, that worldliness misunderstands, that selfishness is frightened at, and that only the children of God hear rightly and happily.—Wm. Mountford.

O Thou, above all gods supreme! who broughtest the world out of darkness, and gavest man a heart to feel! By whatsoever name Thou art addressed—God, Father, or Jehovah; the God of Romulus or of Abraham—not the God of one man, but the Father and Judge of all!—Klopstock.

Every created thing glorifies God in its place by fulfilling His will, and the great purposes of His providence; but man alone can give tongue to every creature, and pronounce for all a general orthodoxy.—Kirby.

God shows us in Himself, strange as it may seem, not only authoritative perfection, but even the perfection of obedience—an obedience to His own laws; and in the cumbrous movement of those unwieldiest of his creatures we are reminded, even in His divine essence, of that attribute of uprightness in the human creature "that sweareth to his own hurt and changeth not."—Ruskin.

"God saw everything that He had made, and behold it was very good." * * * Wheresoever I turn my eyes, behold the memorials of His greatness! of His goodness! * * * What the world contains of good is from His free and unrequited mercy; what it presents of real evil arises from ourselves.—Bishop Blomfield.

Thy great name
In all its awful brevity, hath nought
Unholy breeding it, but doth bless
Rather the tongue that uses it; for me,
I ask no higher office than to fling
My spirit at Thy feet, and cry Thy name,
God! through eternity. —Bailey.

There is a beauty in the name appropriated by the Saxon nations to the Deity, unequalled, except by His most venerated Hebrew appellation. They call him "God," which is literally "The Good." The same word thus signifying the Deity, and His most endearing quality.—Turner.

We find in God all the excellences of light, truth, wisdom, greatness, goodness and life. Light gives joy and gladness; truth gives satisfaction; wisdom gives learning and instruction; greatness excites admiration; goodness produces love and gratitude; life gives immortality and insures enjoyment.—Jones of Nayland.

If we can keep our minds calm on the subject of the "Eternity of God," if reason does not totter on her seat at

the contemplation of underived existence, it will be strange if any other mystery relating to God should disturb us. He who can bring his reason to bow reverently at the idea of a Being who had no beginning, is well prepared to receive any communication of His will.—Nehemiah Adams.

At last I heard a voice upon the slope
Cry to the summit, "Is there any hope?"
To which an answer pealed from that high land,
But in a tongue no man could understand;
And on the glimmering limit far withdrawn,
God made Himself an awful rose of dawn.
—Tennyson.

Not a step can we take in any direction without perceiving the most extraordinary traces of design; and the skill everywhere conspicuous is calculated in so vast a proportion of instances to promote the happiness of living creatures, and especially of ourselves, that we feel no hesitation in concluding that, if we knew the whole scheme of Providence, every part would appear to be in harmony with a plan of absolute benevolence.—Lord Brougham.

Was it possible that Napoleon should win the battle of Waterloo? We answer, No! Why? Because of Wellington? Because of Blucher? No! Because of God! For Bonaparte to conquer at Waterloo was not the law of the nineteenth century. It was time that this vast man should fall. He had been impeached before the Infinite! He had vexed God! Waterloo was not a battle. It was the change of front of the universe!—Victor Hugo.

God is not to be worshiped with sacrifices and blood; for what pleasure can He have in the slaughter of the innocent? but with a pure mind, a good and honest purpose. Temples are not to be built for Him with stones piled on high; God is to be consecrated in the breast of each.—Seneca.

The moral government of God is a movement in a line onwards towards some grand consummation, in which the principles, indeed, are ever the same, but the developments are always new—in which, therefore, no experience of the past can indicate with certainty what new openings of truth, what new manifestations of goodness, what new phases of the moral heaven may appear.—Mark Hopkins.

Many people have their own God; and He is much what the French may mean when they talk of Le bon Dieu —very indulgent, rather weak, near at hand when we want anything, but far away, out of sight, when we have a mind to do wrong. Such a God is as much an idol as if He were an image of stone.—Hare.

Whoever studies Divine providence, whether it be in relation to the events that concern us, our families, the cities and nations to which we belong; whoever studies the rise and fall of nations and empires, whoever looks at the clashing of armies, will perceive that these are only parts of one grand movement. God is marching on to the accomplishment of an appointed end; namely, the subjugation of the world to Himself.—J. M. Reid.

All is of God. If He but wave His hand,
The mists collect, the rains fall thick and loud;
Till, with a smile of light on sea and land,
Lo! He looks back from the departing cloud.
Angels of life and death alike are His;
Without His leave they pass no threshold o'er;
Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,
Against His messengers to shut the door?
—Longfellow.

A source of cheerfulness to a good mind is the consideration of that Being on whom we have our dependence, and in whom, though we behold Him as yet but in the first faint discoveries of His perfections, we see everything that we can imagine as great, glorious, or amiable. We find ourselves everywhere upheld by His goodness and surrounded by an immensity of love and mercy.—Addison.

God is alpha and omega in the great world; endeavor to make Him so in

the little world; make Him thy evening epilogue and thy morning prologue; practice to make Him thy last thought at night when thou sleepest, and thy first thought in the morning when thou awakest; so shall thy fancy be sanctified in the night, and thy understanding rectified in the day; so shall thy rest be peaceful, thy labors prosperous, thy life pious, and thy death glorious.—Quarles.

Of old hast Thou laid the foundation of the earth: and the heavens are the work of Thy hands. They shall perish, but Thou shalt endure; yea all of them shall wax old like a garment: as a vesture shalt Thou change them, and they shall be changed, but thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end.—Bible.

Thou, my all!
My theme! my inspiration! and my crown!
My strength in age; my rise in low estate!
My soul's ambition, pleasure, wealth!—my world!
My light in darkness! and my life in death!
My boast through time! bliss through eternity!
Eternity, too short to speak Thy praise!
Or fathom Thy profound of love to man!
—Young.

Do you feel that you have lost your way in life? Then God Himself will show you your way. Are you utterly helpless, worn out, body and soul? Then God's eternal love is ready and willing to help you up, and revive you. Are you wearied with doubts and terrors? Then God's eternal light is ready to show you your way; God's eternal peace ready to give you peace. Do you feel yourself full of sins and faults? Then take heart; for God's unchangeable will is, to take away those sins, and purge you from those faults.—Charles Kingsley.

It is impossible for the mind which is not totally destitute of piety to behold the sublime, the awful, the amazing works of creation and providence —the heavens with their luminaries, the mountains, the ocean, the storm, the earthquake, the volcano, the circuit of the seasons, and the revolutions of empires—without marking in them all the mighty hand of God, and feeling strong emotions of reverence toward the Author of these stupendous works.—Timothy Dwight.

What an immense workman is God! in miniature as well as in the great. With the one hand, perhaps, He is making a ring of one hundred thousand miles in diameter, to revolve round a planet like Saturn, and with the other is forming a tooth in the ray of the feather of a humming-bird, or a point in the claw of the foot of a microscopic insect. When He works in miniature, everything is gilded, polished, and perfect, but whatever is made by human art, as a needle, etc., when viewed by a microscope, appears rough, and coarse, and bungling.—Bishop Law.

The same Being that fashioned the insect, whose existence is only discerned by a microscope, and gave that invisible speck a system of ducts and other organs to perform its vital functions, created the enormous mass of the planet thirteen hundred times larger than our earth, and launched it in its course round the sun, and the comet, wheeling with a velocity that would carry it round our globe in less than two minutes of time, and yet revolving through so prodigious a space that it takes near six centuries to encircle the sun!—Lord Brougham.

God Himself—His thoughts, His will, His love, His judgments are men's home. To think His thoughts, to choose His will, to judge His judgments, and thus to know that He is in us, with us, is to be at home. And to pass through the valley of the shadow of death is the way home, but only thus, that as all changes have hitherto led us nearer to this home, the knowledge of God, so this greatest of all outward changes—for it is but an outward change—will surely usher us into a region where there will be fresh possibilities of drawing nigh in heart, soul, and mind to the Father of us all.—George MacDonald.

Running like a gulf-stream through the sea of times comes the affirmation that God has manifested Himself to

man, and the best men have affirmed it most persistently. Wherever this affirmation has made its way, the icebergs of skepticism have disappeared, the temperature of virtue has risen, and the sweet fruits of charity have ripened. If the belief be false, then a lie has blessed the world, and the soul is so organized that it reaches its highest state of development in an atmosphere of deception; for it is a fact that man is purest and woman most virtuous where belief in God's manifestations is most intense and real.—O. P. Gifford.

As Phidias contrived his mechanism so that his memory could never be obliterated without the destruction of his work, so the great name of God is interwoven in the texture of all that He has made. His goodness blooms in every flower; His glory beams in every star. There is a God! The sun speaks it in his splendor by day, and the moon in her radiance by night. There is a God! Inanimate nature, from the pebble upon the beach, to the orb that shines in the vaulted sky, declares it; and animate existence, from the tiniest insect, to Gabriel before the throne. The earth is full of Him. His majesty commands the cherubim; His temple is all space; His arm is around all worlds.—Joseph Dare.

We have a friend and protector, from whom, if we do not ourselves depart from Him, nor power nor spirit can separate us. In His strength let us proceed on our journey, through the storms, and troubles, and dangers of the world. However they may rage and swell, though the mountains shake at the tempests, our rock will not be moved: we have one friend who will never forsake us; one refuge, where we may rest in peace and stand in our lot at the end of the days. That same is He who liveth, and was dead; who is alive forevermore: and hath the keys of hell and of death.—Bishop Heber.

As a man exhibits himself in physical forms and actions, so there is one other Spirit, a great, wide, mighty, infinite, eternal Spirit back there in the depths of space, and in the present, and in the future, and in the abysses of space, who at His will wrestles into existence great globes, and keeps them in their position. He builds them, and places on them these mysterious forms of earth which are signals hung out over these abysses to tell coming spirits who He is, what He is, what He does, how high is His throne, and how vast is His power from eternity to eternity, from infinity to infinity through all ages of all time; He is holding forth to men and angels these external tokens of His almighty power, of His infinite skill, and of His everlasting love.—Bishop R. S. Foster.

Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou are mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven!
Feed me till I want no more.
—W. Williams.

Lead, kindly Light! amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on;
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.
—John H. Newman.

Godliness

Godliness is practical religion.—Dewey.

Truthfulness is godliness.—Beecher.

All flows out from the Deity, and all must be absorbed in Him again.—Zoroaster.

The form of godliness may exist with secret and with open wickedness, but the power of godliness cannot.—Phillips Brooks.

Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.—Bible.

Gods (The)

Man is certainly stark mad; he cannot make a flea, and yet he will be making gods by dozens.—Montaigne

The gods play games with men as balls.—Plautus.

The gods my protectors.—Horace.

Who hearkens to the gods, the gods give ear.—Homer.

I would the gods had made thee poetical.—Shakespeare.

Speak of the gods as they are.—Bias.

The matchless Ganymede, divinely fair.—Homer.

The world is the mighty temple of the gods.—Seneca.

As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;
They kill us for their sport.
—Shakespeare.

Jove weighs affairs of earth in dubious scales,
And the good suffers while the bad prevails. —Homer.

Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod,
The stamp of fate, and sanction of the god.
—Homer.

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us.
—Shakespeare.

Some thoughtlessly proclaim the Muses nine:
A tenth is Sappho, maid divine.
—Greek Anthology.

The more we deny ourselves, the more the gods supply our wants.—Horace.

Cease to think that the decrees of the gods can be changed by prayers.—Virgil.

Ye immortal gods! where in the world are we?—Cicero.

For the gods, instead of what is most pleasing, will give what is most proper. Man is dearer to them than he is to himself.—Juvenal.

The gods and their tranquil abodes appear, which no winds disturb, nor clouds bedew with showers, nor does the white snow, hardened by frost, annoy them; the heaven, always pure, is without clouds, and smiles with pleasant light diffused.—Lucretius.

In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the gods see everywhere.
—Longfellow.

As sweet and musical
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;
And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.
—Shakespeare.

Say, Bacchus, why so placid? What can there be
In commune held by Pallas and by thee?
Her pleasure is in darts and battles; thine
In joyous feasts and draughts of rosy wine.
—Greek Anthology.

With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.
—Dryden.

The gods
Grow angry with your patience. 'Tis their care
And must be yours, that guilty men escape not:
As crimes do grow, justice should rouse itself. —Ben Jonson.

The son of Saturn gave
The nod with his dark brows. The ambrosial curls
Upon the Sovereign One's immortal head
Were shaken, and with them the mighty mount,
Olympus trembled. —Homer.

High in the home of the summers, the seats of the happy immortals,
Shrouded in knee-deep blaze, unapproachable; there ever youthful
Hebé, Harmonié, and the daughter of Jove, Aphrodité,
Whirled in the white-linked dance, with the gold-crowned Hours and Graces.
—Charles Kingsley.

When a man is laboring under the pain of any distemper, it is then that he recollects there are gods, and that he himself is but a man; no mortal is then the object of his envy, his ad-

miration, or his contempt, and having no malice to gratify, the tales of slander excite not his attention.—Pliny the Younger.

Janus am I; oldest of potentates!
Forward I look and backward and below
I count—as god of avenues and gates—
The years that through my portals come and go.
I block the roads and drift the fields with snow,
I chase the wild-fowl from the frozen fen;
My frosts congeal the rivers in their flow,
My fires light up the hearths and hearts of men. —Longfellow.

Creator Venus, genial power of love,
The bliss of men below, and gods above!
Beneath the sliding sun thou runn'st thy race,
Dost fairest shine, and best become thy place;
For thee the winds their eastern blasts forbear,
Thy mouth reveals the spring, and opens all the year;
Thee, goddess, thee, the storms of winter fly,
Earth smiles with flowers renewing, laughs the sky. —Dryden.

Gold

All that glitters is not gold.—Shakespeare.

Gold all is not that doth golden seem.—Spenser.

All is not golde that outward sheweth bright.—Lydgate.

Gold—what can it not do, and undo?—Shakespeare.

A mask of gold hides all deformities.—Decker.

Gold—the picklock that never fails.—Massinger.

Can pocket states, or fetch or carry kings.—Pope.

Bright and yellow, hard and cold.—Hood.

There is no place invincible, wherein an ass loaden with gold may not enter.—Collett.

Saint-seducing gold.—Shakespeare.

Poison is drunk out of golden cups.—Seneca.

Thou more than stone of the philosopher!—Byron.

The dangers gather as the treasures rise.—Dr. Johnson.

If all were rich, gold would be penniless.—Bailey.

For gold in phisik is a cordial;
Therefore he lovede gold in special.
—Chaucer.

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor. —Burns.

The plague of gold strikes far and near.—Mrs. Browning.

Accursed thirst for gold! what dost thou not compel mortals to do?—Virgil.

Judges and senates have been bought for gold;
Esteem and love were never to be sold.
—Pope.

How quickly nature falls to revolt when gold becomes her object!—Shakespeare.

How few, like Daniel, have God and gold together!—George Villiers.

Gold adulterates one thing only—the human heart.—Marguerite de Valois.

Gold is a living god, and rules in scorn all earthly things but virtue.—Shelley.

Gold is the fool's curtain, which hides all his defects from the world.—Feltham.

Foul-cankering rust the hidden treasure frets;
But gold, that's put to use, more gold begets. —Shakespeare.

And mammon wins his way where seraphs might despair.—Byron.

It is much better to have your gold in the hand than in the heart.—Fuller.

As the touchstone tries gold, so gold tries men.—Chilo.

Gold hath no lustre of its own.
It shines by temperate use alone.
—Francis.

Gold is, in its last analysis, the sweat of the poor and the blood of the brave.—Joseph Napoleon.

No, let the monarch's bags and coffers hold
The flattering mighty, nay, all-mighty gold.
—John Wolcott.

Thou true magnetic pole, to which all hearts point duly north, like trembling needles!—Byron.

For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws.—Dr. Johnson.

Because its blessings are abused, must gold be censured, cursed, accused?—Gay.

Gold can gild a rotten stick, and dirt sully an ingot.—Sir P. Sidney.

O, I cry your mercy;
There is my purse, to cure that blow of thine. —Shakespeare.

What nature wants, commodious gold bestows;
'Tis thus we cut the bread another sows.
—Pope.

Though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold.—Shakespeare.

O cursed lust of gold! when for thy sake
The fool throws up his interest in both worlds. —Blair.

The lust of gold succeeds the rage of conquest;
The lust of gold, unfeeling and remorseless!
The last corruption of degenerate man.
—Sam'l Johnson.

Gold glitters most where virtue shines no more, as stars from absent suns have leave to shine.—Young.

Midas longed for gold. He got gold, so that whatever he touched became gold; and he, with his long ears, was little the better for it.—Carlyle.

Gold, like the sun, which melts wax and hardens clay, expands great souls and contracts bad hearts.—Rivarol.

Gold is a wonderful clearer of the understanding; it dissipates every doubt and scruple in an instant.—Addison.

Commerce has set the mark of selfishness, the signet of its all-enslaving power, upon a shining ore and called it gold.—Shelley.

Because my blessings are abus'd,
Must I be censur'd, curs'd, accus'd?
Even virtue's self by knaves is made
A cloak to carry on the trade. —Gay.

O what a world of vile ill-favored faults looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year!—Shakespeare.

Gold loves to make its way through guards, and breaks through barriers of stone more easily than the lightning's bolt.—Horace.

It is observed of gold, by an old epigrammatist, "that to have it is to be in fear, and to want it, to be in sorrow."—Johnson.

Can gold calm passion, or make reason shine?
Can we dig peace, or wisdom, from the mine?
Wisdom to gold prefer; for 'tis much less
To make our fortune, than our happiness.
—Young.

Gold is the strength, the sinews of the world;
The health, the soul, the beauty most divine;
A mask of gold hides all deformities;
Gold is heaven's physic, life's restorative.
—Decker.

Stronger than thunder's winged force
All-powerful gold can speed its course;
Through watchful guards its passage make,
And loves through solid walls do break.
—Francis.

Gold begets in brethren hate;
Gold in families debate;
Gold does friendship separate;
Gold does civil wars create.
—Abraham Cowley.

It is gold which buys admittance; and it is gold which makes the true man killed, and saves the thief; nay,

sometimes hangs both thief and true man; what can it not do and undo?—Shakespeare.

Gold is Cæsar's treasure, man is God's; thy gold hath Cæsar's image, and thou hast God's; give, therefore, those things unto Cæsar which are Cæsar's, and unto God which are God's.—Quarles.

Abundance is a blessing to the wise;
The use of riches in discretion lies:
Learn this, ye men of wealth—a heavy purse
In a fool's pocket is a heavy curse.
—Cumberland.

There are two metals, one of which is omnipotent in the cabinet, and the other in the camp—gold and iron. He that knows how to apply them both may indeed attain the highest station.—Colton.

You know the Ark of Israel and the calf of Belial were both made of gold. Religion has never yet changed the metal of her one adoration.—Ouida.

There is thy gold, worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell.
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
—Shakespeare.

I know not whether there exists such a thing as a coin stamped with a pair of pinions; but I wish this were the device which monarchs put upon their dollars and ducats, to show that riches make to themselves wings, and fly away.—Gotthold.

Gold! gold! in all ages the curse of mankind,
Thy fetters are forged for the soul and the mind.
The limbs may be free as the wings of a bird,
And the mind be the slave of a look and a word.
To gain thee men barter eternity's crown,
Yield honour, affection, and lasting renown.
—Park Benjamin.

By gold all good faith has been banished; by gold our rights are abused; the law itself is influenced by gold, and soon there will be an end of every modest restraint.—Propertius.

How quickly nature falls into revolt
When gold becomes her object!
For this the foolish over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains with care,
Their bones with industry:
For this they have engrossed and pil'd up
The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold;
For this they have been thoughtful to invest
Their sons with arts and martial exercises.
—Shakespeare.

Oh, bane of man! seducing cheat!
Can man, weak man, thy power defeat?
Gold banish'd honor from the mind,
And only left the name behind;
Gold sow'd the world with ev'ry ill,
Gold taught the murderer's sword to kill;
'Twas gold instructed coward hearts
In treachery's more pernicious arts.
—Gay.

Thus, when the villain crams his chest,
Gold is the canker of the breast;
'Tis avarice, insolence, and pride,
And every shocking vice beside:—
But when to virtuous hands 'tis given,
It blesses, like the dews of heaven:
Like heaven, it hears the orphans' cries,
And wipes the tears from widows' eyes.
—Gay.

O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce
Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler
Of hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lip! thou visible god,
That solder'st close impossibilities,
And mak'st them kiss! and speak'st with every tongue,
To every purpose! —Shakespeare.

Why lose we life in anxious cares,
To lay in hoards for future years?
Can these, when tortur'd by disease,
Cheer our sick hearts, or purchase ease?
Can these prolong one gasp of breath,
Or calm the troubled hour of death?
—Gay.

Those who worship gold in a world so corrupt as this we live in have at least one thing to plead in defense of their idolatry—the power of their idol. It is true that, like other idols, it can neither move, see, hear, feel,

nor understand; but, unlike other idols, it has often communicated all these powers to those who had them not, and annihilated them in those who had. This idol can boast of two peculiarities; it is worshipped in all climates, without a single temple, and by all classes, without a single hypocrite.—Colton.

Commerce has set the mark of selfishness,
The signet of its all-enslaving power
Upon a shining ore, and called it gold;
Before whose image bow the vulgar great,
The vainly rich, the miserable proud,
The mob of peasants, nobles, priests, and kings,
And with blind feelings reverence the power
That grinds them to the dust of misery.
But in the temple of their hireling hearts
Gold is a living god, and rules in scorn
All earthly things but virtue.—Shelley.

Give him gold enough, and marry him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby; or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two and fifty horses; why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.—Shakespeare.

Goldenrod

I know the lands are lit
With all the autumn blaze of Goldenrod.
—Helen Hunt Jackson.

Still the Goldenrod of the roadside clod
Is of all, the best!
—Simeon Tucker Clark.

Welcome, dear Goldenrod, once more,
Thou mimic, flowering elm!
I always think that summer's store
Hangs from thy laden stem.
—Horace H. Scudder.

Graceful, tossing plume of glowing gold,
Waving lonely on the rocky ledge;
Leaning seaward, lovely to behold,
Clinging to the high cliff's ragged edge.
—Celia Thaxter.

Nature lies disheveled, pale,
With her feverish lips apart—
Day by day the pulses fail,
Nearer to her bounding heart;
Yet that slackened grasp doth hold
Store of pure and genuine gold;
Quick thou comest, strong and free,
Type of all the wealth to be—
Goldenrod!
—Elaine Goodale.

Because its myriad glimmering plumes
Like a great army's stir and wave;
Because its golden billows blooms,
The poor man's barren walks to lave:
Because its sun-shaped blossoms show
How souls receive the light of God,
And unto earth give back that glow—
I thank Him for the Goldenrod.
—Lucy Larcom.

I lie amid the Goldenrod,
I love to see it lean and nod;
I love to feel the grassy sod
Whose kindly breast will hold me last,
Whose patient arms will fold me fast!—
Fold me from sunshine and from song,
Fold me from sorrow and from wrong:
Through gleaming gates of Goldenrod
I'll pass into the rest of God.
—Mary Clemmer.

Golf

Your play needs no excuse.—Shakespeare.

What subtle hole is this?—Shakespeare.

The harder match'd, the greater victory.—Shakespeare.

Strike, brave boys, and take your turns.—Shakespeare.

So they
Doubly redoubled strokes.
—Shakespeare.

Where will I get a little page,
Where will I get a caddie?
—Thistle of Scotland.

Don't drive at a fellow-creature, so long as there is a reasonable chance of hitting him.—W. E. Norris.

When driving ceases, may we still be able
To play the shorts, putt and be comfortable. —G. F. Carnegie.

Welcome, grave stranger, to our green retreats,
Where health with exercise and freedom meets. —Scott.

Either a wise man will not go into bunkers, or, being in, he will endure such things as befall him with patience.—A. Lang.

We want a boy extremely for this function.—Beaumont and Fletcher.

Time-honored golf! I heard it whispered once
That he who could not play was held a dunce
On old Olympus, when it teemed with gods. —G. F. Carnegie.

One only thought can enter every head;
The thought of golf, to wit—and that engages
Men of all sizes, tempers, ranks and ages.
—G. F. Carnegie.

And we've leeved it every hour,
But say not at all we will loft our ball
And hauff the hole in fower.
Then dormy hame we can sing through the round,
And die like golfers keen,
We've played fu' weel the short game and lang,
The game on the golfing-green.
—Thomas Dykes.

Good-Breeding

Good-breeding is surface Christianity.—Holmes.

Virtue itself often offends when coupled with bad manners.—Middleton.

A man's good-breeding is the best security against another's bad manners.—Chesterfield.

One may know a man that never conversed in the world, by his excess of good-breeding.—Addison.

Good-breeding shows itself most where to an ordinary eye it appears the least.—Addison.

Good qualities are the substantial riches of the mind; but it is good breeding that sets them off to advantage.—Locke.

The scholar without good breeding is a pedant; the philosopher, a cynic; the soldier, a brute; and every man disagreeable.—Chesterfield.

There are few defects in our nature so glaring as not to be veiled from observation by politeness and good-breeding.—Stanislaus.

As ceremony is the invention of wise men to keep fools at a distance, so good-breeding is an expedient to make fools and wise men equals.—Steele.

Good-breeding is as necessary a quality in conversation, to accomplish all the rest, as grace in motion and dancing.—Sir Wm. Temple.

Good manners is the art of making those people easy with whom we converse. Whoever makes the fewest persons uneasy is the best bred in the company.—Swift.

It is not wit merely, but temper, which must form the well-bred man. In the same manner it is not a head merely, but a heart and resolution, which must complete the real philosopher.—Shaftesbury.

Good-breeding carries along with it a dignity that is respected by the most petulant. Ill-breeding invites and authorizes the familiarity of the most timid.—Chesterfield.

The highest point of good-breeding, if any one can hit it, is to show a very nice regard to your own dignity, and with that in your heart, to express your value for the man above you.—Steele.

Good-breeding is the art of showing men, by external signs, the internal regard we have for them. It arises from good sense, improved by conversing with good company.—Cato.

A man endowed with great perfections, without good-breeding, is like one who has his pockets full of gold but always wants change for his ordinary occasions.—Steele.

One principal object of good-breeding is to suit our behaviour to the three several degrees of men,—our superiors, our equals, and those below us.—Swift.

Good-breeding is the result of much good sense, some good-nature, and a little self-denial for the sake of others, and with a view to obtain the same indulgence from them.—Chesterfield.

Perhaps the summary of good-breeding may be reduced to this rule. "Behave unto all men as you would they should behave unto you." This will most certainly oblige us to treat all mankind with the utmost civility and respect, there being nothing that we desire more than to be treated so by them.—Fielding.

Some young people do not sufficiently understand the advantages of natural charms, and how much they would gain by trusting to them entirely. They weaken these gifts of heaven, so rare and fragile, by affected manners and an awkward imitation. Their tones and their gait are borrowed; they study their attitudes before the glass until they have lost all trace of natural manner, and, with all their pains, they please but little.—Bruyère.

We see a world of pains taken and the best years of life spent in collecting a set of thoughts in a college for the conduct of life, and after all the man so qualified shall hesitate in his speech to a good suit of clothes, and want common sense before an agreeable woman. Hence it is that wisdom, valour, justice and learning cannot keep a man in countenance that is possessed with these excellencies, if he wants that inferior art of life and behaviour called good-breeding. —Steele.

There is no society or conversation to be kept up in the world without good-nature, or something which must bear its appearance, and supply its place. For this reason mankind have been forced to invent a kind of artificial humanity, which is what we express by the word "good-breeding." For, if we examine thoroughly the idea of what we call so, we shall find it to be nothing else but an imitation and mimicry of good-nature, or, in other terms, affability, complaisance, and easiness of temper reduced into an art.—Addison.

Good-By

Why should we hesitate to say "good-by" to each other? Are we not Pagans, to think that a word has power over God's quiet purposes, and that saying "good-by" smells of death? Must men die intestate because they think that making their wills is cutting out their shrouds? If we were old Romans, who thought "vale!" meant "forever," we might be shy of such a word, but "good-by," even if it should be for the last time on earth, is only the difference between "good-night" and "good-morning." Say it, then, like a Christian, and, if it still comes hesitatingly, stretch it out into the loveliest of wishes, "God be with you."—Maltbie Babcock.

Good Friday

Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness.—Bible.

In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

Death is the justification of all the ways of the Christian, the last end of all his sacrifices, the touch of the Great Master which completes the picture.—Mme. Swetchine.

The cross was two pieces of dead wood; and a helpless, unresisting Man was nailed to it; yet it was mightier than the world, and triumphed, and will ever triumph over it.—Hare.

Exalt the Cross! God has hung the destiny of the race upon it. Other things we may do in the realm of ethics, and on the lines of philanthropic reforms; but our main duty converges into setting that one glorious beacon of salvation, Calvary's Cross, before the gaze of every immortal soul.—Theo. L. Cuyler, D. D.

When God's children pass under the shadow of the cross of Calvary, they know that through that shadow lies their passage to the great white throne. For them Gethsemane is as paradise. God fills it with sacred presences; its solemn silence is broken by the music of tender promises, its awful darkness softened and bright-

ened by the sunlight of Heavenly faces and the music of angel wings. —Dear Farrar.

We see that brow bruised; we hear that dying groan; and while the priests scoff and the devils rave, and the lightnings of God's wrath are twisted into a wreath for that bloody mount, you and I will join the cry, the supplication, of the penitent malefactor, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom."—T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D.

The mob that hounded Christ from Jerusalem to "the place of a skull" has never been dispersed, but is augmenting yet, as many of the learned men of the world and great men of the world come out from their studies and their laboratories and their palaces, and cry, "Away with this man! Away with him!" The most bitter hostility which many of the learned men of this day exercise in any direction they exercise against Jesus Christ the Son of God, the Saviour of the world.—T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D.

Christ took hold of the work of the world's saving in a larger way than it is possible for us to do, and therefore the burden of His undertaking came upon Him in a heavier, wider, and more crushing way than it can come upon us; and therefore, while it overwhelmed Him in sorrow, our smaller mission and lighter task can with entire propriety leave us buoyant and gladsome.—Chas. A. Parkhurst, D. D.

The essence of that by which Jesus overcame the world was not suffering, but obedience. Yes, men may puzzle themselves and their hearers over the question where the power of the life of Jesus and the death of Jesus lay; but the soul of the Christian always knows that it lay in the obedience of Christ. He was determined at every sacrifice to do His Father's will. Let us remember that; and the power of Christ's sacrifice may enter into us, and some little share of the redemption of the world may come through us, as the great work came through Him.—Phillips Brooks.

By the cross we, too, are crucified with Christ; but alive in Christ. We are no more rebels, but servants; no more servants, but sons! "Let it be counted folly," says Hooker, "or fury, or frenzy, or whatever else; it is our wisdom and our comfort. We care for no knowledge in the world but this, that man hath sinned, and that God hath suffered; that God has made Himself the Son of Man, and that men are made the righteousness of God."—Dean Farrar.

All His life long Christ was the light of the world, but the very noontide hour of His glory was that hour when the shadow of eclipse lay over all the land, and He hung on the Cross dying in the dark. At His eventide "it was light," and "He endured the Cross, despising the shame"; and, lo! the shame flashed up into the very brightness of glory, and the very ignominy and the suffering were the jewels of His crown.—Anglican and American Pulpit Library.

We may say that on the first Good Friday afternoon was completed that great act by which light conquered darkness and goodness conquered sin. That is the wonder of our Saviour's crucifixion. There have been victories all over the world, but wherever we look for the victor we expect to find him with his heel upon the neck of the vanquished. The wonder of Good Friday is that the victor lies vanquished by the vanquished one. We have to look deeper into the very heart and essence of things before we can see how real the victory is that thus hides itself under the guise of defeat.—Phillips Brooks.

And thus He had lived, and thus the world rewarded Him! For lies and baseness, for selfish greed and destructive ambition, for guilty wealth and mean compliance, the world has a diadem; for perfect holiness it has the cross! The darkness quenched the Light, His own disowned Him. They had repaid by hatred that life

of love; envy, malice, slander, calumny, false witness, had done its work. Jesus had been excommunicated, hunted as a fugitive, with a price upon His head, buffeted, insulted, spit upon, mocked, scourged, crowned with thorns—thus had the world shown its gratitude to its Redeemer; and the end was here! After thirty hours of sleepless agony Jesus was hanging upon the cross. Infinite malignity! Could there be any greater proof of man's ruin than the fact that this was the sole reward which was requited to immeasurable love?—Dean Farrar.

Bound upon th' accursed tree,
Dread and awful, who is He?
By the prayer for them that slew—
"Lord, they know not what they do!"
By the spoiled and empty grave;
By the souls He died to save;
By the conquest He hath won;
By the saints before His throne;
By the rainbow round His brow;
Son of God, 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!
—Henry Hart Millman.

Yet once more that cross moves closer, and yet more intensely and eagerly He who hangs upon it seems to speak to us, and the burden of His words is: "I bring to you that which is highest and best for time and eternity; I bring to you the assurance that there is no grief and no sorrow that is not always in the Father's sight and may not be turned into blessing. I bring to you a power by which evil thoughts and tendencies may be destroyed. I bring to you whose memories are full of sad and bad recollections the assurance that no life can have been so wicked, no past so foul, no strength so far gone, as to cut off from the love of God and His willingness to save." Are you willing to hear that voice and to respond to its invitation?—Amory H. Bradford, D. D.

So shall we join the disciples of our Lord, keeping faith in Him in spite of the crucifixion, and making ready, by our loyalty to Him in the days of His darkness, for the time when we shall enter into His triumph in the days of His light. And the beauty of it is that the same method runs throughout the disciples' work which ran through His work. Christ's method is repeating itself in the work of His disciples for ever and ever. As He who first gained the great victory overcame by undergoing the power of evil, shall we be surprised if that is the sort of victory that God calls upon us to gain? It is the victory which it is always the best to gain which makes the richest victory for any soul.—Phillips Brooks.

We cannot have the heart that Christ had and not in the same degree have His suffering. We may be sound in our doctrinal position, fight doctrinal heresy as though it were an exhalation from the under-world, be instant in our attendance upon the means of grace, statedly participate in the service memorial of our Lord's dying love, but a loving heart is what makes out the major part of the whole Christian matter—a heart, therefore, that feels others' burdens and griefs as though they were its own; and one cannot have such a heart in the midst of this world and not have an aching heart. It is aside from the mark to say that that makes of the Christian religion a gloomy religion. The gloom is not in the religion, the gloom is in the world, and sorrow of spirit like that of our Lord is simply the way tender-heartedness like that of our Lord is certain to be affected when the shadow of the world's suffering falls upon it.—Chas. H. Parkhurst, D. D.

Nothing is further from the way in which Christ's apostles and Christ Himself teach us to regard the cross than the morbid, effeminate, gloating luxury of self-stimulated emotion. The unnatural self-torture of the flagellant, the hysterics of the convulsionary, the iron courage of the mistaken penitents, are manifestly out of place in contemplating that cross, which is the symbol of sin defeated, of sorrow transmuted, of effort victorious, which is the pledge of God's peace with man, and man's peace with God, which is the comfort of the penitent, which is the inspiration of the philanthropist, which is the symbol of divine charity on fields of slaughter, which was the

banner in the van of every battle which good has waged with ill! The cross does not mean whipping, anguish, morbid wailing, morose despair; it means joy, it means peace, it means exultation, it means the atonement, it means the redemption, it means the liberty of humanity, it means the advance of holiness, it means the remission of sins!—Dean Farrar.

There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.
We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains He had to bear;
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.
He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.
—Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

A more sympathetic consideration of the personal element in the sufferings of our Lord, the meditation upon the sorrows of the Messiah, would prove a source of spiritual quickening not only to those who are accustomed to live in the region of philosophic thought, but also to those who are in the midst of evangelistic work. The following of Christ down into the valley of humiliation and death, the study, day by day, of the last days of His earthly life, the reverent watch by the cross, the waiting for the resurrection—these are spiritual exercises which cannot fail to give warmth and reality to the Christian faith. The majority of Christian believers, without reference to sect, now observe Easter. By the "logic of events" no less than by spiritual sympathy, Passion week deserves its place in the calendar of the private Christian; and the more remote the thoughts which it suggests may be to his ordinary religious thinking, the more helpful they may be to the spirit of devotion. —Christian Age.

Good-Humor

Affability, mildness, tenderness, and a word which I would fain bring back to its original signification of virtue,—I mean good-nature,—are of daily use: they are the bread of mankind and staff of life.—Dryden.

The sunshine of the mind.—Bulwer Lytton.

Good-humor is the clear blue sky of the soul.—Frederic Saunders.

Good-humor makes all things tolerable.—Beecher.

Good-humor is always a success.—Lavater.

Good-nature is stronger than tomahawks.—Emerson.

Good-humor is goodness and wisdom combined.—Owen Meredith.

Good-humor is the health of the soul, sadness its poison.—Stanislaus.

The good-humor of a man elated with success often displays itself towards enemies.—Macaulay.

Good-humor will even go so far as often to supply the lack of wit.—Fielding.

Good-humor is allied to generosity, ill-humor to meanness.—Greville.

Men naturally warm and heady are transported with the greatest flush of good-nature.—Addison.

Learn good-humor, never to oppose without just reason; abate some degree of pride and moroseness.—Dr. Watts.

Gayety is to good-humor as perfumes to vegetable fragrance: the one overpowers weak spirits; the other recreates and revives them.—Dr. Johnson.

Good-humor, gay spirits, are the liberators, the sure cure for spleen and melancholy. Deeper than tears, these irradiate the tophets with their glad heavens. Go laugh, vent the pits, transmuting imps into angels by the

alchemy of smiles. The satans flee at the sight of these redeemers.—Alcott.

It is also important to guard against mistaking for good-nature what is properly good-humor,—a cheerful flow of spirits and easy temper not readily annoyed, which is compatible with great selfishness.—Whately.

People are not aware of the very great force which pleasantry in company has upon all those with whom a man of that talent converses.—Steele.

A cheerful temper, joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good-natured.—Addison.

Good-humor is a state between gayety and unconcern,—the act or emanation of a mind at leisure to regard the gratification of another.—Dr. Johnson.

When good-natured people leave us we look forward with extra pleasure to their return.—H. W. Shaw.

Good-humor will sometimes conquer ill-humor, but ill-humor will conquer it oftener; and for this plain reason, good-humor must operate on generosity, ill-humor on meanness.—Greville.

Good sense and good-nature are never separated, though the ignorant world has thought otherwise. Good-nature, by which I mean beneficence and candor, is the product of right reason.—Dryden.

Good Intention

Many a good intention dies from inattention. If, through carelessness or indolence, or selfishness, a good intention is not put into effect, we have lost an opportunity, demoralized ourselves, and stolen from the pile of possible good. To be born and not fed, is to perish. To launch a ship and neglect it is to lose it. To have a talent and bury it, is to be a "wicked and slothful servant." For in the end we shall be judged, not alone by what we have done, but by what we could have done.—Maltbie Babcock.

Good-Nature

Good-nature is one of the richest fruits of true Christianity.—Henry Ward Beecher.

All other knowledge is hurtful to him who has not the science of honesty and good-nature.—Montaigne.

Nothing can constitute good-breeding that has not good-nature for its foundation.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Good-nature is the very air of a good mind, the sign of a large and generous soul, and the peculiar soil in which virtue prospers.—Goodman.

Good-nature is the beauty of the mind, and like personal beauty, wins almost without anything else,—sometimes, indeed, in spite of positive deficiencies.—Hanway.

Honest good-humor is the oil and wine of a merry meeting, and there is no jovial companionship equal to that where the jokes are rather small and the laughter abundant.—Washington Irving.

Good sense and good-nature are never separated, though the ignorant world has thought otherwise. Good-nature, by which I mean beneficence and candor, is the product of right reason.—Dryden.

That inexhaustible good-nature which is the most precious gift of Heaven, spreading itself like oil over the troubled sea of thought, and keeping the mind smooth and equable in the roughest weather.—Washington Irving.

Good-nature is more agreeable in conversation than wit, and gives a certain air to the countenance which is more amiable than beauty. It shows virtue in the fairest light; takes off in some measure from the deformity

of vice; and makes even folly and impertinence supportable.—Addison.

Good-nature is worth more than knowledge, more than money, more than honor, to the persons who possess it, and certainly to everybody who dwells with them, in so far as mere happiness is concerned.—Henry Ward Beecher.

There are persons of that general philanthropy and easy tempers, which the world in contempt generally calls good-natured, who seem to be sent into the world with the same design with which men put little fish into a pike pond, in order only to be devoured by that voracious water-hero. —Fielding.

'Tis good nature only wins the heart;
It moulds the body to an easy grace
And brightens every feature of the face;
It smoothes th' unpolish'd tongue with eloquence
And adds persuasion to the finest sense.
—Stillingfleet.

Good-nature is that benevolent and amiable temper of mind which disposes us to feel the misfortunes and enjoy the happiness of others, and, consequently, pushes us on to promote the latter and prevent the former; and that without any abstract contemplation on the beauty of virtue, and without the allurements or terrors of religion.—Fielding.

Goodness

Goodness is beauty in its best estate. —Marlowe.

'Tis only noble to be good.—Tennyson.

O goodness! that shall evil turn to good.—Milton.

Seek for good, but expect evil.—Cervantes.

Nothing rarer than real goodness. —Rochefoucauld.

If you wish to be good, first believe that you are bad.—Epictetus.

How goodness heightens beauty!—Hannah More.

The true and good resemble gold.—Jacobi.

And learn the luxury of doing good. —Goldsmith.

Evil and good are God's right hand and left.—Bailey.

Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.—Pope.

How near to good is what is fair! —Ben Jonson.

Sin writes histories, goodness is silent.—Goethe.

The soul is strong that trusts in goodness.—Massinger.

That good diffused may more abundant grow.—Cowper.

Goodness admits of no excess, but error.—Bacon.

Goodness thinks no ill where no ill seems.—Milton.

Man should be ever better than he seems.—Sir Aubrey de Vere.

Virtue is bold and goodness never fearful.—Shakespeare.

He is good that does good to others.—La Bruyère.

Doing good is the only certainly happy action of a man's life.—Sir P. Sidney.

There is some soul of goodness in things evil, would men observingly distil it out.—Shakespeare.

Good deeds ring clear through heaven, like a bell.—Richter.

Scream as we may at the bad, the good prevails.—Bartol.

My heart contains of good, wise, just, the perfect shape.—Milton.

All are of the race of God, and have in themselves good.—Bailey.

Heaven prepares good men with crosses; but no ill can happen to a good man.—Ben Jonson.

A real man is he whose goodness is a part of himself.—Mencius.

Great hearts alone understand how much glory there is in being good.—Michelet.

Good, the more communicated, the more abundant grows.—Milton.

Real goodness does not attach itself merely to this life; it points to another world.—Daniel Webster.

There is a warp of evil woven in the woof of good.—Manilius.

Be not simply good; be good for something.—Thoreau.

Goodness is the only investment that never fails.—Thoreau.

He who believes in goodness has the essence of all faith. He is a man "of cheerful yesterdays and confident to-morrows."—J. F. Clarke.

Great hearts alone understand how much glory there is in being good.—Michelet.

Every day should be distinguished by at least one particular act of love.—Lavater.

When what is good comes of age, and is likely to live, there is reason for rejoicing.—George Eliot.

He is a truly good man who desires always to bear the inspection of good men.—La Rochefoucauld.

The good are better made by ill,
As odors crushed are sweeter still.
—S. Rogers.

Forever all goodness will be most charming; forever all wickedness will be most odious.—Thomas Sprat.

What is good only because it pleases cannot be pronounced good till it has been found to please.—Johnson.

Men have less lively perception of good than of evil.—Livy.

A charmed life old goodness hath; the tares may perish, but the grain is not for death.—Whittier.

Whatever any one does or says, I must be good.—Aurelius Antoninus.

Few persons have courage enough to seem as good as they really are.—Hare.

A good man enlarges the term of his own existence.—Martial.

His daily prayer, far better understood in acts than words, was simply doing good.—Whittier.

You are not very good if you are not better than your best friends imagine you to be.—Lavater.

If for anything he loved greatness, it was because therein he might exercise his goodness.—Sir P. Sidney.

How far that little candle throws his beams! so shines a good deed in a naughty world.—Shakespeare.

She has more goodness in her little finger than he has in his whole body.—Swift.

Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.
—Shirley.

What is beautiful is good, and who is good will soon also be beautiful.—Sappho.

Happy were men if they but understood
There is no safety but in doing good.
—John Fountain.

It is only great souls that know how much glory there is in being good.—Sophocles.

Goodness consists not in the outward things we do, but in the inward

thing we are. To be is the great thing.—E. H. Chapin.

He that does good for good's sake seeks neither praise nor reward, though sure of both at last.—William Penn.

Doing good,
Disinterested good, is not our trade.
—Cowper.

Look around the habitable world, how few
Know their own good, or knowing it, pursue.
—Dryden.

Your goodness must have some edge to it, else it is none.—Emerson.

No good book or good thing of any sort, shows its best face at first.—Carlyle.

Real excellence, indeed, is most recognized when most openly looked into. —Plutarch.

Goodness does not more certainly make men happy than happiness makes them good.—Landor.

How indestructibly the good grows, and propagates itself, even among the weedy entanglements of evil.—Carlyle.

We may be as good as we please, if we please to be good.—Barrow.

It is not goodness to be better than the very worst.—Seneca.

Experience makes us see a wonderful difference between devotion and goodness.—Pascal.

He whose goodness is part of himself, is what is called a real man.—Mencius.

Good men are the stars, the planets of the ages wherein they live, and illustrate the times.—Ben Jonson.

Everything good in a man thrives best when properly recognized.—J. G. Holland.

There was never law or sect or opinion did so much magnify goodness as the Christian religion doth.—Bacon.

Whatever makes men good Christians, makes them good citizens.—Daniel Webster.

'Tis a kind of good deed to say well,
And yet words are no deeds.
—Shakespeare.

Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more.
—Young.

Hard was their lodging, homely was their food,
For all their luxury was doing good.
—Garth.

A good man is kinder to his enemy than bad men are to their friends. —Bishop Hall.

He who loves goodness harbors angels, reveres reverence, and lives with God.—Emerson.

Never be afraid of what is good: the good is always the road to what is true.—Hamerton.

There is in the soul a taste for the good, just as there is in the body an appetite for enjoyment.—Joubert.

He that loveth God will do diligence to please God by his works, and abandon himself, with all his might, well for to do.—Chaucer.

The fragrance of the flower is never borne against the breeze; but the fragrance of human virtues diffuses itself everywhere.—Ramayana.

True goodness is like the glow-worm in this, that it shines most when no eyes except those of heaven are upon it.—J. C. Hare.

Nothing that man ever invents will absolve him from the universal necessity of being good as God is good, righteous as God is righteous, and holy as God is holy.—Charles Kingsley.

As the greatest liar tells more truths than falsehoods, so may it be said of the worst man, that he does more good than evil.—Dr. Johnson.

As I know more of mankind, I expect less of them, and am ready now to call a man a good man upon easier terms than I was formerly.—Dr. Johnson.

A good man doubles the length of his existence; to have lived so as to look back with pleasure on our past existence is to live twice.—Martial.

What a sublime doctrine it is, that goodness cherished now is eternal life already entered on!—Channing.

He that is a good man is three-quarters of his way towards the being a good Christian, wheresoever he lives, or whatsoever he is called.—South.

Experience has convinced me that there is a thousand times more goodness, wisdom, and love in the world than men imagine.—Gehler.

There is no odor so bad as that which arises from goodness tainted. It is human, it is divine carrion.—Thoreau.

Little men build up great ones, but the snow colossus soon melts; the good stand under the eye of God, and therefore stand.—Landor.

The soil out of which such men as he are made is good to be born on, good to live on, good to die for and to be buried in.—Lowell.

Who soweth good seed shall surely reap;
The year grows rich as it groweth old,
And life's latest sands are its sands of gold. —Julia C. R. Dorr.

A good deed is never lost; he who sows courtesy reaps friendship, and he who plants kindness gathers love.—Basil.

The good, alas! are few: they are scarcely as many as the gates of Thebes or the mouths of the Nile.—Juvenal.

It is all a mistake that we cannot be good and manly without being scrupulously and studiously good. There is too much mechanism about our virtue.—Charles H. Parkhurst.

A good man will avoid the spot of any sin. The very aspersion is grievous, which makes him choose his way in his life, as he would in his journey.—Ben Jonson.

Abash'd the devil stood,
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
Virtue in her shape how lovely.—Milton.

Who is a good man? He who keeps the decrees of the fathers, and both human and divine laws.—Horace.

This is a proof of a well-trained mind, to rejoice in what is good and to grieve at the opposite.—Cicero.

And so it happens oft in many instances; more good is done without our knowledge than by us intended.—Plautus.

There is no man so good who, were he to submit all his thoughts and actions to the law, would not deserve hanging ten times in his life.—Montaigne.

It is of unspeakable advantage to possess our minds with an habitual good intention, and to aim all our thoughts, words, and actions at some laudable end.—Addison.

He that does good to another man does also good to himself, not only in the consequence, but in the very act of doing it; for the consciousness of well-doing is an ample reward.—Seneca.

Be good, my child, and let who will be clever;
Do noble deeds, not dream them all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song. —Charles Kingsley.

Whatever any one does or says, I must be good; just as if the emerald were always saying this: "Whatever any one does or says, I must still be

emerald, and keep my color."—Marcus Aurelius.

Goodness and love mould the form into their own image, and cause the joy and beauty of love to shine forth from every part of the face.—Swedenborg.

A glass is good, and a lass is good.
And a pipe to smoke in cold weather;
The world is good, and the people are good,
And we're all good fellows together.
—John O'Keefe.

The scent of flowers does not travel against the wind; but the odor of good people travels even against the wind: a good man pervades every place.—Max Müller.

A bad man is like an earthen vessel,—easy to break, and hard to mend. A good man is like a golden vessel,—hard to break, and easy to mend.—Hitopadesa.

While tenderness of feeling and susceptibility to generous emotions are accidents of temperament, goodness is an achievement of the will and a quality of the life.—Lowell.

Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good,
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.
—Tennyson.

Nothing good bursts forth all at once. The lightning may dart out of a black cloud; but the day sends his bright heralds before him, to prepare the world for his coming.—Hare.

A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man than this, that when the injury began on his part, the kindness should begin on ours.—Tillotson.

That which is good to be done, cannot be done too soon; and if it is neglected to be done early, it will frequently happen that it will not be done at all.—Bishop Mant.

In the heraldry of heaven goodness precedes greatness; so on earth it is more powerful. The lowly and the lovely may frequently do more in their own limited sphere than the gifted.—Bishop Horne.

There are people whose good qualities shine brightest in the darkness, like the ray of a diamond; but there are others whose virtues are only brought out by the light, like the colors of a silk.—Justin McCarthy.

O, if the good deeds of human creatures could be traced to their source, how beautiful would even death appear; for how much charity, mercy, and purified affection would be seen to have growth in dusty graves!—Dickens.

Our whole life is startlingly moral. There is never an instant's truce between virtue and vice. Goodness is the only investment that never fails. —Thoreau.

The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good. The goodness that is cheap in beauty makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, should keep the body of it ever fair.—Shakespeare.

God whose gifts in gracious flood
Unto all who seek are sent,
Only asks you to be good
And is content. —Victor Hugo.

Who is only good that others may know it, and that he may be the better esteemed when 'tis known, who will do well but upon condition that his virtue may be known to men, is one from whom much service is not to be expected.—Montaigne.

Goodness is generous and diffusive; it is largeness of mind, and sweetness of temper,—balsam in the blood, and justice sublimated to a richer spirit. —Jeremy Collier.

A good disposition I far prefer to gold; for gold is the gift of fortune; goodness of disposition is the gift of nature. I prefer much rather to be called good than fortunate.—Plautus

Let no man think lightly of good, saying in his heart, It will not benefit me. Even by the falling of water-drops a water-pot is filled; the wise man becomes full of good, even if he gather it little by little.—Buddha.

"Good and stupid," is a common saying. I have found that only the judicious are really good. Only clever men know what is good for others; and at the first appearance of disadvantage to himself, the stupid man deserts.—Auerbach.

To love the public, to study universal good, and to promote the interest of the whole world, as far as lies within our power, is the height of goodness, and makes that temper which we call divine.—Shaftesbury.

God's livery is a very plain one; but its wearers have good reason to be content. If it have not so much gold-lace about it as Satan's, it keeps out foul weather better, and is besides a great deal cheaper.—Lowell.

None
But such as are good men can give good things,
And that which is not good, is not delicious
To a well-governed and wise appetite.
—Milton.

We may have an excellent ear for music, without being able to perform in any kind; we may judge well of poetry, without being poets, or possessing the least of a poetic vein; but we can have no tolerable notion of goodness without being tolerably good. —Shaftesbury.

What is good-looking, as Horace Smith remarks, but looking good? Be good, be womanly, be gentle, generous in your sympathies, heedful of the well-being of all around you; and, my word for it, you will not lack kind words of admiration.—Whittier.

Some good we all can do; and if we do all that is in our power, however little that power may be, we have performed our part, and may be as near perfection as those whose influence extends over kingdoms, and whose good actions are felt and applauded by thousands.—Bowdler.

Goodness I call the habit, and goodness of nature the inclination. This of all the virtues and dignities of the mind, is the greatest, being the character of the Deity; and without it man is a busy, mischievous, wretched thing.—Bacon.

No good thing is ever lost. Nothing dies, not even life which gives up one form only to resume another. No good action, no good example dies. It lives forever in our race. While the frame moulders and disappears, the deed leaves an indelible stamp, and molds the very thought and will of future generations.—Samuel Smiles.

Whatever mitigates the woes or increases the happiness of others is a just criterion of goodness; and whatever injures society at large, or any individual in it, is a criterion of iniquity. One should not quarrel with a dog without a reason sufficient to vindicate one through all the courts of morality.—Goldsmith.

Goodness answers to the theological virtue charity, and admits no excess but error. The desire of power in excess caused the angels to fall; the desire of knowledge in excess caused man to fall. But in charity there is no excess; neither can angel or man come in danger by it.—Bacon.

How many people would like to be good, if only they might be good without taking trouble about it! They do not like goodness well enough to hunger and thirst after it, or to sell all that they have that they may buy it; they will not batter at the gate of the kingdom of heaven; but they look with pleasure on this or that aerial castle of righteousness, and think it would be rather nice to live in it.—George MacDonald.

Goodness does not more certainly make men happy, than happiness makes them good. We must distinguish between felicity and prosper-

ity; for prosperity leads often to ambition, and ambition to disappointment; the course is then over, the wheel turns round but once; while the reaction of goodness and happiness is perpetual.—Landor.

It is pleasant to be virtuous and good, because that is to excel many others; it is pleasant to grow better, because that is to excel ourselves; it is pleasant to mortify and subdue our lusts, because that is victory; it is pleasant to command our appetites and passions, and to keep them in due order within the bounds of reason and religion, because this is empire.—Tillotson.

We cannot rekindle the morning beams of childhood; we cannot recall the noontide glory of youth; we cannot bring back the perfect day of maturity; we cannot fix the evening rays of age in the shadowy horizon; but we can cherish that goodness which is the sweetness of childhood, the joy of youth, the strength of maturity, the honor of old age, and the bliss of saints.—Henry Giles.

One of the almost numberless advantages of goodness is, that it blinds its possessor to many of those faults in others which could not fail to be detected by the morally defective. A consciousness of unworthiness renders people extremely quick-sighted in discerning the vices of their neighbors; as persons can easily discover in others the symptoms of those diseases beneath which they themselves have suffered.—Godfrey.

Why is it that the bad side of life seems so much more conspicuous than the good? Is it because predominance of evil makes it more common, or that we being evil see it more readily, or that the abnormal, by its nature, stands out excrescent and disfiguring? Whatever the answer, it should be the ambition of every lover of goodness to make much of goodness, to sound its praises, to flavor his words with its appreciation. Part of hating evil is ignoring it, neglecting it. Thinking of things of good report and speaking of them strengthens good. Shutting our mouths as well as our ears against the bruit of evil, in the scorn of silence, weakens its hold upon us. What the redeemed of the Lord say should strengthen the side of the Lord of the redeemed.—Maltie Babcock.

Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storm of time can never destroy. Write your name, in kindness, love, and mercy, on the hearts of thousands you come in contact with year by year; you will never be forgotten. No, your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as the stars of heaven.—Chalmers.

Natural good is so intimately connected with moral good, and natural evil with moral evil, that I am as certain as if I heard a voice from heaven proclaim it, that God is on the side of virtue. He has learnt much, and has not lived in vain, who has practically discovered that most strict and necessary connection, that does and will ever exist between vice and misery, and virtue and happiness.—Colton.

There shall never be one lost good! What
was shall live as before;
The evil is null, is nought, is silence implying sound;
What was good shall be good, with, for
evil, so much good more;
On the earth the broken arcs; in the
heaven a perfect round.
—Robert Browning.

For ever and ever, my darling, yes—
Goodness and love are undying;
Only the troubles and cares of earth
Are winged from the first for flying.
Our way we plough
In the furrow "now;"
But after the tilling and growing the sheaf;
Soil for the root, but the sun for the leaf—
And God keepeth watch forever.
—Mary Mapes Dodge.

Goodness conditions usefulness. A grimy hand may do a gracious deed, but a bad heart cannot. What a man says and what a man is must stand together,—must con-sist. His

life can ruin his lips or fill them with power. It is what men see that gives value to what we say. Paul had the right order, "Take heed unto thyself, and unto the doctrine." Being comes before saying or doing. Well may we pray, "Search me, O God! Reveal me to myself. Cleanse me from secret faults, that those who are acquainted with me, who know my down-sittings and my uprisings, may not see in me the evil way that gives the lie to my words."—Maltbie Babcock.

Men live a moral life, either from regard to the Divine Being, or from regard to the opinion of the people in the world; and when a moral life is practised out of regard to the Divine Being, it is a spiritual life. Both appear alike in their outward form; but in their inward, they are completely different. The one saves a man, but the other does not; for he that leads a moral life out of regard to the Divine Being is led by him, but he who does so from regard to the opinion of people in the world is led by himself.—Swedenborg.

Good-Night

Good night! good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night, till it be morrow. —Shakespeare.

To all, to each, a fair good night,
And pleasing dreams, and slumbers light.
—Scott.

At once, good night—
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once. —Shakespeare.

Look, the world's comforter, with weary gait,
His day's hot task hath ended in the west:
The owl, night's herald, shrieks—'tis very late;
The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest;
And coal-black clouds, that shadow heaven's light,
Do summon us to part, and bid good night.
—Shakespeare.

Good-Taste

Good taste is the modesty of the mind; that is why it cannot be either imitated or acquired.—Madame de Girardin.

Gospel

It is the grand endeavor of the gospel to communicate God to men.—Horace Bushnell.

The true disciple should aim to live for the gospel, rather than to die for it.—Saadi.

Lincoln did but pour the soul of the nation into the monumental act of universal liberty; and that soul was inspired by the gospel.—Edward Thomson.

The gospel breathes the spirit of love. Love is the fulfilling of its precepts, the pledge of its joys, and the evidence of its power.—Gardiner Spring.

Take Christ out of the gospel, and you take its very heart out. He has not only originated a system, but He has put Himself into it, as its very life and soul and power.—Herrick Johnson.

The main object of the gospel is to establish two principles—the corruption of nature, and the redemption by Jesus Christ.—Pascal.

God writes the gospel, not in the Bible alone, but on trees and flowers and clouds and stars.—Luther.

The gospel is the fulfillment of all hopes, the perfection of all philosophy, the interpretation of all revelation, the key to all the seeming contradictions of the physical and moral world.—Max Müller.

No one who has not examined patiently and honestly the other religions of the world can know what Christianity really is, or can join with such truth and sincerity in the words of St. Paul, "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ."—Max Müller.

O, marvelous power of the Divine seed, which overpowers the strong man armed, softens obdurate hearts,

and changes into divine men those who were brutalized in sin, and removed to an infinite distance from God.—John Wycliffe.

I thank God that the gospel is to be preached to every creature. There is no man so far gone, but the grace of God can reach him; no man so desperate or black, but He can forgive him.—D. L. Moody.

The sweetness of the gospel lies mostly in pronouns, as me, my, thy. "Who loved me, and gave Himself for me." "Christ Jesus my Lord." "Son, be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee."—Martin Luther.

I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ; for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek.—Bible.

The gospel's glorious hope,
Its rule of purity, its eye of prayer,
Its feet of firmness on temptation's steep,
Its bark that fails not, 'mid the storm of death. —Mrs. Sigourney.

Assertion of truths known and felt, promulgation of truth from the high platform of truth itself, declaration of faith by the mouth of moral conviction—this is the New Testament method, and the true one.—J. G. Holland.

The gospel comes to the sinner at once, with nothing short of complete forgiveness as the starting-point of all his efforts to be holy. It does not say, "Go and sin no more, and I will not condemn thee"; it says at once, "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more."—Rev. Dr. Bonar.

Just as in the Father's house there are many mansions, so to suit the various moods and divers cases of anxious souls, there are many chambers and compartments in the gospel citadel; but the very lowest and simplest, if you can only reach it, is salvation. The nearest to the level, but still cleft in the Rock, is called "The Faithful Saying;" and above its doorway you read, "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners."—James Hamilton.

The idea of preaching the gospel to all nations alike, regardless of nationality, of internal divisions as to rank and color, complexion and religion, constituted the beginning of a new era in history. You cannot preach the gospel in its purity over the world, without proclaiming the doctrine of civil and religious liberty, —without overthrowing the barriers reared between nations and clans and classes of men,—without ultimately undermining the thrones of despots, and breaking off the shackles of slavery,—without making men everywhere free.—Albert Barnes.

Gossip

Gossip, like ennui, is born of idleness.—Ninon de Lenclos.

A long-tongued, babbling gossip.—Shakespeare.

There are male as well as female gossips.—Colton.

How much an ill word may empoison liking!—Shakespeare.

Old maids sweeten their tea with scandal.—H. W. Shaw.

Foul whisperings are abroad.—Shakespeare.

Everybody says it, and what everybody says must be true.—James Fenimore Cooper.

A knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.—Shakespeare.

It is not virtuous women who are so ready to report suspicion of their sisters.—Mme. de Krudener.

Let the greater part of the news thou hearest be the least part of what thou believest.—Quarles.

The subtle sauce of malice is often indulged in by maidens of uncertain age, over their tea.—Rivarol.

Most women indulge in idle gossip, which is the henchman of rumor and scandal.—Octave Feuillet.

Female gossips are generally actuated by active ignorance.—Rochefoucauld.

Love and scandal are the best sweeteners of tea.—Fielding.

Not only is the world informed of everything about you, but of a great deal more.—Thackeray.

Old gossips are usually young flirts gone to seed.—J. L. Basford.

We are disgusted by gossip; yet it is of importance to keep the angels in their proprieties.—Emerson.

Tale-bearers, as I said before, are just as bad as the tale-makers.—Sheridan.

Our globe discovers its hidden virtues, not only in heroes and arch-angels, but in gossips and nurses.—Emerson.

Half the gossip of society would perish if the books that are truly worth reading were but read.—George Dawson.

Too many individuals are like Shakespeare's definition of "echo,"—babbling gossips of the air.—H. W. Shaw.

It is only before those who are glad to hear it, and anxious to spread it, that we find it easy to speak ill of others.—J. Petit-Senn.

He's gone, and who knows how may he report
Thy words by adding fuel to the flame?
—Milton.

In fact, there's nothing makes me so much grieve,
As that abominable tittle-tattle,
Which is the cud eschew'd by human cattle. —Byron.

Truth is not exciting enough to those who depend on the characters and lives of their neighbors for all their amusement.—Bancroft.

Gossip is a sort of smoke that comes from the dirty tobacco-pipes of those who diffuse it; it proves nothing but the bad taste of the smoker.—George Eliot.

It is among uneducated women that we may look for the most confirmed gossips. Goethe tells us there is nothing more frightful than bustling ignorance.—Chamfort.

For my part, I can compare her (a gossip) to nothing but the sun; for, like him, she knows no rest, nor ever sets in one place but to rise in another.—Dryden.

Such as are still observing upon others are like those who are always abroad at other men's houses, reforming everything there while their own runs to ruin.—Pope.

As to people saying a few idle words about us, we must not mind that, any more than the old church-steeple minds the rooks cawing about it.—George Eliot.

Skill'd by a touch to deepen scandal's tints,
With all the high mendacity of hints,
While mingling truth with falsehood, sneers with smiles,
A thread of candor with a web of wiles.
—Byron.

News-hunters have great leisure, with little thought; much petty ambition to be considered intelligent, without any other pretension than being able to communicate what they have just learned.—Zimmermann.

I will not say it is not Christian to make beads of others' faults, and tell them over every day; I say it is infernal. If you want to know how the Devil feels, you do know, if you are such an one.—Beecher.

I take it as a matter not to be disputed, that if all knew what each said of the other, there would not be four friends in the world. This seems proved by the quarrels and disputes

caused by the disclosures which are occasionally made.—Pascal.

Gossip is always a personal confession either of malice or imbecility, and the young should not only shun it, but by the most thorough culture relieve themselves from all temptation to indulge in it. It is a low, frivolous, and too often a dirty business. There are country neighborhoods in which it rages like a pest. Churches are split in pieces by it. Neighbors are made enemies by it for life. In many persons it degenerates into a chronic disease, which is practically incurable. Let the young cure it while they may.—J. G. Holland.

Government

Fortune and caprice govern the world.—Rochefoucauld.

As the government is, such will be the man.—Plato.

Government has been a fossil: it should be a plant.—Emerson.

Those who think must govern those who toil.—Goldsmith.

The end of government is the happiness of the people.—Macaulay.

The duties of government are paternal.—Gladstone.

States are great engines moving slowly.—Bacon.

The right divine of kings to govern wrong.—Pope.

Republics end with luxury: monarchies with poverty.—Montesquieu.

A hated government does not last long.—Seneca.

Influence is not government.—George Washington.

I am the state.—Attributed to Louis XIV.

Governments have their origin in the moral identity of men.—Emerson.

Our domestic affections are the most salutary basis of all good government.—Beaconsfield.

Resolv'd to ruin or to rule the state.—Dryden.

'Tis government that makes them seem divine.—Shakespeare.

Let them obey who know how to rule.—Shakespeare.

Ambassadors, are the eye and ear of states.—Guicciardini.

For forms of government let fools contest;
Whate'er is best administer'd is best.
—Pope.

The essence of a free government consists in an effectual control of rivalries.—John Adams.

The principal foundation of all states are good laws and good arms.—Machiavelli.

Whatever government is not a government of laws is a despotism, let it be called what it may.—Daniel Webster.

If the prince of a State love benevolence, he will have no opponent in all the empire.—Mencius.

All free governments are party governments.—Garfield.

Government is an art above the attainment of an ordinary genius.—South.

A wise man neither suffers himself to be governed, nor attempts to govern others.—La Bruyère.

All governments are, to a certain extent, a treaty with the Devil.—Jacobi.

All men would be masters of others, and no man is lord of himself.—Goethe.

All free governments are managed by the combined wisdom and folly of the people.—James A. Garfield.

If I wished to punish a province, I would have it governed by philosophers.—Frederick the Great.

The government will take the fairest of names, but the worst of realities—mob rule.—Polybius.

Government is a contrivance of human wisdom to provide for human wants.—Burke.

It is better for a city to be governed by a good man than by good laws.—Aristotle.

All your strength is in your union,
All your danger is in discord.
—Longfellow.

The people's government, made for the people, made by the people, and answerable to the people.—Daniel Webster.

Which is the best government? That which teaches self-government.—Goethe.

To govern men, you must either excel them in their accomplishments, or despise them.—Beaconsfield.

The trappings of a monarchy would set up an ordinary commonwealth.—Sam'l Johnson.

Anticipate the difficult by managing the easy.—Lao-Tze.

Government, like dress, is the badge of lost innocence.—Thomas Paine.

Virtue alone is not sufficient for the exercise of government; laws alone carry themselves into practice.—Mencius.

Institutions may crumble and governments fall, but it is only that they may renew a better youth.—George Bancroft.

A conservative government is an organized hypocrisy.—Benj. Disraeli.

We are more heavily taxed by our idleness, pride and folly than we are taxed by government.—Franklin.

Ill can he rule the great that cannot reach the small.—Spenser.

A thousand years scarce serve to form a state;
An hour may lay it in the dust.—Byron.

For where's the state beneath the Firmament,
That doth excell the Bees for Government?
—Du Bartas.

Though the people support the government the government should not support the people.—Grover Cleveland.

I have considered the pension list of the republic a roll of honor.—Grover Cleveland.

Let men say, we be men of good government; being governed, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we steal.—Shakespeare.

Power is detested, and miserable is the life of him who wishes rather to be feared than to be loved.—Nepos.

It may pass for a maxim in State, that the administration cannot be placed in too few hands, nor the legislature in too many.—Swift.

Government arrogates to itself that it alone forms men. * * * Everybody knows that government never began anything. It is the whole world that thinks and governs.—Wendell Phillips.

Governments exist to protect the rights of minorities. The loved and the rich need no protection,—they have many friends and few enemies.—Wendell Phillips.

How, in one house,
Should many people, under two commands
Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almost impossible.
—Shakespeare.

The deterioration of a government begins almost always by the decay of its principles.—Montesquieu.

A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this government cannot endure permanently half-slave and half-free.—Abraham Lincoln.

Oh, it were better to be a poor fisherman than to meddle with the government of men!—Danton.

The freedom of a government does not depend upon the quality of its laws, but upon the power that has the right to create them.—Thaddeus Stevens.

When a government is arrived to that degree of corruption as to be incapable of reforming itself, it would not lose much by being new moulded.—Montesquieu.

The aggregate happiness of society, which is best promoted by the practice of a virtuous policy, is, or ought to be, the end of all government.—George Washington.

All free governments, whatever their name, are in reality governments by public opinion; and it is on the quality of this public opinion that their prosperity depends.—Lowell.

All good government must begin at home. It is useless to make good laws for bad people; what is wanted is this, to subdue the tyranny of the human heart.—Hugh R. Haweis.

All government is an evil, but, of the two forms of that evil, democracy or monarchy, the sounder is monarchy; the more able to do its will, democracy.—B. R. Haydon.

The best government is not that which renders men the happiest, but that which renders the greatest number happy.—Duclos.

The proper function of a government is to make it easy for people to do good, and difficult for them to do evil.—Gladstone.

No government, any more than an individual, will long be respected without being truly respectable.—Madison.

Few consider how much we are indebted to government, because few can represent how wretched mankind would be without it.—Atterbury.

Men who prefer any load of infamy, however great, to any pressure of taxation, however light.—Sydney Smith.

And having looked to government for bread, on the very first scarcity they will turn and bite the hand that fed them.—Burke.

This shall be thy work: to impose conditions of peace, to spare the lowly and to overthrow the proud.—Virgil.

Nothing appears more surprising to those who consider human affairs with a philosophical eye, than the easiness with which the many are governed by the few.—Hume.

In a change of government, the poor seldom change anything except the name of their master.—Phædrus.

A government for protecting the coarser interests of the body, business and bread only, is but a carcass, and soon falls, by its own corruption, to decay.—A. Bronson Alcott.

Nothing will ruin the country if the people themselves will undertake its safety; and nothing can save it if they leave that safety in any hands but their own.—Daniel Webster.

The culminating point of administration is to know well how much power, great or small, we ought to use in all circumstances.—Montesquieu.

The government of man should be the monarchy of reason: it is too often the democracy of passions or the anarchy of humors.—Benjamin Whichcote.

Monarch, thou wishest to cover thyself with glory; be the first to submit to the laws of thy empire.—Bias.

Right is the royal ruler alone; and he who rules with least restraint comes nearest to empire.—Alcott.

Self-government by the whole people is the teleologic idea. The republican form of government is the noblest

and the best, as it is the latest.—Henry Ward Beecher.

A mercantile democracy may govern long and widely; a mercantile aristocracy cannot stand.—Landor.

Government is the greatest combination for forces known to human society. It can command more men and raise more money than any and all other agencies combined.—David Dudley Field.

Society is well governed when the people obey the magistrates, and the magistrates the laws.—Solon.

There is no part of government which cannot better suffer derangement than the ballot. If you strike the ballot with disease, it is heart disease.—Henry Ward Beecher.

If any ask me what a free government is, I answer that, for any particular purpose, it is what the people think so.—Burke.

Power exercised with violence has seldom been of long duration, but temper and moderation generally produce permanence in all things.—Seneca.

All government, all exercise of power, no matter in what form, which is not based in love and directed by knowledge, is a tyranny.—Mrs. Jameson.

Our government is built upon the vote. But votes that are purchasable are quicksands, and a government built on them stands upon corruption and revolution.—Henry Ward Beecher.

All government, indeed every human benefit and enjoyment, every virtue, every prudent act, is founded on compromise and barter.—Burke.

The surest way of governing, both in a private family and a kingdom, is for a husband and a prince sometimes to drop their prerogative.—Hughes.

The very idea of the power and the right of the people to establish government presupposes the duty of every individual to obey the established government.—Washington.

The science of government is only a science of combinations, of applications, and of exceptions, according to times, places and circumstances.—Rousseau.

No government can be free that does not allow all iis citizens to participate in the formation and execution of her laws. There are degrees of tyranny; but every other government is a despotism.—Thaddeus Stevens.

Every governmental institution has been a standing testimony to the harmonic destiny of society, a standing proof that the life of man is destined for peace and amity, instead of disorder and contention.—Henry James.

A government founded on impartial liberty, where all have a voice and a vote, irrespective of color or of sex—what is there to hinder such a government from standing firm.—Fred. Douglass.

The history of governments through the ages is a history red, nay, lurid. Law represents the effort of men to organize society; governments, the efforts of selfishness to overthrow liberty.—Henry Ward Beecher.

No man undertakes a trade he has not learned, even the meanest; yet every one thinks himself sufficiently qualified for the hardest of all trades—that of government.—Socrates.

The administration of government, like a guardianship, ought to be directed to the good of those who confer, and not of those who receive the trust.—Cicero.

A republican government in a hundred points is weaker than an autocratic government; but in this one point it is the strongest that ever existed—it has educated a race of men that are men.—Henry Ward Beecher.

In politics it is almost a triviality to say that public opinion now rules the

world. The only power deserving the name is that of masses and of governments while they make themselves the organ of the tendencies and instincts of masses.—John Stuart Mill.

When Tarquin the Proud was asked what was the best mode of governing a conquered city, he replied only by beating down with his staff all the tallest poppies in his garden.—Livy.

The aggregate happiness of society, which is best promoted by the practice of a virtuous policy, is or ought to be the end of all government.—Washington.

In the government of men, a great deal may be done by severity, more by love, but most of all by clear discernment and impartial justice, which pays no respect to persons.—Goethe.

Government owes its birth to the necessity of preventing and repressing the injuries which the associated individuals had to fear from one another. —Abbé Raynal.

Society cannot exist unless a controlling power upon will and appetite be placed somewhere; and the less of it there is within, the more there must be without.—Burke.

When any of the four pillars of government are mainly shaken or weakened—which are religion, justice, counsel and treasure—men need to pray for fair weather.—Bacon.

What makes a governor justly despised is viciousness and ill morals. Virtue must tip the preacher's tongue and the ruler's sceptre with authority. —South.

A statesman, we are told, should follow public opinion. Doubtless, as a coachman follows his horses; having firm hold on the reins and guiding them.—Hare.

Hereditary right should be kept sacred, not from any inalienable right in a particular family, but to avoid the consequences that usually attend the ambition of competitors.—Swift.

If friends to a government forbear their assistance, they put it in the power of a few desperate men to ruin the welfare of those who are superior to them in strength and interest.—Addison.

Government mitigates the inequality of power, and makes an innocent man, though of the lowest rank, a match for the mightiest of his fellow-subjects.—Addison.

Not stones, nor wood, nor the art of artisans make a state; but where men are who know how to take care of themselves, these are cities and walls. —Alcæus.

It is a great error, in my opinion, to believe that a government is more firm or assured when it is supported by force, than when founded on affection. —Terence.

* * * The manners of women are the surest criterion by which to determine whether a republican government is practicable in a nation or not. —John Adams.

Government is a trust, and the officers of the government are trustees; and both the trust and the trustees are created for the benefit of the people.—Henry Clay.

In the early ages men ruled by strength; now they rule by brain, and so long as there is only one man in the world who can think and plan, he will stand head and shoulders above him who cannot.—Beecher.

For government, through high and low and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,
Congreeing in a full and natural close,
Like music. —Shakespeare.

The surest way to prevent seditions (if the times do bear it) is to take away the matter of them; for if there be fuel prepared it is hard to tell whence the spark shall come that shall set it on fire.—Bacon.

They that govern most make least noise. You see when they row in a barge, they that do drudgery work,

slash, and puff, and sweat; but he that governs sits quietly at the stern, and scarce is seen to stir.—Selden.

In all government there must of necessity be both the law and the sword; laws without arms would give us not liberty but licentiousness, and arms without laws would produce not subjection but slavery.—Colton.

The moment you abate anything from the full rights of men each to govern himself, and suffer any artificial positive limitation upon those rights, from that moment the whole organization of government becomes a consideration of convenience.—Burke.

When we have run through all forms of government, without partiality to that we were born under, we are at a loss with which to side; they are all a compound of good and evil. It is therefore most reasonable and safe to value that of our own country above all others, and to submit to it.—La Bruyère.

The people of the United States very deliberately framed their government with the view of remaining the masters of it, and not of being mastered by it; and they are not yet willing to abdicate in favor of any, even the most audacious conspirator against their sovereignty.—John Bigelow.

Government is only a necessary evil, like other go-carts and crutches. Our need of it shows exactly how far we are still children. All governing overmuch kills the self-help and energy of the governed.—Wendell Phillips.

The constitution of England is not a paper constitution. It is an aggregate of institutions, many of them founded merely upon prescription, some of them fortified by muniments, but all of them the fruit and experience of an ancient and illustrious people.—Beaconsfield.

The government of a nation itself is usually found to be but the reflex of the individuals composing it. The government that is head of the people will be inevitably dragged down to their level, as the government that is behind them will in the long run be dragged up.—Samuel Smiles.

One of the most important, but one of the most difficult things to a powerful mind is to be its own master; a pond may lay quiet in a plain, but a lake wants mountains to compass and hold it in.—Addison.

A monarchy is like a man-of-war—bad shots between wind and water hurt it exceedingly; there is danger of capsizing. But democracy is a raft. You cannot easily overturn it. It is a wet place, but it is a pretty safe one.—Joseph Cook.

When any one person or body of men seize into their hands the power in the last resort, there is properly no longer a government, but what Aristotle and his followers call the abuse and corruption of one.—Swift.

A power has arisen up in the government greater than the people themselves, consisting of many and various and powerful interests, combined into one mass, and held together by the cohesive power of the vast surplus in the banks.—John C. Calhoun.

It seems to me a great truth that human things cannot stand on selfishness, mechanical utilities, economies and law courts; that if there be not a religious element in the relations of men, such relations are miserable, and doomed to ruin.—Carlyle.

Forms of government become established of themselves. They shape themselves, they are not created. We may give them strength and consistency, but we cannot call them into being. Let us rest assured that the form of government can never be a matter of choice; it is almost always a matter of necessity.—Joubert.

Freedom of men under government is to have a standing rule to live by, common to every one of that society, and made by the legislative power vested in it; a liberty to follow my own will in all things, when the rule prescribes not, and not to be subject

to the inconstant, uncertain, unknown, arbitrary will of another man.—John Locke.

I look upon parliamentary government as the noblest government in the world, and certainly one most suited to England. But without the discipline of political connection, animated by the principle of private honor, I feel certain that a popular assembly would sink before the power or the corruption of a minister.—Beaconsfield.

Beneath a free government there is nothing but the intelligence of the people to keep the people's peace. Order must be preserved, not by a military police or regiments of horse-guards, but by the spontaneous concert of a well-informed population, resolved that the rights which have been rescued from despotism shall not be subverted by anarchy.—Edward Everett.

The wonder is not that the world is so easily governed, but that so small a number of persons will suffice for the purpose. There are dead weights in political and legislative bodies as in clocks, and hundreds answer as pulleys who would never do for politicians.—Simms.

Government began in tyranny and force, began in the feudalism of the soldier and bigotry of the priest; and the ideas of justice and humanity have been fighting their way, like a thunderstorm, against the organized selfishness of human nature.—Wendell Phillips.

Nothing is more deceptive or more dangerous than the pretence of a desire to simplify government. The simplest governments are despotisms; the next simplest, limited monarchies; but all republics, all governments of law, must impose numerous limitations and qualifications of authority, and give many positive and many qualified rights.—Daniel Webster.

Refined policy ever has been the parent of confusion, and ever will be so as long as the world endures. Plain good intention, which is as easily discovered at the first view as fraud is surely detected at last, is of no mean force in the government of mankind.—Burke.

Well, will anybody deny now that the government at Washington, as regards its own people, is the strongest government in the world at this hour? And for this simple reason, that it is based on the will, and the good will, of an instructed people.—John Bright.

It is among the evils, and perhaps not the smallest, of democratical governments, that the people must feel before they will see. When this happens they are roused to action. Hence it is that those kinds of government are so slow.—Washington.

There is no slight danger from general ignorance; and the only choice which Providence has graciously left to a vicious government is either to fall by the people, if they are suffered to become enlightened, or with them, if they are kept enslaved and ignorant.—Coleridge.

An established government has an infinite advantage by that very circumstance of its being established—the bulk of mankind being governed by authority, not reason, and never attributing authority to anything that has not the recommendation of antiquity.—Hume.

It is necessary for a Senator to be thoroughly acquainted with the constitution; and this is a knowledge of the most extensive nature: a matter of science, of diligence, of reflection, without which no Senator can possibly be fit for his office.—Cicero.

Of all the difficulties in a state, the temper of a true government most felicifies and perpetuates it; too sudden alterations distemper it. Had Nero tuned his kingdom as he did his harp, his harmony had been more honorable, and his reign more prosperous.—Quarles.

A government which takes in the consent of the greatest number of the people may justly be said to have the broadest bottom; and if it be termina-

ed in the authority of one single person it may be said to have the narrowest top; and so makes the finest pyramid. —Sir Wm. Temple.

When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood!—Daniel Webster.

Each petty hand
Can steer a ship becalm'd; but he that will
Govern and carry her to her ends, must know
His tides, his currents, how to shift his sails;
What she will bear in foul, what in fair weathers;
Where her springs are, her leaks, and how to stop 'em;
What strands, what shelves, what rocks do threaten her. —Ben Jonson.

And the first thing I would do in my government, I would have nobody to control me, I would be absolute; and who but I: now, he that is absolute, can do what he likes; he that can do what he likes, can take his pleasure; he that can take his pleasure, can be content; and he that can be content has no more to desire; so the matter's over.—Cervantes.

Who's in or out, who moves this grand machine,
Nor stirs my curiosity nor spleen.
Secrets of state no more I wish to know
Than secret movements of a puppet show:
Let but the puppets move, I've my desire,
Unseen the hand which guides the master wire. —Churchill.

There is what I call the American idea. * * * This idea demands, as the proximate organization thereof, a democracy—that is, a government of all the people, by all the people, for all the people; of course, a government of the principles of eternal justice, the unchanging law of God; for shortness' sake I will call it the idea of Freedom. —Theodore Parker.

We must judge of a form of government by its general tendency, not by happy accidents. Every form of government has its happy accidents. Despotism has its happy accidents. Yet we are not disposed to abolish all constitutional checks, to place an absolute master over us, and to take our chances whether he may be a Caligula or a Marcus Aurelius.—Macaulay.

But I say to you, and to our whole country, and to all the crowned heads and aristocratic powers and feudal systems that exist, that it is to self-government—the great principle of popular representation and administration—the system that lets in all to participate in the counsels that are to assign the good or evil to all—that we may owe what we are and what we hope to be.—Daniel Webster.

The schoolboy whips his taxed top, the beardless youth manages his taxed horse, with a taxed bridle, on a taxed road; and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine, which has paid seven per cent., flings himself back on his chintz bed, which has paid twenty-two per cent., and expires in the arms of an apothecary who has paid a license of a hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death.—Sydney Smith.

Our government has been tried in peace, and it has been tried in war, and has proved itself fit for both. It has been assailed from without, and it has successfully resisted the shock; it has been disturbed within, and it has effectually quieted the disturbance. It can stand trial, it can stand assail, it can stand adversity, it can stand everything but the marring of its own beauty and the weakening of its own strength. It can stand everything but the effects of our own rashness and our own folly. It can stand everything but disorganization, disunion and nullification.—Daniel Webster.

There be three sorts of government—monarchical, aristocratical, democratical; and they are apt to fall three several ways into ruin—the first, by tyranny; the second, by ambition; the last, by tumults. A commonwealth grounded upon any one of these is not of long continuance; but, wisely mingled, each guards the other and makes that government exact.—Quarles.

Grace

Grace is the outcome of inward harmony.—Marie Ebner-Eschenbach.

She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen.—Pope.

Beauty and grace command the world.—Park Benjamin.

Beauty loses its relish; the graces never.—Henry Horne.

Graceful to sight and elegant to thought.—Young.

And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art.—Pope.

Natural graces, that extinguish art. —Shakespeare.

Every natural action is graceful.—Emerson.

Her step is music, and her voice is song.—Bailey.

Grace is to the body what good sense is to the mind.—La Rochefoucauld.

Let grace and goodness be the principle loadstone of thy affections.—Dryden.

Grace has been defined, the outward expression of the inward harmony of the soul.—Hazlitt.

Every natural movement is graceful. Did you ever watch a kitten at play?—Anna Cora Mowatt.

The mother grace of all the graces is Christian good-will.—Beecher.

That caressing and exquisite grace—never bold,
Ever present—which just a few women possess. —Owen Meredith.

There is no such way to attain to greater measures of grace, as for a man to live up to that little grace he has.—Thomas Brooks.

Grace is the beauty of form under the influence of freedom.—Schiller.

He does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.—Shakespeare.

See where she comes, apparell'd like the spring;
Graces her subjects. —Shakespeare.

When once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right. —Shakespeare.

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks. —Shakespeare.

Take time enough—all other graces
Will soon fill up their proper places.
—Byron.

Grace imitates modesty, as politeness imitates kindness.—Joubert.

A pleasing figure is a perpetual letter of recommendation.—Bacon.

Beauty, devoid of grace, is a mere hook without the bait.—Talleyrand.

God appoints our graces to be nurses to other men's weaknesses.—Beecher.

To some kind of men their graces serve them but as enemies.—Shakespeare.

Whatever is graceful is virtuous, and whatever is virtuous is graceful.—Cicero.

That word "grace" in an ungracious mouth is but profane.—Shakespeare.

In effective womanly beauty form is more than face, and manner more than either.—Thackeray.

Till all grace be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace.—Shakespeare.

Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye, in every gesture dignity and love.—Milton.

As prodigal of all dear grace as Nature was in making graces dear.—Shakespeare.

Her walk was like no mortal thing, but shaped after an angel's.—Petrarch.

The light of love. the purity of grace, the mind, the music, breathing in her face.—Byron.

With countenance demure, and modest grace.—Spenser.

Grace comes often clad in the dusky robe of desolation.—Beaumont.

A beautiful form is the finest of the fine arts.—Emerson.

The loveliest hair is nothing, if the wearer is incapable of a grace.—Leigh Hunt.

God giveth true grace to but a chosen few, however many aspire to it. —Dewey.

The king-becoming graces—devotion, patience, courage, fortitude.—Shakespeare.

Oh, mickle is the powerful grace that lies in plants, herbs, stones and their qualities!—Shakespeare.

It is the very nature of grace to make a man strive to be most eminent in that particular grace which is most opposed to his bosom sin.—Thomas Brooks.

Strength is natural, but grace is the growth of habit. This charming quality requires practice if it is to become lasting.—Joubert.

The grace will carry us, if we do not willfully betray our succors, victoriously through all difficulties.—Henry Hammond.

The grace of the spirit comes only from heaven, and lights up the whole bodily presence.—Spurgeon.

Grace is in garments, in movements, in manners; beauty in the nude, and in forms. This is true of bodies; but when we speak of feelings, beauty is in their spirituality, and grace in their moderation.—Joubert.

There are true graces, which, as Homer feigns, are linked and tied hand in hand, because it is by their influence that human hearts are so firmly united to each other.—Robert Burton.

The most divine light only shineth on those minds which are purged from all worldly dross and human uncleanliness.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

All actions and attitudes of children are graceful because they are the luxuriant and immediate offspring of the moment—divested of affectation and free from all pretence.—Fuseli.

An inborn grace that nothing lacked
Of culture or appliance—
The warmth of genial courtesy,
The calm of self-reliance.
—Whittier.

'Cause grace and virtue are within
Prohibited degrees of kin;
And therefore no true saint allows
They should be suffer'd to espouse.
—Butler.

She was the pride of her familiar sphere—the daily joy of all who on her gracefulness might gaze, and in the light and music of her way have a companion's portion.—Willis.

Let grace and goodness be the principal loadstone of thy affections. For love, which hath ends, will have an end; whereas that which is founded on true virtue will always continue.—Dryden.

True grace is natural, not artificial because, however strenuously you strive to gain it, when it is gained it never gives the impression of effort or straining for effect.—F. D. Huntington.

Every man of any education would rather be called a rascal than accused of deficiency in the graces.—Dr. Johnson.

Every degree of recession from the state of grace Christ first put us in is a recession from our hopes.—Jeremy Taylor.

Her grace of motion and of look, the smooth and swimming majesty of step

and tread, the symmetry of form and feature, set the soul afloat, even like delicious airs of flute and harp.—Milman.

The feminine graces of Madame de Sévigné's genius are exquisitely charming; but the philosophy and eloquence of Madame de Staël are above the distinction of sex.—Sir J. Mackintosh.

For several virtues
Have I lik'd several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foil. —Shakespeare.

Riches may enable us to confer favors; but to confer them with propriety and with grace requires a something that riches cannot give. Even trifles may be so bestowed as to cease to be trifles.—Colton.

Gracefulness cannot subsist without ease; delicacy is not debility; nor must a woman be sick in order to please. Infirmity and sickness may excite our pity, but desire and pleasure require the bloom and vigor of health.—Rousseau.

Graceful, when it pleased him, smooth and still
As the mute swan that floats adown the stream,
And on the waters of th' unruffled lake,
Anchors her quiet beauty.—Wordsworth.

Grace is a quality different from beauty, though nearly allied to it, which is never observed without affecting us with emotions of peculiar delight, and which it is, perhaps, the first object of the arts of sculpture and painting to study and to present.—Sir A. Alison.

Grace can never properly be said to exist without beauty; for it is only in the elegant proportions of beautiful forms that can be found that harmonious variety of line and motion which is the essence and charm of grace.—Winckelmann.

It is graceful in a man to think and to speak with propriety, to act with deliberation, and in every occurrence of life to find out and persevere in the truth. On the other hand, to be imposed upon, to mistake, to falter, and to be deceived, is as ungraceful as to rave or to be insane.—Cicero.

Know you not, master, to some kind of men their graces serve them but as enemies? No more do yours; your virtues, gentle master, are sanctified and holy traitors to you. Oh, what a world is this, when what is comely envenoms him that bears it!—Shakespeare.

Virtue, without the graces, is like a rich diamond unpolished—it hardly looks better than a common pebble; but when the hand of the master rubs off the roughness, and forms the sides into a thousand brilliant surfaces, it is then that we acknowledge its worth, admire its beauty, and long to wear it in our bosoms.—Jane Porter.

Grace in women has more effect than beauty. We sometimes see a certain fine self-possession, an habitual voluptuousness of character, which reposes on its own sensations, and derives pleasure from all around it, that is more irresistible than any other attraction. There is an air of languid enjoyment in such persons, "in their eyes, in their arms, and their hands, and their face," which robs us of ourselves, and draws us by a secret sympathy towards them.—Hazlitt.

Grace is in a great measure a natural gift; elegance implies cultivation, or something of more artificial character. A rustic, uneducated girl may be graceful, but an elegant woman must be accomplished and well trained. It is the same with things as with persons; we talk of a graceful tree, but of an elegant house or other building. Animals may be graceful, but they cannot be elegant. The movements of a kitten or a young fawn are full of grace; but to call them "elegant" animals would be absurd.—Whately.

Grammar

Grammar, which knows how to lord it over kings, and with high hand makes them obey its laws.—Molière.

Grandeur

Grandeur and beauty are so very opposite that you often diminish the one as you increase the other. Vanity is most akin to the latter, simplicity to the former.—Shenstone.

Grant's Birthday

I desire the good-will of all, whether hitherto my friends or not.—Gen. Grant's Easter Message, during his sickness, 1885.

I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer.—Gen. Grant, in the Wilderness, May 11, 1864.

The government has educated me for the army. What I am, I owe to my country. I have served her through one war, and, live or die, will serve her through this.—Gen. Grant, at the outbreak of the Civil War, 1861.

No theory of my own will ever stand in the way of my executing, in good faith, any order I may receive from those in authority over me.—Gen. Grant to Secretary Chase, 1863.

Although a soldier by education and profession, I have never felt any sort of fondness for war, and I have never advocated it, except as a means of peace.—Gen. Grant.

There have been many Presidents of the United States and the roll will be indefinitely extended. We have had a number of brilliant soldiers, but only one great general.—Chauncey M. Depew.

His love of justice was equaled only by his delight in compassion, and neither was sacrificed to the other. His self-advancement was subordinated to the public good. His integrity was never questioned; his honesty was above suspicion; his private life and public career were at once reputable to himself and honorable to his country. —Rev. J. P. Newman.

His soul was the home of hope, sustained and cheered by the certainties of his mind and the power of his faith. He was the mathematical genius of a great general, rather than of a great soldier. By this endowment he proved himself equal to the unexpected, and that with the precision of a seer.—Rev. J. P. Newman.

Grant was not a creator of circumstances; had not opportunities sought him, the world would have been ignorant of the gifts God stored in him.—Rev. H. W. Bolton.

The free school is the promoter of that intelligence which is to preserve us as a free nation. If we are to have another contest in the near future of our national existence, I predict that the dividing line will not be Mason and Dixon's, but between patriotism and intelligence on one side, and superstition, ambition, and ignorance on the other.—Gen. Grant.

His tour around the world exhibited another phase of his character—a simplicity and modesty as extraordinary as it is unparalleled. Received by kings and emperors with all the honors of a king, fêted and banqueted by princes and lords, and eulogized by the most distinguished men of the world, he exhibited no pride, no elation, receiving ovations that might well have turned the head of the strongest man with manners and bearing as simple and unostentatious as when a farmer in the west.—J. T. Headley.

The preparations of this wonderful man rarely excited applause of the people, because the workings of his masterful mind were hidden beneath the silence of his lips; but when the supreme moment came, there came also an intellectual elevation, an uplifting of the whole being, a transformation of the silent, thoughtful general, which surprised his foes and astonished his friends. He culminated at the crisis; he was at his best when most needed; he responded in an emergency.—Rev. J. P. Newman.

Out of his great character came the purest motives, as effect follows cause. He abandoned himself to his life mission with the hope of no other reward than the consciousness of duty done. Duty to his conscience, his country,

and his God was his standard of successful manhood. With him, true greatness was that in great actions our only care should be to perform well our part and let glory follow virtue. He placed his fame in the service of the state. He was never tempted by false glory. He never acted for effect. He acted because he could not help it. His action was spontaneous. Ambition could not corrupt his patriotism; calumnies could not lessen it.—Rev. J. P. Newman.

As a great soldier leading our armies to victory, he first attracts the eyes of the world. His courage, though lofty and steadfast, was not of that fiery, chivalric kind which dazzles the public. He was not borne up in action by the enthusiasm and pride of the warrior; but apparently unconscious of danger, made battle a business which was to be performed with a clear head and steady nerves. His coolness in deadly peril was wonderful. What was once said of Marshal Ney applies forcibly to him; "In battle he could literally shut up his mind to the one object he had in view." The overthrow of the enemy absorbed every thought within him, and he had none to give to danger or death.—J. T. Headley.

But the supreme will, despotic authority, and the relentless pursuit of an enemy indispensable in a great commander, disappeared when he laid down the sword and became chief magistrate of the union. Not a trace of the military man remained, and his whole thoughts were on peace and the supremacy of law. To the foeman of former days he held out both hands in token of peace, and amid the clamors of excited men and the dēmands of vindictive passion, he remained unmoved, and breathed the very spirit of kindness and generosity, and exhibited a patriotism that put to shame the partisan zeal of those who constituted themselves his advisers.—J. T. Headley.

Our unconquerable hero has gone forward, until at last he has been called to mingle in the Court of the Most High, and when the roll has been called for the last time, when the last reveille has been sounded, when the last battle has been fought, the honored name of Ulysses S. Grant will be found on the unchanging pages of history as one whom God raised up for a special work; and history will show how nobly was that work done, how fearlessly were our armies led to victory by the greatest military leader of modern times. A leader who battled not for the advancement of his own interests—not that he might be at the head of an empire, but prompted by his love of right, he fought that the millions in bondage should be slaves no more, and for the triumph of right and the preservation of the union.—Rev. H. W. Bolton.

A brilliant soldier, a calm and just ruler, a true patriot, an humble Christian, he yielded up his spirit without a sigh into the hands of his Maker. That character will shine brighter with time, and his memory grow dearer with each successive generation.—J. T. Headley.

Gratitude

Thankfulness is the tune of angels —Spenser.

Gratitude is the memory of the heart.—Massieu.

The still small voice of gratitude.—Gray.

If I only have will to be grateful, I am so.—Seneca.

Th' unwilling gratitude of base mankind!—Pope.

Is no return due from a grateful breast?—Dryden.

Thanks, the exchequer of the poor. —Shakespeare.

Gratitude is a species of justice.—Johnson.

Gratitude is expensive.—Gibbon.

Gratitude is a soil on which joy thrives.—Auerbach.

Small service is true service while it lasts.—Wordsworth.

The debt immense of endless gratitude.—Milton.

To receive honestly is the best thanks for a good thing.—George MacDonald.

No metaphysician ever felt the deficiency of language so much as the grateful.—Colton.

O Lord, that lends me life, lend me a heart replete with thankfulness.—Shakespeare.

A single grateful thought towards heaven is the most perfect prayer.—Lessing.

The gratitude of place-expectants is a lively sense of future favors.—Sir Robert Walpole.

It is a species of agreeable servitude, to be under an obligation to those we esteem.—Queen Christina.

Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks, but I thank you.—Shakespeare.

Gratitude is a duty none can be excused from, because it is always at our own disposal.—Charron.

He enjoys much who is thankful for little. A grateful mind is a great mind.—Secker.

A grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharg'd. —Milton.

The heaviest debt is that of gratitude,
When 'tis not in our power to repay it.
—Dr. Thomas Franklin.

Thanks are justly due for things got without purchase.—Ovid.

We seldom find people ungrateful so long as we are in a condition to render them service.—Rochefoucauld.

Gratitude is a duty which ought to be paid, but which none have a right to expect.—Rousseau.

Ingratitude calls forth reproaches as gratitude brings renewed kindnesses. —Mme. de Sévigné.

The gratitude of most men is but a secret desire of receiving greater benefits.—La Rochefoucauld.

It is the will to be grateful which constitutes gratitude.—Joseph Cook.

Gratitude is the fruit of great cultivation; you do not find it among gross people.—Dr. Johnson.

Next to ingratitude, the most painful thing to bear is gratitude.—Henry Ward Beecher.

A thankful man owes a courtesy ever; the unthankful but when he needs it.—Ben Jonson.

Every acknowledgment of gratitude is a circumstance of humiliation.—Goldsmith.

My soul, o'erfraught with gratitude, rejects the aid of language. Lord, behold my heart.—Hannah More.

Thou that hast given so much to me, give one thing more—a grateful heart.—George Herbert.

What can I pay thee for this noble usage but grateful praise? So heaven itself is paid.—Rowe.

A thankful heart is not only the greatest virtue, but the parent of all the other virtues.—Cicero.

The feeling of gratitude has all the ardor of a passion in noble hearts.—Achilles Poincelot.

It is not best to refine gratitude; it evaporates in the process of subtilization.—Nicole.

He who receives a good turn should never forget it; he who does one should never remember it.—Charron.

So long as we stand in need of a benefit, there is nothing dearer to us; nor anything cheaper when we have received it.—L'Estrange.

Justice is often pale and melancholy; but Gratitude, her daughter, is constantly in the flow of spirits and the bloom of loveliness.—Landor.

Gratitude is the fairest blossom which springs from the soul; and the heart of man knoweth none more fragrant.—Hosea Ballou.

Gratitude is a nice touch of beauty added last of all to the countenance, giving a classic beauty, an angelic loveliness, to the character.—Theodore Parker.

Indeed, you thanked me; but a nobler gratitude rose in her soul, for from that hour she loved me.—Otway.

He that has nature in him must be grateful; it is the Creator's primary great law, that links the chain of beings to each other.—Madden.

The grateful person, being still the most severe exactor of himself, not only confesses, but proclaims his debt. —South.

Gratitude is the virtue most deified and most deserted. It is the ornament of rhetoric and the libel of practical life.—J. W. Forney.

It is a dangerous experiment to call in gratitude as an ally to love. Love is a debt which inclination always pays, obligation never.—Pascal.

Those who make us happy are always thankful to us for being so. Their gratitude is the reward of their own benefits.—Madame Swetchine.

O call not to my mind what you have done! It sets a debt of that account before me, which shows me poor and bankrupt even in hopes!—Congreve.

There is a selfishness even in gratitude, when it is too profuse; to be over-thankful for one favor is in effect to lay out for another.—Cumberland.

From David learn to give thanks in everything. Every furrow in the book of Psalms is sown with seeds of thanksgiving.—Jeremy Taylor.

If gratitude is due from children to their earthly parents, how much more is the gratitude of the great family of man due to our Father in heaven!—Hosea Ballou.

The reason for misreckoning in expected returns of gratitude is that the pride of the giver and receiver can never agree about the value of the obligation.—Rochefoucauld.

There is as much greatness of mind in the owning of a good turn as in the doing of it; and we must no more force a requital out of season than be wanting in it.—Seneca.

He who has a soul wholly devoid of gratitude should set his soul to learn of his body; for all the parts of that minister to one another.—South.

What I have done is worthy of nothing but silence and forgetfulness, but what God has done for me is worthy of everlasting and thankful memory.—Bishop Hall.

Look over the whole creation, and you shall see that the band, or cement, that holds together all the parts of this great and glorious fabric is gratitude.—South.

There is not a more pleasing exercise of the mind than gratitude. It is accompanied with such an inward satisfaction that the duty is sufficiently rewarded by the performance.—Addison.

There are minds so impatient of inferiority that their gratitude is a species of revenge; and they return benefits, not because recompense is a pleasure, but because obligation is a pain.—Johnson.

Wherever I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man I take it for granted there would be as much generosity if he were a rich man.—Pope.

God is pleased with no music below so much as the thanksgiving songs of relieved widows and supported orphans; of rejoicing, comforted, and thankful persons.—Jeremy Taylor.

Gratitude is a virtue which, according to the general apprehension of mankind, approaches more nearly than almost any other social virtue to justice.—Dr. Parr.

The law of the pleasure in having done anything for another is, that the one almost immediately forgets having given, and the other remembers eternally having received.—Seneca.

Gratitude is like the good faith of traders—it maintains commerce; and we often pay, not because it is just to discharge our debts, but that we may more readily find people to trust us.—Rochefoucauld.

Almost everyone takes pleasure in repaying trifling obligations, very many feel gratitude for those that are moderate; but there is scarcely anyone who is not ungrateful for those that are weighty.—Rochefoucauld.

Epicurus says "gratitude is a virtue that has commonly profit annexed to it." And where is the virtue, say I, that has not? But still the virtue is to be valued for itself, and not for the profit that attends it.—Seneca.

I thank my Heavenly Father for every manifestation of human love, I thank Him for all experiences, be they sweet or bitter, which help me to forgive all things, and to enfold the whole world with a blessing.—Mrs. L. M. Child.

I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
With coldness still returning;
Alas! the gratitude of men
Hath often left me mourning.
—Wordsworth.

Do not let the empty cup be your first teacher of the blessings you had when it was full. Do not let a hard place here and there in the bed destroy your rest. Seek, as a plain duty, to cultivate a buoyant, joyous sense of the crowded kindnesses of God in your daily life.—Alexander Maclaren.

We can set our deeds to the music of a grateful heart, and seek to round our lives into a hymn—the melody of which will be recognized by all who come in contact with us, and the power of which shall not be evanescent, like the voice of the singer, but perennial, like the music of the spheres.—Wm. M. Taylor.

Every acknowledgment of gratitude is a circumstance of humiliation; and some are found to submit to frequent mortifications of this kind, proclaiming what obligations they owe, merely because they think it in some measure cancels the debt.—Goldsmith.

When gratitude o'erflows the swelling heart, and breathes in free and uncorrupted praise for benefits received, propitious heaven takes such acknowledgment as fragrant incense, and doubles all its blessings.—Lillo.

It is a very high mind to which gratitude is not a painful sensation. If you wish to please, you will find it wiser to receive, solicit even, favors, than accord them; for the vanity of the obligor is always flattered, that of the obligee rarely.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Now it was well said, whoever said it, "That he who hath the loan of money has not repaid it, and he who has repaid has not the loan; but he who has acknowledged a kindness has it still, and he who has a feeling of it has requited it."—Cicero.

Among the many acts of gratitude we owe to God, it may be accounted one to study and contemplate the perfections and beauties of His work of creation. Every new discovery must necessarily raise in us a fresh sense of the greatness, wisdom, and power of God.—Jonathan Edwards.

How grateful are we—how touched a frank and generous heart is for a kind word extended to us in our pain! The pressure of a tender hand nerves a man for an operation, and cheers

him for the dreadful interview with the surgeon.—Thackeray.

As gratitude is a necessary and a glorious, so also is it an obvious, a cheap, and an easy virtue—so obvious that wherever there is life there is place for it, so cheap that the covetous man may be grateful without expense, and so easy that the sluggard may be so likewise without labor.—Seneca.

As flowers carry dewdrops, trembling on the edges of the petals, and ready to fall at the first waft of wind or brush of bird, so the heart should carry its beaded words of thanksgiving; and at the first breath of heavenly flavor, let down the shower, perfumed with the heart's gratitude.—Beecher.

Thus love is the most easy and agreeable, and gratitude the most humiliating, affection of the mind. We never reflect on the man we love without exulting in our choice, while he who has bound us to him by benefits alone rises to our ideas as a person to whom we have in some measure forfeited our freedom.—Goldsmith.

If gratitude, when exerted towards another, naturally produces a very pleasing sensation in the mind of a grateful man, it exalts the soul into rapture when it is employed on this great object of gratitude to the beneficent Being who has given us everything we already possess, and from whom we expect everything we yet hope for.—Addison.

Let but the commons hear this testament—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue. —Shakespeare.

Did you ever think of the reason why the Psalms of David have come, like winged angels, down across all the realms and ages—why they make the key-note of grateful piety in every Christian's soul, wherever he lives? Why? Because they are so full of gratitude. "Oh, that men would praise the Lord for His goodness and for His wonderful works to the children of men!"—A. A. Willets.

Grave

Dark lattice! letting in eternal day!—Young.

The cradle of transformation.—Mazzini.

The lone couch of his everlasting sleep.—Shelley.

The temple of silence and reconciliation.—Macaulay.

The grave where even the great find rest.—Pope.

Gilded tombs do worms infold.—Shakespeare.

Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound.—Watts.

To that dark inn, the Grave!—Scott.

Never the grave gives back what it has won!—Schiller.

Gravestones tell truth scarce forty years.—Sir Thomas Browne.

Lie lightly on my ashes, gentle earth!—Beaumont and Fletcher.

My heart is its own grave!—Miss L. E. Landon.

How populous, how vital is the grave!—Young.

The grave has a door on its inner side.—Alexander Maclaren.

Who's a prince or beggar in the grave?—Otway.

Death ends our woes, and the kind grave shuts up the mournful scene.—Dryden.

The reconciling grave.—Southern.

Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs.—Shakespeare.

Grass grows at last above all graves. —Julia C. R. Dorr.

The graves of those we have loved and lost distress and console us.—Arsène Houssaye.

Where blended lie the oppressor and the oppressed.—Pope.

And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie;
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die. —Milton.

They bore him barefac'd on the bier;
* * * * * *
And in his grave rain'd many a tear.
—Shakespeare.

Graves they say are warmed by glory;
Foolish words and empty story.
—Heine.

Perhaps the early grave
Which men weep over may be meant to save. —Byron.

Our father's dust is left alone
And silent under other snows.
—Tennyson.

Kings have no such couch as thine,
As the green that folds thy grave.
—Tennyson.

Each in his narrow cell forever laid, the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.—Gray.

A grave, wherever found, preaches a short and pithy sermon to the soul. —Hawthorne.

That unfathomed, boundless sea, the silent grave!—Longfellow.

How peaceful and how powerful is the grave!—Byron.

Earth's highest station ends in—Here he lies.—Young.

The earth opens impartially her bosom to receive the beggar and the prince.—Horace.

The grave is a common treasury, to which we must all be taken.—Burke.

He spake well who said that graves are the footprints of angels.—Longfellow.

We must be patient; but I cannot choose but weep, to think they should lay him i' the cold ground.—Shakespeare.

Tombs are the clothes of the dead; a grave is but a plain suit, and a rich monument is one embroidered.—Thomas Fuller.

I would rather sleep in the southern corner of a little country churchyard than in the tomb of the Capulets. —Burke.

Lay her i' the earth; and from her fair and unpolluted flesh may violets spring.—Shakespeare.

Death lies on her like an untimely frost upon the sweetest flower of all the field.—Shakespeare.

All that tread the globe are but a handful to the tribes that slumber in its bosom.—Bryant.

This is the field and acre of our God; this is the place where human harvests grow.—Longfellow.

The grave, where sets the orb of being, sets
To rise, ascend, and culminate above
Eternity's horizon evermore.
—Abraham Coles.

The sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws.
—Shakespeare.

Let's choose executors and talk of wills:
And yet not so, for what can we bequeath
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
—Shakespeare.

Fond fool! six feet shall serve for all thy store, and he that cares for most shall find no more.—Bishop Hall.

Oh, how a small portion of earth will hold us when we are dead, who ambitiously seek after the whole world while we are living!—Philip, King of Macedon.

If thou hast no inferiors, have patience awhile, and thou shalt have no superiors. The grave requires no marshal.—Quarles.

O heart, and mind, and thoughts! what thing do you
Hope to inherit in the grave below?
—Shelley.

From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections.—Washington Irving.

The reconciling grave swallows distinction first, that made us foes; there all lie down in peace together.—Southern.

We go to the grave of a friend saying, "A man is dead;" but angels throng about him, saying, "A man is born."—Beecher.

An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave—legions of angels can't confine me there!—Young.

The grave — dread thing! — men shiver when thou art named; Nature, appalled, shakes off her wonted firmness.—Blair.

However bright the comedy before, the last act is always stained with blood. The earth is laid upon our head, and there it lies forever.—Pascal.

The earth doth not cover our beloved, but heaven hath received him; let us tarry for awhile, and we shall be in his company.—St. Basil.

One destin'd period men in common have,
The great, the base, the coward, and the brave,
All food alike for worms, companions in the grave. —Lansdowne.

Who can look down upon the grave of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb that he should have warred with the poor handful of dust that lies mouldering before him?—Washington Irving.

That gloomy outside, like a rusty chest, contains the shining treasures of a soul resolved and brave.—Dryden.

The grave is a very small hillock, but we can see farther from it, when standing on it, than from the highest mountain in all the world.—A. Tholuck.

Without settled principle and practical virtue, life is a desert; without Christian piety, the contemplation of the grave is terrible.—Sir William Knighton.

It is a port where the storms of life never beat, and the forms that have been tossed on its chafing waves lie quiet forevermore.—Chapin.

Under ground
Precedency's a jest; vassal and lord,
Grossly familiar, side by side consume.
—Blair.

Sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave like one that wraps the drapery of his couch about him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.—Bryant.

There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found,
They softly lie and sweetly sleep
Low in the ground. —Montgomery.

Then to the grave I turned me to see what therein lay;
'Twas the garment of the Christian, worn out and thrown away.
—Krummacher.

The grave is heaven's golden gate,
And rich and poor around it wait;
O Shepherdess of England's fold,
Behold this gate of pearl and gold!
—William Blake.

But the grandsire's chair is empty,
The cottage is dark and still;
There's a nameless grave on the battlefield,
And a new one under the hill.
—Wm. Winter.

Oh! let not tears embalm my tomb,
None but the dews by twilight given!
Oh! let not sighs disturb the gloom.
None but the whispering winds of heaven.
—Moore.

The grave is a crucible where memory is purified; we only remember a dead friend by those qualities which make him regretted.—J. Petit-Senn.

The grave is, I suspect, the sole commonwealth which attains that dead flat of social equality that life in its every principle so heartily abhors.—Bulwer-Lytton.

As a tract of country narrowed in the distance expands itself when we approach, thus the way to our near grave appears to us as long as it did formerly when we were far off.—Richter.

The disciples found angels at the grave of Him they loved; and we should always find them too, but that our eyes are too full of tears for seeing.—Beecher.

Here may thy storme-bett vessell safely ryde;
This is the port of rest from troublous toyle,
The worlde's sweet inn from paine and wearisome turmoyle. —Spenser.

Men cannot benefit those that are with them as they can benefit those that come after them; and of all the pulpits from which human voice is ever sent forth, there is none from which it reaches so far as from the grave.—Ruskin.

Graves, the dashes in the punctuation of our lives. To the Christian they are but the place at which he gathers breath for a nobler sentence. To Christ, the grave was but the hyphen between man and God, for He was God-man.—Duffield.

The most magnificent and costly dome,
Is but an upper chamber to a tomb;
No spot on earth but has supplied a grave,
And human skulls the spacious ocean pave.
—Young.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.
—Longfellow.

We adorn graves with flowers and redolent plants, just emblems of the life of man, which has been compared in the Holy Scriptures to those fading beauties whose roots, being buried in dishonor, rise again in glory.—Evelyn

There the wicked cease from troubling; and there the weary be at rest. There the prisoners rest together; they hear not the voice of the oppressor. The small and great are there; and the servant is free from his master. —Bible.

Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be dressed,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast;
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
There the first roses of the year shall blow.
—Pope.

The grave is a sacred workshop of nature! a chamber for the figure of the body; death and life dwell here together as man and wife. They are one body, they are in union; God has joined them together, and what God hath joined together let no man put asunder.—Hippel.

There is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living. Oh, the grave! the grave! It buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. —Washington Irving.

Our lives are rivers gliding free
To that unfathom'd, boundless sea,
The silent grave!
Thither all earthly pomp and boast
Roll, to be swallow'd up and lost
In one dark wave. —Longfellow.

Here the o'erloaded slave flings down his burden
From his gall'd shoulders; and, when the cruel tyrant,
With all his guards and tools of power about him,
Is meditating new, unheard-of hardships,
Mocks his short arm, and, quick as thought, escapes
Where tyrants vex not, and the weary rest. —Blair.

For ages the world has been waiting and watching; millions, with broken hearts, have hovered around the yawning abyss; but no echo has come back from the engulfing gloom—silence, oblivion, covers all. If indeed they sur-

vive; if they went away whole and victorious, they give us no signals. We wait for years, but no messages come from the far-away shore to which they have gone.—Bishop R. S. Foster.

What is the grave?
'Tis a cool, shady harbor, where the Christian
Wayworn and weary with life's rugged road,
Forgetting all life's sorrows, joys, and pains,
Lays his poor body down to rest—
Sleeps on—and wakes in heaven.

Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down;
Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,
With here and there a violet bestrown,
Fast by a brook or fountain's murmuring wave;
And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave! —Beattie.

Here all the mighty troublers of the earth,
Who swam to sov'reign rule through seas of blood;
Th' oppressive, sturdy, man-destroying villains,
Who ravag'd kingdoms, and laid empires waste,
And in a cruel wantonness of power
Thinn'd states of half their people, and gave up
To want the rest; now, like a storm that's spent,
Lie hush'd. —Blair.

I see their scattered gravestones gleaming white
Through the pale dusk of the impending night.
O'er all alike the imperial sunset throws
Its golden lilies mingled with the rose;
We give to each a tender thought and pass
Out of the graveyards with their tangled grass. —Longfellow.

Where is the house for all the living found?
Go ask the deaf, the dumb, the dead;
All answer, without voice or sound,
Each resting in his bed;
Look down and see,
Beneath thy feet,
A place for thee;
—There all the living meet.
—James Montgomery.

Always the idea of unbroken quiet broods around the grave. It is a port where the storms of life never beat, and the forms that have been tossed on its chafing waves lie quiet forevermore. There the child nestles as peacefully as ever it lay in its mother's arms, and the workman's hands lie still by his side, and the thinker's brain is pillowed in silent mystery, and the poor girl's broken heart is steeped in a balm that extracts its secret woe, and is in the keeping of a charity that covers all blame.—Chapin.

I like that ancient Saxon phrase which calls
The burial ground, God's Acre! It is just;
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.
* * * * *
Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
In the sure faith, that we shall rise again
At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain. —Longfellow.

Build me a shrine, and I could kneel
To rural Gods, or prostrate fall;
Did I not see, did I not feel,
That one Great Spirit governs all.
O heaven, permit that I may lie
Where o'er my corse green branches wave;
And those who from life's tumults fly
With kindred feelings press my grave.
—Bloomfield.

There are slave-drivers quietly whipped underground,
There bookbinders, done up in boards, are fast bound,
There card-players wait till the last trump be played,
There all the choice spirits get finally laid,
There the babe's that unborn is supplied with a berth,
There men without legs get their six feet of earth,
There lawyers repose, each wrapped up in his case,
There seekers of office are sure of a place,
There defendant and plaintiff get equally cast,
There shoemakers quietly stick to the last.
—Lowell.

When the dusk of evening had come on, and not a sound disturbed the sacred stillness of the place,—when the bright moon poured in her light on tomb and monument, on pillar, wall, and arch, and most of all (it seemed to them) upon her quiet grave,—in that calm time, when all outward things and inward thoughts teem with

assurances of immortality, and worldly hopes and fears are humbled in the dust before them,—then, with tranquil and submissive hearts they turned away, and left the child with God.—Dickens.

Even such is time, that takes on trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust,
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days!
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust!
—Sir Walter Raleigh.

The solitary, silent, solemn scene,
Where Cæsars, heroes, peasants, hermits lie,
Blended in dust together; where the slave
Rests from his labors; where th' insulting proud
Resigns his powers; the miser drops his hoard:
Where human folly sleeps. —Dyer.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.
The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.
For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share. —Gray.

Gravity

Gravity is a kind of quackery.—Mme. de Motteville.

Gravity is more suggestive than convincing.—Douglas Jerrold.

Too much gravity argues a shallow mind.—Lavater.

Gravity is the ballast of the soul.—Fuller.

There is a gravity which is not austere nor captious, which belongs not to melancholy nor dwells in contraction of heart: but arises from tenderness and hangs upon reflection.—Landor.

The body's wisdom to conceal the mind.—Young.

Piety enjoins no man to be dull.—South.

Gravity is the best cloak for sin in all countries.—Fielding.

Gravity is a mysterious carriage of the body invented to cover the defects of the mind.—Rochefoucauld.

Gravity is only the bark of wisdom, but it preserves it.—Confucius.

Is there anything so grave and serious as an ass?—Montaigne.

There is gravity in wisdom, but no particular wisdom in gravity.—H. W. Shaw.

Men of gravity are intellectual stammerers, whose thoughts move slowly. —Hazlitt.

To how many blockheads of my time has a cold and taciturn demeanor procured the credit of prudence and capacity!—Montaigne.

Gravity is of the very essence of imposture; it does not only mistake other things, but is apt perpetually almost to mistake itself.—Shaftesbury.

A grave aspect to a grave character is of much more consequence than the world is generally aware of; a barber may make you laugh, but a surgeon ought rather to make you cry. —Fielding.

I think it is the most beautiful and humane thing in the world, so to mingle gravity with pleasure that the one may not sink into melancholy, nor the other rise up into wantonness.—Pliny the Elder.

There is a false gravity that is a very ill symptom; and it may be said, that as rivers, which run very slowly, have always the most mud at the bottom; so a solid stiffness in the con-

stant course of a man's life, is a sign of a thick bed of mud at the bottom of his brain.—Saville.

Yorick sometimes, in his wild way of talking, would say that gravity was an arrant scoundrel, and, he would add, of the most dangerous kind, too, because a sly one; and that he verily believed more honest well-meaning people were bubbled out of their goods and money by it in one twelvemonth than by pocket-picking and shop-lifting in seven.—Sterne.

The very essence of gravity was design, and, consequently, deceit; it was a taught trick to gain credit of the world for more sense and knowledge than a man was worth; and that with all its pretensions it was nó better, but often worse, than what a French wit had long ago defined it—a mysterious carriage of the body to cover the defects of the mind.—Sterne.

Greatness

All great men are partially inspired. —Cicero.

Greatness knows itself.—Shakespeare.

The most useful is the greatest.—Theodore Parker.

Great men are sincere.—Emerson.

Greatness is its own torment.—Theodore Parker.

The world knows nothing of its greatest men.—Henry Taylor.

Great souls are harmonious.—Joseph Roux.

All great men come out of the middle classes.—Emerson.

Greatness appeals to the future.—Emerson.

Great is not great to the greater.—Sir P. Sidney.

The first step to greatness is to be honest.—Johnson.

Every great man is a unique.—Emerson.

In a great soul everything is great. —Pascal.

Great men should not have great faults.—La Rochefoucauld.

Are not great men the models of nations?—Owen Meredith.

Reproach is a concomitant of greatness.—South.

The civilities of the great are never thrown away.—Johnson.

For he that once is good, is ever great.—Ben Jonson.

To be great is to be misunderstood. —Emerson.

Great men are never sufficiently shown but in struggles.—Burke.

Nothing is great but the inexhaustible wealth of nature.—Emerson.

A great mind becomes a great fortune.—Seneca.

No man ever yet became great by imitation.—Johnson.

A great man is one who affects the mind of his generation.—Beaconsfield.

A great man is made so for others. —Thomas Wilson.

None think the great unhappy but the great.—Young.

Greatness, as we daily see it, is unsociable.—Landor.

The great man is the man who does a thing for the first time.—Alexander Smith.

There is but one method, and that is hard labor.—Sydney Smith.

A man in pursuit of greatness feels no little wants.—Emerson.

No really great man ever thought himself so.—Hazlitt.

That man is great who can use the brains of others to carry on his work. —Donn Piatt.

The greatest man is he who chooses right with the most invincible resolution.—Seneca.

The great are only great because we are on our knees. Let us rise up.—Prud'homme.

The tomb is the pedestal of greatness. I make a distinction between God's great and the king's great.—Landor.

It is the prerogative of great men only to have great defects.—Rochefoucauld.

That man is great who rises to the emergencies of the occasion, and becomes master of the situation.—Donn Piatt.

Oh! greatness! thou art but a flattering dream,
A wat'ry bubble, lighter than the air.
—Tracy.

A great man is made up of qualities that meet or make great occasions.—Lowell.

It is not by his faults, but by his excellences, that we must measure a great man.—George Henry Lewes.

To be great one must be positive, and gain strength through foes.—Donn Piatt.

Everything great is not always good, but all good things are great.—Demosthenes.

What your heart thinks great is great. The soul's emphasis is always right.—Emerson.

In all the world there is nothing so remarkable as a great man, nothing so rare, nothing which so well repays study.—Theodore Parker.

It is to be lamented that great characters are seldom without a blot.—Washington.

Great souls attract sorrow as mountains do storms.—Richter.

No great thought, no great object, satisfies the mind at first view, nor at the last.—Abel Stevens.

Nothing is more simple than greatness; indeed, to be simple is to be great.—Emerson.

Great truths are portions of the soul of man;
Great souls are the portions of eternity.
—Lowell.

No sadder proof can be given by a man of his own littleness than disbelief in great men.—Carlyle.

Great men are rarely isolated mountain-peaks; they are the summits of ranges.—T. W. Higginson.

In order to do great things, it is necessary to live as if one was never to die.—Vauvenargues.

Greatness, once fallen out with fortune, must fall out with men too.—Shakespeare.

We have not the love of greatness, but the love of the love of greatness. —Carlyle.

Nothing can make a man truly great but being truly good and partaking of God's holiness.—Matthew Henry.

It is, alas! the poor prerogative of greatness, to be wretched and unpitied. —Congreve.

A great man knows the value of greatness: he dares not hazard it, he will not squander it.—Landor.

What millions died that Cæsar might be great!—Campbell.

Great souls are always loyally submissive, reverent to what is over them: only small mean souls are otherwise.—Carlyle.

The difference between Socrates and Jesus Christ? The great Conscious; the immeasurably great Unconscious. —Carlyle.

Greatness lies, not in being strong, but in the right using of strength.—Beecher.

Not that the heavens the little can make great,
But many a man has lived an age too late.
—R. H. Stoddard.

He is great who is what he is from nature, and who never reminds us of others.—Emerson.

It is the curse of greatness
To be its own destruction.
—Nabb.

When greatness descends from its lofty pedestal, it assumes human dimensions.—Mme. Louise Colet.

True greatness is sovereign wisdom. We are never deceived by our virtues. —Lamartine.

Since we cannot attain to greatness, let us revenge ourselves by railing at it.—Montaigne.

It is the age that forms the man, not the man that forms the age.—Macaulay.

The age does not believe in great men, because it does not possess any. —Beaconsfield.

Great men stand like solitary towers in the city of God.—Longfellow.

It is not in the nature of true greatness to be exclusive and arrogant.—Beecher.

The great man is to be the servant of mankind, not they of him.—Theodore Parker.

Great men are among the best gifts which God bestows upon a people.—George S. Hillard.

Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em.—Shakespeare.

A solemn and religious regard to spiritual and eternal things is an indispensable element of all true greatness.—Daniel Webster.

Rightly to be great is not to stir without great argument.—Shakespeare.

The great would not think themselves demigods if the little did not worship them.—Boiste.

Great men lose somewhat of their greatness by being near us; ordinary men gain much.—Landor.

Distinction is an eminence that is attained but too frequently at the expense of a fireside.—Simms.

That man lives greatly, whatever his fate or fame, who greatly dies.—Young.

Greatness, thou gaudy torment of our souls,
The wise man's fetter, and the rage of fools. —Otway.

Great men are they who see that spiritual is stronger than any material force, that thoughts rule the world.—Emerson.

They that stand high have many blasts to shake them; and if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.—Shakespeare.

There was never yet a truly great man that was not at the same time truly virtuous.—Benjamin Franklin.

Copiousness and simplicity, variety and unity, constitute real greatness of character.—Lavater.

Great men are more distinguished by range and extent than by originality.—Emerson.

Great men do not content us. It is their solitude, not their force, that makes them conspicuous.—Emerson.

Heaven knows, I had no such intent;
But that necessity so bow'd the state,
That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss. —Shakespeare.

Greatness is not a teachable nor gainable thing, but the expression of the mind of a God-made great man.—Ruskin.

The use of great men is to serve the little men, to take care of the human race, and act as practical interpreters of justice and truth.—Theodore Parker.

Great souls are not those who have fewer passions and more virtues than the common, but those only who have greater designs.—La Rochefoucauld.

In life, we shall find many men that are great, and some men that are good, but very few men that are both great and good.—Colton.

Earthly greatness is a nice thing, and requires so much chariness in the managing, as the contentment of it cannot requite.—Hall.

The great are only great because we carry them on our shoulders; when we throw them off they sprawl on the ground.—Montandré.

There is a better thing than the great man who is always speaking, and that is the great man who only speaks when he has a great word to say.—William Winter.

It is, in a great measure, by raising up and endowing great minds that God secures the advance of human affairs, and the accomplishment of His own plans on earth.—Albert Barnes.

A really great man is known by three signs—generosity in the design, humanity in the execution, and moderation in success.—Bismarck.

He who comes up to his own idea of greatness must always have had a very low standard of it in his mind.—Hazlitt.

A great man, I take it, is a man so inspired and permeated with the ideas of God and the Christly spirit as to be too magnanimous for vengeance, and too unselfish to seek his own ends.—David Thomas.

The truly great rest in the knowledge of their own deserts, nor seek the conformation of the world.—Alexander Smith.

A solid and substantial greatness of soul looks down with neglect on the censures and applauses of the multitude.—Addison.

Like the air-invested heron, great persons should conduct themselves; and the higher they be, the less they should show.—Sir P. Sidney.

By a certain fate, great acts, and great eloquence have most commonly gone hand in hand, equalling and honoring each other in the same ages.—Milton.

No great intellectual thing was ever done by great effort; a great thing can only be done by a great man, and he does it without effort.—Ruskin.

The greatness of action includes immoral as well as moral greatness—Cortes and Napoleon, as well as Luther and Washington.—Whipple.

Great names stand not alone for great deeds; they stand also for great virtues, and, doing them worship, we elevate ourselves.—Henry Giles.

Greatness, in any period and under any circumstances, has always been rare. It is of elemental birth, and is independent alike of its time and its circumstances.—William Winter.

The world cannot do without great men, but great men are very troublesome to the world.—Goethe.

Avoid greatness; in a cottage there may be found more real happiness than kings or their favorites enjoy in palaces.—Horace.

Nature never sends a great man into the planet, without confiding the secret to another soul.—Emerson.

Great abilities, when employed as God directs, do but make the owners of them greater and more painful servants to their neighbors.—Swift.

Great warriors, like great earthquakes, are principally remembered for the mischief they have done.—Bovee.

Great minds do indeed react on the society which has made them what they are; but they only pay with interest what they have received.—Macaulay.

Philosophy may raise us above grandeur, but nothing can elevate us above the ennui which accompanies it. —Mme. de Maintenon.

If it is a pleasure to be envied and shot at, to be maligned standing and to be despised falling, then it is a pleasure to be great.—South.

The great men of the earth are but the marking-stones on the road of humanity; they are the priests of its religion.—Mazzini.

O, be sick, great greatness, and bid thy ceremony give thee cure! Thinkest thou the fiery fever will go out with titles blown from adulation?—Shakespeare.

Those people who are always improving never become great. Greatness is an eminence, the ascent to which is steep and lofty, and which a man must seize on at once by natural boldness and vigor, and not by patient, wary steps.—Hazlitt.

For as much as to understand and to be mighty are great qualities, the higher that they be, they are so much the less to be esteemed if goodness also abound not in the possessor.—Sir P. Sidney.

Be substantially great in thyself, and more than thou appearest unto others; and let the world be deceived in thee, as they are in the lights of heaven.—Sir Thomas Browne.

He only is great who has the habits of greatness; who, after performing what none in ten thousand could accomplish, passes on like Samson, and "tells neither father nor mother of it." —Lavater.

This is the part of a great man, after he has maturely weighed all circumstances, to punish the guilty, to spare the many, and in every state of fortune not to depart from an upright, virtuous conduct.—Cicero.

There never was a great truth but it was reverenced: never a great institution, nor a great man, that did not, sooner or later, receive the reverence of mankind.—Theodore Parker.

There is something on earth greater than arbitrary power. The thunder, the lightning, and the earthquake are terrific, but the judgment of the people is more.—Daniel Webster.

The truly strong and sound mind is the mind that can embrace equally great things and small. I would have a man great in great things, and elegant in little things.—Johnson.

Speaking generally, no man appears great to his contemporaries, for the same reason that no man is great to his servants—both know too much of him.—Colton.

There is no man so great as not to have some littleness more predominant than all his greatness. Our virtues are the dupes, and often only the plaything of our follies.—Bulwer-Lytton.

A contemplation of God's works, a generous concern for the good of mankind, and the unfeigned exercise of humility only, denominate men great and glorious.—Addison.

Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonorable graves.
—Shakespeare.

Great men may jest with saints: 'tis wit in them,
But in the less, foul profanation.
* * * * * *
That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.
—Shakespeare.

He is truly great that is great in charity. He is truly great that is little in himself, and maketh no account of any height of honor. And he is truly learned that doeth the will of God, and forsaketh his own will.—Thomas à Kempis.

Great men, great events, great epochs, it has been said, grow as we recede from them; and the rate at which they grow in the estimation of men is in some sort a measure of their greatness.—Principal Shairp.

Great is Youth—equally great is Old Age—
great are Day and Night.
Great is Wealth—great is Poverty—great
is Expression—great is Silence.
—Walt Whitman.

Man's unhappiness, as I construe, comes of his greatness; it is because there is an Infinite in him, which with all his cunning he cannot quite bury under the Finite.—Carlyle.

He fought a thousand glorious wars,
And more than half the world was his,
And somewhere, now, in yonder stars,
Can tell, mayhap, what greatness is.
—Thackeray.

The gifts of Nature and accomplishments of art are valuable but as they are exerted in the interests of virtue or governed by the rules of honor.—Steele.

Great men are always exceptional men; and greatness itself is but comparative. Indeed, the range of most men in life is so limited that very few have the opportunity of being great.—Samuel Smiles.

Greatness is the aggregation of minuteness; nor can its sublimity be felt truthfully by any mind unaccustomed to the affectionate watching of what is least.—Ruskin.

A king or a prince becomes by accident a part of history. A poet or an artist becomes by nature and necessity a part of universal humanity.—Mrs. Jameson.

No man has come to true greatness who has not felt in some degree that his life belongs to his race, and that what God gives him He gives him for mankind.—Phillips Brooks.

Great people and champions are special gifts of God, whom He gives and preserves; they do their work, and achieve great actions, not with vain imaginations, or cold and sleepy cogitations, but by motion of God.—Martin Luther.

Such is the destiny of great men that their superior genius always exposes them to be the butt of the envenomed darts of calumny and envy.—Voltaire.

It appears to be among the laws of nature, that the mighty of intellect should be pursued and carped by the little, as the solitary flight of one great bird is followed by the twittering petulance of many smaller.—Landor.

The truly great consider, first, how they may gain the approbation of God, and, secondly, that of their own consciences; having done this, they would then willingly conciliate the good opinion of their fellow-men.—Colton.

We observe with confidence that the truly strong mind, view it as intellect or morality, or under any other aspect, is nowise the mind acquainted with its strength; that here the sign of health is unconsciousness.—Carlyle.

As the stars are the glory of the sky, so great men are the glory of their country, yea, of the whole earth. The hearts of great men are the stars of earth; and doubtless when one looks down from above upon our planet, these hearts are seen to send forth a silvery light just like the stars of heaven.—Heine.

Since, by your greatness, you
Are nearer heaven in place; be nearer it
In goodness: rich men should transcend the
poor,
As clouds the earth; rais'd by the comfort of
The sun, to water dry and barren grounds.
—Tourneur.

Great men need to be lifted upon the shoulders of the whole world, in order to conceive their great ideas or perform their great deeds. That is, there must be an atmosphere of greatness round about them. A hero cannot be a hero unless in an heroic world.—Hawthorne.

Worthy deeds are not often destitute of worthy relaters; as, by a certain fate, great acts and great eloquence have most commonly gone hand in hand, equalling and honoring each other in the same age.—Milton.

Some men who know that they are great are so very haughty withal and insufferable that their acquaintance discover their greatness only by the tax of humility which they are obliged to pay as the price of their friendship. —Colton.

Subtract from a great man all that he owes to opportunity and all that he owes to chance, all that he has gained by the wisdom of his friends and by the folly of his enemies, and our Brobdignag will often become a Lilliputian. —Colton.

True greatness, first of all, is a thing of the heart. It is all alive with robust and generous sympathies. It is neither behind its age, nor too far before it. It is up with its age, and ahead of it only just so far as to be able to lead its march. It cannot slumber, for activity is a necessity of its existence. It is no reservoir, but a fountain.—Roswell D. Hitchcock.

That man is great, and he alone,
Who serves a greatness not his own,
For neither praise nor pelf:
Content to know and be unknown:
Whole in himself. —Lord Lytton.

The great make us feel, first of all, the indifference of circumstances. They call into activity the higher perceptions, and subdue the low habits of comfort and luxury; but the higher perceptions find their objects everywhere; only the low habits need palaces and banquets.—Emerson.

He who does the most good is the greatest man. Power, authority, dignity, honors, wealth and station—these are so far valuable as they put it into the hands of men to be more exemplary and more useful than they could be in an obscure and private life. But then these are means conducting to an end, and that end is goodness.—Bishop Jortin.

He only is great at heart who floods the world with a great affection. He only is great of mind who stirs the world with great thoughts. He only is great of will who does something to shape the world to a great career. And he is greatest who does the most of all these things and does them best.—Roswell D. Hitchcock.

Nay, then, farewell!
I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;
And from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting. I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.
—Shakespeare.

The great men of earth are the shadow men, who, having lived and died, now live again and forever through their undying thoughts. Thus living, though their footfalls are heard no more, their voices are louder than the thunder, and unceasing as the flow of tides or air.—Beecher.

The greatest men have not always the best heads; many indiscretions may be pardoned to a brilliant and ardent imagination. The prudence and discretion of a cold heart are not worth half so much as the follies of an ardent mind.—Baron de Grimm.

The reason why great men meet with so little pity or attachment in adversity would seem to be this: the friends of a great man were made by his fortunes, his enemies by himself; and revenge is a much more punctual paymaster than gratitude.—Colton.

I will not go so far as to say, with a living poet, that the world knows nothing of its greatest men; but there are forms of greatness, or at least of excellence, which "die and make no sign"; there are martyrs that miss the palm, but not the stake; heroes without the laurel, and conquerors without the triumph.—G. A. Sala.

He that makes himself famous by his eloquence, justice or arms illustrates his extraction, let it be never so mean; and gives inestimable reputation to his parents. We should never have heard of Sophroniscus, but for his son,

Socrates; nor of Ariosto and Gryllus, if it had not been for Xenophon and Plato.—Seneca.

He alone is worthy of the appellation who either does great things, or teaches how they may be done, or describes them with a suitable majesty when they have been done; but those only are great things which tend to render life more happy, which increase the innocent enjoyments and comforts of existence, or which pave the way to a state of future bliss more permanent and more pure.—Milton.

The greatest man is he who chooses the right with invincible resolution, who resists the sorest temptations from within and without, who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully, who is calmest in storms and most fearless under menace and frowns, whose reliance on truth, on virtue, on God, is most unfaltering. I believe this greatness to be most common among the multitude, whose names are never heard.—Channing.

Persons in great stations have seldom their true character drawn till several years after their death. Their personal friendships and enmities must cease, and the parties they were engaged in be at an end, before their faults or their virtues can have justice done them. When writers have the least opportunities of knowing the truth, they are in the best disposition to tell it.—Addison.

Those who have read history with discrimination know the fallacy of those panegyrics and invectives which represent individuals as effecting great moral and intellectual revolutions, subverting established systems, and imprinting a new character on their age. The difference between one man and another is by no means so great as the superstitious crowd suppose.—Macaulay.

Few footprints of the great remain in the sand before the ever-flowing tide. Long ago it washed out Homer's. Curiosity follows him in vain; Greece and Asia perplex us with a rival Stratford-upon-Avon. The rank of Aristophanes is only conjectured from his gift to two poor players in Athens. The age made no sign when Shakespeare, its noblest son, passed away.—Willmott.

He who ascends to mountain-tops shall find
Their loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds of snow;
He who surpasses or subdues mankind,
Must look down on the hate of those below.
Tho' high above the sun of glory glow,
And far beneath the earth and ocean spread,
Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
Contending tempests on his naked head.
—Byron.

I do not hesitate to say that the road to eminence and power, from an obscure condition, ought not to be made too easy, nor a thing too much of course. If rare merit be the rarest of all things, it ought to pass through some sort of probation. The temple of honor ought to be seated on an eminence. If it be open through virtue, let it be remembered, too, that virtue is never tried but by some difficulty and some struggle.—Burke.

A great man is a gift, in some measure a revelation of God. A great man, living for high ends, is the divinest thing that can be seen on earth. The value and interest of history are derived chiefly from the lives and services of the eminent men whom it commemorates. Indeed, without these, there would be no such thing as history, and the progress of a nation would be little worth recording, as the march of a trading caravan across a desert.—George S. Hillard.

If the title of a great man ought to be reserved for him who cannot be charged with an indiscretion or a vice, who spent his life in establishing the independence, the glory and durable prosperity of his country; who succeeded in all that he undertook, and whose successes were never won at the expense of honor, justice, integrity, or by the sacrifice of a single principle—this title will not be denied to Washington.—Sparks.

The mightier man, the mightier is the thing
That makes him honor'd, or begets him Hate:
For greatest Scandal waits on greatest state.
The Moon being clouded presently is miss'd,
But little Stars may hide them when they list.
The crow may clothe his coal-black wings in mire,
And unperceived fly with the filth away;
But if the like the snow-white swan desire,
The stain upon his silver down will stay.
Poor grooms are sightless night, Kings glorious day.
Gnats are unnoted whereso'er they fly,
But eagles gazed upon with every eye.
—Shakespeare.

Great men are not the mere products of the times in which they live, the epitome of their age, the creations of those formative currents of thought that are traversing the masses. Great men are the gifts of kind heaven to our poor world; instruments by which the Highest One works out His designs; light-radiators to give guidance and blessing to the travellers of time. Though far above us, they are felt to be our brothers; and their elevation shows us what vast possibilities are wrapped up in our common humanity. They beckon us up the gleaming heights to whose summits they have climbed. Their deeds are the woof of this world's history.—Moses Harvey.

Greece

Clime of the unforgotten brave!
Whose land, from plain to mountain-cave,
Was Freedom's home, or Glory's grave;
Shrine of the mighty! can it be,
That this is all remains of thee?
—Byron.

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace—
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.
—Byron.

Greeting

As ships meet at sea a moment together, when words of greeting must be spoken, and then away upon the deep, so men meet in this world; and I think we should cross no man's path without hailing him, and if he needs giving him supplies.—Beecher.

Grief

No grief reaches the dead.—Sallust.

Grief has its time.—Johnson.

Grief alone can teach us what is man.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Grief, like a tree, has tears for its fruit.—Philemon.

The only cure for grief is action.—George Henry Lewes.

Griefs assured are felt before they come.—Dryden.

There is a solemn luxury in grief.—Wm. Mason.

My grief lies onward and my joy behind.—Shakespeare.

Grief knits two hearts in closer bonds.—Lamartine.

None can cure their harms by wailing them.—Shakespeare.

The indulgence in grief is a blunder.—Beaconsfield.

Every one can master a grief but he that has it.—Shakespeare.

I will instruct my sorrow to be proud.—Shakespeare.

She grieves sincerely who grieves unseen.—Martial.

Grief still treads upon the heels of pleasure.—Congreve.

No grief is so acute but time ameliorates it.—Cicero.

He who is resolute conquers grief.—Goethe.

Trembling lips, tuned to such grief that they say bright words sadly.—Sydney Dobell.

Grief is a stone that bears one down but two bear it lightly.—W. Hauff.

Grief is crowned with consolation.—Shakespeare.

Great griefs medicine the less.—Shakespeare.

Grief is a species of idleness.—Johnson.

Grief best is pleased with grief's society.—Shakespeare.

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended.—Shakespeare.

The flood of grief decreaseth when it can swell no longer.—Bacon.

Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief.—Shakespeare.

In rising sighs and falling tears.—Addison.

That eating canker grief, with wasteful spite, preys on the rosy bloom of youth and beauty.—Rowe.

Well has it been said that there is no grief like the grief which does not speak.—Longfellow.

'Tis long ere time can mitigate your grief;
To wisdom fly, she quickly brings relief.
—Grotius.

No future hour can rend my heart like this,
Save that which breaks it. —Maturin.

You may my glories and my state depose,
But not my griefs; still am I king of those.
—Shakespeare.

He gave a deep sigh; I saw the iron enter into his soul.—Sterne.

A malady
Preys on my heart that med'cine cannot reach. —Maturin.

He grieves more than is necesary who grieves before it is necessary.—Seneca.

Some Grief shows much of Love;
But much of Grief shows still some want of Wit. —Shakespeare.

Never morning wore to evening but some heart did break.—Tennyson.

It is dangerous to abandon one's self to the luxury of grief: it deprives one of courage, and even of the wish for recovery.—Amiel.

Half of the ills we hoard within our hearts,
Are ills because we hoard them.
—Proctor.

Some weep in perfect justice to the dead,
As conscious all their love is in arrear.
—Young.

What's gone, and what's past help,
Should be past grief. —Shakespeare.

Light griefs are plaintive, but great ones are dumb.—Seneca.

What need a man forestall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would most avoid? —Milton.

Weep I cannot;
But my heart bleeds.
—Shakespeare.

We hear the rain fall, but not the snow. Bitter grief is loud, calm grief is silent.—Auerbach.

They truly mourn that mourn without a witness.—Byron.

It is folly to tear one's hair in sorrow, as if grief could be assuaged by baldness.—Cicero.

Dr. Holmes says, both wittily and truly, that crying widows are easiest consoled.—H. W. Shaw.

Why must we first weep before we can love so deep that our hearts ache —Richter.

It will appear how impertinent that grief was which served no end of life. —Jeremy Taylor.

Grief has been compared to a hydra; for every one that dies, two are born. —Calderon.

No greater grief than to remember days of joy when misery is at hand.—Dante.

A little bitter mingled in our cup leaves no relish of the sweet.—Locke

Whose lenient sorrows find relief, whose joys are chastened by their grief.—Sir Walter Scott.

What's the newest grief? Each minute tunes a new one.—Shakespeare.

Heavy hearts, like heavy clouds in the sky, are best relieved by the letting of water.—Rivarol.

Cease to lament for that thou canst not help; and study help for that which thou lamentest.—Shakespeare.

Woman's grief is like a summer's shower—short as it is violent.—Joubert.

Alas! the breast that inly bleeds has nought to fear from outward blow.—Byron.

The violence of either grief or joy, their own enactures with themselves destroy.—Shakespeare.

The only thing that grief has taught me is to know how shallow it is.—Emerson.

A plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder.—Shakespeare.

The sickness of the heart is most easily got rid of by complaining and soothing confidence.—Goethe.

I grieve that grief can teach me nothing, nor carry me one step into real nature.—Emerson.

The grief that does not speak whispers the overfraught heart and bids it break.—Shakespeare.

Grief hallows hearts, even while it ages heads.—Bailey.

I am not mad; I would to heaven I were!
For then, 'tis like I should forget myself:
O, if I could, what grief should I forget!
—Shakespeare.

Grief is the culture of the soul, it is the true fertilizer.—Mme. de Girardin.

Grief is the agony of an instant: the indulgence of grief the blunder of a life.—Beaconsfield.

A heavier task could not have been impos'd,
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable.
—Shakespeare.

Grief hath two tongues; and never woman yet
Could rule them both without ten women's wit.
—Shakespeare.

Winter is come and gone,
But grief returns with the revolving year.
—Shelley.

Oft have I heard that grief softens the mind
And makes it fearful and degenerate.
—Shakespeare.

Grief is a tattered tent
Where through God's light doth shine.
—Lucy Larcom.

Who fails to grieve when just occasion calls,
Or grieves too much, deserves not to be blest:
Inhuman, or effeminate, his heart.
—Young.

Like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field, and flourished,
I'll hang my head, and perish.
—Shakespeare.

Nothing speaks our grief so well as to speak nothing.—Crashaw.

That grief is the most durable which flows inward, and buries its streams with its fountain, in the depths of the heart.—Jane Porter.

If our inward griefs were seen written on our brow, how many would be pitied who are now envied!—Metastasio.

Excess of grief for the deceased is madness: for it is an injury to the living, and the dead know it not.—Xenophon.

O the things unseen, untold, undreamt of, which like shadows pass hourly over that mysterious world, a

mind to ruin struck by grief!—Mrs. Hemans.

Heaven deprives me of a wife who never caused me any other grief than that of her death.—Louis XIV.

How beautiful is sorrow when it is dressed by virgin innocence! it makes felicity in others seem deformed.—Sir W. Davenant.

Grief knits two hearts in closer bonds than happiness ever can; and common sufferings are far stronger links than common joys.—Lamartine.

Great grief makes sacred those upon whom its hand is laid. Joy may elevate, ambition glorify, but sorrow alone can consecrate.—Horace Greeley.

Grief, which disposes gentle natures to retirement, to inaction, and to meditation, only makes restless spirits more restless.—Macaulay.

While grief is fresh, every attempt to divert only irritates. You must wait till grief be digested, and then amusement will dissipate the remains of it.—Johnson.

The more tender our spirits are made by religion, the more ready we are to let in grief.—Jeremy Taylor.

Grief is so far from retrieving a loss that it makes it greater; but the way to lessen it is by a comparison with others' losses.—Wycherley.

The truth is, we pamper little griefs into great ones, and bear great ones as well as we can.—Hazlitt.

In the loss of an object we do not proportion our grief to its real value, but to the value our fancies set upon it.—Addison.

Give to a wounded heart seclusion; consolation nor reason ever effected anything in such a case.—Balzac.

Sorrow, like a heavy ringing bell, once set on ringing, with its own weight goes; then little strength rings out the doleful knell.—Shakespeare.

Grief is only the memory of widowed affection. The more intense the delight in the presence of the object, the more poignant must be the impression of the absence.—James Martineau.

Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which show like grief itself, but are not so:
For sorrow's eye glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects.
—Shakespeare.

Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
The heart ungalled play;
For some must watch, while some must sleep;
Thus runs the world away.
—Shakespeare.

The wither'd frame, the ruin'd mind,
The wreck by passion left behind,
A shrivell'd scroll, a scatter'd leaf,
Sear'd by the autumn blast of grief!
—Byron.

Good is that darkening of our lives,
Which only God can brighten;
But better still that hopeless load,
Which none but God can lighten.
—Frederick William Faber.

Upon her face there was the tint of grief,
The settled shadow of an inward strife,
And an unquiet drooping of the eye,
As if its lid were charged with unshed tears. —Byron.

We know there oft is found an avarice in grief; and the wan eye of sorrow loves to gaze upon its secret hoard of treasured woes, and pine in solitude.—William Mason.

All the joys of earth will not assuage our thirst for happiness; while a single grief suffices to shroud life in a sombre veil, and smite it with nothingness at all points.—Mme. Swetchine.

The man who has learned to triumph over sorrow wears his miseries as though they were sacred fillets upon his brow; and nothing is so entirely

admirable as a man bravely wretched. —Seneca.

O, grief hath changed me since you saw me last; and careful hours, with Time's deformed hand, have written strange defeatures in my face!—Shakespeare.

O brothers! let us leave the shame and sin
Of taking vainly, in a plaintive mood,
The holy name of grief!—holy herein,
That, by the grief of One, came all our good. —Mrs. Browning.

The business of life summons us away from useless grief, and calls us to the exercise of those virtues of which we are lamenting our deprivation.—Dr. Johnson.

'Tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.—Shakespeare.

What an argument in favor of social connections is the observation that by communicating our grief we have less, and by communicating our pleasure we have more.—Greville.

Alas! I have not words to tell my grief;
To vent my sorrow would be some relief;
Light sufferings give us leisure to complain;
We groan, we cannot speak, in greater pain. —Dryden.

Be free from grief not through insensibility like the irrational animals, nor through want of thought like the foolish, but like a man of virtue by having reason as the consolation of grief.—Epictetus.

In youth, grief comes with a rush and overflow, but it dries up, too, like the torrent. In the winter of life it remains a miserable pool, resisting all evaporation.—Madame Swetchine.

Oh! call my brother back to me!
I cannot play alone;
The summer comes with flower and bee—
Where is my brother gone?
—Mrs. Hemans.

Of permanent griefs there are none, for they are but clouds. The swifter they move through the sky, the more follow after them; and even the immovable ones are absorbed by the other, and become smaller till they vanish.—Richter.

Grief or misfortune seems to be indispensable to the development of intelligence, energy, and virtue. The proofs to which the people are submitted, as with individuals, are necessary then to draw them from their lethargy, to disclose their character.—Fearon.

Grief is a flower as delicate and prompt to fade as happiness. Still, it does not wholly die. Like the magic rose, dried and unrecognizable, a warm air breathed on it will suffice to renew its bloom.—Mme. de Gasparin.

What is grief? It is an obscure labyrinth into which God leads man, that he may be experienced in life, that he may remember his faults and abjure them, that he may appreciate the calm which virtue gives.—Leopold Scheffer.

The person who grieves suffers his passion to grow upon him; he indulges it, he loves it; but this never happens in the case of actual pain, which no man ever willingly endured for any considerable time.—Burke.

Grief, like night, is salutary. It cools down the soul by putting out its feverish fires; and if it oppresses her, it also compresses her energies. The load once gone, she will go forth with greater buoyancy to new pleasures.—Dr. Pulsford.

We may deserve grief; but why should women be unhappy?—except that we know heaven chastens those whom it loves best, being pleased by repeated trials to make these pure spirits more pure.—Thackeray.

Why destroy present happiness by a distant misery, which may never come at all, or you may never live to see it? For every substantial grief has twenty shadows, and most of them shadows of your own making.—Sydney Smith.

Griefs are like the beings that endure them—the little ones are the most clamorous and noisy; those of older growth and greater magnitude are generally tranquil, and sometimes silent. —Chatfield.

He that hath so many causes of joy, and so great, is very much in love with sorrow and peevishness, who loses all these pleasures, and chooses to sit down on his little handful of thorns.—Jeremy Taylor.

Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garment with his form. — Shakespeare.

Grief! thou art classed amongst the depressing passions. And true it is that thou humblest to the dust, but also thou exaltest to the clouds. Thou shakest us with ague, but also thou steadiest like frost. Thou sickenest the heart, but also thou healest its infirmities.—De Quincey.

Sweet source of virtue,
O sacred sorrow! he who knows not thee,
Knows not the best emotions of the heart,
Those tender tears that harmonize the soul,
The sigh that charms, the pang that gives delight. —Thomson.

Long thus he chew'd the cud of inward griefe,
And did consume his gall with anguish sore;
Still when he mused on his late mischiefe,
Then still the smart thereof increased more,
And seemed more grievous than it was before. —Spenser.

As warmth makes even glaciers trickle, and opens streams in the ribs of frozen mountains, so the heart knows the full flow and life of its grief only when it begins to melt and pass away.—Beecher.

I am not prone to weeping as our sex commonly are; the want of which vain dew perchance shall dry your pities; but I have that honorable grief lodged here which burns worse than tears drown.—Shakespeare.

As a fresh wound shrinks from the hand of the surgeon, then gradually submits to and even calls for it; so a mind under the first impression of a misfortune shuns and rejects all comfort, but at length, if touched with tenderness, calmly and willingly resigns itself.—Pliny the Younger.

Oppress'd with grief, oppress'd with care,
A burden more than I can bear,
I sit me down and sigh;
O, life! thou art a galling load,
Along a rough, a weary road,
To wretches such as I. —Burns.

There is yet a silent agony in which the mind appears to disdain all external help, and broods over its distresses with gloomy reserve. This is the most dangerous state of mind; accidents or friendships may lessen the louder kinds of grief, but all remedies for this must be had from within, and there despair too often finds the most deadly enemy. —Goldsmith.

There are moods in which we court suffering, in the hope that here, at least, we shall find reality, sharp peaks and edges of truth. But it turns out to be scene-painting and counterfeit. The only thing grief has taught me is to know how shallow it is.—Emerson.

Those great and stormy passions do so spend the whole stock of grief that they presently admit a comfort and contrary affection; while a sorrow that is even and temperate goes on to its period with expectation and the distance of a just time.—Jeremy Taylor.

Grotesque

The noble grotesque involves the true appreciation of beauty.—Ruskin.

The true grotesque being the expression of the repose or play of a serious mind, there is a false grotesque opposed to it, which is the result of the full exertion of a frivolous one.—Ruskin.

Wherever the human mind is healthy and vigorous in all its proportions, great in imagination and emotion no less than in intellect, and not

overborne by an undue or hardened pre-eminence of the mere reasoning faculties, there the grotesque will exist in full energy.—Ruskin.

I believe that there is no test of greatness in periods, nations or men more sure than the development, among them or in them, of a noble grotesque, and no test of comparative smallness or limitation, of one kind or another, more sure than the absence of grotesque invention, or incapability of understanding it.—Ruskin.

Growth

The lofty oak from a small acorn grows.—Lewis Duncombe.

Gardener, for telling me these news of woe,
Pray God the plants thou graft'st may never grow. —Shakespeare.

'Tis thus the mercury of man is fix'd,
Strong grows the virtue with his nature mix'd. —Pope.

In a narrow circle the mind contracts.
Man grows with his expanded needs.
—Schiller.

Our pleasures and our discontents,
Are rounds by which we may ascend.
—Longfellow.

He builded better than he knew—
The conscious stone to beauty grew.
—Emerson.

And so all growth that is not towards God
Is growing to decay.
—George MacDonald.

Then bless thy secret growth, nor catch
At noise, but thrive unseen and dumb;
Keep clean, be as fruit, earn life, and watch
Till the white-wing'd reapers come.
—Henry Vaughan.

"Ay," quoth my uncle Gloucester,
"Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace:"
And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste. —Shakespeare.

Arts and sciences are not cast in a mould, but are found and perfected by degrees, by often handling and polishing, as bears leisurely lick their cubs into shape.—Montaigne.

Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength.—Pope.

Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.—Goldsmith.

What? Was man made a wheel-work to wind up,
And be discharged, and straight wound up anew?
No! grown, his growth lasts; taught, he ne'er forgets;
May learn a thousand things, not twice the same. —Robert Browning.

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere:
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night—
It was the plant and flower of Light.
—Ben Jonson.

Jock, when ye hae naething else to do, ye may be aye sticking in a tree; it will be growing, Jock, when ye're sleeping.—Scott.

Grumbling

It's a great comfort to some people to groan over their imaginary ills.—Thackeray.

Grumblers deserve to be operated upon surgically; their trouble is usually chronic.—Douglas Jerrold.

Complaint is the largest tribute Heaven receives.—Swift.

Those who complain most are most to be complained of.—Matthew Henry.

I pity the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba, and cry, it is all barren.—Sterne.

Every one must see daily instances of people who complain from a mere habit of complaining.—Graves.

The very large, very respectable, and very knowing class of misanthropes who rejoice in the name of

grumblers,—persons who are so sure that the world is going to ruin, that they resent every attempt to comfort them as an insult to their sagacity, and accordingly seek their chief consolation in being inconsolable, their chief pleasure in being displeased.—Whipple.

When a man is full of the Holy Ghost, he is the very last man to be complaining of other people.—D. L. Moody.

From mad dogs and grumbling professors may we all be delivered; and may we never take the complaint from either of them!—Spurgeon.

There is an unfortunate disposition in a man to attend much more to the faults of his companions which offend him, than to their perfections which please him.—Greville.

No talent, no self-denial, no brains, no character, is required to set up in the grumbling business; but those who are moved by a genuine desire to do good have little time for murmuring or complaint.—Robert West.

Guest

A pretty woman is a welcome guest. —Byron.

Unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.
—Shakespeare.

Here's our chief guest.
If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast.
—Shakespeare.

For I, who holds sage Homer's rule the best,
Welcome the coming, speed the going guest. —Pope.

See, your guests approach:
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.
—Shakespeare.

Some steam process should be invented for arranging guests when they are above five hundred.—Beaconsfield.

The first day a man is a guest, the second a burden, the third a pest.—Laboulaye.

You must come home with me and be my guest;
You will give joy to me, and I will do
All that is in my power to honor you.
—Shelley.

For whom he means to make an often guest,
One dish shall serve; and welcome make the rest. —Joseph Hall.

Guilt

Be sure your sin will find you out. —Bible.

The ghostly consciousness of wrong. —Carlyle.

Guilt's a terrible thing.—Ben Jonson.

Guilt is a spiritual Rubicon.—Jane Porter.

The mind of guilt is full of scorpions.—Shakespeare.

No one becomes guilty by fate.—Seneca.

Let the galled jade wince.—Shakespeare.

He who flees from trial confesses his guilt.—Syrus.

Guilt soon learns to lie.—Miss Braddon.

Guilt has very quick ears to an accusation.—Fielding.

My hands are guilty, but my heart is free.—Dryden.

And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons.—Shakespeare.

The guilt being great, the fear doth still exceed.—Shakespeare.

A land of levity is a land of guilt. —Young.

Guilt is ever at a loss, and confusion waits upon it.—Congreve.

Guilt is a timorous thing ere perpetration; despair alone makes guilty men be bold.—Coleridge.

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all.—Shakespeare.

Wickedness consists in the very hesitation about an act, even though it be not perpetrated.—Cicero.

A wicked conscience mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy thoughts.—Shakespeare.

There are no greater prudes than those women who have some secret to hide.—George Sand.

The sin lessens in human estimation only as the guilt increases.—Schiller.

He that commits a sin shall find the pressing guilt lie heavy on his mind.—Creech.

Guiltiness will speak, though tongues were out of use.—Shakespeare.

All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.—Shakespeare.

From the body of one guilty deed a thousand ghostly fears and haunting thoughts proceed.—Wordsworth.

It is easy to defend the innocent: but who is eloquent enough to defend the guilty?—Publius Syrus.

One fault begets another; one crime renders another necessary.—Southey.

The guilty mind debases the great image that it wears, and levels us with brutes.—Havard.

Beside one deed of guilt, how blest is guiltless woe!—Bulwer-Lytton.

Thou need'st not answer; thy confession speaks,
Already redd'ning in thy guilty cheeks.
—Byron.

Men's minds are too ingenious in palliating guilt in themselves.—Livy.

Alas! how difficult it is to prevent the countenance from betraying guilt.—Ovid.

How guilt, once harbor'd in the conscious breast,
Intimidates the brave, degrades the great!
Dr. Johnson.

All fear, but fear of heaven, betrays a guilt,
And guilt is villainy. —N. Lee.

Let guilty men remember, their black deeds
Do lean on crutches made of slender reeds.
—John Webster.

I esteem death a trifle, if not caused by guilt.—Plautus.

He is not guilty who is not guilty of his own free will.—Seneca.

Life is not the supreme good; but of all earthly ills the chief is guilt.—Schiller.

I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still.—Shakespeare.

The guilt being great, the fear doth still exceed.—Shakespeare.

God hath yoked to guilt her pale tormentor,—misery.—Bryant.

The greatest incitement to guilt is the hope of sinning with impunity.—Cicero.

They whose guilt within their bosoms lie imagine every eye beholds their blame.—Shakespeare.

If one know them they are in the terrors of the shadow of death.—Bible.

Where, where for shelter shall the guilty fly,
When consternation turns the good man pale? —Young.

Guilt is the source of sorrow; 'tis the fiend,
The avenging fiend, that follows us behind
With whips and stings. —Rowe.

Let wickedness escape as it may at the bar, it never fails of doing justice upon itself; for every guilty person is his own hangman.—Seneca.

Our sins, like to our shadows, when our day was in its glory, scarce appeared; toward our evening, how great and monstrous!—Suckling.

Thoughts cannot form themselves in words so horrid
As can express my guilt. —Dryden.

Guilt alone, like brain-sick frenzy in its feverish mood, fills the light air with visionary terrors, and shapeless forms of fear.—Junius.

O, she is fallen
Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again. —Shakespeare.

Every man bears something within him that, if it were publicly announced, would excite feelings of aversion.—Goethe.

Action and care will in time wear down the strongest frame; but guilt and melancholy are poisons of quick despatch.—Thomas Paine.

Let no man trust the first false step of guilt; it hangs upon a precipice, whose steep descent in last perdition ends.—Young.

All good men and women should be on their guard to avoid guilt, and even the suspicion of it.—Plautus.

To what gulfs
A single deviation from the track
Of human duties leads! —Byron.

It is base to filch a purse, daring to embezzle a million, but it is great beyond measure to steal a crown. The sin lessens as the guilt increases.—Schiller.

When guilt is in its blush of infancy, it trembles in a tenderness of shame; and the first eye that pierces through the veil that hides the secret brings it to the face.—Southern.

Guilt has always its horrors and solicitudes; and, to make it yet more shameful and detestable, it is doomed often to stand in awe of those to whom nothing could give influence or weight but their power of betraying. —Johnson.

Fraud and falsehood are his weak and treacherous allies; and he lurks trembling in the dark, dreading every ray of light, lest it should discover him, and give him up to shame and punishment.—Fielding.

He who is conscious of secret and dark designs, which, if known, would blast him, is perpetually shrinking and dodging from public observation, and is afraid of all around him, and much more of all above him.—Wirt.

Guilt was never a rational thing; it distorts all the faculties of the human mind, it perverts them, it leaves a man no longer in the free use of his reason, it puts him into confusion.—Burke.

He swears, but he is sick at heart:
He laughs, but he turns deadly pale;
His restless eye and sudden start—
These tell the dreadful tale
That will be told: it needs no words from thee
Thou self-sold slave to guilt and misery.
—Dana.

Think not that guilt requires the burning torches of the furies to agitate and torment it. Their own frauds, their crimes, their remembrances of the past, their terrors of the future,—these are the domestic furies that are ever present to the mind of the impious.—Robert Hall.

Guilt is a poor, helpless, dependent being. Without the alliance of able, diligent, and let me add, fortunate fraud, it is inevitably undone. If the guilty culprit be obstinately silent, it forms a deadly presumption against him; if he speaks, talking tends only to his discovery, and his very defence often furnishes the materials for his conviction.—Junius.

Guilt, though it may attain temporal splendor, can never confer real happiness; the evil consequences of our crimes long survive their commission, and, like the ghosts of the murdered, forever haunt the steps of the malefactor; while the paths of virtue, though seldom those of worldly great-

ness, are always those of pleasantness and peace.—Sir Walter Scott.

What we call real estate—the solid ground to build a house on—is the broad foundation on which nearly all the guilt of this world rests.—Nathaniel Hawthorne.

They who once engage in iniquitous designs miserably deceive themselves when they think that they will go so far and no farther; one fault begets another, one crime renders another necessary: and thus they are impelled continually downward into a depth of guilt, which at the commencement of their career they would have died rather than have incurred.—Southey.

There is no man so good, that so squares all his thoughts and actions to the laws, that he is not faulty enough to deserve hanging ten times in his life. Nay, and such a one, too, as it were great pity to make away, and very unjust to punish. And such a one there may be, as has no way offended the laws, who nevertheless would not deserve the character of a virtuous man, and that philosophy would justly condemn to be whipped; so unequal and perplexed is this relation.—Montaigne.

H

Habit

Habit is ten times nature.—Wellington.

Habit, if not resisted, soon becomes necessity.—St. Augustine.

Habit is the nursery of errors.—Victor Hugo.

Habit is necessary to give power.—Hazlitt.

Habit is the most imperious of all masters.—Goethe.

Habit is stronger than nature.—Quintus Curtius Rufus.

Habit is, as it were, a second nature.—Cicero.

Nothing is stronger than habit.—Ovid.

How use doth breed a habit in a man!—Shakespeare.

Pursuits become habits.—Ovid.

The power of habit is very strong.—Syrus.

A large part of Christian virtue consists in right habits.—Paley.

Beware of fixing habits in a child.—Robert Hall.

All habits gather by unseen degrees.—Dryden.

Habit is a cable. We weave a thread of it every day, and at last we cannot break it.—Horace Mann.

Our second mother, habit, is also a good mother.—Auerbach.

In the great majority of things habit is a greater plague than ever afflicted Egypt.—John Foster.

The chain of habit coils itself around the heart like a serpent, to gnaw and stifle it.—Hazlitt.

Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,—as brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.—Dryden.

For use almost can change the stamp of nature.—Shakespeare.

Man yields to custom as he bows to fate,—in all things ruled, mind, body, and estate.—Crabbe.

Unless the habit leads to happiness the best habit is to contract none.—Zimmermann.

Habit is altogether too arbitrary a master for me to submit to.—Lavater.

It is easy to assume a habit; but when you try to cast it off, it will take skin and all.—H. W. Shaw.

Habits are soon assumed: but when we strive to strip them off, 'tis being flayed alive.—Cowper.

It is almost as difficult to make a man unlearn his errors as his knowledge.—Colton.

The chains of habit are generally too small to be felt till they are too strong to be broken.—Johnson.

Habit is the deepest law of human nature.—Carlyle.

Habit, to which all of us are more or less slaves.—La Fontaine.

Every base occupation makes one sharp in its practice and dull in every other.—Sir P. Sidney.

How many unjust and wicked things are done from mere habit.—Terence.

Habit gives endurance, and fatigue is the best night cap.—Kincaid.

Small habits well pursued, betimes,
May reach the dignity of crimes.
—Hannah More.

I will be a slave to no habit; therefore farewell tobacco.—Hosea Ballou.

To learn new habits is everything, for it is to reach the substance of life. Life is but a tissue of habits.—Amiel.

Long customs are not easily broken; he that attempts to change the course of his own life very often labors in vain.—Johnson.

Nothing really pleasant or unpleasant subsists by nature, but all things become so by habit.—Epictetus.

Lord Tenterden, the celebrated judge, expired with these words on his lips, "Gentlemen of the jury, you will now consider your verdict."—Lord Campbell.

If an idiot were to tell you the same story every day for a year, you would end by believing him.—Burke.

Are we not like the actor of old times, who wore his mask so long his face took its likeness?—L. E. Landon.

Vicious habits are so odious and degrading that they transform the individual who practices them into an incarnate demon.—Cicero.

Habits, soft and pliant at first, are like some coral stones, which are easily cut when first quarried, but soon become hard as adamant.—Spurgeon.

That beneficent harness of routine, which enables silly men to live respectably and happy men to live calmly. —George Eliot.

Habit will reconcile us to everything but change, and even to change if it recur not too quickly.—Colton.

I have often found a small stream at its fountain-head, that, when followed up, carried away the camel with his load.—Saadi.

Habits are the daughters of action; but they nurse their mothers, and give birth to daughters after her image, more lovely and prosperous.—Jeremy Taylor.

Acts of virtue ripen into habits; and the goodly and permanent result is the formation or establishment of a virtuous character.—Chalmers.

A single bad habit will mar an otherwise faultless character, as an ink-drop soileth the pure white page.—Hosea Ballou.

Habits are like the wrinkles on a man's brow; if you will smooth out the one, I will smooth out the other. —H. W. Shaw.

Marriage should combat without respite or mercy that monster which devours everything,—habit.—Balzac.

To things which you bear with impatience you should accustom yourself, and, by habit you will bear them well. —Seneca.

Habit with him was all the test of truth;
"It must be right: I've done it from my youth."
—Crabbe.

My very chains and I grew friends,
So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are; even I
Regain'd my freedom with a sigh.
—Byron.

Habit and imitation—there is nothing more perennial in us than these two. They are the source of all working, and all apprenticeship, of all practice, and all learning, in this world.—Thomas Carlyle.

If thou dost still retain the same ill habits, the same follies, too, still thou art bound to vice, and still a slave.—Dryden.

The law of the harvest is to reap more than you sow. Sow an act, and you reap a habit; sow a habit, and you reap a character; sow a character, and you reap a destiny.—G. D. Boardman.

It must be conceded that, after affection, habit has its peculiar value. It is a little stream which flows softly, but freshens everything along its course.—Madame Swetchine.

Habits, though in their commencement like the filmy line of the spider, trembling at every breeze, may in the end prove as links of tempered steel, binding a deathless being to eternal felicity or woe.—Mrs. Sigourney.

The will that yields the first time with some reluctance does so the second time with less hesitation, and the third time with none at all, until presently the habit is adopted.—Henry Giles.

For the honest people, relations increase with the years. For the vicious, inconveniences increase. Inconstancy is the defect of vice; the influence of habit is one of the qualities of virtue.—Madame Necker.

The habit of virtue cannot be formed in a closet. Habits are formed by acts of reason in a persevering struggle through temptation.—Gilpin.

I perceive that the things that we do are silly; but what can one do? According to men's habits and dispositions, so one must yield to them.—Terence.

Habit in most cases hardens and encrusts by taking away the keener edge of our sensations: but does it not in others quicken and refine, by giving a mechanical facility and by engrafting an acquired sense?—Hazlitt.

Habits are formed, not at one stroke, but gradually and insensibly; so that, unless vigilant care be employed, a great change may come over the character without our being conscious of any.—Whately.

A young man ought to cross his own rules, to awake his vigor, and to keep it from growing faint and rusty. And there is no course of life so weak and sottish as that which is carried on by rule and discipline.—Montaigne.

Make sobriety a habit, and intemperance will be hateful; make prudence a habit, and reckless profligacy will be as contrary to the nature of the child, grown or adult, as the most atrocious crimes are to any of us.—Brougham.

To be perpetually longing and impatiently desirous of anything, so that a man cannot abstain from it, is to lose a man's liberty, and to become a servant of meat and drink, or smoke.—Jeremy Taylor.

Habit is the approximation of the animal system to the organic. It is a confession of failure in the highest function of being, which involves a perpetual self-determination, in full view of all existing circumstances.—Holmes.

I will govern my life and my thoughts as if the whole world were to see the one and to read the other; for what does it signify to make anything a secret to my neighbor, when to God (who is the searcher of our hearts) all our privacies are open?—Seneca.

Vicious habits are so great a stain to human nature, and so odious in themselves, that every person actuated by right reason would avoid them, though he were sure they would be always concealed both from God and man, and had no future punishment entailed upon them.—Cicero.

Habit, if wisely and skillfully formed, becomes truly a second nature, as the common saying is; but unskillfully and unmethodically directed, it will be, as it were, the ape of Nature, which imitates nothing to the life, but only clumsily and awkwardly.—Bacon

I trust everything, under God, to habit, upon which, in all ages, the lawgiver, as well as the schoolmaster, has mainly placed his reliance,—habit, which makes everything easy, and casts all difficulties upon the deviation from the wonted course.—Lord Brougham.

Like flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed. No single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change; no single action creates, however it may exhibit, a man's character.—Jeremy Taylor.

And it is a singular truth that, though a man may shake off national habits, accent, manner of thinking, style of dress,—though he may become perfectly identified with another nation, and speak its language well, perhaps better than his own,—yet never can he succeed in changing his handwriting to a foreign style.—Disraeli.

Habit hath so vast a prevalence over the human mind that there is scarce anything too strange or too strong to be asserted of it. The story of the miser who, from long accustoming to cheat others, came at last to cheat himself, and with great delight and triumph picked his own pocket of a guinea to convey to his hoard, is not impossible or improbable.—Fielding.

Give a child the habit of sacredly regarding the truth—of carefully respecting the property of others—of scrupulously abstaining from all acts of improvidence which can involve him in distress, and he will just as likely think of rushing into the element in which he cannot breathe, as of lying or cheating or stealing.—Lord Brougham.

Centres, or centre-pieces of wood, are put by builders under an arch of stone while it is in the process of construction till the key-stone is put in. Just such is the use Satan makes of pleasures, to construct evil habits upon; the pleasure lasts till the habit is fully formed; but that done the habit may stand eternal. The pleasures are sent for firewood, and the hell begins in this life.—Coleridge.

If we look back upon the usual course of our feelings, we shall find that we are more influenced by the frequent recurrence of objects than by their weight and importance; and that habit has more force in forming our characters than our opinions have. The mind naturally takes its tone and complexion from what it habitually contemplates.—Robert Hall.

A tendency to resume the same mode of action at stated times is peculiarly the characteristic of the nervous system; and on this account regularity is of great consequence in exercising the moral and intellectual power. All nervous diseases have a marked tendency to observe regular periods; and the natural inclination to sleep at the approach of night is another instance of the same fact.—Dr. Combe.

Hair

Gray hairs are death's blossoms.—Schiller.

When you see fair hair, be pitiful.—George Eliot.

The ungrown glories of his beamy hair.—Addison.

Sweet girl graduates, in their golden hair.—Tennyson.

Robed in the long night of her deep hair.—Tennyson.

Thy fair hair my heart enchained.—Sir Philip Sidney.

Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare.—Pope.

Her luxuriant hair,—it was like the sweep of a swift wing in visions!—Willis.

The robe which curious Nature weaves to hang upon the head.—Decker.

How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!—Shakespeare.

Comb down his hair; look, look! it stands upright.—Shakespeare.

And her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece.
—Shakespeare.

Golden hair, like sunlight streaming
On the marble of her shoulder.
—J. G. Saxe.

I pray thee let me and my fellow have
A hair of the dog that bit us last night.
—John Heywood.

Make false hair, and thatch your poor thin roofs with burthens of the dead.—Shakespeare.

Loose his beard and hoary hair streamed, like a meteor, to the troubled air.—Gray.

For deadly fear can time outgo, and blanch at once the hair.—Sir Walter Scott.

There seems a life in hair, though it be dead.—Leigh Hunt.

Her hair down-gushing in an armful flows,
And floods her ivory neck, and glitters as she goes. —Allan Cunningham.

Whose every little ringlet thrilled, as if with soul and passion filled!—Moore.

The hoary head is a crown of glory if it be found in the way of righteousness.—Bible.

A large head of hair adds beauty to a good face, and terror to an ugly one.—Lycurgus.

The glittering tresses which, now shaken loose,
Shower'd gold. —Owen Meredith.

His hair is of a good color,—an excellent color; your chestnut was ever the only color.—Shakespeare.

By common consent gray hairs are a crown of glory; the only object of respect that can never excite envy.—Bancroft.

Long, glorious locks, which drop upon thy cheek like gold-hued cloud-flakes on the rosy morn.—Bailey.

Give me a look, give me a face that makes simplicity a grace—robes loosely flowing, hair as free!—Ben Jonson.

Dear, dead women, with such hair, too—
what's become of all the gold
Used to hang and brush their bosoms?
—Robert Browning.

Her hair was not more sunny than her heart, though like a natural golden coronet it circled her dear head with careless art.—Lowell.

The hair is the finest ornament women have. Of old, virgins used to wear it loose, except when they were in mourning.—Luther.

The redundant locks, robustious to no purpose, clustering down—vast monument of strength.—Milton.

An angel face! its sunny "wealth of hair,"
In radiant ripples, bathed the graceful throat
And dimpled shoulders.—Mrs. Osgood.

Her cap of velvet could not hold
The tresses of her hair of gold,
That flowed and floated like the stream,
And fell in masses down her neck.
—Longfellow.

Her hair is bound with myrtle leaves,
(Green leaves upon her golden hair!)
Green grasses through the yellow sheaves
Of autumn corn are not more fair.
—Oscar Wilde.

Come, let me pluck that silver hair
Which 'mid thy clustering curls I see;
The withering type of time or care
Has nothing, sure, to do with thee.
—Alaric Alex Watts.

Ah, thy beautiful hair! so was it once braided for me, for me;
Now for death is it crowned, only for death, lover and lord of thee.
—Swinburne.

A large bare forehead gives a woman a masculine and defying look. The word "effrontery" comes from it. The hair should be brought over such a forehead as vines are trailed over a wall.—Leigh Hunt.

Her golden locks she roundly did uptie in braided trammels, that no looser hairs did out of order stray about her dainty ears.—Spenser.

Her head was bare, but for her native ornament of hair, which in a simple knot was tied above—sweet negligence, unheeded bait of love!—Dryden.

Her long loose yellow locks lyke golden wyre,
Sprinckled with perle, and perling flowres atweene,
Doe lyke a golden mantle her attyre.
—Spenser.

A silver line, that from the brow to the crown,
And in the middle, parts the braided hair,
Just serves to show how delicate a soil
The golden harvest grows in.
—Wordsworth.

Her hair
In ringlets rather dark than fair,
Does down her ivory bosom roll,
And hiding half adorns the whole.
—Prior.

Her locks are plighted like the fleece of wool
That Jason and his Grecian mates achiev'd,
As pure as gold, yet not from gold deriv'd;
As full of sweets as sweet of sweets is full.
—Robert Greene.

Beware of her fair hair, for she excels
All women in the magic of her locks;
And when she winds them round a young man's neck,
She will not ever set him free again.
—Goethe.

Gray hair is beautiful in itself, and so softening to the complexion and so picturesque in its effect that many a woman who has been plain in her youth is, by its beneficent influence, transformed into a handsome woman. —Miss Oakey.

It was brown with a golden gloss, Janette,
It was finer than silk of the floss, my pet;
'Twas a beautiful mist falling down to your wrist,
'Twas a thing to be braided, and jewelled, and kissed—
'Twas the loveliest hair in the world, my pet.
—Chas. G. Halpine.

God doth bestow that garment, when we die, that, like a soft and silken canopy, is still spread over us. In spite of death, our hair grows in the grave; and that alone looks fresh when all our other beauty's gone.—Decker.

Look on beauty, and you shall see 'tis purchased by the weight; which therein works a miracle in Nature, making them lightest that wear most of it: so are those crispèd snaky golden locks which make such wanton gambols with the wind upon supposed fairness, often known to be the dowry of a second head, the skull that bred them in the sepulchre.—Shakespeare.

This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourish'd two locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conspir'd to deck,
With shining ringlets, the smooth ivory neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains,
With hairy springes we the birds betray,
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey.
—Pope.

Bind up those tresses. O, what love I note
In the fair multitude of those her hairs!
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,
Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends
Do glue themselves in sociable grief,
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.
—Shakespeare.

Hair is the most delicate and lasting of our materials, and survives us, like love. It is so light, so gentle, so escaping from the idea of death, that, with a lock of hair belonging to a child or friend, we may almost look up to heaven and compare notes with the angelic nature,—may almost say, "I have a piece of thee here not unworthy of thy being now."—Leigh Hunt.

Hand

The mind's only perfect vassal.—Tuckerman.

The hand that gives, gathers.—Eugene Sue.

As expressive as the face.—N. P. Willis.

The white wonder of Juliet's hands. —Shakespeare.

There is no better sign of a brave mind than a hard hand.—Shakespeare.

He who beholds her hand forgets her face.—Mrs. Brooks.

A dazzling white hand, veined cerulean.—Massey.

His noble hand did win what he did spend.—Shakespeare.

My hands are clean, but my heart has somewhat of impurity.—Euripides.

The wise hand does not all the tongue dictates.—Cervantes.

His hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him.—Bible.

I love a hand that meets mine own
With grasp that causes some sensation.
—Mrs. Osgood.

For through the south the custom still commands
The gentleman to kiss the lady's hands.
—Byron.

Even to the delicacy of their hand
There was resemblance such as true blood wears. —Byron.

Women carry a beautiful hand with them to the grave, when a beautiful face has long ago vanished.—Beaconsfield.

Without the bed her other fair hand was,
On the green coverlet; whose perfect white
Show'd like an April daisy on the grass,
With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night. —Shakespeare.

Her hand, in whose comparison all whites are ink writing their own reproach, to whose soft seizure the cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense hard as the palm of ploughman! —Shakespeare.

Venerable to me is the hard hand,—crooked, coarse,—wherein, notwithstanding, lies a cunning virtue, indispensably royal as of the sceptre of the planet.—Carlyle.

Neither the naked hand nor the understanding, left to itself, can do much; the work is accomplished by instruments and helps, of which the need is not less for the understanding than the hand.—Bacon.

Other parts of the body assist the speaker, but these speak themselves. By them we ask, we promise, we invoke, we dismiss, we threaten, we entreat, we deprecate; we express fear, joy, grief, our doubts, our assent, our penitence; we show moderation, profusion; we mark number and time.—Quintilian.

I take thy hand, this hand,
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it;
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow,
That's bolted by the northern blast twice o'er. —Shakespeare.

The Greeks adored their gods by the simple compliment of kissing their hands; and the Romans were treated as atheists if they would not perform the same act when they entered a temple. This custom, however, as a religious ceremony declined with paganism, but was continued as a salutation by inferiors to their superiors, or as a token of esteem among friends.—Disraeli.

Lavater told Goethe that, on a certain occasion when he held the velvet bag in the church as collector of the offerings, he tried to observe only the hands; and he satisfied himself that in every individual the shape of the hand and of the fingers, the action and sentiment in dropping the gift into the bag, were distinctly different and individually characteristic.—Mrs. Jameson.

'Twas a hand
White, delicate, dimpled, warm, languid, and bland.
The hand of a woman is often, in youth,
Somewhat rough, somewhat red, somewhat graceless, in truth;
Does its beauty refine, as its pulses grow calm,
Or as sorrow has crossed the life line in the palm? —Lord Lytton.

There is a hand that has no heart in it, there is a claw or paw, a flipper or fin, a bit of wet cloth to take hold of, a piece of unbaked dough on the cook's trencher, a cold clammy thing we recoil from, or greedy clutch with the heat of sin, which we drop as a burning coal

What a scale from the talon to the horn of plenty, is this human palm-leaf! Sometimes it is what a knife-shaped, thin-bladed tool we dare not grasp, or like a poisonous thing we shake off, or unclean member, which, white as it may look, we feel polluted by!—C. A. Bartol.

Happiness

The soul's calm sunshine.—Pope.

Happiness is an exotic of celestial birth.—Sheridan.

Happiness is the natural flower of duty.—Phillips Brooks.

Happiness is reflective, like the light of heaven.—Washington Irving.

There is no man but may make his paradise.—Beaumont and Fletcher.

Happiness is a rare cosmetic.—G. J. W. Melville.

Every one speaks of it, few know it. —Mme. Roland.

The saddest birds a season find to sing.—Southwell.

He who is good is happy.—Habbington.

There are no rules for felicity.—Victor Hugo.

True wisdom is the price of happiness.—Young.

Happiness is unrepented pleasure.—Socrates.

Happiness is a good that Nature sells us.—Voltaire.

Happiness is not perfected until it is shared.—Jane Porter.

Happiness is no laughing matter.—Whately.

They live too long who happiness outlive.—Dryden.

The best happiness will be to escape the worst misery.—George Eliot.

Man is the artificer of his own happiness.—Henry D. Thoreau.

Happiness is an equivalent for all troublesome things.—Epictetus.

Be happy, but be so by piety.—Mme. de Staël.

Happiness seems made to be shared. —Corneille.

Happiness may have but one night, as glory but one day.—Alfred de Musset.

The rays of happiness, like those of light, are colorless when unbroken.—Longfellow.

None are happy but by anticipation of change.—Dr. Johnson.

Happiness lies, first of all, in health. —George William Curtis.

There is in man a higher than love of happiness; he can do without happiness, and instead thereof find blessedness.—Carlyle.

What happiness is there which is not purchased with more or less of pain?—Mrs. Oliphant.

Happiness is where we find it, but very rarely where we seek it.—J. Petit-Senn.

That happiness does still the longest thrive where joys and griefs have turns alternative.—Herrick.

There comes forever something between us and what we deem our happiness.—Byron.

All who joy would win
Must share it—happiness was born a twin.
—Byron.

True happiness ne'er entered at an eye;
True happiness resides in things unseen.
—Young

Happiness—a good bank account, a good cook, and a good digestion.—Rousseau.

One cannot be fully happy until after h's sixtieth year.—Bonstetten.

Fortitude, justice, and candor are very necessary instruments of happiness, but they require time and exertion.—Sydney Smith.

Those who seek for something more than happiness in this world must not complain if happiness is not their portion.—Froude.

Happiness without peace is temporal; peace along with happiness is eternal.—Aughey.

We are never happy: we can only remember that we were so once.—Alexander Smith.

So long as you do not quarrel with sin, you will never be a truly happy man.—J. C. Ryle.

Happiness does away with ugliness, and even makes the beauty of beauty. —Amiel.

The happiest women, like the happiest nations, have no history.—George Eliot.

To be happy is not the purpose for which you are placed in this world.—Froude.

To be strong
Is to be happy! —Longfellow.

We are no longer happy so soon as we wish to be happier.—Landor.

Nothing is more idle than to inquire after happiness, which nature has kindly placed within our reach.—Johnson.

Happiness never lays its finger on its pulse. If we attempt to steal a glimpse of its features it disappears.—Alexander Smith.

Beware what earth calls happiness; beware all joys but joys that never can expire.—Young.

The happiness or unhappiness of men depends no less upon their dispositions than their fortunes.—La Rochefoucauld.

When we reflect on the shortness and uncertainty of life, how despicable seem all our pursuits of happiness.—Hume.

It is no happiness to live long, nor unhappiness to die soon; happy is he that hath lived long enough to die well. —Quarles.

How bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! —Shakespeare.

Happiness is not the end of duty, it is a constituent of it. It is in it and of it; not an equivalent, but an element.—Henry Giles.

Happiness is always the inaccessible castle which sinks in ruin when we set foot on it.—Arsène Houssaye.

Our happiness in this world depends on the affections we are enabled to inspire.—Duchesse de Praslin.

Human happiness depends mainly upon the improvement of small opportunities.—J. L. Basford.

No one can be said to be happy until he is dead.—Solon.

Happiness is neither within us nor without us, it is the union of ourselves with God.—Pascal.

To be happy is not the purpose of our being, but to deserve happiness.—Fichte.

Real happiness is cheap enough, yet how dearly we pay for its counterfeit! —Hosea Ballou.

The sunshine of life is made up of very little beams, that are bright all the time.—Aikin.

If we cannot live so as to be happy, let us at least live so as to deserve happiness.—Fichte.

We are never so happy, nor so unhappy, as we suppose ourselves to be. —La Rochefoucauld.

Happiness grows at our own firesides, and is not to be picked in strangers' gardens.—Douglas Jerrold

He who has no wish to be happier is the happiest of men.—W. R. Alger.

There must be some mixture of happiness in everything but sin.—Mrs. Sigourney.

The highest happiness, the purest joys of life, wear out at last.—Goethe.

Happiness is no other than soundness and perfection of mind.—Antoninus.

I have enjoyed earthly happiness,
I have lived and loved.—Schiller.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of paradise that hast survived the fall!
—Cowper.

He that upon a true principle lives, without any disquiet of thought, may be said to be happy.—L'Estrange.

Nature has granted to all to be happy, if we did but know how to use her benefits.—Claudian.

True happiness (if understood)
Consists alone in doing good.
—Thomson.

Beware what earth calls happiness; beware all joys but joys that never can expire.—Young.

In my opinion it is the happy living, and not, as Antisthenes said, the happy dying, in which human happiness consists.—Montaigne.

Happiness is a sunbeam, which may pass through a thousand bosoms without losing a particle of its original ray. —Sir P. Sidney.

The happiness of the tender heart is increased by what it can take away from the wretchedness of others.—J. Petit-Senn.

Happiness and virtue react upon each other—the best are not only the happiest, but the happiest are usually the best.—Lytton.

The happiness of the human race in this world does not consist in our being devoid of passions, but in our learning to command them.—From the French.

I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm.—Shakespeare.

Happiness and misery are the names of two extremes, the utmost bounds whereof we know not.—Locke.

Hunting after happiness is like hunting after a lost sheep in the wilderness—when you find it, the chances are that it is a skeleton.—H. W. Shaw.

Happiness is that single and glorious thing which is the very light and sun of the whole animated universe; and where she is not it were better that nothing should be.—Colton.

Happiness is only to be found in a recurrence to the principles of human nature; and these will prompt very simple measures.—Beaconsfield.

It is quite easy for stupid people to be happy; they believe in fables, and they trot on in a beaten track like a horse on a tramway.—Ouida.

The nearest we can come to perfect happiness is to cheat ourselves with the belief that we have got it.—H. W. Shaw.

A sound mind in a sound body is a short but full description of a happy state in this world.—Locke.

Happiness is in taste and not in things; and it is by having what we love that we are happy, not by having what others find agreeable.—Rochefoucauld.

The body is like a piano, and happiness is like music. It is needful to have the instrument in good order.—Beecher.

You traverse the world in search of happiness, which is within the reach of every man; a contented mind confers it on all.—Horace.

Happiness has no limits, because God has neither bottom nor bounds, and because happiness is nothing but the conquest of God through love.—Amiel.

That state of life is most happy where superfluities are not required and necessaries are not wanting.—Plutarch.

It is ever thus with happiness;
It is the gay to-morrow of the mind,
That never comes. —Proctor.

Degrees of happiness vary according to the degrees of virtue, and consequently, that life which is most virtuous is most happy.—Norris.

Happiness is the fine and gentle rain which penetrates the soul, but which afterwards gushes forth in springs of tears.—Maurice de Guérin.

Wouldst thou ever roam abroad? See, what is good lies by thy side. Only learn to catch happiness, for happiness is ever by you.—Goethe.

We take greater pains to persuade others that we are happy than in endeavoring to think so ourselves.—Confucius.

Brethren, happiness is not our being's end and aim. The Christian's aim is perfection, not happiness; and every one of the sons of God must have something of that spirit which marked his Master.—F. W. Robertson.

Terrestrial happiness is of short duration. The brightness of the flame is wasting its fuel; the fragrant flower is passing away in its own odors.—Dr. Johnson.

The great blessings of mankind are within us, and within our reach, but we shut our eyes, and, like people in the dark, we fall foul upon the very thing we search for, without finding it. —Seneca.

If the chief part of human happiness arises from the consciousness of being beloved, as I believe it does, these sudden changes of fortune seldom contribute much to happiness.—Adam Smith.

All mankind are happier for having been happy; so that, if you make them happy now, you make them happy twenty years hence by the memory of it.—Sydney Smith.

So endless and exorbitant are the desires of men that they will grasp at all, and can form no scheme of perfect happiness with less.—Swift.

Happy! Who is happy? Was there not a serpent in Paradise itself? And if Eve had been perfectly happy beforehand, would she have listened to the tempter?—Thackeray.

The common course of things is in favor of happiness; happiness is the rule, misery the exception. Were the order reversed, our attention would be called to examples of health and competency, instead of disease and want.—Paley.

It is a great truth, wonderful as it is undeniable, that all our happiness—temporal, spiritual and eternal—consists in one thing; namely, in resigning ourselves to God, and in leaving ourselves with Him, to do with us and in us just as He pleases.—Madame Guyon.

True happiness is of a retired nature, and an enemy to pomp and noise. It arises, in the first place, from the enjoyment of one's self, and, in the next, from the friendship and conversation of a few select friends.—Addison.

Happiness is a roadside flower growing on the highways of usefulness; plucked, it shall wither in thy hand; passed by, it is fragrance to thy spirit. Trample the thyme beneath thy feet; be useful, be happy.—Tupper.

The sweetest bird builds near the ground,
The loveliest flower springs low;
And we must stoop for happiness
If we its worth would know.—Swain.

When we are not too anxious about happiness and unhappiness, but devote ourselves to the strict and unsparing performance of duty, then happiness comes of itself—nay, even springs from the midst of a life of troubles and anxieties and privations.—Humboldt.

Alas! if the principles of contentment are not within us—the height of station and worldly grandeur will as soon add a cubit to a man's stature as to his happiness.—Sterne.

Happiness in this world, when it comes, comes incidentally. Make it the object of pursuit, and it leads us a wild-goose chase, and is never attained. —Hawthorne.

There is a gentle element, and man may breathe it with a calm, unruffled soul, and drink its living waters, till his heart is pure; and this is human happiness.—Willis.

Happiness and comfort stream immediately from God himself, as light issues from the sun; and sometimes looks and darts itself into the meanest corners, while it forbears to visit the largest and the noblest rooms.—Aughey.

The most happy women within their homes are those who have married sensible men. The latter suffer themselves to be governed with so much the more pleasure, as they are always masters of themselves.—Prince de Ligne.

In the soul, when the supreme faculties move regularly, the inferior passions and faculties following, there arises a serenity infinitely beyond the highest quintessence of worldly delight. —South.

There is something more awful in happiness than in sorrow—the latter being earthly and finite, the former composed of the substance and texture of eternity, so that spirits still embodied may well tremble at it.—Hawthorne.

To be happy is not only to be freed from the pains and diseases of the body, but from anxiety and vexation of spirit; not only to enjoy the pleasures of sense, but peace of conscience and tranquillity of mind.—Tillotson.

Priestly was the first (unless it was Beccaria) who taught my lips to pronounce this sacred truth—that the greatest happiness of the greatest number is the foundation of morals and legislation.—Bentham.

Youth is too tumultuous for felicity; old age too insecure for happiness. The period most favorable to enjoyment, in a vigorous, fortunate, and generous life, is that between forty and sixty. Life culminates at sixty.—Bovee.

So scanty is our present allowance of happiness that in many situations life could scarcely be supported if hope were not allowed to relieve the present hour by pleasures borrowed from the future.—Johnson.

Without strong affection, and humanity of heart, and gratitude to that Being whose code is mercy, and whose great attribute is benevolence to all things that breathe, true happiness can never be attained.—Dickens.

It is something to look upon enjoyment, so that it be free and wild, and in the face of Nature, though it be but the enjoyment of an idiot. It is something to know that Heaven has left the capacity of gladness in such a creature's breast.—Dickens.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam;
The world has nothing to bestow,
From our own selves our bliss must flow,
And that dear hut—our home.
—Nathaniel Cotton.

I have lived to know that the great secret of human happiness is this: Never suffer your energies to stagnate. The old adage of "too many irons in the fire," conveys an untruth—you cannot have too many—poker, tongs—and all, keep them going.—Adam Clark.

The haunts of happiness are varied and rather unaccountable, but I have more often seen her among little children, and home firesides, and in country houses, than anywhere else—at least, I think so.—Sydney Smith.

Perfect happiness, I believe, was never intended by the Deity to be the lot of one of His creatures in this world; but that He has very much put in our power the nearness of our approaches to it, is what I have steadfastly believed.—Jefferson.

It's no' in books, it's no' in learning
To make us truly blest;
If happiness has not her seat
And center in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest. —Burns.

The utmost we can hope for in this world is contentment; if we aim at anything higher, we shall meet with nothing but grief and disappointment. A man should direct all his studies and endeavors at making himself easy now and happy hereafter.—Addison.

The happiness of life is made up of minute fractions—the little, soon-forgotten charities of a kiss, a smile, a kind look, a heartfelt compliment in the disguise of a playful raillery, and the countless other infinitesimals of pleasant thought and feeling.—Coleridge.

I opened the doors of my heart.
And behold,
There was music within and a song,
And echoes did feed on the sweetness, repeating it long.
I opened the doors of my heart. And behold,
There was music that played itself out in æolian notes:
Then was heard, as a far-away bell at long intervals tolled. —Jean Ingelow.

God loves to see His creatures happy; our lawful delight is His; they know not God that think to please Him with making themselves miserable. The idolaters thought it a fit service for Baal to cut and lance themselves; never any holy man looked for thanks from the true God by wronging himself.—Bishop Hall.

Hume's doctrine was that the circumstances vary, the amount of happiness does not; that the beggar cracking fleas in the sunshine under a hedge, and the duke rolling by in his chariot, the girl equipped for her first ball, and the orator returning triumphant from the debate, had different means, but the same quantity of pleasant excitement. —Emerson.

Every human soul has the germ of some flowers within; and they would open, if they could only find sunshine and free air to expand in. I always told you that not having enough of sunshine was what ailed the world. Make people happy, and there will not be half the quarreling, or a tenth part of the wickedness there is.—Mrs. Child.

The happiness of life consists, like the day, not in single flashes of light, but in one continuous mild serenity. The most beautiful period of the heart's existence is in this calm, equable light, even although it be only moonshine or twilight. Now the mind alone can obtain for us this heavenly cheerfulness and peace.—Richter.

Happiness no more depends on station, rank, or any local or adventitious circumstances in individuals than a man's life is connected with the color of his garment. The mind is the seat of happiness, and to make it so in reality, nothing is necessary but the balm of gospel peace and the saving knowledge of the Son of God.—

Happiness is much more equally divided than some of us imagine. One man shall possess most of the materials, but little of the thing; another may possess much of the thing, but very few of the materials. In this particular view of it, happiness has been beautifully compared to the man in the desert—he that gathered much had nothing over, and he that gathered little had no lack.—Colton.

No mockery in this world ever sounds to me so hollow as that of being told to cultivate happiness. Happiness is not a potato, to be planted in a mould and tilled with manure. Happiness is a glory shining far down upon us from heaven. She is a divine dew, which the soul feels dropping upon it from the amaranth bloom

and golden fruitage of paradise.—Charlotte Bronté.

Harlot

'Tis the strumpet's plague
To beguile many, and be beguiled by one.
—Shaftesbury.

She weaves the winding-sheets of souls, and lays
Them in the urn of everlasting death.
—Pollok.

Harmony

Variety is the condition of harmony.—James Freeman Clarke.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began:
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in Man.
—Dryden.

Harmonious words render ordinary ideas acceptable; less ordinary, pleasant; novel and ingenious ones, delightful. As pictures and statues, and living beauty, too, show better by music-light, so is poetry irradiated, vivified, glorified, and raised into immortal life by harmony.—Landor.

Harvest

Nature's bank-dividends.—Haliburton.

And thus of all my harvest-hope I have
Nought reaped but a weedye crop of care.
—Spenser.

To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps.
—Shakespeare.

Our rural ancestors, with little blest,
Patient of labor when the end was rest,
Indulg'd the day that hous'd their annual grain,
With feasts, and offerings, and a thankful strain.
—Pope.

Fancy with prophetic glance
Sees the teeming months advance;
The field, the forest, green and gay;
The dappled slope, the tedded hay;
Sees the reddening orchard blow,
The harvest wave, the vintage flow.
—Warton.

Think, oh, grateful, think!
How good the God of Harvest is to you;
Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields.
—Thomson.

The plump swain at evening bringing home four months' sunshine bound in sheaves.—Lowell.

The feast is such as earth, the general mother,
Pours from her fairest bosom, when she smiles,
In the embrace of autumn.
—Shelley.

For now, the corn house filled, the harvest home,
Th' invited neighbors to the husking come;
A frolic scene, where work and mirth and play
Unite their charms to cheer the hours away.
—Joel Barlow.

The harvest treasures all
Now gather'd in, beyond the rage of storms,
Sure to the swain; the circling fence shut up;
And instant winter's utmost rage defy'd.
While loose to festive joy, the country round
Laughs with the loud sincerity of mirth,
Shook to the wind their cares.
—Thomson.

Glowing scene!
Nature's long holiday! luxuriant—rich,
In her proud progeny, she smiling marks
Their graces, now mature, and wonder fraught!
Hail! season exquisite!—and hail ye sons
Of rural toil!—ye blooming daughters! ye
Who, in the lap of hardy labor rear'd,
Enjoy the mind unspotted.
—Mary Robinson.

Harvest Home

Be thou diligent to know the state of thy flocks,
And look well to thy herds:
For riches are not forever;
And doth the crown endure unto all generations?
The hay is carried, and the tender grass showeth itself,
And the herbs of the mountain are gathered in.
The lambs are for thy clothing,
And the goats are the price of the field:
And there will be goat's milk enough for thy food,
For the food of thy household;
And maintenance for thy maidens.
—Bible.

The husbandman is close to the heart of nature, lives in touch with God, and so, more than many, shares His deep content, His tranquillity, and builds up a character of hardy independence, of

kindly considerateness for His servants, and of helpful ministry to the poor.—John Clifford, D. D.

As clouds and rain, crashing thunder storms, and the chill airs of many a night all contribute to the wealth and ripeness and glory of harvest, so do pain and sorrow and death ripen the human soul for the "harvest home" of eternal rest.—Presbyterian Witness.

Believe in God, believe in nature, and do your duty; and the farm life, with its regular round of duties, its simple loves, its high thoughts, its wise economies, its immediate touch of earth, its charming gossip, its pleasant human interests, and its many windows through which we may catch sight of the face of God, will yield us all we need for a simple, manly, godly life.—John Clifford, D. D.

The farmer is ever a man of faith. Were he not a firm believer in what he has not seen he would not turn a furrow or sow a grain. Why should he believe in a morrow, in a coming summer or autumn; in springtime or harvest, in growth or ripening? It is all of faith, whether we will or no. The harvest is God's testimony that He is the rewarder of them that diligently work with Him.—Presbyterian Witness.

So the seed was sown and the harvest came; and though four thousand times the tender grain has sprung up from the soil, that pledge has never once been violated. The harvest fields form the tawny ocean which flows uninterruptedly from the diluvian age to this. And this is evident: that it is to the covenant faithfulness of God that we are indebted for the harvests of each year. Let that stand as the one first great condition of the harvest.—Illustrated Christian Weekly.

Growth is completed. The fields are at rest, and their green is bordered with russet and gold. The apple-trees are laden with fruit worthy of Eden and reminding one of the forfeited home of the fallen race. Paradise is not wholly gone; rich morsels of precious fruitage still reward the man of well-directed toil. Its flowers bloom for us in summer; its fruits ripen for us in these luscious September days; its fragrance still lingers on the soft wings of the breeze that dances lightly over the fields which the Lord hath blest.—Presbyterian Witness.

On earth we sang harvest-songs as the wheat came into the barn and the barracks were filled; you know there is no such time on a farm as when they get the crops in; and so in heaven it will be a harvest-song on the part of those who on earth sowed in tears and reaped in joy. Angels shout all through the heavens, and multitudes come down the hills crying, "Harvest-home! harvest-home!"—T. De Witt Talmage.

Do not despise your work. Do it well. Be a whole man to it while you are at it. Israel's great men did not think it beneath them to inspect their flocks. The patriarchs were shepherds and cultivators of the soil. Job was a shepherd. Moses was a shepherd. David looked well after his flocks. Gideon was accosted by God when he was threshing wheat. A great and noble life does not depend on rank or place, but on purpose, faith, love, character and service.—John Clifford, D. D.

The year's food only is grown in the year. Each year the world depends for subsistence upon something freshly given it which it cannot provide for itself. As the harvest approaches the wolf is at the door. Nothing stands between us and starvation but the harvest covenant of the ever-faithful God "seed-time and harvest shall not cease." Away, then, with our fancied independence! Our breath is in our nostrils. Back again to old-time simple dependence on the covenant-keeping God—back to the arms of our Father! We pray in the line of the harvest covenant when we say, "Give us this day our daily bread."—Illustrated Christian Weekly.

When the season has become pronounced and settled there is a ripeness

in everything. The leaves die and the fruit falls; they die and drop because they have run their course. They tell of completeness and perfection as well as of decay. We are thoughtful, but yet not sad. Autumn wears no weeds in coming to the goal. Her robes of red and gold are put on—a sort of royal attire. It is the crowning of the year.—Zion's Herald.

So the life of agricultural industry has better guaranties than the crowns of kings. Husbandry is more secure than the treasures of the great. Nature is exhaustlessly reproductive. Let men have free access to and free use of it, and its cultivation will be a sure source of support for the family and a source of progress for the nation. "He that tilleth his land shall have plenty of bread." Mother Earth cares for her children. The landscape of the farm is full of divine feeling and rich in suggestions that inspire calm and quicken industry. It throbs with the tender heart of God. It is alive. In its simple and steady processes it reveals the Father's care for His children.—John Clifford, D. D.

The "harvest home" we sing with cheer,
Now that abundance crowns the year;
The God of harvests now we praise,
To Him our thanks a tribute raise;
For He our anxious care relieves
While reapers home come bringing sheaves,
Till filled are cellars, barns, and bin,
With harvests which are gathered in.
—J. Byington Smith.

Place what value we will on the productiveness of nature, on the regularity, constancy, of the seasons, these things are worthless of themselves. The fact is, man's food will not come to him of itself. It is a peculiarity of all the cereals that they are never found growing wild; they cannot spring up spontaneously. Further, and curiously, they cannot prolong their existence without the care of man; they are never self-sown. A neglected field of wheat or corn may in the first year produce a few scattered stalks of half-filled ears; but soon even these disappear, and a few summers will suffice to obliterate every trace of grain. Thus undoubtedly is the sentence executed, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." Life depends on labor—here we have the other condition of the harvest. Man may sow and man may water, but God alone gives the increase. But equally true is it that unless man plants and plows and reaps, seed-time and harvest avail him nothing.—Presbyterian Witness.

In language so clear that the unlearned and the young can understand, the Saviour, in the parable of the wheat and the tares, shows that all along the journey of life mankind are sowing seed of some kind, which at the end of life is going to produce a harvest, the sure outcome of the kind of seed sown. Nature is inflexible in certain results, founded and fixed by the great Creator of nature and her laws. What the farmer sows he will be sure to reap. Never yet since the world began have men gathered grapes from a bush of thorn, or figs from a tuft of thistles. And every one throughout Christendom who is old enough and intelligent enough to read the Bible must know and understand that he occupies the place of a sower who will ultimately reap whatever is sown in the heart as to religious or irreligious belief, as to faith in Christ as a Redeemer, or as to indifference concerning the final condition of the soul.—Christian at Work.

Haste

Haste is of the devil.—Koran.

All haste implies weakness.—George MacDonald.

Hurry is only admissible in catching flies.—Haliburton.

Haste is always ungraceful.—Lady Blessington.

Hurry and cunning are the two apprentices of despatch and skill; but neither of them ever learns his master's trade.—Colton.

Manners require time, as nothing is more vulgar than haste.—Emerson.

Raw Haste, half-sister to Delay.—Tennyson.

Wisely, and slow; they stumble that run fast.—Shakespeare.

Men love in haste, but they detest at leisure.—Byron.

The more haste, ever the worst speed.—Churchill.

Haste is needful in a desperate case.—Shakespeare.

Error is ever the sequence of haste.—Wellington.

Farewell; and let your haste commend your duty.—Shakespeare.

Modern wisdom plucks me from over-credulous haste.—Shakespeare.

Haste trips up its own heels, fetters and stops itself.—Seneca.

Celerity is never more admired
Than by the negligent. —Shakespeare.

Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once. —Shakespeare.

Hasten slowly, and without losing heart put your work twenty times upon the anvil.—Boileau.

It is of no use running; to set out betimes is the main point.—La Fontaine.

Though I am always in haste, I am never in a hurry.—John Wesley.

He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes;
With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder. —Shakespeare.

Haste and rashness are storms and tempests, breaking and wrecking business; but nimbleness is a full, fair wind, blowing it with speed to haven.—Fuller.

Sir Amyas Pawlet, when he saw too much haste made in any matter, was wont to say, "Stay awhile, that we may make an end the sooner."—Bacon.

Fraud and deceit are ever in a hurry. Take time for all things. Great haste makes great waste.—Franklin.

Whoever is in a hurry shows that the thing he is about is too big for him. Haste and hurry are very different things.—Chesterfield.

We are in hot haste to set the world right and to order all affairs; the Lord hath the leisure of conscious power and unerring wisdom, and it will be well for us to learn to wait.—Spurgeon.

Haste turns usually upon a matter of ten minutes too late, and may be avoided by a habit like that of Lord Nelson, to which he ascribed his success in life, of being ten minutes too early.—Bovee.

Hate — Hatred

The madness of the heart.—Byron.

Hatred is self-punishment.—Hosea Ballou.

The heart gnawing on itself.—Mme. du Deffand.

Hatred is blind as well as love.—Plutarch.

People hate, as they love, unreasonably.—Thackeray.

Hatred is stronger than friendship.—Rochefoucauld.

Men love in haste, but they detest at leisure.—Byron.

Take care that no one hates you justly.—Syrus.

I do hate him as I hate the devil.—Ben Jonson.

I like a good hater.—Samuel Johnson.

Men hate those to whom they have to lie.—Victor Hugo.

No man hates him at whom he can laugh.—Dr. Johnson.

Hatred is blind, as well as love.—Plutarch.

Hatred is a settled anger.—Cicero.

There are no eyes so sharp as the eyes of hatred.—George S. Hillard.

When our hatred is too keen it places us beneath those we hate.—La Rochefoucauld.

The hatred of persons related to each other is the most violent.—Tacitus.

He, who would free from malice pass his days,
Must live obscure, and never merit praise.
—Gay.

Offend her, and she knows not to forgive;
Oblige her, and she'll hate you while you live.
—Pope.

Hate furroweth the brow, and a man may frown till he hateth.—Tupper.

Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turn'd,
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorn'd.
—Congreve.

It is the nature of the human disposition to hate him whom you have injured.—Tacitus.

Better is a dinner of herbs where love is than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.—Bible.

Hatred is active, and envy passive disgust; there is but one step from envy to hate.—Goethe.

Hate no one—hate their vices, not themselves.—Brainard.

The passion of hatred is so durable and so inveterate that the surest prognostic of death in a sick man is a wish for reconciliation.—Bruyère.

Plutarch says very finely that a man should not allow himself to hate even his enemies.—Addison.

Hatred is keener than friendship, less keen than love.—Vauvenargues.

The greatest hatred, like the greatest virtue and the worst dogs, is quiet.—Richter.

The hatred we bear our enemies injures their happiness less than our own.—J. Petit-Senn.

Never can true reconcilement grow
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd so deep.
—Milton.

Life is too short to spare an hour of it in the indulgence of this evil passion.—Lamartine.

There are glances of hatred that stab and raise no cry of murder.—George Eliot.

Hate is like fire; it makes even light rubbish deadly.—George Eliot.

Hatred itself may be a praiseworthy emotion if provoked in us by a lively love of good.—Joubert.

Hate belongs with sin. If we do a wrong, we hate either the thing or God, or ourselves, or somebody else.—Duffield.

The hate which we all bear with the most Christian patience is the hate of those who envy us.—Colton.

Hatred does not cease by hatred at any time; hatred ceases by love; this is an old rule.—Buddha.

There is no faculty of the human soul so persistent and universal as that of hatred.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Hatred is the vice of narrow souls; they feed it with all their littlenesses, and make it the pretext of base tyrannies.—Balzac.

We hate some persons because we do not know them; and we will not know them because we hate them.—Colton.

I will tell you what to hate. Hate hypocrisy, hate cant, hate indolence,

oppression, injustice; hate Pharisaism; hate them as Christ hated them—with a deep, living, godlike hatred.—F. W. Robertson.

To be deprived of the person we love is a happiness in comparison to living with one we hate.—La Bruyère.

Were one to ask me in which direction I think man strongest, I should say, his capacity to hate.—Beecher.

National hatred is something peculiar. You will always find it strongest and most violent in the lowest degree of culture.—Goethe.

To harbor hatred and animosity in the soul makes one irritable, gloomy, and prematurely old.—Auerbach.

A woman's head is always influenced by her heart; but a man's heart is always influenced by his head.—Lady Blessington.

Hatred is nearly always honest—rarely, if ever, assumed. So much cannot be said for love.—Ninon de Lenclos.

How apt nature is, even in those who profess an eminence in holiness, to raise and maintain animosities against those whose calling or person they pretend to find cause to dislike!—Bishop Hall.

We are told to walk noiselessly through the world, that we may waken neither hatred nor envy; but, alas! what can we do when they never sleep!—J. Petit-Senn.

All men naturally hate one another. I hold it a fact, that if men knew exactly what one says of the other, there would not be four friends in the world.—Pascal.

If you hate your enemies, you will contract such a vicious habit of mind, as by degrees will break out upon those who are your friends, or those who are indifferent to you.—Plutarch.

Hannah More said to Horace Walpole: "If I wanted to punish an enemy, it should be by fastening on him the trouble of constantly hating somebody."—John Bate.

They did not know how hate can burn
In hearts once changed from soft to stern;
Nor all the false and fatal zeal
The convert of revenge can feel.—Byron.

Had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell.
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth. —Shakespeare.

There was a laughing devil in his sneer,
That rais'd emotions both of rage and fear;
And where his frown of hatred darkly fell,
Hope withering fled, and mercy sigh'd farewell. —Byron.

Love is rarely a hypocrite; but hate—how detect and how guard against it! It lurks where you least expect it; it is created by causes that you can the least foresee; and civilization multiplies its varieties, whilst it favors its disguise.—Bulwer-Lytton.

I see thou art implacable, more deaf
To pray'rs than winds and seas. Yet winds to seas
Are reconcil'd at length, and sea to shore:
Thy anger, unappeasable, still rages
Eternal tempest never to be calm'd.
—Milton.

Hate is of all things the mightiest divider, nay, is division itself. To couple hatred, therefore, though wedlock try all her golden links, and borrow to her aid all the iron manacles and fetters of law, it does but seek to twist a rope of sand.—Milton.

Hawthorn

The hawthorn trees blow in the dew of the morning.—Burns.

And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
—Milton.

Yet, all beneath the unrivall'd rose,
The lowly daisy sweetly blows;
Tho' large the forest's monarch throws
His army shade,
Yet green the juicy hawthorn grows,
Adown the glade.
—Burns

Then sing by turns, by turns the Muses sing;
Now hawthorns blossom. —Pope.

Head

The head has the most beautiful appearance, as well as the highest station, in a human figure.—Addison.

Their heads sometimes so little, that there is no room for wit; sometimes so long, that there is no wit for so much room.—T. Fuller.

After all, the head only reproduces what the heart creates; and so we give the mocking-bird credit when he imitates the loving murmurs of the dove. —G. J. W. Melville.

Some people carry their hearts in their heads; very many carry their heads in their hearts. The difficulty is to keep them apart, yet both actively working together.—Hare.

Health

Health is the vital principle of bliss. —Thomson.

For life is not to live, but to be well.—Martial.

Health consists with temperance alone.—Pope.

Health and cheerfulness make beauty.—Cervantes.

Thou chiefest good,
Bestow'd by heaven, but seldom understood. —Lucan.

Be sober and temperate, and you will be healthy.—B. Franklin.

Preserving the health by too strict a regimen is a wearisome malady.—La Rochefoucauld.

He who has health has hope, and he who has hope has everything.—Arabian Proverb.

Christ's gospel could never have been delivered by one who was diseased.—John McC. Holmes.

Physic, for the most part, is nothing else but the substitute of exercise and temperance.—Addison.

What a searching preacher of self-command is the varying phenomenon of health!—Emerson.

From labor health, from health contentment springs.—Beattie.

Health lies in labor, and there is no royal road to it but through toil.—Wendell Phillips.

Gold that buys health can never be ill spent.
Nor hours laid out in harmless merriment.
—John Webster.

Health and cheerfulness mutually beget each other.—Addison.

Health and good humor are to the human body like sunshine to vegetation.—Massillon.

In these days half our diseases come from neglect of the body in overwork of the brain.—Lytton.

There is no health; physicians say that we, at best, enjoy but neutrality. —Donne.

Health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of: a blessing that money cannot buy.—Izaak Walton.

The only way for a rich man to be healthy is, by exercise and abstinence, to live as if he was poor.—Sir W. Temple.

A sound mind in a sound body, if the former be the glory of the latter, the latter is indispensable to the former.—Edwards.

Health is the greatest of all possessions, and it is a maxim with me that a hale cobbler is a better man than a sick king.—Bickerstaff.

The fate of a nation has often depended on the good or bad digestion of a prime minister.—Voltaire.

Gardening, or husbandry, and working in wood, are healthy recreations.—Locke.

The surest road to health, say what they will,
Is never to suppose we shall be ill.
—Churchill.

Health is the soul that animates all enjoyments of life, which fade and are tasteless, if not dead, without it.—Sir W. Temple.

In health there is liberty. Health is the first of all liberties, and happiness gives us the energy which is the basis of health.—Amiel.

Look to your health; and if you have it, praise God, and value it next to a good conscience.—Izaak Walton.

Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense, lie in three words—health, peace, and competence.—Pope.

The root of sanctity is sanity. A man must be healthy before he can be holy. We bathe first, and then perfume.—Mme. Swetchine.

The requirements of health, and the style of female attire which custom enjoins are in direct antagonism to each other.—Abba Goold Woolson.

Infirmity and sickness may excite our pity; but desire and pleasure require the bloom and vigor of health.—Rousseau.

Health is so necessary to all the duties as well as pleasures of life that the crime of squandering it is equal to the folly.—Dr. Johnson.

Physic is of little use to a temperate person, for a man's own observation on what he finds does him good, and what hurts him is the best physic to preserve health.—Bacon.

In the present day, and especially among women, one would almost suppose that health was a state of unnatural existence.—Beaconsfield.

People who are always taking care of their health are like misers, who are hoarding a treasure which they have never spirit enough to enjoy.—Sterne.

The common ingredients of health and long life are:
Great temp'rance, open air,
Easy labor, little care. —Sir P. Sidney.

One means very effectual for the preservation of health is a quiet and cheerful mind, not afflicted with violent passions or distracted with immoderate cares.—John Ray.

Nor love, nor honor, wealth, nor power,
Can give the heart a cheerful hour
When health is lost. Be timely wise;
With health all taste of pleasure flies.
—Gay.

Refuse to be ill. Never tell people you are ill; never own it to yourself. Illness is one of those things which a man should resist on principle at the onset.—Lytton.

In our natural body every part has a necessary sympathy with every other; and all together form, by their harmonious conspiration, a healthy whole.—Sir W. Hamilton.

The healthy know not of their health, but only the sick: this is the physician's aphorism, and applicable in a far wider sense than he gives it. —Carlyle.

He who overlooks a healthy spot for the site of his house is mad and ought to be handed over to the care of his relations and friends.—Varro.

The first wealth is health. Sickness is poor-spirited, and cannot serve any one; it must husband its resources to live. But health or fullness answers its own ends, and has to spare, runs over, and inundates the neighborhoods and creeks of other men's necessities.—Emerson.

Anguish of mind has driven thousands to suicide; anguish of body, none. This proves that the health of

the mind is of far more consequence to our happiness than the health of the body, although both are deserving of much more attention than either of them receives.—Colton.

O blessed health! thou art above all gold and treasure; 'tis thou who enlargest the soul, and openest all its powers to receive instruction, and to relish virtue. He that has thee has little more to wish for, and he that is so wretched as to want thee, wants everything with thee.—Sterne.

Every man that has felt pain knows how little all other comforts can gladden him to whom health is denied. Yet who is there does not sometimes hazard it for the enjoyment of an hour?—Dr. Johnson.

Adam knew no disease so long as temperance from the forbidden fruit secured him. Nature was his physician; and innocence and abstinence would have kept him healthful to immortality.—South.

The morbid states of health, the irritableness of disposition arising from unstrung nerves, the impatience, the crossness, the fault-finding of men, who, full of morbid influences, are unhappy themselves, and throw the cloud of their troubles like a dark shadow upon others, teach us what eminent duty there is in health.—Beecher.

There are three wicks you know to the lamp of a man's life: brain, blood, and breath. Press the brain a little, its light goes out, followed by both the others. Stop the heart a minute, and out go all three of the wicks. Choke the air out of the lungs, and presently the fluid ceases to supply the other centers of flame, and all is soon stagnation, cold, and darkness.—O. W. Holmes.

Be it remembered that man subsists upon the air more than upon his meat and drink: but no one can exist for an hour without a copious supply of air. The atmosphere which some breathe is contaminated and adulterated, and with its vital principles so diminished that it cannot fully decarbonize the blood, nor fully excite the nervous system.—Thackeray.

There is this difference between those two temporal blessings, health and money: Money is the most envied, but the least enjoyed; health is the most enjoyed, but the least envied: and this superiority of the latter is still more obvious when we reflect that the poorest man would not part with health for money, but that the richest would gladly part with all their money for heath.—Colton.

Men that look no further than their outsides, think health an appurtenance unto life, and quarrel with their constitutions for being sick; but I that have examined the parts of man, and know upon what tender filaments that fabric hangs, do wonder that we are not always so; and considering the thousand doors that lead to death, do thank my God that we can die but once.—Sir Thomas Browne.

Health is certainly more valuable than money; because it is by health that money is procured; but thousands and millions are of small avail to alleviate the protracted tortures of the gout, to repair the broken organs of sense, or resuscitate the powers of digestion. Poverty is, indeed, an evil from which we naturally fly, but let us not run from one enemy to another, nor take shelter in the arms of sickness.—Johnson.

Hearing

None so deaf as those that will not hear.—Mathew Henry.

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears.—Shakespeare.

This is the slowest, yet the daintiest sense;
For ev'n the ears of such as have no skill,
Perceive a discord, and conceive offence;
And knowing not what's good, yet find the ill. —Sir John Davies.

Hear me for my cause, and be silent that you may hear.—Shakespeare.

Where more is meant than meets the ear.—Milton.

Where did you get that pearly ear?
God spoke and it came out to hear.
—George MacDonald.

I was all ear,
And took in strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of death. —Milton.

Within a bony, labyrinthean cave,
Reached by the pulse of the aërial wave,
This sibyl, sweet, and mystic sense is found,
Muse, that presides o'er all the powers of sound. —Abraham Coles.

These wickets of the soul are plac'd so high,
Because all sounds do highly move aloft;
And that they may not pierce too violently,
They are delay'd with turns and twinings oft.
For should the voice directly strike the brain,
It would astonish and confuse it much;
Therefore these plaits and folds the sound restrain.
That it the organ may more gently touch.
—Sir John Davies.

Heart

The precious porcelain of human clay.—Byron.

A loving heart is the truest wisdom. —Dickens.

The heart does not lie.—Alfieri.

The more heart, the more sorrow.—Mme. Necker.

Hearts are stronger than swords.—Wendell Phillips.

Alas! there is no instinct like the heart!—Byron.

All offences come from the heart.—Shakespeare.

Home-keeping hearts are happiest.—Longfellow.

The less heart, the more comfort.—Ninon de Lenclos.

Tears may be dried up, but the heart never.—Marguerite de Valois.

A heart to pity, and a hand to bless. —Churchill.

The heart will break, yet broken live on.—Byron.

O heart! love is thy bane and thy antidote.—George Sand.

Worse than a bloody hand is a hard heart.—Shelley.

The ear is the avenue to the heart.—Voltaire.

Better to have the poet's heart than brain.—George MacDonald.

A good heart is worth gold.—Shakespeare.

The head is ever the dupe of the heart.—La Rochefoucauld.

The heart echoes the words of love. —Mme. de Krudener.

The full heart knows no rhetoric of words.—Bovee.

Leap hearts to lips, and in our kisses meet.—John Fletcher.

That hideous sight—a naked human heart.—Young.

I have a heart with room for every joy.—Bailey.

Love is the pass-key to the heart.—Mme. Necker.

The heart is the best logician.—Wendell Phillips.

For his heart was in his work, and th heart
Giveth grace unto every art.
—Longfellow.

There is an evening twilight of the heart,
When its wild passion-waves are lulled to rest. —Fitz-Greene Halleck.

Some hearts are hidden, some have not a heart.—Crabbe.

A heart to resolve, a head to contrive, and a hand to execute.—Gibbon

A wise man's heart is at his right hand; but a fool's heart is at his left. —Bible.

Maid of Athens, ere we part,
Give, oh, give me back my heart!
—Byron.

Oh, the heart is a free and a fetterless thing—
A wave of the ocean, a bird on the wing.
—Julia Pardoe.

The heart aye's the part aye
That makes us right or wrang.
—Burns.

Never morning wore
To evening but some heart did break.
—Tennyson.

A temple of the Holy Ghost, and yet
Of lodging fiends. —Pollok.

A noble heart, like the sun, showeth its greatest countenance in its lowest estate.—Sir P. Sidney.

None but God can satisfy the longings of an immortal soul; that as the heart was made for Him, so He only can fill it.—Trench.

Do you think that any one can move the heart but He that made it?—John Lyly.

When the heart speaks, glory itself is an illusion.—Napoleon.

The human heart has a sigh lonelier than the cry of the bittern.—W. R. Alger.

Mind is the partial side of men; the heart is everything.—Rivarol.

As the heart is, so is love to the heart. It partakes of its strength or weakness, its health or disease.—Longfellow.

His heart was one of those which most enamours us—wax to receive, and marble to retain.—Byron.

The heart is always young only in the recollection of those whom it has loved in youth.—Arsène Houssaye.

The heart must glow before the tongue can gild.—W. R. Alger.

The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; who can know it?—Bible.

The wrinkles of the heart are more indelible than those of the brow.—Madame Deluzy.

Memory, wit, fancy, acuteness, cannot grow young again in old age; but the heart can.—Richter.

If wrong our hearts, our heads are right in vain.—Young.

What the heart has once owned and had, it shall never lose.—Beecher.

In aught that tries the heart, how few withstand the proof.—Byron.

A good heart will, at all times, betray the best head in the world.—Fielding.

I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at; I am not what I am.
—Shakespeare.

Be persuaded that your only treasures are those which you carry in your heart.—Demophilus.

The human heart is like heaven: the more angels the more room.—Fredrika Bremer.

To try to conceal our own heart is a bad means to read that of others.—Rousseau.

Of all the paths that lead to a woman's heart, pity is the straightest.—Beaumont.

There is in the heart of woman such a deep well of love that no age can freeze it.—Bulwer-Lytton.

A man's own heart must ever be given to gain that of another.—Goldsmith.

All who know their own minds know not their own hearts.—Rochefoucauld.

Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life.—Bible.

Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.—Bible.

The heart is an astrologer that always divines the truth.—Calderon.

Where there is room in the heart, there is always room in the house.—Moore.

The heart of a good man is the sanctuary of God in this world.—Mme. Necker.

The heart of woman never grows old; when it has ceased to love, it has ceased to live.—Rochepèdre.

The nervous fluid in man is consumed by the brain; in women, by the heart.—Stendhal.

All things but one you can restore; the heart you get returns no more.—Waller.

It is a wonderful subduer—this need of love, this hunger of the heart.—George Eliot.

Look not to a woman's head for her brains, but rather to her heart.—Haliburton.

The heart that has once been bathed in love's pure fountain retains the pulse of youth forever.—Landor.

A woman's heart is as intricate as a raveled skein of silk.—Dumas, Père.

Alas! that we must dwell—my heart and I—so far asunder.—Christina G. Rossetti.

The heart is a small thing, but desireth great matters. It is not sufficient for a kite's dinner, yet the whole world is not sufficient for it.—Victor Hugo.

The heart is like an instrument whose strings steal nobler music from life's many frets.—Gerald Massey.

The very gnarliest and hardest of hearts has some musical strings in it; but they are tuned differently in every one of us.—Lowell.

A millstone and the human heart are
driven ever round,
If they have nothing else to grind, they
must themselves be ground.
—Longfellow.

A woman too often reasons from her heart; hence two-thirds of her mistakes and her troubles.—Bulwer-Lytton.

A woman's heart is just like a lithographer's stone; what is once written upon it cannot be rubbed out.—Thackeray.

When the heart is still agitated by the remains of a passion, we are more ready to receive a new one than when we are entirely cured.—Rochefoucauld.

The poor too often turn away unheard,
From hearts that shut against them with
a sound
That will be heard in heaven.
—Longfellow.

The heart of a girl is like a convent: the holier the cloister, the more charitable the door.—Bulwer-Lytton.

The heart of a woman is never so full of affection that there does not remain a little corner for flattery and love.—Marivaux.

To judge human character rightly, a man may sometimes have very small experience, provided he has a very large heart.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Some people's hearts are shrunk in them, like dried nuts. You can hear 'em rattle as they walk.—Douglas Jerrold.

When a young man complains that a young lady has no heart, it is pretty certain that she has his.—G. D. Prentice.

The heart is like the tree that gives balm for the wounds of man only when

the iron has pierced it.—Chateaubriand.

Every man must, in a measure, be alone in the world. No heart was ever cast in the same mould as that which we bear within us.—Berne.

What sad faces one always sees in the asylums for orphans! It is more fatal to neglect the heart than the head.—Theodore Parker.

Nothing is less in our power than the heart, and, far from commanding it, we are forced to obey it.—Rousseau.

The heart of a wise man should resemble a mirror, which reflects every object without being sullied by any.—Confucius.

The heart is like a musical instrument of many strings, all the chords of which require putting in harmony.—Saadi.

My heart resembles the ocean; has storm, and ebb and flow; and many a beautiful pearl lies hid in its depths below.—Heinrich Heine.

And when once the young heart of a maiden is stolen,
The maiden herself will steal after it soon.
—Moore.

Something the heart must have to cherish,
Must love, and joy, and sorrow learn;
Something with passion clasp, or perish,
And in itself to ashes burn.
—Longfellow.

Wealth and want equally harden the human heart, as frost and fire are both alien to the human flesh. Famine and gluttony alike drive nature away from the heart of man.—Theodore Parker.

The heart must be at rest before the mind, like a quiet lake under an unclouded summer evening, can reflect the solemn starlight and the splendid mysteries of heaven.—Macdonald Clarke.

When the heart of man is serene and tranquil, he wants to enjoy nothing but himself; every movement, even corporeal movement, shakes the brimming nectar cup too rudely.—Richter.

A human heart is a skein of such imperceptibly and subtly interwoven threads that even the owner of it is often himself at a loss how to unravel it.—Ruffini.

A human heart can never grow old if it takes a lively interest in the pairing of birds, the reproduction of flowers, and the changing tints of autumn leaves.—Mrs. L. M. Child.

A good heart is the sun and moon, or, rather, the sun, and not the moon; for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps its course truly.—Shakespeare.

The heart never grows better by age, I fear rather worse; always harder. A young liar will be an old one; and a young knave will only be a greater knave as he grows older.—Chesterfield.

Many flowers open to the sun, but only one follows him constantly. Heart, be thou the sunflower, not only open to receive God's blessing, but constant in looking to Him.—Richter.

There are treasures laid up in the heart—treasures of charity, piety, temperance, and soberness. These treasures a man takes with him beyond death, when he leaves this world.—Buddhist Scriptures.

What we call the heart is a nervous sensation, like shyness, which gradually disappears in society. It is fervent in the nursery, strong in the domestic circle, tumultuous at school.—Beaconsfield.

There is strength deep bedded in our hearts, of which we reck but little till the shafts of heaven have pierced its fragile dwelling. Must not earth be rent before her gems are found?—Mrs. Hemans.

The human heart is often the victim of the sensations of the moment; suc-

cess intoxicates it to presumption, and disappointment dejects and terrifies it. —Volney.

Oh, no! my heart can never be
Again in lightest hopes the same;
The love that lingers there for thee
Hath more of ashes than of flame.
—Miss Landon.

The flush of youth soon passes from the face,
The spells of fancy from the mind depart;
The form may lose its symmetry, its grace,
But time can claim no victory o'er the heart. —Mrs. Dinnies.

The human heart is like a millstone in a mill: when you put wheat under it, it turns and grinds and bruises the wheat to flour; if you put no wheat, it still grinds on, but then 'tis itself it grinds and wears away.—Martin Luther.

Men, as well as women, are oftener led by their hearts than their understandings. The way to the heart is through the senses; please their eyes and ears, and the work is half done.—Chesterfield.

The heart, when broken, is like sweet gums and spices when beaten; for as such cast their fragrant scent into the nostrils of men, so the heart, when broken, casts its sweet smell into the nostrils of God.—Bunyan.

Oh, if the loving, closed heart of a good woman should open before a man, how much controlled tenderness, how many veiled sacrifices and dumb virtues, would be seen reposing there!—Richter.

A loving heart carries with it, under every parallel of latitude, the warmth and light of the tropics. It plants its Eden in the wilderness and solitary place, and sows with flowers the gray desolation of rock and mosses.—Whittier.

When a woman's heart is touched, when it is moved by love, then the electric spark is communicated and the fire of inspiration kindled: but even then she desires no more than to suffer or to die for what she loves.—Countess Hahn-Hahn.

There are no little events with the heart. It magnifies everything; it places in the same scale the fall of an empire and the dropping of a woman's glove; and almost always the glove weighs more than the empire.—Balzac.

Nothing affects the heart like that which is purely from itself, and of its own nature; such as the beauty of sentiments, the grace of actions, the turn of characters, and the proportions and features of a human mind.—Shaftesbury.

In thy heart there is a holy spot,
As 'mid the waste an isle of fount and palm,
Forever green!—the world's breath enters not,
The passion-tempest may not break its calm,
'Tis thine, all thine.
—Mrs. Hemans.

If you should take the human heart and listen to it, it would be like listening to a sea-shell; you would hear in it the hollow murmur of the infinite ocean to which it belongs, from which it draws its profoundest inspiration, and for which it yearns.—Chapin.

How mighty is the human heart, with all its complicated energies; this living source of all that moves the world! this temple of liberty, this kingdom of heaven, this altar of God, this throne of goodness, so beautiful in holiness, so generous in love!—Henry Giles.

There are chords in the human heart —strange, varying strings—which are only struck by accident; which will remain mute and senseless to appeals the most passionate and earnest, and respond at last to the slightest casual touch.—Dickens.

Intellect alone, however exalted, without strong feelings—without even, irritable sensibility—would be only like an immense magazine of powder, if there were no such element as fire

in the natural world. It is the heart which is the spring and fountain of all eloquence.—Lord Erskine.

The heart is like the sky, a part of heaven,
But changes, night and day, too, like the sky;
Now o'er it clouds and thunder must be driven,
And darkness and destruction as on high;
But when it hath been scorch'd and pierc'd and riven,
Its storms expire in water-drops; the eye
Pours forth, at last, the heart's blood turn'd to tears. —Byron.

What a proof of the Divine tenderness is there in the human heart itself, which is the organ and receptacle of so many sympathies! When we consider how exquisite are those conditions by which it is even made capable of so much suffering—the capabilities of a child's heart, of a mother's heart, —what must be the nature of Him who fashioned its depths, and strung its chords.—Chapin.

The wisdom of the Creator is in nothing seen more gloriously than the heart. It was necessary that it should be made capable of working forever without the cessation of a moment, without the least degree of weariness. It is so made; and the power of the Creator, in so constructing it, can in nothing be exceeded but by His wisdom.—Hope.

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone,
Decidedly can try us,
He knows each chord—its various tone
Each spring its various bias:
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted.
—Burns.

Heat

Hither rolls the storm of heat;
I feel its finer billows beat
Like a sea which me infolds;
Heat with viewless fingers moulds,
Swells, and mellows, and matures,
Paints, and flavors, and allures,
Bird and brier inly warms,
Still enriches and transforms,
Gives the reed and lily length,
Adds to oak and oxen strength,
Transforming what it doth infold,
Life out of death, new out of old.
—Emerson.

Heaven

Heaven—it is God's throne. The earth—it is His footstool.—Bible.

Heaven, the treasury of everlasting joy!—Shakespeare.

The redeemed shall walk there.—Bible.

There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.—Bible.

I cannot be content with less than heaven.—Bailey.

There's nothing true but heaven.—Moore.

Beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb.—Mrs. Hemans.

All places shall be hell that are not heaven.—Marlowe.

Heaven, the widow's champion and defence.—Shakespeare.

There is another, and a better world. —August Von Kotzebue.

Heaven means to be one with God. —Confucius.

The love of heaven makes one heavenly.—Shakespeare.

Infinite in degree, and endless in duration.—Franklin.

Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.—Moore.

Nothing is farther than earth from heaven; nothing is nearer than heaven to earth.—Hare.

Heaven does not make holiness, but holiness makes heaven.—Phillips Brooks.

Think of heaven with hearty purposes and peremptory designs to get thither.—Jeremy Taylor.

As much of heaven is visible as we have eyes to see.—William Winter.

One should go to sleep as homesick passengers do, saying, "Perhaps in the morning we shall see the shore."—H. W. Beecher.

Every Christian that goes before us from this world is a ransomed spirit waiting to welcome us in heaven.—Jonathan Edwards.

No fountain so small but that heaven may be imaged in its bosom.—Hawthorne.

Dreams cannot picture a world so fair; sorrow and death may not enter there.—Mrs. Hemans.

In a better world we will find our young years and our old friends.—J. Petit-Senn.

Heaven will be inherited by every man who has heaven in his soul.—Henry Ward Beecher.

There is but one way to heaven for the learned and the unlearned.—Jeremy Taylor.

The heaven of poetry and romance still lies around us and within us.—Longfellow.

Heaven is a place of restless activity, the abode of never-tiring thought.—Beecher.

The ascent from earth to heaven is not easy.—Seneca.

There I'll rest, as after much turmoil a blessed soul doth in Elysium.—Shakespeare.

Heaven's above all; and there be souls that must be saved, and there be souls that must not be saved.—Shakespeare.

I change my place, but not my company. While here I have sometimes walked with God, and now I go to rest with Him.—Dr. Preston.

Perfect purity, fullness of joy, everlasting freedom, perfect rest, health and fruition, complete security, substantial and eternal good.—Hannah More.

The net of heaven is very wide in its meshes, and yet it misses nothing.—Lao-Tze.

Think how completely all the griefs of this mortal life will be compensated by one age, for instance, of the felicities beyond the grave.—John Foster.

In short, heaven is not to be looked upon only as the reward, but as the natural effect, of a religious life.—Addison.

They had finished her own crown in glory, and she couldn't stay away from the coronation.—Gray.

While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past.
—Goldsmith.

Heaven is endless longing, accompanied with an endless fruition—a longing which is blessedness, a longing which is life.—Alexander Maclaren.

Do we not hear voices, gentle and great, and some of them like the voices of departed friends—do we not hear them saying to us, "Come up hither?"—Wm. Mountford.

The joy of heaven will begin as soon as we attain the character of heaven, and do its duties.—Theodore Parker.

Heaven
Is as the Book of God before thee set,
Wherein to read His wondrous works.
—Milton.

An everlasting tranquility is, in my imagination, the highest possible felicity, because I know of no felicity on earth higher than that which a peaceful mind and contented heart afford.—Zimmermann.

He who seldom thinks of heaven is not likely to get thither; as the only

way to hit the mark is to keep the eye fixed upon it.—Bishop Horne.

The loves that meet in paradise shall cast out fear; and paradise hath room for you and me and all.—Christina G. Rossetti.

Heaven's gates are not so highly arched as princes' palaces; they that enter there must go upon their knees. —Daniel Webster.

It is impossible to have a lively hope in another life, and yet be deeply immersed in the enjoyments of this.—Atterbury.

The generous who is always just, and the just who is always generous, may, unannounced, approach the throne of heaven.—Lavater.

Heaven hath many tongues to talk of it, more eyes to behold it, but few hearts that rightly affect it.—Bishop Hall.

If the way of heaven be narrow, it is not long; and if the gate be straight, it opens into endless life.—Bishop Beveridge.

Ah, what without a heaven would be even love!—a perpetual terror of the separation that must one day come. —Bulwer-Lytton.

I must confess, as the experience of my own soul, that the expectation of loving my friends in heaven principally kindles my love to them while on earth.—Richard Baxter.

And so upon this wise I prayed—
Great Spirit, give to me
A heaven not so large as yours
But large enough for me.
—Emily Dickinson.

Love lent me wings; my path was like a stair;
A lamp unto my feet, that sun was given;
And death was safety and great joy to find;
But dying now, I shall not climb to Heaven. —Michael Angelo.

The joys of heaven are not the joys of passive contemplation, of dreamy remembrance, of perfect repose; but they are described thus: "They rest not day nor night." "His servants serve Him, and see His face."—Alexander Maclaren.

Our souls, piercing through the impurity of flesh, behold the highest heaven, and thence bring knowledge to contemplate the ever-during glory and termless joy.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

We should carry up our affections to the mansions prepared for us above, where eternity is the measure, felicity the state, angels the company, the Lamb the light, and God the inheritance and portion of His people forever.—Jeremy Taylor.

Heaven is the day of which grace is the dawn; the rich, ripe fruit of which grace is the lovely flower; the inner shrine of that most glorious temple to which grace forms the approach and outer court.—Rev. Dr. Guthrie.

If our Creator has so bountifully provided for our existence here, which is but momentary, and for our temporal wants, which will soon be forgotten, how much more must He have done for our enjoyment in the everlasting world!—Hosea Ballou.

We are born for a higher destiny than earth; there is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be spread before us like islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beings that pass before us like shadows will stay in our presence forever.—Bulwer-Lytton.

There are times in the history of men and nations, when they stand so near the vale that separates mortals from the immortals, time from eternity, and men from their God, that they can almost hear the beatings, and feel the pulsations of the heart of the Infinite.—James A. Garfield.

As we look up into these glorious culminations, how grand life becomes! To be forever with the Lord, and forever changing into His likeness, and,

still more, forever deepening in the companionship of His thought and bliss, "from glory to glory"—could we desire more?—Bishop R. S. Foster.

What, after all, is heaven, but a transition from dim guesses and blind struggling with a mysterious and adverse fate to the fullness of all wisdom—from ignorance, in a word, to knowledge, but knowledge of what order?—Bulwer-Lytton.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;
Amid these earthly damps,
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps.
—Longfellow.

It doth not yet appear what we shall be. We lie here in our nest, unfledged and weak, guessing dimly at our future, and scarce believing what even now appears. But the power is in us, and that power is finally to be revealed. And what a revelation will that be!—Horace Bushnell.

The joys of heaven are without example, above experience, and beyond imagination—for which the whole creation wants a comparison; we, an apprehension; and even the Word of God, a revelation.—Bishop Norris.

Christ and His cross are not separable in this life, howbeit Christ and His cross part at heaven's door, for there is no house-room for crosses in heaven. One tear, one sigh, one sad heart, one fear, one loss, one thought of trouble cannot find lodging there.—Rutherford.

A sea before
The Throne is spread;—its pure still glass
Pictures all earth-scenes as they pass.
We, on its shore,
Share, in the bosom of our rest,
God's knowledge, and are blest.
—Cardinal Newman.

After the fever of life—after wearinesses, sicknesses, fightings and despondings, languor and fretfulness, struggling and failing, struggling and succeeding—after all the changes and chances of this troubled and unhealthy state, at length comes death—at length the white throne of God—at length the beatific vision.—Newman.

Heaven is not to sweep our truths away, but only to turn them till we see their glory, to open them till we see their truth, and to unveil our eyes till for the first time we shall really see them.—Phillips Brooks.

Heaven is attracting to itself whatever is congenial to its nature, is enriching itself by the spoils of earth, and collecting within its capacious bosom whatever is pure, permanent and divine.—Robert Hall.

Heaven, the perfection of all that can
Be said, of thought, riches, delight or harmony,
Health, beauty; and all those not subject to
The waste of time, but in their height eternal.
—Shirley.

Some people think black is the color of heaven, and that the more they can make their faces look like midnight, the more evidence they have of grace. But God, who made the sun and the flowers, never sent me to proclaim to you such a lie as that.—Beecher.

Perhaps God does with His heavenly garden as we do with our own. He may chiefly stock it from nurseries, and select for transplanting what is yet in its young and tender age—flowers before they have bloomed, and trees ere they begin to bear.—Rev. Dr. Guthrie.

The poets fabulously fancied that the giants scaled heaven by heaping mountain upon mountain. What was their fancy is the gospel truth. If you would get to heaven you must climb thither by putting Mount Sion upon Mount Sinai.—Bishop Hopkins.

What delight will it afford to renew the sweet counsel we have taken together, to recount the toils, the combats, and the labor of the way, and to approach, not the house, but the throne of God, in company, in order to join in the symphonies of heavenly voices, and lose ourselves amidst the splendors

and fruitions of the beatific vision.—Robert Hall.

In our father's house it will not be the pearl gate or the streets of gold that will make us happy. But oh, how transcendently glad shall we be when we see our Lord. Perhaps in that "upper room," also, He may show us His hands and His side, and we may cry out with happy Thomas, "My Lord and my God!"—T. L. Cuyler.

There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A whole eternity of love,
Form'd for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happier sphere.
—Montgomery.

Death must obliterate all memories and affections and ideas and laws, or the awakening in the next world will be amid the welcomes, and loves and raptures of those who left us with tearful farewells, and with dying promises that they would wait to welcome us when we should arrive. And so they do. Not sorrowfully, not anxiously, but lovingly, they wait to bid us welcome.—Bishop R. S. Foster.

O, land of rest, how near thou art! O, judgment-seat of Jesus, how thin are the clouds that veil Thee! Through the rifts of cloudland shine rays from this righteous crown. It is "laid up" for him whose hope can never be satisfied with less than the presence of the King.—Stephen H. Tyng, Jr.

It may be that at this moment every battlement of heaven is alive with the redeemed. There is a sainted mother watching for her daughter. Have you no response to that long hushed voice which has prayed for you so often? And for you, young man, are there no voices there that have prayed for you? And are there none whom you promised once to meet again, if not on earth, in heaven?—D. L. Moody.

No wearisome days, no sorrowful nights; no hunger or thirst; no anxiety or fears; no envies, no jealousies, no breaches of friendship, no sad separations, no distrusts or forebodings, no self-reproaches, no enmities, no bitter regrets, no tears, no heartaches; "And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away."—Bishop R. S. Foster.

Look how the floor of Heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb which thou
behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.
—Shakespeare.

If I am allowed to give a metaphorical allusion to the future state of the blessed, I should imagine it by the orange-grove in that sheltered glen on which the sun is now beginning to shine, and of which the trees are, at the same time, loaded with sweet golden fruit and balmy silver flowers. Such objects may well portray a state in which hope and fruition become one eternal feeling.—Sir H. Davy.

If one could look a while through the chinks of heaven's door, and see the beauty and bliss of paradise; if he could but lay his ear to heaven, and hear the ravishing music of those seraphic spirits, and the anthems of praise which they sing, how would his soul be exhilarated and transported with joy.—Watson.

The song
Of Heaven is ever new; for daily thus,
And nightly, new discoveries are made
Of God's unbounded wisdom, power, and
love,
Which give the understanding larger room,
And swell the hymn with ever-growing
praise. —Pollok.

They are kings and priests unto God. They wear crowns that flash in the everlasting light. They wear robes that are spotlessly white. They wave victorious palms. They sing anthems of such exceeding sweetness as no

earthly choirs ever approach. They stand before the throne. They fly on ministries of love. They muse on the top of Mount Zion. They meditate on the banks of the river of life. They are rapturous with ecstasies of love. God wipes away all tears from their eyes.—Bishop R. S. Foster.

And then, the quiet of the green, inland valleys of our Father's land, where no tempest comes any more, nor the loud winds are ever heard, nor the salt sea is ever seen; but perpetual calm and blessedness; all mystery gone, and all rebellion hushed and silenced, and all unrest at an end forever! "No more sea;" but, instead of that wild and yeasty chaos of turbulent waters, there shall be the river that makes glad the city of God, the river of water of life, that proceeds "out of the throne of God and of the Lamb." —Alexander Maclaren.

Blessed is the pilgrim, who in every place, and at all times of this his banishment in the body, calling upon the holy name of Jesus, calleth to mind his native heavenly land, where his blessed Master, the King of saints and angels, waiteth to receive him. Blessed is the pilgrim who seeketh not an abiding place unto himself in this world; but longeth to be dissolved, and be with Christ in heaven.—Thos. à Kempis.

There is a land where everlasting suns
Shed everlasting brightness; where the soul
Drinks from the living streams of love that roll
By God's high throne! myriads of glorious ones
Bring their accepted offering. Oh! how blest
To look from this dark prison to that shrine,
To inhale one breath of Paradise divine,
And enter into that eternal rest
Which waits the sons of God.
—Bowring.

And looking back upon "the sea that brought us thither," we shall behold its waters flashing in the light of that everlasting morning, and hear them breaking into music upon the eternal shore. And then, brethren, when all the weary night-watchers on the stormy ocean of life are gathered together around Him who watched with them from His throne on the bordering mountains of eternity, where the day shines forever—then He will seat them at His table in His kingdom, and none will need to ask, "Who art Thou?" or "Where am I?" "for all shall know it is the Lord," and the full, perfect, unchangeable vision of His blessed face will be heaven.—Alexander Maclaren.

Rejoice, oh! grieving heart,
The hours fly past;
With each some sorrow dies,
With each some shadow flies,
Until at last
The red dawn in the east
Bids weary night depart,
And pain is past.
—A. A. Proctor.

What tranquillity will there be in heaven! Who can express the fullness and blessedness of this peace! What a calm is this! How sweet and holy and joyous! What a haven of rest to enter, after having passed through the storms and tempests of this world, in which pride and selfishness and envy and malice and scorn and contempt and contention and vice are as waves of a restless ocean, always rolling, and often dashed about in violence and fury! What a Canaan of rest to come to, after going through this waste and howling wilderness, full of snares and pitfalls and poisonous serpents, where no rest could be found.—Jonathan Edwards.

Yes, thank God! there is rest—many an interval of saddest, sweetest rest—even here, when it seems as if evening breezes from that other land, laden with fragrance, played upon the cheeks, and lulled the heart. There are times, even on the stormy sea, when a gentle whisper breathes softly as of heaven, and sends into the soul a dream of ecstasy which can never again wholly die, even amidst the jar and whirl of daily life. How such whispers make the blood stop and the flesh creep with a sense of mysterious communion! How singularly such

moments are the epochs of life—the few points that stand out prominently in the recollection after the flood of years has buried all the rest, as all the low shore disappears, leaving only a few rock points visible at high tide.—F. W. Robertson.

Beyond the smiling and the weeping,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon!
Love, rest, and home—
Sweet hope! Lord, tarry not, but come!
—Horatius Bonar.

Heavens (The)

But the day is spent;
And stars are kindling in the firmament,
To us how silent—though like ours, perchance,
Busy and full of life and circumstance.
—Rogers.

Heaven's ebon vault,
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Thro' which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
Seems like a canopy which love has spread
To curtain her sleeping world.
—Shelley.

This prospect vast, what is it?—weigh'd aright,
'Tis nature's system of divinity,
And every student of the night inspires.
'Tis elder scripture, writ by God's own hand:
Scripture authentic! uncorrupt by man.
—Young.

The blue, deep, glorious heavens!—I lift mine eye,
And bless thee, O my God! that I have met
And own'd thine image in the majesty
Of their calm temple still! that never yet
There hath thy face been shrouded from my sight
By noontide blaze, or sweeping storm of night!
I bless thee, O my God!
—Mrs. Hemans.

Ye stars! which are the poetry of heaven;
If in your bright leaves we would read the fate
Of men and empires—'t is to be forgiven,
That in our aspirations to be great,
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
A beauty and a mystery, and create
In us such love and reverence from afar,
That fortune, fame, power, life, have nam'd themselves a star. —Byron.

One sun by day, by night ten thousand shine;
And light us deep into the deity;
How boundless in magnificence and might!
O what a confluence of ethereal fires,
From urns unnumber'd, down the steep of heaven,
Streams to a point, and centres in my sight!
Nor tarries there; I feel it at my heart:
My heart, at once, it humbles, and exalts;
Lays it in dust, and calls it to the skies.
—Young.

Heirs

"Yet doth he live!" exclaims th' impatient heir,
And sighs for sables which he must not wear. —Byron.

To heirs unknown descends th' unguarded store,
Or wanders, heaven-directed, to the poor.
—Pope.

What madness is it for a man to starve himself to enrich his heir, and so turn a friend into an enemy! For his joy at your death will be proportioned to what you leave him.—Seneca.

He who sees his heir in his own child, carries his eye over hopes and possessions lying far beyond his gravestone, viewing his life, even here, as a period but closed with a comma. He who sees his heir in another man's child sees the full stop at the end of the sentence.—Bulwer-Lytton.

An heiress, remaining unmarried, is a prey to all manner of extortion and imposition, and with the best intentions, becomes—through a bounty—a corruption to her neighborhood and a curse to the poor; or, if experience shall put her on her guard, she will lead a life of suspicion and resistance, to the injury of her own mind and nature.—Jeremy Taylor.

Hell

Hell is the wrath of God—His hate of sin.—Bailey.

Hell is truth seen too late.—H. G. Adams.

Hell is both sides of the tomb, and a devil may be respectable and wear good clothes.—Charles H. Parkhurst.

Hell is more bearable than nothingness.—Bailey.

Hell is full of good meanings and wishings.—Herbert.

Divines and dying men may talk of hell,
But in my heart her several torments dwell.
—Shakespeare.

Long is the way
And hard, that out of hell leads up to light. —Milton.

Hell is no other but a soundless pit,
Where no one beame of comfort peeps in it. —Herrick.

That's the greatest torture souls feel in hell,
In hell, that they must live, and cannot die. —John Webster.

Self-love and the love of the world constitute hell.—Swedenborg.

I think the devil will not have me damned, lest the oil that's in me should set hell on fire.—Shakespeare.

Hell is paved with good intentions.—Samuel Johnson.

Hell, their fit habitation, fraught with fire
Unquenchable, the house of woe and pain.
—Milton.

Eternal torments, baths of boiling sulphur,
Vicissitude of fires, and then of frosts.
—Dryden.

Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here.—Shakespeare.

There is nothing that keeps wicked men at any one moment out of hell but the mere pleasure of God.—Jonathan Edwards.

The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven. —Milton.

Hell's court is built deep in a gloomy vale,
High walled with strong damnation, moated round
With flaming brimstone.
—Dr. Joseph Beaumont.

Many might go to heaven with half the labor they go to hell, if they would venture their industry the right way.—Ben Jonson.

No hell will frighten men away from sin; no dread of prospective misery; only goodness can cast hell out of any man, and set up the kingdom of heaven within.—Hugh R. Haweis.

Myself am hell;
And in the lowest deep a lower deep,
Still threat'ning to devour me, opens wide;
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.
—Milton.

There is in hell a place stone-built throughout,
Called Malebolge, of an iron hue,
Like to the wall that circles it about.
—Dante.

We spirits have just such natures
We had for all the world, when human creatures;
And, therefore, I, that was an actress here,
Play all my tricks in hell, a goblin there.
—Dryden.

Nay, then, what flames are these that leap and swell
As 'twere to show, where earth's foundations crack,
The secrets of the sepulchres of hell
On Dante's track? —Swinburne.

The place thou saw'st was hell, the groans thou heard'st
The wailings of the damn'd, of those who would
Not be redeem'd. —Pollok.

Ev'n thus in hell, wander the restless damn'd:
From scorching flames to chilling frosts they run;
Then from their frosts to fires return again,
And only prove variety of pain.
—Rowe.

A dungeon horrible, on all sides round,
As one great furnace, flamed; yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible
Serv'd only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all; but torture without end.
—Milton.

In the utmost solitudes of nature, the existence of hell seems to me as legibly declared by a thousand spiritual utterances as that of heaven.—Ruskin.

What will you do in a world where the Holy Spirit never strives; where

every soul is fully left to its own depravity; and where there is no leisure for repentance, if there were even the desire, but where there is too much present pain to admit repentance; where they gnaw their tongues with pain, and blaspheme the God of heaven?—James Hamilton.

Hell has no limits, nor is circumscribed
In one self place; but where we are is hell
And where hell is, there must we ever be;
And to be short, when all the world dissolves,
And every creature shall be purified,
All places shall be hell that are not heaven. —Marlowe.

A dark
Illimitable ocean, without bound,
Without dimension; where length, breadth, and highth,
And time, and place, are lost; where eldest Night
And Chaos—ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.
—Milton.

A universe of death
Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things
Abominable, unutterable, and worse
Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceived. —Milton.

Hell is a city much like London—
A populous and a smoky city;
There are all sorts of people undone,
And there is little or no fun done;
Small justice shown, and still less pity.
* * * * * *
Lawyers—judges—old hobnobbers
Are there—bailiffs—chancellors—
Bishops—great and little robbers—
Rhymesters—pamphleteers—stock-jobbers—
Men of glory in the wars. —Shelley.

The Lamb is, indeed, the emblem of love; but what so terrible as the wrath of the Lamb? The depth of the mercy despised is the measure of the punishment of him that despiseth. No more fearful words than those of the Saviour. The threatenings of the law were temporal, those of the gospel are eternal. It is Christ who reveals the never-dying worm, the unquenchable fire, and He who contrasts with the eternal joys of the redeemed the everlasting woes of the lost. His loving arms would enfold the whole human race, but not while impenitent or unbelieving; the benefits of His redemption are conditional.—Edward Thomson.

In the throat
Of Hell, before the very vestibule
Of opening Orcus, sit Remorse and Grief,
And pale Disease, and sad Old Age and Fear,
And Hunger that persuades to crime, and Want:
Forms terrible to see. Suffering and Death
Inhabit here, and Death's own brother Sleep;
And the mind's evil lusts and deadly War,
Lie at the threshold, and the iron beds
Of the Eumenides; and Discord wild
Her viper-locks with bloody fillets bound.
—Virgil.

There is a place in a black and hollow vault,
Where day is never seen; there shines no sun,
But flaming horror of consuming fires;
A lightless sulphur, chok'd with smoky fogs
Of an infected darkness; in this place
Dwell many thousand thousand sundry sorts
Of never dying deaths; there damn'd souls
Roar without pity; there are gluttons fed
With toads and adders; there is burning oil
Pour'd down the drunkard's throat; the usurer
Is forc'd to sup whole draughts of molten gold;
There is the murderer forever stabb'd,
Yet can he never die; there lies the wanton
On racks of burning steel, while in his soul
He feels the torment of his raging lust;
There stand those wretched things,
Who have dream'd out whole years in lawless sheets,
And secret incests, cursing one another.
—John Ford.

An immortality of pain and tears; an infinity of wretchedness and despair; the blackness of darkness across which conscience will forever shoot her clear and ghastly flashes—like lightning streaming over a desert when midnight and tempest are there; weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth; long, long eternity, and things that will make eternity seem longer—making each moment seem eternity—

oh, miserable condition of the damned! —Richard Fuller.

Help

God helps those who help themselves. —Algernon Sidney.

Light is the task when many share the toil.—Homer.

Heaven's help is better than early rising.—Cervantes.

I would help others, out of a fellow-feeling.—Burton.

In man's most dark extremity
Oft succor dawns from Heaven.
—Scott.

'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after.
—Shakespeare.

I want to help you to grow as beautiful as God meant you to be when He thought of you first.—George MacDonald.

Such help as we can give to each other in this world is a debt to each other: and the man who perceives a superiority or a capacity in a subordinate, and neither confesses nor assists it, is not merely the withholder of kindness, but the committer of injury.—Ruskin.

Heraldry

A court of heraldry sprung up to supply the place of crusade exploits, to grant imaginary shields and trophies to families that never wore real armor, and it is but of late that it has been discovered to have no real jurisdiction.—Shenstone.

We may talk what we please of lilies, and lions rampant, and spread eagles, in fields of d'or or d'argent, but if heraldry were guided by reason, a plough in a field arable would be the most noble and ancient arms.—Cowley.

Herbage

Grass grows at last above all graves. —Julia C. R. Dorr.

The green grass floweth like a stream
Into the ocean's blue. —Lowell.

How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!—Shakespeare.

A blade of grass is always a blade of grass, whether in one country or another.—Samuel Johnson.

Heroes

Troops of heroes undistinguished die.—Addison.

No man is a hero to his valet.—Mme. de Cornuel.

Heroes are a mischievous race.—Jeremy Collier.

Yes, Honor decks the turf that wraps their clay.—Byron.

There are heroes in evil as well as in good.—Rochefoucauld.

Heroes as great have died, and yet shall fall.—Homer.

Whoe'er excels in what we prize,
Appears a hero in our eyes.
—Swift.

Worship your heroes from afar; contact withers them.—Mme. Necker.

If hero means sincere man, why may not every one of us be a hero—Carlyle.

Of two heroes, he who esteems his rivals the most is the greatest.—Beaumelle.

We can all be heroes in our virtues, in our homes, in our lives.—James Ellis.

Prodigious actions may as well be done
By weaver's issue, as by prince's son.
—Dryden.

The real heroes of this war are the "great, brave, patient, nameless people."—Whitelaw Reid.

Heroes, it would seem, exist always and a certain worship of them.—Carlyle.

The legacy of heroes—the memory

of a great name, and the inheritance of a great example.—Beaconsfield.

Each man is a hero and an oracle to somebody, and to that person whatever he says has an enhanced value.—Emerson.

Our heroes of the former days deserved and gained their never-fading bays.—Roscommon.

I want a hero: an uncommon want,
When every year and month sends forth a new one. —Byron.

Hail, Columbia! happy land!
Hail, ye heroes! heaven-born band!
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause.
—Joseph Hopkinson.

In analyzing the character of heroes, it is hardly possible to separate altogether the share of fortune from their own.—Hallam.

The gentle breath of peace would leave him on the surface neglected and unmoved. It is only the tempest that lifts him from his place.—Junius.

The idol of to-day pushes the hero of yesterday out of our recollection; and will, in turn, be supplanted by his successor of to-morrow.—Washington Irving.

The heroes of literary history have been no less remarkable for what they have suffered than for what they have achieved.—Johnson.

Heroes are not known by the loftiness of their carriage, as the greatest braggarts are generally the merest cowards.—Rousseau.

Nobody, they say, is a hero to his valet. Of course; for a man must be a hero to understand a hero. The valet, I dare say, has great respect for some person of his own stamp.—Goethe.

The prudent sees only the difficulties, the bold only the advantages, of a great enterprise; the hero sees both, diminishes those, makes these preponderate, and conquers.—Lavater.

Heroes in history seem to us poetic because they are there. But if we should tell the simple truth of some of our neighbors, it would sound like poetry.—G. W. Curtis.

Up rose the hero,—on his piercing eye
Sat observation; on each glance of thought
Decision follow'd, as the thunderbolt
Pursues the flash. —Home.

Place moral heroes in the field, and heroines follow them as brides, but the opposite does not hold true; no heroine can create a hero through love of her, but she may give birth to one.—Richter.

Heroes, notwithstanding the high ideas which, by the means of flatterers, they may entertain of themselves, or the world may conceive of them, have certainly more of mortal than divine about them.—Fielding.

There needs not a great soul to make a hero; there needs a God-created soul which will be true to its origin; that will be a great soul.—Carlyle.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.
—Fitz-Greene Halleck.

The greatest of all heroes is One—whom we do not name here! Let sacred silence meditate that sacred matter; you will find it the ultimate perfection of a principle extant throughout man's whole history on earth.—Carlyle.

A hero is—as though one should say—a man of high achievement, who performs famous exploits—who does things that are heroical, and in all his actions and demeanor is a hero indeed. —H. Brooke.

The heroic soul does not sell its justice and its nobleness. It does not ask to dine nicely and to sleep warm. The essence of greatness is the perception that virtue is enough. Poverty is its ornament. It does not need

plenty, and can very well abide its loss.—Emerson.

He who, with strong passions, remains chaste—he who, keenly sensitive, with manly power of indignation in him, can yet restrain himself and forgive—these are strong men, spiritual heroes.—Robertson.

Great men need to be lifted upon the shoulders of the whole world, in order to conceive their great ideas or perform their great deeds; that is, there must be an atmosphere of greatness round about them. A hero cannot be a hero unless in an heroic world.—Hawthorne.

It hath been an ancient custom among them (Hungarians) that none should wear a fether but he who had killed a Turk, to whom onlie yt was lawful to shew the number of his slaine enemys by the number of fethers in his cappe.—Richard Hansard.

It were well if there were fewer heroes; for I scarcely ever heard of any, excepting Hercules, but did more mischief than good. These overgrown mortals commonly use their will with their right hand, and their reason with their left.—Jeremy Collier.

Whoever, with an earnest soul,
Strives for some end from this low world afar,
Still upward travels though he miss the goal,
And strays—but towards a star.
—Bulwer.

Yet reason frowns in war's unequal game,
Where wasted nations raise a single name;
And mortgag'd states their grandsire's wreaths regret,
From age to age in everlasting debt;
Wreaths which at last the dear-bought right convey
To rust on medals, or on stones decay.
—Dr. Johnson.

Heroism

Self-trust is the essence of heroism.—Emerson.

In a truly heroic life there is no peradventure. It is always either doing or dying.—Roswell D. Hitchcock.

Heroism—the divine relation which in all times unites a great man to other men.—Carlyle.

The grandest of heroic deeds are those which are performed within four walls and in domestic privacy.—Jean Paul Richter.

There is more heroism in self-denial than in deeds of arms.—Seneca.

Take away ambition and vanity, and where will be your heroes or patriots?—Seneca.

Heroes did not make our liberties: they but reflected and illustrated them.—James A. Garfield.

Mankind is not disposed to look narrowly into the conduct of great victors when their victory is on the right side.—George Eliot.

The world's battlefields have been in the heart chiefly, and there the greatest heroism has been secretly exercised.—Beecher.

The true epic of our times is not "Arms and the Man," but "Tools and the Man"—an infinitely wider kind of epic.—Carlyle.

Heroism is active genius; genius, contemplative heroism. Heroism is the self-devotion of genius manifesting itself in action.—J. C. and A. W. Hare.

A noble life, crowned with heroic death, rises above and outlives the pride and pomp and glory of the mightiest empire of the earth.—Garfield.

Every heroic act measures itself by its contempt of some external good. But it finds its own success at last, and then the prudent also extol.—Emerson.

Those whom the world has delighted to honor have oftener been influenced in their doings by ambition and vanity than by patriotism.—Rochefoucauld.

The greatest obstacle to being heroic is the doubt whether one may not be going to prove one's self a fool; the truest heroism is to resist the doubt, and the profoundest wisdom to know when it ought to be resisted, and when to be obeyed.—Hawthorne.

Heroism works in contradiction to the voice of mankind, and in contradiction, for a time, to the voice of the great and good. Heroism is an obedience to a secret impulse of an individual's character.—Emerson.

Heroism, self-denial, and magnanimity, in all instances where they do not spring from a principle of religion, are but splendid altars on which we sacrifice one kind of self-love to another. —Colton.

A light supper, a good night's sleep, and a fine morning have often made a hero of the same man who, by indigestion, a restless night, and a rainy morning, would have proved a coward. —Chesterfield.

If we must have heroes and wars wherein to make them, there is no war so brilliant as a war with wrong; no hero so fit to be sung as he who has gained the bloodless victory of truth and mercy.—Horace Bushnell.

True heroism is alike positive and progressive. It sees in right the duty which should dominate, and in truth the principle which should prevail. And hence it never falters in the faith that always and everywhere sin must be repressed, and righteousness exalted. —John McC. Holmes.

Enthusiasm springs from the imagination, and self-sacrifice from the heart. Women are, therefore, more naturally heroic than men. All nations have in their annals some of these miracles of patriotism, of which woman is the instrument in the hands of God.—Lamartine.

Heroism is the brilliant triumph of the soul over the flesh; that is to say, over fear: fear of poverty, of suffering, of calumny, of sickness, of isolation, and of death. There is no serious piety without heroism. Heroism is the dazzling and glorious concentration of courage.—Amiel.

Don't aim at any impossible heroisms. Strive rather to be quiet in your own sphere. Don't live in the cloudland of some transcendental heaven; do your best to bring the glory of a real heaven down, and ray it out upon your fellows in this work-day world. Seek to make trade bright with a spotless integrity, and business lustrous with the beauty of holiness.— Wm. M. Punshon.

There is a heroism in crime as well as in virtue. Vice and infamy have their altars and their religion. This makes nothing in their favor, but is a proud compliment to man's nature. Whatever he is or does, he cannot entirely efface the stamp of the divinity on him. Let him strive ever so, he cannot divest himself of his natural sublimity of thought and affection, however he may pervert or deprave it to ill.—Hazlitt.

There is an army of memorable sufferers who suffer inwardly and not outwardly. The world's battlefields have been in the heart chiefly. More heroism has there been displayed in the household and in the closet, I think, than on the most memorable military battlefields of history.—Beecher.

Heroism is no extempore work of transient impulse—a rocket rushing fretfully up to disturb the darkness by which, after a moment's insulting radiance, it is ruthlessly swallowed up, —but a steady fire, which darts forth tongues of flame. It is no sparkling epigram of action, but a luminous epic of character.—Whipple.

We cannot think too highly of our nature, nor too humbly of ourselves. When we see the martyr to virtue, subject as he is to the infirmities of a man, yet suffering the tortures of a demon, and bearing them with the mag-

nanimity of a God, do we not behold a heroism that angels may indeed surpass, but which they cannot imitate, and must admire.—Colton.

Never was there a time, in the history of the world, when moral heroes were more needed. The world waits for such, the providence of God has commanded science to labor and prepare the way for such. For them she is laying her iron tracks, and stretching her wires, and bridging the oceans. But where are they? Who shall breathe into our civil and political relations the breath of a higher life? Who shall touch the eyes of a paganized science, and of a pantheistic philosophy, that they may see God? Who shall consecrate to the glory of God the triumphs of science? Who shall bear the life-boat to the stranded and perishing nations.—Mark Hopkins.

Hero-Worship

Society is founded on hero-worship. —Carlyle.

Worship of a hero is transcendent admiration of a great man.—Carlyle.

Hero-worship exists, has existed, and will forever exist, universally, among mankind.—Carlyle.

If silence is ever golden, it must be * * * beside the graves of * * * men, whose lives were more significant than speech, and whose death was a poem, the music of which can never be sung.—Garfield.

Fortunate men! your country lives because you died. Your fame is placed where the breath of calumny can never reach it, where the mistakes of a weary life can never dim its brightness! Coming generations will rise up and call you blessed.—Garfield.

Unmixed praise is not due to any one. It leaves behind a sense of unreality. We can only do justice to a great man by a discriminating criticism. Hero-worship, which paints a faultless monster, whom the world never saw, is like those modern pictures which are a blaze of light without any shadow.—James Freeman Clarke.

Pure hero-worship is healthy. It stimulates the young to deeds of heroism, stirs the old to unselfish efforts, and gives the masses models of mankind that tend to lift humanity above the commonplace meanness of ordinary life.—Donn Piatt.

They summed up and perfected, by one supreme act, the highest virtues of men and citizens. For love of country they accepted death, and thus resolved all doubts, and made immortal their patriotism and their virtue.—Garfield.

These heroes are dead. They died for liberty—they died for us. They are at rest. They sleep in the land they made free, under the flag they rendered stainless, under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows, and the embracing vines. They sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of sunshine or of storm, each in the windowless palace of rest. Earth may run red with other wars; they are at peace. In the midst of battle, in the roar of conflict, they found the serenity of death. I have one sentiment for soldiers living and dead: cheers for the living; tears for the dead.—Robert G. Ingersoll.

Historians

To be a really good historian is perhaps the rarest of intellectual distinctions.—Macaulay.

Histories are as perfect as the historian is wise, and is gifted with an eye and a soul.—Carlyle.

Instructed by the antiquary times,
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise.
—Shakespeare.

Every great writer is a writer of history, let him treat on almost any subject he may.—Landor.

It is to me a peculiarly noble work rescuing from oblivion those who deserve immortality, and extending their

renown at the same time that we advance our own.—Pliny the Younger.

Historians ought to be precise, faithful, and unprejudiced; and neither interest nor fear, hatred nor affection, should make them swerve from the way of truth.—Cervantes.

Historians, only things of weight,
Results of persons, or affairs of State,
Briefly, with truth and clearness should relate;
Laconic shortness memory feeds.
—Heath.

The historian must be a poet; not to find, but to find again; not to breathe life into beings, into imaginary deeds, but in order to re-animate and revive that which has been; to represent what time and space have placed at a distance from us.—Joseph Roux.

The true historical genius, to our thinking, is that which can see the nobler meaning of events that are near him, as the true poet is he who detects the divine in the casual; and we somewhat suspect the depth of his insight into the past, who cannot recognize the godlike of to-day under that disguise in which it always visits us. —Lowell.

A perfect historian must possess an imagination sufficiently powerful to make his narrative affecting and picturesque; yet he must control it so absolutely as to content himself with the materials which he finds, and to refrain from supplying deficiencies by additions of his own. He must be a profound and ingenious reasoner; yet he must possess sufficient self-command to abstain from casting his facts in the mould of his hypothesis.—Macaulay.

The true historian, therefore, seeking to compose a true picture of the thing acted, must collect facts and combine facts. Methods will differ, styles will differ. Nobody ever does anything like anybody else; but the end in view is generally the same, and the historian's end is truthful narration. Maxims he will have, if he is wise, never a one; and as for a moral, if he tell his story well, it will need none; if he tell it ill, it will deserve none.—Augustine Birrell.

History

History teaches everything, even the future.—Lamartine.

All history is a lie!—Sir Robert Walpole.

There is a history in all men's lives. —Shakespeare.

History is but the unrolled scroll of prophecy.—James A. Garfield.

What is history but a fable agreed upon?—Napoleon I.

Truth is liable to be left-handed in history.—Dumas, Père.

Sin writes history; goodness is silent.—Goethe.

To study history is to study literature.—Willmott.

History is the complement of poetry. —Sir J. Stephen.

Biography is the only true history.— Carlyle.

All history was at first oral.—Dr. Johnson.

Her ample page rich with the spoils of time.—Gray.

The mystery of history is an insoluble problem.—Henry Ward Beecher.

History is a pageant and not a philosopher.—Augustine Birrell.

History is only a confused heap of facts.—Lord Chesterfield.

History is the revelation of Providence.—Kossuth.

History itself is nothing more than legend and romance.—Thomas Wright.

History is clarified experience.—Lowell.

History is, after all, the crystallization of popular beliefs.—Donn Piatt.

History ought to be guided by strict truth; and worthy actions require nothing more.—Pliny the Younger.

History is neither more nor less than biography on a large scale.—Lamartine.

History shows that the majority of men who have done anything great have passed their youth in seclusion.—Heine.

History, which is, indeed, little more than the register of the crimes, follies, and misfortunes of mankind.—Gibbon.

That which history can give us best is the enthusiasm which it raises in our hearts.—Goethe.

The Grecian history is a poem, Latin history a picture, modern history a chronicle.—Chateaubriand.

History casts its shadow far into the land of song.—Longfellow.

History, in whatever way it may be executed, is a great source of pleasure.—Pliny the Younger.

History is little else than a picture of human crimes and misfortunes.—Voltaire.

Anything but history, for history must be false.—Horace Walpole.

They who live in history only seemed to walk the earth again.—Longfellow.

History is the essence of innumerable biographies.—Carlyle.

History is only time furnished with dates and rich with events.—Rivarol.

History is the depository of great actions, the witness of what is past, the example and instructor of the present, and monitor to the future.—Cervantes.

History makes us some amends for the shortness of life.—Skelton.

The historian is a prophet looking backwards.—Schlegel.

History hath triumphed over Time, which besides it, nothing but Eternity hath triumphed over.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

History is but a kind of Newgate calendar, a register of the crimes and miseries that man has inflicted on his fellow-man.—Washington Irving.

History is a mighty drama, enacted upon the theatre of time, with suns for lamps and eternity for a background.—Carlyle.

A Grecian history, perfectly written should be a complete record of the rise and progress of poetry, philosophy, and the arts.—Macaulay.

The impartiality of history is not that of the mirror, which merely reflects objects, but of the judge, who sees, listens, and decides.—Lamartine.

Providence conceals itself in the details of human affairs, but becomes unveiled in the generalities of history.—Lamartine.

History is the witness of the times, the torch of truth, the life of memory, the teacher of life, the messenger of antiquity.—Cicero.

History needs distance, perspective. Facts and events which are too well attested cease, in some sort, to be malleable.—Joubert.

A cultivated reader of history is domesticated in all families; he dines with Pericles, and sups with Titian.—Willmott.

There is no history worthy of attention but that of a free people; the history of a people subjected to des-

potism is only a collection of anecdotes.—Chamfort.

History is constantly repeating itself, making only such changes of programme as the growth of nations and centuries requires.—Garfield.

History, as it lies at the root of all science, is also the first distinct product of man's spiritual nature; his earliest expression of what can be called thought.—Carlyle.

Not to know what has been transacted in former times is to continue always a child. If no use is made of the labors of past ages, the world must remain always in the infancy of knowledge.—Cicero.

It is when the hour of the conflict is over that history comes to a right understanding of the strife, and is ready to exclaim, "Lo, God is here, and we knew Him not!"—Bancroft.

History, like religion, unites all learning and power, especially ancient history; that is, the history of the nations of the youthful world—Grecian and Roman, Jewish and early Christian.—Richter.

There is nothing that solidifies and strengthens a nation like reading of the nation's own history, whether that history is recorded in books, or embodied in customs, institutions, and monuments.—Joseph Anderson.

What is public history but a register of the successes and disappointments, the vices, the follies, and the quarrels, of those who engage in contention for power?—Paley.

At the bottom there is no perfect history; there is none such conceivable. All past centuries have rotted down, and gone confusedly dumb and quiet.—Carlyle.

Each generation gathers together the imperishable children of the past, and increases them by new sons of light, alike radiant with immortality. —Bancroft.

History maketh a young man to be old, without either wrinkles or grey hairs, privileging him with the experience of age, without either the infirmities or inconveniences thereof.—Fuller.

The history of the past is a mere puppet-show. A little man comes out and blows a little trumpet, and goes in again. You look for something new, and lo! another little man comes out, and blows another little trumpet, and goes in again. And it is all over. —Longfellow.

The student is to read history actively and not passively; to esteem his own life the text, and books the commentary. Thus compelled, the muse of history will utter oracles as never to those who do not respect themselves.—Emerson.

Truth comes to us from the past, as gold is washed down from the mountains of Sierra Nevada, in minute but precious particles, and intermixed with infinite alloy, the debris of the centuries.—Bovee.

In a word, we may gather out of history a policy no less wise than eternal; by the comparison and application of other men's forepassed miseries with our own like errors and ill deservings.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

We must consider how very little history there is—I mean real, authentic history. That certain kings reigned and certain battles were fought, we can depend upon as true; but all the coloring, all the philosophy, of history is conjecture.—Dr. Johnson.

Facts are the mere dross of history. It is from the abstract truth which interpenetrates them, and lies latent among them, like gold in the ore, that the mass derives its whole value; and the precious particles are generally combined with the baser in such a manner that the separation is

a task of the utmost difficulty.—Macaulay.

Geologists complain that when they want specimens of the common rocks of a country, they receive curious spars; just so, historians give us the extraordinary events and omit just what we want,—the every-day life of each particular time and country.—Whately.

History is a great painter, with the world for canvas, and life for a figure. It exhibits man in his pride, and nature in her magnificence,—Jerusalem bleeding under the Roman, or Lisbon vanishing in flame and earthquake. History must be splendid. Bacon called it the pomp of business. Its march is in high places, and along the pinnacles and points of great affairs. —Willmott.

History presents the pleasantest features of poetry and fiction,—the majesty of the epic, the moving accidents of the drama, the surprises and moral of the romance. Wallace is a ruder Hector; Robinson Crusoe is not stranger that Crœsus: the Knights of Ashby never burnish the page of Scott with richer lights of lance and armor than the Carthaginians, winding down the Alps, cast upon Livy.—Willmott.

The world's history is a divine poem of which the history of every nation is a canto and every man a word. Its strains have been pealing along down the centuries, and though there have been mingled the discords of warring cannon and dying men, yet to the Christian philosopher and historian —the humble listener—there has been a divine melody running through the song which speaks of hope and halcyon days to come.—James A. Garfield.

Hobbies

Hobbies should be wives, not mistresses. It will not do to have more than one at a time. One hobby leads you out of extravagance; a team of hobbies you cannot drive till you are rich enough to find corn for them all. Few men are rich enough for that.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Holidays

If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work.
—Shakespeare.

I have a great confidence in the revelations which holidays bring forth.—Beaconsfield.

You sunburnt sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow and be merry:
Make holiday; your rye-straw hats put on
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing. —Shakespeare.

The holiest of all holidays are those
Kept by ourselves in silence and apart;
The secret anniversaries of the heart,
When the full river of feeling overflows;—
The happy days unclouded to their close;
The sudden joys that out of darkness start
As flames from ashes; swift desires that dart
Like swallows singing down each wind that blows! —Longfellow.

The second day of July, 1776, will be the most memorable epoch in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward forevermore.—John Adams.

Holiness

Holiness is an unselfing of ourselves. —F. W. Faber.

The symmetry of the soul.—Philip Henry.

Holiness is the architectural plan upon which God buildeth up His living temple.—C. H. Spurgeon.

Holiness is happiness; and the more you have of the former, the more you

will undoubtedly enjoy of the latter.—John Angel James.

What Christianity in her antagonism with every form of unbelief most needs is holy living.—Christlieb.

The most holy men are always the most humble men; none so humble on earth as those that live highest in heaven.—Aughey.

Remember that holiness is not the way to Christ, but Christ is the way to holiness.—Aughey.

Whoso lives the holiest life
Is fittest far to die.
—Margaret J. Preston.

Seek and possess holiness, and consolation will follow, as assuredly as warmth follows the dispensation of the rays of the sun.—Upham.

Christ came to give us a justifying righteousness, and He also came to make us holy—not chiefly for the purpose of evidencing here our possession of a justifying righteousness—but for the purpose of forming and fitting us for a blessed eternity.—Chalmers.

If it be heaven toward which we journey, it will be holiness in which we delight; for if we cannot now rejoice in having God for our portion, where is our meetness for a world in which God is to be all in all forever and forever?—Henry Melvill.

It must be a prospect pleasing to God Himself to see His creation forever beautifying in His eyes, and drawing nearer Him by greater degrees of resemblance.—Addison.

The inquirer after holiness should associate with those whose intelligence will instruct him; whose example will guide him; whose conversation will inspire him; whose cautions will warn him.—John Angel James.

Blessed is the memory of those who have kept themselves unspotted from the world. Yet more blessed and more dear the memory of those who have kept themselves unspotted in the world. —Mrs. Jameson.

Holiness consists of three things—separation from sin, dedication to God, transformation into Christ's image. It is in vain that we talk about the last, unless we know something experimentally about the first.—Aughey.

If it be the characteristic of a worldly man that he desecrates what is holy, it should be of the Christian to consecrate what is secular, and to recognize a present and presiding divinity in all things.—Chalmers.

The narrow way, the way of holiness, not only leads to life, but it is life. Walking there, serene are our days, peaceful our nights, happy—high above the disorders and miseries of a wretched world—shall be our hourly communion with God; happy—full of assurance, of calm and sacred triumph, shall be our dying hour. —Richard Fuller.

But all his mind is bent to holiness,
To number Ave-Maries on his beads;
His champions are the prophets and apostles,
His weapons only saws of sacred writ,
His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves
Are brazen images of canonized saints.
—Shakespeare.

Holiness is religious principle put into motion. It is the love of God sent forth into circulation, on the feet, and with the hands of love to men. It is faith gone to work. It is charity coined into actions, and devotion breathing benedictions on human suffering, while it goes up in intercession to the Father of all piety.—F. D. Huntington.

I make it my constant prayer that God would most graciously be pleased to dispose us all to do justice, to love mercy, and to demean ourselves with that charity, humility, and pacific temper of mind, which were the characteristics of the Divine Author of our blessed religion; without a humble imitation of whose example in these

things, we can never hope to be a happy nation.—George Washington.

Everything holy is before what is unholy; guilt presupposes innocence, not the reverse; angels, but not fallen ones, were created. Hence man does not properly rise to the highest, but first sinks gradually down from it, and then afterwards rises again; a child can never be considered too innocent and good.—Richter.

It is of things heavenly and universal declaration, working in them whose hearts God inspireth with the due consideration thereof, and habit or disposition of mind whereby they are made fit vessels both for the receipt and delivery of whatsoever spiritual perfection.—Hooker.

He who the sword of heaven will bear
Should be as holy as severe;
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go;
More nor less to others paying
Than by self-offences weighing.
Shame to him whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
—Shakespeare.

Holy Spirit

A religion without the Holy Ghost, though it had all the ordinances and all the doctrines of the New Testament, would certainly not be Christianity.—William Arthur.

There is no reason to believe that the Holy Spirit ever leaves awakened sinners, only as they leave the truth of God for some error or sin.—Ichabod Spencer.

You will find that for a smoking flax there is no specific like heaven's oxygen; for a faint and flickering piety there is no cure comparable to the one without which all our own exertions are but an effort to light a lamp in a vacuum—the breath of the Holy Spirit.—James Hamilton.

Whatever the Holy Spirit prompts a true Christian to do for the glory of God, He allures him to do in a modest way and with a disposition of indescribable tenderness.—C. S. Robinson.

The work of the Spirit is to impart life, to implant hope, to give liberty, to testify of Christ, to guide us into all truth, to teach us all things, to comfort the believer, and to convict the world of sin.—D. L. Moody.

Culture is good, genius is brilliant, civilization is a blessing, education is a great privilege; but we may be educated villains. The thing that we want most of all is the precious gift of the Holy Ghost.—John Hall.

The believing man hath the Holy Ghost; and where the Holy Ghost dwelleth, He will not suffer a man to be idle, but stirreth him up to all exercises of piety and godliness, and of true religion, to the love of God, to the patient suffering of afflictions, to prayer, to thanksgiving, and the exercise of charity towards all men. —Martin Luther.

I firmly believe that the moment our hearts are emptied of pride and selfishness and ambition and self-seeking and every thing that is contrary to God's law, the Holy Ghost will come and fill every corner of our hearts; but if we are full of pride and conceit and ambition and self-seeking and pleasure and the world, there is no room for the Spirit of God; and I believe many a man is praying to God to fill him when he is full already with something else.—D. L. Moody.

Home

Home is the grandest of all institutions.—Spurgeon.

Home is the chief school of human virtues.—Channing.

Home is the seminary of all other institutions.—Chapin.

Home—the nursery of the Infinite. William Ellery Channing.

Our home is still home, be it ever so homely.—Charles Dibdin.

A happy home is the single spot of rest which a man has upon this earth

for the cultivation of his noblest sensibilities.—F. W. Robertson.

Home makes the man.—Samuel Smiles.

Home interprets heaven. Home is heaven for beginners.—Charles H. Parkhurst.

The sweetest type of heaven is home.—J. G. Holland.

Home, in one form or another, is the great object of life.—J. G. Holland.

There is no sanctuary of virtue like home.—Edward Everett.

Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.—Shakespeare.

The strength of a nation, especially of a republican nation, is in the intelligent and well-ordered homes of the people.—Mrs. Sigourney.

His home, the spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.
—Montgomery.

Just the wee cot—the cricket's chirr—
Love and the smiling face of her.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

Every one in his own house and God in all of them.—Cervantes.

I value this delicious home-feeling as one of the choicest gifts a parent can bestow.—Washington Irving.

The air of paradise did fan the house, and angels officed all.—Shakespeare.

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home. —J. Howard Payne.

He is happiest, be he king or peasant, who finds peace in his home.—Goethe.

Home should be an oratorio of the memory, singing to all our after life melodies and harmonies of old-remembered joy.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Communion is the law of growth, and homes only thrive when they sustain relations with each other.—J. G. Holland.

There is no place more delightful than one's own fireside.—Cicero.

The paternal hearth, the rallying-place of the affections.—Washington Irving.

Home should be the centre of joy, equatorial and tropical.—Beecher.

To Adam Paradise was home. To the good among his descendants home is paradise.—Hare.

The first indication of domestic happiness is the love of one's home.—M. de Montlosier.

The spirit and tone of your home will have great influence on your children. If it is what it ought to be, it will fasten conviction on their minds, however wicked they may become.—Richard Cecil.

A Christian home! What a power it is to the child when he is far away in the cold, tempting world, and voices of sin are filling his ears, and his feet stand on slippery places.—A. E. Kittredge.

The house of every one is to him as his castle and fortress, as well for his defence against injury and violence, as for his repose.—Sir Edward Coke.

No genuine observer can decide otherwise than that the homes of a nation are the bulwarks of personal and national safety and thrift.—J. G. Holland.

There is a magic in that little word,—it is a mystic circle that surrounds comforts and virtues never known beyond its hallowed limits.—Southey.

A man who in the struggles of life has no home to retire to, in fact or in memory, is without life's best rewards and life's best defences.—J. G. Holland.

To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition, the end to which every enterprise and labor tends, and of which every desire prompts the prosecution.—Johnson.

When home is ruled according to God's word, angels might be asked to stay a night with us, and they would not find themselves out of their element.—C. H. Spurgeon.

There is no happiness in life, there is no misery, like that growing out of the dispositions which consecrate or desecrate a home.—Chapin.

Home is the resort
Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,
Supporting and supported, polish'd friends
And dear relations mingle into bliss.
—Thomson.

This fond attachment to the well-known place
Whence first we started into life's long race,
Maintains its hold with such unfailing sway,
We feel it e'en in age, and at our latest day. —Cowper.

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home;
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come. —Byron.

Stint yourself, as you think good, in other things; but don't scruple freedom in brightening home. Gay furniture and a brilliant garden are a sight day by day, and make life blither.—Charles Buxton.

A house is never perfectly furnished for enjoyment unless there is a child in it rising three years old, and a kitten rising six weeks.—Southey.

We may build more splendid habitations, fill our rooms with paintings and with sculptures, but we cannot buy with gold the old associations.—Longfellow.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view:—
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,
And every lov'd spot which my infancy knew. —Woodworth.

By the fireside still the light is shining,
The children's arms round the parents twining.
From love so sweet, O who would roam?
Be it ever so homely, home is home.
—D. M. Mulock.

Peace and rest at length have come,
All the day's long toil is past;
And each heart is whispering, "Home,
Home at last!" —Hood.

Our natural and happiest life is when we lose ourselves in the exquisite absorption of home, the delicious retirement of dependent love.—Miss Mulock.

To make a happy fireside clime
To weans and wife,
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life. —Burns.

The little smiling cottage! where at eve
He meets his rosy children at the door,
Prattling their welcomes, and his honest wife,
With good brown cake and bacon slice, intent
To cheer his hunger after labor hard.
—Dyer.

There's a strange something, which without a brain
Fools feel, and which e'en wise men can't explain,
Planted in man, to bind him to that earth,
In dearest ties, from whence he drew his birth. —Churchill.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his foosteps he hath turn'd,
From wandering on a foreign strand!
—Scott.

It is a woman, and only a woman, —a woman all by herself, if she likes,

and without any man to help her,—who can turn a house into a home.—Frances Power Cobbe.

Keep the home near heaven. Let it face toward the Father's house. Not only let the day begin and end with God, with mercies acknowledged and forgiveness sought, but let it be seen and felt that God is your chiefest joy, His will in all you do the absolute and sufficient reason.—James Hamilton.

I have always felt that the best security for civilization is the dwelling, and that upon properly appointed and becoming dwellings depends more than anything else the improvement of mankind. Such dwellings are the nursery of all domestic virtues, and without a becoming home the exercise of those virtues is impossible.—Beaconsfield.

I never heard my father's or mother's voice once raised in any question with each other; nor saw any angry or even slightly hurt or offended glance in the eyes of either. I never heard a servant scolded, nor even suddenly, passionately, or in any severe manner, blamed; and I never saw a moment's trouble or disorder in any household matter.—John Ruskin.

A house is no home unless it contains food and fire for the mind as well as for the body. For human beings are not so constituted that they can live without expansion. If they do not get it in one way, they must in another, or perish.—Margaret Fuller Ossoli.

The home came from heaven. Modeled on the Father's house and the many mansions, and meant the one to be a training place for the other, the home is one of the gifts of the Lord Jesus—a special creation of Christianity.—James Hamilton.

In the homes of America are born the children of America; and from them go out into American life, American men and women. They go out with the stamp of these homes upon them; and only as these homes are what they should be, will they be what they should be.—J. G. Holland.

It is to Jesus Christ we owe the truth, the tenderness, the purity, the warm affection, the holy aspiration, which go together in that endearing word—home; for it is He who has made obedience so beautiful, and affection so holy; it is He who has brought the Father's home so near, and has taught us that love is of God. —James Hamilton.

If ever household affections and loves are graceful things, they are graceful in the poor. The ties that bind the wealthy and the proud to home may be forged on earth, but those which link the poor man to his humble hearth are of the true metal and bear the stamp of heaven.—Dickens.

The sweetest type of heaven is home —nay, heaven is the home for whose acquisition we are to strive the most strongly. Home, in one form and another, is the great object of life. It stands at the end of every day's labor, and beckons us to its bosom; and life would be cheerless and meaningless, did we not discern across the river that divides us from the life beyond, glimpses of the pleasant mansions prepared for us.—J. G. Holland.

The whitewash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door;
The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day. —Goldsmith.

The poorest man may in his cottage bid defiance to all the force of the Crown. It may be frail, its roof may shake; the wind may blow through it; the storms may enter,—the rain may enter,—but the King of England cannot enter; all his forces dare not cross the threshold of the ruined tenement!—William Pitt.

Are you not surprised to find how independent of money peace of conscience is, and how much happiness can be condensed in the humblest

home? A cottage will not hold the bulky furniture and sumptuous accommodations of a mansion; but if God be there, a cottage will hold as much happiness as might stock a palace.—Dr. James Hamilton.

The domestic relations precede, and in our present existence are worth more than all our other social ties. They give the first throb to the heart, and unseal the deep fountains of its love. Home is the chief school of human virtue. Its responsibilities, joys, sorrows, smiles, tears, hopes, and solicitudes form the chief interest of human life.—Channing.

The Cottage Homes of England!
By thousands on her plains,
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,
And round the hamlet-fanes;
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
Each from its nook of leaves;
And fearless there the lowly sleep,
As the birds beneath their eaves.
—Mrs. Hemans.

At night returning, every labour sped,
He sits him down, the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze;
While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board.
—Goldsmith.

Cling to thy home! If there the meanest shed
Yield thee a hearth and shelter for thy head,
And some poor plot, with vegetables stored,
Be all that Heaven allots thee for thy board,
Unsavory bread, and herbs that scatter'd grow
Wild on the river-brink or mountain-brow;
Yet e'en this cheerless mansion shall provide
More heart's repose than all the world beside.
—Leonidas.

Home and heaven are not so far separated as we sometimes think. Nay, they are not separated at all, for they are both in the same great building. Home is the lower story, and is located down here on the ground floor; heaven is above stairs, in the second and third stories; and, as one after another the family is called to come up higher, that which seemed to be such a strange place begins to wear a familiar aspect; and, when at last not one is left below, the home is transferred to heaven, and heaven is home.—Alexander Dickson.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting, by repose:
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.
—Goldsmith.

The pleasant converse of the fireside, the simple songs of home, the words of encouragement as I bend over my school-tasks, the kiss as I lie down to rest, the patient bearing with the freaks of my restless nature, the gentle counsels mingled with reproofs and approvals, the sympathy that meets and assuages every sorrow, and sweetens every little success—all these return to me amid the responsibilities which press upon me now, and I feel as if I had once lived in heaven, and, straying, had lost my way.—J. G. Holland.

Homeliness

Homeliness has this advantage over its enemy, beauty. It is that it is as difficult for an ugly woman to be calumniated as for a pretty woman not to be.—Stahl.

Homer

Like Shakespeare, for all time.—Emerson.

Homer excels all the inventors of other arts in this: that he has swal-

lowed up the honor of those who succeeded him.—Pope.

Milton is the most sublime, and Homer the most picturesque.—Robert Hall.

I can no more believe old Homer blind,
Than those who say the sun hath never shin'd;
The age wherein he liv'd was dark, but he
Could not want sight who taught the world to see. —Denham.

Read Homer once, and you can read no more,
For all books else appear so mean, so poor;
Verse may seem prose; but still persist to read,
And Homer will be all the books you need.
—Duke of Buckinghamshire.

Honesty

Honesty is the best policy.—Cervantes.

An honest man's the noblest work of God.—Pope.

No legacy is so rich as honesty.—Shakespeare.

Honest minds are pleased with honest things.—Beaumont and Fletcher.

An honest heart possesses a kingdom.—Seneca.

An honest man is respected by all parties.—Hazlitt.

An honest man's word is as good as his bond.—Cervantes.

Honest men are the gentlemen of nature.—Bulwer-Lytton.

An honest man is always a child.—Martial.

The badge of honesty is simplicity.—Novalis.

Honesty needs no disguise or ornament.—Otway.

Honesty needs no pains to set itself off.—Edward Moore.

Honesty is a warrant of far more safety than fame.—Owen Feltham.

Integrity gains strength by use.—Tillotson.

For honesty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a sauce to sugar.—Shakespeare.

An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not.—Shakespeare.

"Honesty is the best policy;" but he who acts on that principle is not an honest man.—Whately.

All other knowledge is hurtful to him who has not honesty and goodnature.—Montaigne.

Friends, if we be honest with ourselves, we shall be honest with each other.—George MacDonald.

What is becoming is honest, and whatever is honest must always be becoming.—Cicero.

I like people to be saints; but I want them to be first and superlatively honest men.—Madame Swetchine.

Honesty is good sense, politeness, amiableness,—all in one.—Richardson.

Rich honesty dwells like a miser, in a poor house, as your pearl in your foul oyster.—Shakespeare.

To be honest as this world goes is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.—Shakespeare.

The more honesty a man has, the less he affects the air of a saint.—Lavater.

Be true, and thou shalt fetter time with everlasting chain.—Schiller.

After all, the most natural beauty in the world is honesty and moral truth; for all beauty is truth.—Shaftesbury.

It is necessary in this life,—at first honesty; then usefulness, which fol-

lows nearly always, for they cannot be separated.—Palmieri.

There is no terror in your threats; for I am armed so strong in honesty that they pass by me as the idle wind which I respect not.—Shakespeare.

I hope I shall always possess firmness and virtue enough to maintain, what I consider the most enviable of all titles, the character of an "honest man."—George Washington.

A rich man is an honest man, no thanks to him, for he would be a double knave to cheat mankind when he had no need of it.—Daniel De Foe.

Lands mortgaged may return, and more esteem'd,
But honesty once pawn'd, is ne'er redeem'd.
—Middleton.

Money dishonestly acquired is never worth its cost, while a good conscience never costs as much as it is worth.—J. Petit-Senn.

When men cease to be faithful to their God, he who expects to find them so to each other will be much disappointed.—Bishop Horne.

If he does really think that there is no distinction between virtue and vice, why, sir, when he leaves our houses let us count our spoons.—Dr. Johnson.

He who freely praises what he means to purchase, and he who enumerates the faults of what he means to sell, may set up a partnership with honesty.—Lavater.

Honest and courageous people have very little to say about either their courage or their honesty. The sun has no need to boast of his brightness, nor the moon of her effulgence. —Hosea Ballou.

It would be an unspeakable advantage, both to the public and private, if men would consider that great truth, that no man is wise or safe but he that is honest.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

It should seem that indolence itself would incline a person to be honest, as it requires infinitely greater pains and contrivance to be a knave.—Shenstone.

What's the news?
None, my lord, but that the world's grown honest,
Then is doomsday near.
—Shakespeare.

The first step toward greatness is to be honest, says the proverb; but the proverb fails to state the case strong enough. Honesty is not only "the first step toward greatness,"—it is greatness itself.—Bovee.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith, he maunna fa' that.
—Burns.

It is much easier to ruin a man of principle than a man of none, for he may be ruined through his scruples. Knavery is supple and can bend; but honesty is firm and upright, and yields not.—Colton.

Nothing really succeeds which is not based on reality; sham, in a large sense, is never successful. In the life of the individual, as in the more comprehensive life of the State, pretension is nothing and power is everything.—Whipple.

Who is the honest man?
He that doth still and strongly good pursue,
To God, his neighbor, and himself most true:
Whom neither force nor fawning can
Unpin, or wrench from giving all their due.
—Herbert.

Nothing more completely baffles one who is full of trick and duplicity himself than straightforward and simple integrity in another. A knave would rather quarrel with a brother-knave than with a fool, but he would rather avoid a quarrel with one honest man than with both.—Colton.

A right mind and generous affection hath more beauty and charms than all

other symmetries in the world besides; and a grain of honesty and native worth is of more value than all the adventitious ornaments, estates, or preferments; for the sake of which some of the better sort so oft turn knaves. —Shaftesbury.

It is with honesty in one particular as with wealth,—those that have the thing care less about the credit of it than those who have it not. No poor man can well afford to be thought so, and the less of honesty a finished rogue possesses the less he can afford to be supposed to want it. —Colton.

Put it out of the power of truth to give you an ill character; and if anybody reports you not to be an honest man, let your practice give him the lie; and to make all sure, you should resolve to live no longer than you can live honestly; for it is better to be nothing than a knave.—Marcus Antoninus.

Honesty is not only the deepest policy, but the highest wisdom; since, however difficult it may be for integrity to get on, it is a thousand times more difficult for knavery to get off; and no error is more fatal than that of those who think that Virtue has no other reward because they have heard that she is her own.—Colton.

The man who is so conscious of the rectitude of his intentions as to be willing to open his bosom to the inspection of the world is in possession of one of the strongest pillars of a decided character. The course of such a man will be firm and steady, because he has nothing to fear from the world, and is sure of the approbation and support of heaven.—Wirt.

The root of honesty is an honest intention, the distinct and deliberate purpose to be true, to handle facts as they are, and not as we wish them to be. Facts lend themselves to manipulation. Many a butcher's hand is worth more than its weight in gold. What we want things to be, we come to see them to be; and the tailor pulls the coat and the truth into a perfect fit from his point of view.—Maltbie Babcock.

There is no man but for his own interest hath an obligation to be honest. There may be sometimes temptations to be otherwise; but, all cards cast up, he shall find it the greatest ease, the highest profit, the best pleasure, the most safety, and the noblest fame, to hold the horns of this altar, which, in all assays, can in himself protect him.—Feltham.

An entirely honest man, in the severe sense of the word, exists no more than an entirely dishonest knave; the best and the worst are only approximations to those qualities. Who are those that never contradict themselves? yet honesty never contradicts itself. Who are they that always contradict themselves? yet knavery is mere self-contradiction. Thus the knowledge of man determines not the things themselves, but their proportions, the quantum of congruities and incongruities.—Lavater.

Let honesty be as the breath of thy soul, and never forget to have a penny, when all thy expenses are enumerated and paid: then shalt thou reach the point of happiness and independence shall be thy shield and buckler, thy helmet and crown; then shall thy soul walk upright nor stoop to the silken wretch because he hath riches, nor pocket an abuse because the hand which offers it wears a ring set with diamonds.—Franklin.

Honor

Honor is the moral conscience of the great.—Sir W. Davenant.

Honor lies in honest toil.—Grover Cleveland.

Honor's a lease for life to come.—Samuel Butler.

That chastity of honor which felt a stain like a wound.—Burke.

Probity is true honor.—From the Latin.

Honor, thou strong idol of man's mind.—Sir P. Sidney.

Let us do what honor demands.—Racine.

If I lose mine honor, I lose myself. —Shakespeare.

One honor won is a surety for more. —La Rochefoucauld.

The due of honor in no point omit. —Shakespeare.

What is honorable is also safest.—Livy.

Posts of honor are evermore posts of danger and of care.—J. G. Holland.

Act well your part; there all the honor lies.—Pope.

The strongest passion which I have is honor.—Bailey.

To those whose god is honor, disgrace alone is sin.—J. C. and A. W. Hare.

Purity is the feminine, truth the masculine, of honor.—J. C. and A. W. Hare.

When honor comes to you be ready to take it;
But reach not to seize it before it is near.
—John Boyle O'Reilly.

The noblest spur unto the sons of fame,
Is thirst of honour. —John Hall.

Honor travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path. —Shakespeare.

If honor calls, where'er she points the way
The sons of honor follow, and obey.
—Churchill.

We'll shine in more substantial honours,
And to be noble, we'll be good.
—Thos. Percy.

All is lost save honor.—Francis I.

As the sun breaks through the darkest clouds, so honor peereth in the meanest habit.—Shakespeare.

But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
—Shakespeare.

True, conscious honor is to feel no sin:
He's arm'd without that's innocent within.
—Pope.

Better to die ten thousand thousand deaths,
Than wound my honor. —Addison.

Honor is an old-world thing; but it smells sweet to those in whose hand it is strong.—Ouida.

Honors achieved far exceed those that are created.—Solon.

What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?—Shakespeare.

Hope is a delusion; no hand can grasp a wave or a shadow.—Victor Hugo.

Woman's honor, as nice as ermine, will not bear a soil.—Dryden.

I would not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more. —Lovelace.

Let honor be to us as strong an obligation, as necessity is to others.—Pliny.

Our own heart, and not other men's opinions, forms our true honor.—Coleridge.

When a virtuous man is raised, it brings gladness to his friends, grief to his enemies, and glory to his posterity.—Ben Jonson.

Honor is unstable, and seldom the same; for she feeds upon opinion, and is as fickle as her food.—Colton.

That nation is worthless which does not joyfully stake everything on her honor.—Schiller.

The journey of high honor lies not in smooth ways.—Sir P. Sidney.

When about to commit a base deed, respect thyself, though there is no witness.—Ausonius.

There is no praise in being upright, where no one can, or tries to corrupt you.—Cicero.

The giving riches and honors to a wicked man is like giving strong wine to him that hath a fever.—Plutarch.

Honor is like an island, rugged and without a landing-place; we can nevermore re-enter when we are once outside of it.—Boileau.

Honor is the most capricious in her rewards. She feeds us with air, and often pulls down our house, to build our monument.—Colton.

Discretion and hardy valor are the twins of honor, and, nursed together, make a conqueror; divided, but a talker.—Beaumont and Fletcher.

Honor and fortune exist for him who always recognizes the neighborhood of the great, always feels himself in the presence of high causes.—Emerson.

Unblemished honor is the flower of virtue! the vivifying soul! and he who slights it will leave the other dull and lifeless dross.—Thomson.

Honour is purchas'd by the deeds we do;
* * * honour is not won,
Until some honourable deed be done.
—Marlowe.

The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is—spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.
—Shakespeare.

Honor is like the eye, which cannot suffer the least injury without damage; it is a precious stone, the price of which is lessened by the least flaw. —Bossuet.

Honor is but the reflection of a man's own actions shining bright in the face of all about him, and from thence rebounding upon himself.—South.

Honour, thou blood-stained god! at whose red altar
Sit war and homicide; oh, to what madness
Will insult drive thy votaries.
—Geo. Coleman, Jr.

Honour is like that glassy bubble,
That finds philosophers such trouble,
Whose least part crack'd, the whole does fly
And wits are crack'd to find out why.
—Butler.

To contemn all the wealth and power in the world, where they stand in competition with a man's honor, is rather good sense than greatness of mind.—Steele.

High honor is not only gotten and born by pain and danger, but must be nursed by the like, else it vanisheth as soon as it appears to the world.—Sir P. Sidney.

The Athenians erected a large statue of Æsop, and placed him, though a slave, on a lasting pedestal, to show that the way to honor lies open indifferently to all.—Phædrus.

Honor is unstable, and seldom the same; for she feeds upon opinion, and is as fickle as her food. She builds a lofty structure on the sandy foundation of the esteem of those who are of all beings the most subject to change.—Colton.

What can be more honorable than to have courage enough to execute the commands of reason and conscience,—to maintain the dignity of our nature, and the station assigned us?—Jeremy Collier.

Keep unscathed the good name; keep out of peril the honor without which even your battered old soldier who is hobbling into his grave on half-pay and a wooden leg would not change with Achilles.—Bulwer-Lytton.

The law of honor is a system of rules constructed by people of fash-

ion, and calculated to facilitate their intercourse with one another.—Paley.

The sense of honor is of so fine and delicate a nature, that it is only to be met with in minds which are naturally noble, or in such as have been cultivated by good examples, or a refined education.—Addison.

Set honor in one eye, and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently:
For, let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honor more than I fear death. —Shakespeare.

Man is his own star, and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man,
Commands all light, all influence, all fate;
Nothing to him falls early, or too late.
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,—
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still!
—Fletcher.

A life of honor and of worth
Has no eternity on earth,—
'Tis but a name—
And yet its glory far exceeds
That base and sensual life which leads
To want and shame.
—Longfellow.

Honour is
Virtue's allowed ascent: honour that clasps
All perfect justice in her arms; that craves
No more respect than that she gives; that does
Nothing but what she'll suffer.
—Massinger.

To be ambitious of true honor, of the true glory and perfection of our natures, is the very principle and incentive of virtue; but to be ambitious of titles, of place, of ceremonial respects and civil pageantry, is as vain and little as the things are which we court. —Sherlock.

Honour's a sacred tie, the law of kings,
The noble mind's distinguishing perfection
That aids and strengthens virtue where it meets her,
And imitates her actions where she is not:
It is not to be sported with.
—Addison.

Honor is not a virtue in itself, it is the mail behind which the virtues fight more securely. A man without honor is as maimed in his equipment as an accoutred knight without helmet. Honor is not simply truthfulness; it is truthfulness sparkling with the fire of a suspective personality. It is something more than an ornament even to the loftiest.—George H. Calvert.

No man of honor, as the word is usually understood, did ever pretend that his honor obliged him to be chaste or temperate, to pay his creditors, to be useful to his country, to do good to mankind, to endeavor to be wise or learned, to regard his word, his promise, or his oath.—Swift.

Your honors here may serve you for a time, as it were for an hour, but they will be of no use to you beyond this world. Nobody will have heard a word of your honors in the other life. Your glory, your shame, your ambitions, and all the treasures for which you push hard and sacrifice much will be like wreaths of smoke. For these things, which you mostly seek, and for which you spend your life, only tarry with you while you are on this side of the flood.—Beecher.

Well, 'tis no matter; honor pricks me on. Yea, but how if honor prick me off, when I come on? how then? Can honor set to a leg? no: or an arm? no: or take away the grief of a wound? no: Honor hath no skill in surgery, then? no. What is honor? a word. What is in that word honor? What is that honor? air. A trim reckoning! Who hath it? he that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? no. Doth he hear it? no. 'Tis insensible, then. Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? no. Why? detraction will not suffer it. Therefore, I'll none of it. Honor is a mere scutcheon; and so ends my catechism.—Shakespeare.

Hope

Hope springs eternal in the human breast.—Pope.

Hope is the mother of faith.—Landor.

Thou sick man's health!—Cowley.

Hope deferred maketh the heart sick. —Bible.

Hope is the ruddy morning of joy. —Richter.

Hope is brightest when it dawns from fears.—Sir Walter Scott.

That star on life's tremulous ocean. —Moore.

Hope is a light diet, but very stimulating.—Balzac.

Hope springs exulting on triumphant wing.—Burns.

The sickening pang of hope deferred. —Scott.

Delusive hope still points to distant good.—Euripides.

Hope is a working-man's dream.—Pliny.

Hope is the poor man's bread.—Thales.

Hope is such a bait, it covers any hook.—Ben Jonson.

Who against hope believed in hope. —Bible.

He that lives upon hopes will die fasting.—Benjamin Franklin.

Hope is a lover's staff.—Shakespeare.

The mighty hopes that make us men. —Longfellow.

Where no hope is left, is left no fear. —Milton.

Hope against hope, and ask till ye receive.—Jas. Montgomery.

Folly ends where genuine hope begins.—Cowper.

Hope, deceitful as she is, serves at least to conduct us through life by an agreeable path.—Rochefoucauld.

Hope! thou nurse of young desire. —Bickerstaff.

The most wretched have yet hope.—Tupper.

Hope is the most treacherous of all human fancies.—James Fenimore Cooper.

When our hopes break, let our patience hold.—Thomas Fuller.

Where there is no hope there can be no endeavor.—Johnson.

Sire of repentance, child of fond desire!—Cowley.

Hope is love's happiness, but not its life.—Miss L. E. Landon.

He that loses hope may part with anything.—Congreve.

Hope, alas! is our waking dream.—Madame de Girardin.

The greatest architect and the one most needed is hope.—Henry Ward Beecher.

It is to hope, though hope were lost. —Mrs. Barbauld.

Auspicious Hope! in thy sweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe. —Campbell.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the cloud is the sun still shining. —H. W. Longfellow.

Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before. —Shakespeare.

While there is life, there's hope, (he cried.)
Then why such haste?—so groan'd and died. —Gay.

Hope and fear alternate chase
Our course through life's uncertain race. —Scott.

Hope ever urges on, and tells us tomorrow will be better.—Tibullus.

Hope is a willing slave; despair is free.—Dawes.

For hope is but the dream of those that wake!—Prior.

The miserable have no other medicine,
But only hope. —Shakespeare.

What can we not endure,
When pains are lessen'd by the hope of cure? —Nabb.

Hope itself is a pain, while it is overmatched by fear.—Sir P. Sidney.

His worth shines forth the brightest who in hope always confides; the abject soul despairs.—Euripides.

Hope! fortune's cheating lottery; when for one prize an hundred blanks there be!—Cowley.

The shadow of human life is traced upon a golden ground of immortal hope.—Hillard.

If thy hope be any thing worth, it will purify thee from thy sins.—Joseph Alleine.

A religious hope does not only bear up the mind under her sufferings but makes her rejoice in them.—Addison.

Hope will make thee young; for Hope and Youth are children of one mother.—Shelley.

The night is past,—joy cometh with the morrow.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Hope is a leaf-joy which may be beaten out to a great extension, like gold.—Bacon.

Hope is an amusement rather than a good, and adapted to none but very tranquil minds.—Dr. Johnson.

Whatever enlarges hope, will also exalt courage.—Johnson.

The hope of all earnest souls must be realized.—Whittier.

No hope so bright but is the beginning of its own fulfilment.—Emerson.

Hope awakens courage. He who can implant courage in the human soul is the best physician.—Von Knebel.

Hope is the pillar that holds up the world.
Hope is the dream of a waking man.
—Pliny.

With a mind not diseased, a holy life is a life of hope; and at the end of it, death is a great act of hope.—Wm. Mountford.

Hope says to us constantly, "Go on, go on," and leads us thus to the grave. —Mme. de Maintenon.

Things which you don't hope happen more frequently than things which you do hope.—Plautus.

A woman's hopes are woven of sunbeams; a shadow annihilates them.—George Eliot.

Take hope from the heart of man, and you make him a beast of prey.—Ouida.

Hope is like the sun, which, as we journey towards it, casts the shadow of our burden behind us.—Samuel Smiles.

A propensity to hope and joy is real riches; one to fear and sorrow, real poverty.—Hume.

However deceitful hope may be, yet she carries us on pleasantly to the end of life.—La Rochefoucauld.

A wise Providence consoles our present afflictions by joys borrowed from the future.—Hosea Ballou.

God puts the excess of hope in one man, in order that it may be a medicine to the man who is despondent.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.—Pope.

The setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun. The brightness of our life is gone.—Longfellow.

Hope is the best possession. None are completely wretched but those who are without hope; and few are reduced so low as that.—Hazlitt.

Through the sunset of hope,
Like the shapes of a dream,
What paradise islands of glory gleam!
—Shelley.

Hope is like the wing of an angel, soaring up to heaven, and bearing our prayers to the throne of God.—Jeremy Taylor.

Hope is the only good which is common to all men; those who have nothing more possess hope still.—Thales.

Hope animates the wise, and lures the presumptuous and indolent who repose inconsiderately on her promises.—Vauvenargues.

Dear hope! earth's dowry and heav'n's debt,
The entity of things that are not yet
Subtlest, but surest thing. —Crashaw.

Hope proves man deathless. It is the struggle of the soul, breaking loose from what is perishable, and attesting her eternity.—Henry Melvill.

Hope is the virgin of the ideal world, who opens heaven to us in the midst of every tempest.—Arsène Houssaye.

Man is, properly speaking, based upon hope, he has no other possession but hope; this world of his is emphatically the place of hope.—Carlyle.

It is when our budding hopes are nipped beyond recovery by some rough wind, that we are the most disposed to picture to ourselves what flowers it might have borne, if they had flourished.—Dickens.

There are hopes, the bloom of whose beauty would be spoiled by the trammels of description; too lovely, too delicate, too sacred for words, they should only be known through the sympathy of hearts.—Dickens.

Hope is the last lingering light of the human heart. It shines when every other is put out. Extinguish it, and the gloom of affliction becomes the very blackness of darkness—cheerless and impenetrable.—Aughey.

O Hope, sweet flatterer! thy delusive touch
Sheds on afflicted minds the balm of comfort,
Relieves the load of poverty, sustains
The captive, bending with the weight of bonds,
And smooths the pillow of disease and pain. —Glover.

Hope is the best part of our riches. What sufficeth it that we have the wealth of the Indies in our pockets, if we have not the hope of heaven in our souls?—Bovee.

Hope is a pleasant acquaintance, but an unsafe friend. Hope is not the man for your banker, though he may do for a traveling companion.—Haliburton.

"Hast thou hope?" they asked of John Knox, when he lay a-dying. He spoke nothing, but raised his finger and pointed upward, and so died.—Carlyle.

A loving heart encloses within itself an unfading and eternal Eden. Hope is like a bad clock, forever striking the hour of happiness, whether it has come or not.—Richter.

Hope is that pleasure of the mind which every one finds in himself upon the thought of a probable future enjoyment of a thing which is apt to delight him.—Locke.

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings:
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings. —Shakespeare.

Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,
Through showers the sunbeams fall;
For God, who loveth all His works,
Has left His Hope with all.
—Whittier.

It is necessary to hope, though hope should be always deluded; for hope itself is happiness, and its frustrations,

however frequent, are yet less dreadful than its extinction.—Dr. Johnson.

Hope, like the gleaming taper's light,
Adorns and cheers our way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray. —Goldsmith.

Know then, whatever cheerful and serene
Supports the mind, supports the body too:
Hence, the most vital movement mortals feel
Is hope, the balm and lifeblood of the soul.
John Armstrong.

Hope is the mainspring of human action; faith seals our lease of immortality; and charity and love give the passport to the soul's true and lasting happiness.—Street.

A hope unaccompanied with a godly life had better be given up, and the sooner the better; for, if retained, it will prove as a spider's web when God shall take away the soul.—Aughey.

Hope rules a land forever green,
All powers that serve the bright-eyed queen
And confident and gay;
Clouds at her bidding disappear,
Points she to aught?—the bliss draws near
And fancy smooths the way.
—Wordsworth.

Cease, every joy, to glimmer in my mind,
But leave,—oh! leave the light of Hope behind!
What though my winged hours of bliss have been,
Like angel-visits, few and far between.
—Campbell.

Human life has not a surer friend, nor oftentimes a greater enemy, than hope. It is the miserable man's god, which in the hardest gripe of calamity never fails to yield to him beams of comfort. It is the presumptuous man's devil, which leads him a while in a smooth way, and then suddenly breaks his neck.—Owen Feltham.

This comforts me, that the most weather-beaten vessel cannot properly be seized on for a wreck which hath any quick cattle remaining therein. My spirits are not as yet forfeited to despair, having one lively spark of hope in my heart because God is even where He was before.—Fuller.

All which happens in the whole world happens through hope. No husbandman would sow a grain of corn if he did not hope it would spring up and bring forth the ear. How much more are we helped on by hope in the way to eternal life!—Luther.

Hope is a vigorous principle; it is furnished with light and heat to advise and execute; it sets the head and heart to work, and animates a man to do his utmost. And thus, by perpetually pushing and assurance, it puts a difficulty out of countenance, and makes a seeming impossibility give way.—Jeremy Collier.

Hope is our life when first our life grows clear,
Hope and delight, scarce crossed by lines of fear:
Yet the day comes when fain we would not hope—
But forasmuch as we with life must cope,
Struggling with this and that—and who knows why?
Hope will not give us up to certainty,
But still must bide with us.
—Wm. Morris.

The riches of heaven, the honor which cometh from God only, and the pleasures at His right hand, the absence of all evil, the presence and enjoyment of all good, and this good enduring to eternity, never more to be taken from us, never more to be in any, the least degree, diminished, but forever increasing, these are the wreaths which form the contexture of that crown held forth to our hopes.—Bishop Horne.

Never give up! it is wiser and better
Always to hope, than once to despair;
Fling off the load of Doubt's cankering fetter,
And break the dark spell of tyrannical Care:
Never give up or the burden may sink you,—
Providence kindly has mingled the cup;
And in all trials and troubles, bethink you
The watchword of life must be,—never give up.
—Tupper.

True hope is based on the energy of character. A strong mind always hopes, and has always cause to hope,

because it knows the mutability of human affairs, and how slight a circumstance may change the whole course of events. Such a spirit, too, rests upon itself; it is not confined to partial views or to one particular object. And if at last all should be lost, it has saved itself.—Von Knebel.

Hope is to a man as a bladder to a learning swimmer—it keeps him from sinking in the bosom of the waves, and by that help he may attain the exercise; but yet it many times makes him venture beyond his height, and then if that breaks, or a storm rises, he drowns without recovery. How many would die, did not hope sustain them! How many have died by hoping too much! This wonder we find in Hope, that she is both a flatterer and a true friend.—Feltham.

Used with due abstinence, hope acts as a healthful tonic; intemperately indulged, as an enervating opiate. The visions of future triumph, which at first animate exertion, if dwelt upon too intently, will usurp the place of the stern reality; and noble objects will be contemplated, not for their own inherent worth, but on account of the day-dreams they engender. Thus hope, aided by imagination, makes one man a hero, another a somnambulist, and a third a lunatic; while it renders them all enthusiasts.—Sir J. Stephen.

Failure will hurt but not hinder us. Disillusion will pain but not dishearten us. Sorrows will shake us but not break us. Hope will set the music ringing and quicken our lagging pace. We need hope for living far more than for dying. Dying is easy work compared with living. Dying is a moment's transition; living, a transaction of years. It is the length of the rope that puts the sag in it. Hope tightens the cords and tunes up the heart-strings. Work well, then; suffer patiently, rejoicing in hope. God knows all, and yet is the God of Hope. And when we have hoped to the end here, He will give us something to look forward to, for all eternity. For "hope abideth."—Maltbie Babcock.

Horse — Horsemanship

A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!—Shakespeare.

And witch the world with noble horsemanship.—Shakespeare.

A good rider on a good horse is as much above himself and others as the world can make him.—Lord Herbert.

I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. When I bestride him I soar, I am a hawk; he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it.—Shakespeare.

My beautiful! my beautiful!
That standest meekly by
With thy proudly arch'd and glossy neck,
And dark and fiery eye;—
The stranger hath thy bridle-rein—
Thy master hath his gold—
Fleet-limb'd and beautiful, farewell!
Thou 'rt sold, my steed—thou 'rt sold!
—Mrs. Norton.

Oh! not all the pleasure that poets may praise,—
Not the wildering waltz in the ball-room's blaze,
Nor the chivalrous joust, nor the daring race,
Nor the swift regatta, nor merry chase,
Nor the sail high heaving waters o'er,
Nor the rural dance on the moonlight shore,—
Can the wild and fearless joy exceed
Of a fearless leap on a fiery steed.
—Sara J. Clarke.

Gamaun is a dainty steed,
Strong, black, and of a noble breed,
Full of fire, and full of bone,
With all his line of fathers known;
Fine his nose, his nostrils thin,
But blown abroad by the pride within;
His mane is like a river flowing,
And his eyes like embers glowing
In the darkness of the night,
And his pace as swift as light.
—Barry Cornwall.

Hospitality

Provision is the foundation of hospitality, and thrift the fuel of magnificence.—Sir P. Sidney.

It is not the quantity of the meat, but the cheerfulness of the guests, which makes the feast.—Clarendon.

Hospitality sitting with gladness.—Longfellow.

Hospitality sometimes degenerates into profuseness, and ends in madness and folly.—Atterbury.

Be not forgetful to entertain strangers; for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.—Bible.

There is an emanation from the heart in genuine hospitality which cannot be described, but is immediately felt and puts the stranger at once at his ease.—Washington Irving.

Like many other virtues, hospitality is practiced in its perfection by the poor. If the rich did their share, how would the woes of this world be lightened!—Mrs. Kirkland.

Let not the emphasis of hospitality lie in bed and board; but let truth and love and honor and courtesy flow in all thy deeds.—Emerson.

It is an excellent circumstance that hospitality grows best where it is most needed. In the thick of men it dwindles and disappears, like fruit in the thick of a wood; but where men are planted sparely it blossoms and matures, like apples on a standard or an espalier. It flourishes where the inn and lodging-house cannot exist.—Hugh Miller.

Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;
Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair:
Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jest or pranks, that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale,
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.
—Goldsmith.

Hours

Hours are golden links — God's tokens reaching heaven.—Dickens.

Catch, then, oh! catch the transient hour.
Improve each moment as it flies;
Life's a short summer—man a flower,
He dies—alas! how soon he dies!
—Dr. Johnson.

House

Houses are like the human beings that inhabit them.—Victor Hugo.

Old houses mended,
Cost little less than new before they're ended.
—Colley Cibber.

The house of every one is to him as his castle and fortress, as well for his defence against injury and violence as for his repose.—Sir Edward Coke.

My precept to all who build is, that the owner should be an ornament to the house, and not the house to the owner.—Cicero.

A house is never perfectly furnished for enjoyment unless there is a child in it rising three years old, and a kitten rising six weeks.—Southey.

Housekeeping

Nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to study household good,
And good works in her husband to promote.
—Milton.

Human Nature

A rational nature admits of nothing but what is serviceable to the rest of mankind.—Antoninus.

In so complex a thing as human nature, we must consider it is hard to find rules without exception.—George Eliot.

It is the talent of human nature to run from one extreme to another.—Swift.

The scrutiny of human nature on a small scale is one of the most dangerous of employments; the study of it on a large scale is one of the safest and truest.—Isaac Taylor.

If we did not take great pains, and were not at great expense to corrupt our nature, our nature would never corrupt us.—Lord Clarendon.

As there is much beast and some devil in man, so is there some angel and some God in him. The beast and the devil may be conquered, but in this life never wholly destroyed.—Coleridge.

Console yourself, dear man and brother; whatever you may be sure of, be sure at least of this, that you are dreadfully like other people. Human nature has a much greater genius for sameness than for originality.—Lowell.

Human nature is so weak that the honest men who have no religion make me fret with their perilous virtue, as rope-dancers with their dangerous equilibrium.—De Lévis.

A man's nature is best perceived in privateness, for there is no affectation; in passion, for that putteth a man out of his precepts; and in a new case or experiment, for there custom leaveth him.—Bacon.

There do remain dispersed in the soil of human nature divers seeds of goodness, of benignity, of ingenuity, which being cherished, excited, and quickened by good culture, do by common experience thrust out flowers very lovely, and yield fruits very pleasant of virtue and goodness.—Mrs. L. M. Child.

The fact of our deriving constant pleasure from whatever is a type or semblance of divine attributes, and from nothing but that which is so, is the most glorious of all that can be demonstrated of human nature; it not only sets a great gulf of specific separation between us and the lower animals, but it seems a promise of a communion ultimately deep, close, and conscious, with the Being whose darkened manifestations we here feebly and unthinkingly delight in.—Ruskin.

No doubt hard work is a great police agent. If everybody were worked from morning till night, and then carefully locked up, the register of crime might be greatly diminished. But what would become of human nature? Where would be the room for growth in such a system of things? It is through sorrow and mirth, plenty and need, a variety of passions, circumstances, and temptations, even through sin and misery, that men's natures are developed.—Arthur Helps.

Humanity

Humanity is the Son of God.—Theodore Parker.

Humanity is the equity of the heart.—Confucius.

The still, sad music of humanity.—Wordsworth.

Christianity is the highest perfection of humanity.—Johnson.

Humanity always becomes a conqueror.—Sheridan.

Every human heart is human.—Longfellow.

Poor humanity!—so dependent, so insignificant, and yet so great.—Mme. Swetchine.

So much to pardon, so much to pity, so much to admire!—Longfellow.

I am a man; I count nothing human foreign to me.—Terence.

Our humanity were a poor thing but for the divinity that stirs within us.—Bacon.

One sole God; one sole ruler. His law; one sole interpreter of that law—humanity.—Mazzini.

The gods are immortal men, and men are mortal gods.—Heraclitus.

True men and women are all physicians to make us well.—C. A. Bartol.

What a vile and abject thing is man if he do not raise himself above humanity.—Seneca.

There is nothing on earth divine beside humanity.—Melanchthon.

I am not an Athenian, nor a Greek, but a citizen of the world.—Socrates.

When I touch a human hand, I touch heaven.—Malebranche.

The age of chivalry has gone; the age of humanity has come.—Charles Sumner.

Human life is God's outer church. Its needs and urgencies are priests and pastors.—Henry Ward Beecher.

The ingratitude of the world can never deprive us of the conscious happiness of having acted with humanity ourselves.—Goldsmith.

Love, hope, fear, faith—these make humanity;
These are its sign and note and character.
—Robert Browning.

I love my country better than my family; but I love human nature better than my country.—Fénelon.

Woman, above all other educators, educates humanly. Man is the brain, but woman is the heart, of humanity. —Samuel Smiles.

I never knew a young man remarkable for heroic bravery whose very aspect was not lighted up by gentleness and humanity.—Lord Erskine.

Humanity is about the same the world over; and while the earth has its uniformity, with slight differences in mountain and plain, so its products are very nearly alike.—Donn Piatt.

Humanity has won its suit (in America), so that liberty will nevermore be without an asylum.—Lafayette.

Man is the will, and woman the sentiment. In this ship of humanity, Will is the rudder, and Sentiment the sail; when woman affects to steer, the rudder is only a masked sail.—Emerson.

There is a book into which some of us are happily led to look, and to look again, and never tire of looking. It is the Book of Man. You may open that book whenever and wherever you find another human voice to answer yours, and another human hand to take in your own.—Walter Besant.

No piled-up wealth, no social station, no throne, reaches as high as that spiritual plane upon which every human being stands by virtue of his humanity.—Chapin.

Humanity is the peculiar characteristic of great minds; little vicious minds abound with anger and revenge, and are incapable of feeling the exact pleasure of forgiving their enemies.—Chesterfield.

I own that there is a haughtiness and fierceness in human nature which will cause innumerable broils, place men in what situation you please.—Burke.

What proposition is there respecting human nature which is absolutely and universally true? We know of only one,—and that is not only true, but identical,—that men always act from self-interest.—Macaulay.

Humanity is much more shown in our conduct towards animals, where we are irresponsible except to heaven, than towards our fellow-creatures, where we are restrained by the laws, by public opinion, and fear of retaliation.—Chatfield.

There is but one temple in the world, and that is the body of man. Nothing is holier than this high form. Bending before men is a reverence done to this revelation in the flesh. We touch heaven when we lay our hand on a human body.—Novalis.

True humanity consists not in a squeamish ear; it consists not in starting or shrinking at tales of misery, but in a disposition of heart to relieve it. True humanity appertains rather to the mind than to the nerves, and prompts men to use real and active endeavors to execute the actions which it suggests.—Charles James Fox.

The great duty of God's children is to love one another. This duty on earth takes the name and form of the law of humanity. We are to recognize

all men as brethren, no matter where born, or under what sky, or institution or religion they may live. Every man belongs to the race, and owes a duty to mankind. Every nation belongs to the family of nations, and is to desire the good of all. Nations are to love one another. * * * Men cannot vote this out of the universal acclamation. * * * Men cannot, by combining themselves into narrower or larger societies, sever the sacred, blessed bond which joins them to their kind. * * * The law of humanity must reign over the assertion of all human rights.—William Ellery Channing

Humility

Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.—Bible.

I believe the first test of a truly great man is his humility.—John Ruskin.

In humility imitate Jesus and Socrates.—Franklin.

The most essential point is lowliness.—Fénelon.

Humbleness is always grace, always dignity.—Lowell.

Modest humility is beauty's crown.—Schiller.

Content thyself to live obscurely good.—Addison.

Love's humility is love's true pride.—Bayard Taylor.

My favored temple is an humble heart.—Bailey.

Do not practise excessive humility.—Dr. John Todd.

Humble things become the humble.—Horace.

Highest when it stoops.—Pollok.

True love is the parent of a noble humility.—William Ellery Channing.

The doctrines of grace humble man without degrading him and exalt him without inflating him.—Charles Hodge.

Heaven's gates are not so highly arched as king's palaces; they that enter there must go upon their knees.—Daniel Webster.

Humility is the altar upon which God wishes that we should offer Him His sacrifices.—La Rochefoucauld.

Humility is the first of the virtues—for other people.—Holmes.

By humility and the fear of the Lord are riches, honor, and life.—Bible.

After crosses and losses, men grow humbler and wiser.—Franklin.

Humility is the solid foundation of all the virtues.—Confucius.

There is nothing so clear-sighted and sensible as a noble mind in a low estate.—Jane Porter.

The street is full of humiliations to the proud.—Emerson.

We cannot think too highly of our nature, nor too humbly of ourselves.—Colton.

Humility, like darkness, reveals the heavenly lights.—Thoreau.

Humility—that low, sweet root from which all heavenly virtues shoot.—Moore.

If man makes himself a worm he must not complain when he is trodden on.—Kant.

The higher a man is in grace, the lower he will be in his own esteem.—Spurgeon.

Humility is eldest-born of Virtue, and claims the birthright at the throne of heaven.—Arthur Murphy.

They that know God will be humble; they that know themselves cannot be proud.—Flavel.

Nothing can be further apart than true humility and servility.—Beecher

Humanity cannot be degraded by humiliation.—Burke.

'Umble we are, 'umble we have been, 'umble we shall ever be.—Dickens.

The grace that makes every grace amiable is humility.—Richardson.

Humility and resignation are our prime virtues.—Dryden.

It is the cringer to his equal that is chiefly seen bold to his God.—Tupper.

Humility mainly becometh the converse of man with his Maker.—Tupper.

Humility leads to the highest distinction, because it leads to self-improvement.—Sir Benjamin Brodie.

Be very sure that no man will learn anything at all unless he first will learn humility.—Owen Meredith.

Lowliness is the basis of every virtue; and he who goes the lowest builds the safest.—Bailey.

Wellnigh the whole substance of the Christian discipline is humility.—St. Augustine.

I have sounded the very base-string of humility.—Shakespeare.

The fullest and best ears of corn hang lowest toward the ground.—Bishop Reynolds.

The sufficiency of my merit is to know that my merit is not sufficient.—St. Augustine.

Humility is the root, mother, nurse, foundation, and bond of all virtue.—Chrysostom.

It is in vain to gather virtues without humility; for the Spirit of God delighteth to dwell in the hearts of the humble.—Erasmus.

The beloved of the Almighty are the rich who have the humility of the poor, and the poor who have the magnanimity of the rich.—Saadi.

Sense shines with a double lustre when it is set in humility. An able and yet humble man is a jewel worth a kingdom.—William Penn.

May exalting and humanizing thoughts forever accompany me, making me confident without pride, and modest without servility.—Leigh Hunt.

Humility is the Christian's greatest honor; and the higher men climb, the farther they are from heaven.—Burder.

To be humble to our superiors is duty; to our equals, courtesy; to our inferiors, generosity.—Feltham.

True humility—the basis of the Christian system—is the low but deep and firm foundation of all virtues.—Burke.

If thou wouldst find much favor and peace with God and man, be very low in thine own eyes; forgive thyself little, and others much.—Leighton.

The humble soul is like the violet, which grows low, hangs the head downward, and hides itself with its own leaves.—Fredrika Bremer.

Some one called Sir Richard Steele the "vilest of mankind," and he retorted with proud humility, "It would be a glorious world if I were."—Bovee.

"He that humbleth himself shall be exalted." This great law of the kingdom of God is, in the teaching of Christ, inscribed over its entrance-gate.—Thomas Browne.

Shall we speak of the inspiration of a poet or a priest, and not of the heart impelled by love and self-devotion to the lowliest work in the lowliest way of life?—Dickens.

He that places himself neither higher nor lower than he ought to do exercises the truest humility.—Colton.

Whatever obscurities may involve religious tenets, humility and love constitute the essence of true religion; the humble is formed to adore, the loving to associate with eternal love.—Lavater.

God's sweet dews and showers of grace slide off the mountains of pride, and fall on the low valleys of humble hearts, and make them pleasant and fertile.—Leighton.

The high mountains are barren, but the low valleys are covered over with corn; and accordingly the showers of God's grace fall into lowly hearts and humble souls.—Worthington.

Humility is a virtue all preach, none practice, and yet everybody is content to hear. The master thinks it good doctrine for his servant, the laity for the clergy, and the clergy for the laity.—John Selden.

Humility is like a tree, whose root when it sets deepest in the earth rises higher, and spreads fairer and stands surer, and lasts longer, and every step of its descent is like a rib of iron.—Jeremy Taylor.

The loveliest, sweetest flower that bloomed in paradise, and the first that died, has rarely blossomed since on mortal soil. It is so frail, so delicate, a thing, it is gone if it but look upon itself; and she who ventures to esteem it hers proves by that single thought she has it not.—Mrs. E. Fry.

He who sacrifices a whole offering shall be rewarded for a whole offering; he who offers a burnt-offering shall have the reward of a burnt-offering; but he who offers humility to God and man shall be rewarded with a reward as if he had offered all the sacrifices in the world.—The Talmud.

If thou desire the love of God and man, be humble; for the proud heart, as it loves none but itself, so it is beloved of none but by itself; the voice of humility is God's music, and the silence of humility is God's rhetoric. Humility enforces where neither virtue nor strength can prevail nor reason.—Quarles.

I do not know what I may appear to the world; but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me.—Newton.

"If you ask what is the first step in the way of truth? I answer humility," saith St. Austin. "If you ask, what is the second? I say humility. If you ask, what is the third? I answer the same—humility." Is it not as the steps of degree in the temple, whereby we descend to the knowledge of ourselves, and ascend to the knowledge of God? Would we attain mercy? humility will help us.—C. Sutton.

All the world, all that we are, and all that we have, our bodies and our souls, our actions and our sufferings, our conditions at home, our accidents abroad, our many sins, and our seldom virtues, are as so many arguments to make our souls dwell low in the valley of humility.—Jeremy Taylor.

Humor

Humor is wit and love.—Thackeray.

Humor is the pensiveness of wit.—Willmott.

The oil and wine of merry meeting.—Washington Irving.

Humor is the mistress of tears.—Thackeray.

Humor is the harmony of the heart.—Douglas Jerrold.

A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men.
—Anonymous.

Humor has justly been regarded as the finest perfection of poetic genius.—Carlyle.

Whenever you find Humor, you find Pathos close by its side.—Whipple.

The essence of humor is sensibility; warm, tender fellow-feeling with all forms of existence.—Carlyle.

Humor is of a genial quality, and closely allied to pity.—Henry Giles.

Flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table on a roar.—Shakespeare.

Humor, warm and all-embracing as the sunshine, bathes its objects in a genial and abiding light.—E. P. Whipple.

Men of humor are always in some degree men of genius; wits are rarely so, although a man of genius may, amongst other gifts, possess wit, as Shakespeare.—Coleridge.

What an ornament and safeguard is humor! Far better than wit for a poet and writer. It is a genius itself, and so defends from the insanities.—Walter Scott.

Humor is one of the elements of genius—admirable as an adjunct; but as soon as it becomes dominant, only a surrogate for genius.—Goethe.

The genius of the Spanish people is exquisitely subtle, without being at all acute; hence there is so much humor and so little wit in their literature.—Coleridge.

It is not in the power of every one to taste humor, however he may wish it; it is the gift of God! and a true feeler always brings half the entertainment along with him.—Sterne.

True humor springs not more from the head than from the heart; it is not contempt; its essence is love; it issues not in laughter, but in still smiles, which lie far deeper. It is a sort of inverse sublimity, exalting, as it were, into our affections what is below us, while sublimity draws down into our affections what is above us.—Carlyle.

Humor implies a sure conception of the beautiful, the majestic, and the true, by whose light it surveys and shapes their opposites. It is an humane influence, softening with mirth the ragged inequalities of existence, prompting tolerant views of life, bridging over the spaces which separate the lofty from the lowly, the great from the humble.—E. P. Whipple.

Hunger

Hunger is sharper than the sword.—Beaumont and Fletcher.

Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave.—Thomson.

Hunger was the best seasoning for meat.—Cicero.

They that die by famine die by inches.—Matthew Henry.

Famished people must be slowly nursed,
And fed by spoonfuls, else they always burst. —Byron.

Hunger is the teacher of the arts, and the bestower of invention.—Persius.

Hunger is the mother of impatience and anger.—Zimmermann.

A hungry people listens not to reason, nor cares for justice, nor is bent by any prayers.—Seneca.

Man is a carnivorous production,
And must have meals, at least one meal a day;
He cannot live, like woodcocks, upon suction,
But, like the shark and tiger, must have prey.
Although his anatomical construction
Bears vegetables, in a grumbling way,
Your laboring people think beyond all question,
Beef, veal, and mutton better for digestion.
—Byron.

Hunting

Hunting is not a proper employment for a thinking man.—Addison.

Proud Nimrod first the bloody chase began,
A mighty hunter, and his prey was man.
—Pope.

It is very strange and very melancholy that the paucity of human pleasures should persuade us to call hunting one of them.—Dr. Johnson.

A man who can, in cold blood, hunt and torture a poor, innocent animal, cannot feel much compassion for the distress of his own species.—Frederick the Great.

Hunting is a relic of the barbarous spirit that thirsted formerly for human blood, but is now content with the blood of birds and animals.—Bovee.

Poor Jack,—no matter who,—for when I blame
I pity, and must therefore sink the name,—
Liv'd in his saddle, lov'd the chase, the course,
And always ere he mounted, kiss'd his horse. —Cowper.

The healthy huntsman, with a cheerful horn,
Summons the dogs and greets the dappled Morn.
The jocund thunder wakes the enliven'd hounds,
They rouse from sleep, and answer sounds for sounds. —Gay.

Husband

The lover in the husband may be lost.—Lord Lyttleton.

And to thy husband's will
Thine shall submit; he over thee shall rule. —Milton.

I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness, for it is my office. —Shakespeare.

With thee goes
Thy husband, him to follow thou art bound;
Where he abides, think there thy native soil. —Milton.

To all married men, be this a caution,
Which they should duly tender as their life,
Neither to doat too much, nor doubt a wife. —Massinger.

As the husband is, the wife is:
Thou art mated with a clown,
And the grossness of his nature
Will have weight to drag thee down. —Tennyson.

The wife, where danger or dishonour lurks,
Safest and seemliest by her husband stays,
Who guards her, or with her the worst endures. —Milton.

A good husband makes a good wife at any time.—Farquhar.

Marry! no, faith; husbands are like lots in
The lottery, you may draw forty blanks
Before you find one that has any prize
In him; a husband generally is a
Careless domineering thing, that grows like
Coral; which as long as it is under water
Is soft and tender; but as soon
As it has got its branch above the waves
Is presently hard, stiff, not to be bow'd. —Marston.

Know then,
As women owe a duty—so do men.
Men must be like the branch and bark to trees,
Which doth defend them from tempestuous rage;—
Clothe them in winter, tender them in age,
Or as ewes' love unto their eanlings lives;
Such should be husbands' custom to their wives.
If it appears to them they've stray'd amiss,
They only must rebuke them with a kiss;
Or cluck them as hens' chickens, with kind call,
Cover them under their wing, and pardon all. —Wilkins.

Hypocrisy

Every man is a hypocrite.—Frederick IV.

Trust not him that seems a saint.—Fuller.

Sin is not so sinful as hypocrisy.—Mme. de Maintenon.

Hypocrisy is the homage vice pays to virtue.—La Rochefoucauld.

Saint abroad, and a devil at home. —Bunyan.

Hypocrisy is the necessary burden of villainy.—Johnson.

Hypocrisy is nothing, in fact, but a horrible hopefulness.—Victor Hugo.

No man is a hypocrite in his pleasures.—Johnson.

If Satan ever laughs, it must be at hypocrites; they are the greatest dupes he has.—Colton.

Hypocrites do the devil's drudgery in Christ's livery.—Matthew Henry.

Hypocrisy is oftenest clothed in the garb of religion.—Hosea Ballou.

No task is more difficult than systematic hypocrisy.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Oh, what may man within him hide, though angel on the outward side!—Shakespeare.

To wear long faces, just as if our Maker,
The God of goodness, was an undertaker.
—Peter Pindar.

If the world despises hypocrites, what must be the estimate of them in heaven?—Madame Roland.

To live a life which is a perpetual falsehood is to suffer unknown tortures.—Victor Hugo.

It will not do to be saints at meeting and sinners everywhere else.—Henry Ward Beecher.

God has given you one face, and you make yourselves another.—Shakespeare.

The only vice that cannot be forgiven is hypocrisy. The repentance of a hypocrite is itself hypocrisy.—Hazlitt.

There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on its outward parts.
—Shakespeare.

Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks invisible, except to God alone.—Milton.

Whoever is a hypocrite in his religion mocks God, presenting to Him the outside and reserving the inward for his enemy.—Jeremy Taylor.

Hypocrisy is no cheap vice; nor can our natural temper be masked for many years together.—Burke.

The words of his mouth were smoother than butter, but war was in his heart: his words were softer than oil, yet were they drawn swords.—Bible.

Oh, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes, and with a virtuous vizard hide foul guile!—Shakespeare.

A hypocrite despises those whom he deceives, but has no respect for himself. He would make a dupe of himself, too, if he could.—Hazlitt.

The world's all title-page; there's no contents;
The world's all face; the man who shows his heart
Is hooted for his nudities, and scorn'd.
—Young.

Hypocrisy is folly. It is much easier, safer, and pleasanter to be the thing which a man aims to appear than to keep up the appearance of being what he is not.—Cecil.

When you see a man with a great deal of religion displayed in his shop window, you may depend upon it he keeps a very small stock of it within.—Spurgeon.

He was the mildest manner'd man
That ever scuttled ship, or cut a throat!
With such true breeding of a gentleman,
You never could divine his real thought.
—Byron.

I know of but one garment which the fashionable social life of this country borrows of Christianity; it is that ample garment of charity which covers a multitude of sins—particularly fashionable sins.—J. G. Holland.

The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart;
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!
—Shakespeare.

For every man's nature is concealed with many folds of disguise, and covered as it were with various veils. His brows, his eyes, and very often his countenance, are deceitful, and his speech is most commonly a lie.—Cicero.

Hypocrisy itself does great honor, or rather justice, to religion, and tacitly acknowledges it to be an ornament to human nature. The hypocrite would not be at so much pains to put on the appearance of virtue, if he did not know it was the most proper and effectual means to gain the love and esteem of mankind.—Addison.

No man's condition is so base as his;
None more accurs'd than he; for man es-
teems
Him hateful, 'cause he seems not what he is;
God hates him, 'cause he is not what he
seems;
What grief is absent, or what mischief can
Be added to the hate of God and man?
—Quarles.

Surely the mischief of hypocrisy can never be enough inveighed against. When religion is in request, it is the chief malady of the church, and numbers die of it; though because it is a subtle and inward evil, it be little perceived. It is to be feared there are many sick of it, that look well and comely in God's outward worship, and they may pass well in good weather, in times of peace; but days of adversity are days of trial.—Bishop Hall.

Lord love you! when we see what some people do all the week—people who are stanch at church, remember—I can't help thinking there are a good many poor souls who are only Christians at morning and afternoon service.—Dickens.

All live by seeming.
The beggar begs with it, and the gay cour-
tier
Gains land and title, rank and rule, by
seeming;
The clergy scorn it not, and the bold
soldier
Will eke with it his service.—All admit it,
All practise it; and he who is content
With showing what he is, shall have small
credit
In church, or camp, or state.—So wags
the world. —Scott.

I

Ideality

Ideals are the world's masters.—J. G. Holland.

Ideality is the avant-courier of the mind.—Horace Mann.

Our ideals are our better selves.—A. Bronson Alcott.

To have greatly dreamed precludes low ends.—Lowell.

Ideals we do not make. We discover, not invent, them.—Charles H. Parkhurst.

Be true to your own highest convictions.—William Ellery Channing.

Without the ideal, the inexhaustible source of all progress, what would man be?—Mme. de Girardin.

When we idealize the real, we sacrifice to artistic fancy.—Fuseli.

Freedom is only in the land of dreams, and the beautiful only blooms in song.—Schiller.

Ideality consists of the rainbow rays of intellect.—Alfred Mercier.

We build statues of snow, and weep to see them melt.—Walter Scott.

It is the vain endeavor to make ourselves what we are not that has strewn history with so many broken purposes and lives left in the rough.—Lowell.

What we need most is not so much to realize the ideal as to idealize the real.—F. H. Hedge.

Ideal beauty is a fugitive which is never located.—Madame Sévigné.

The ideal itself is but truth clothed in the forms of art.—Octave Feuillet.

The ideal is the flower-garden of the mind, and very apt to run to weeds unless carefully tended.—Mrs. Oliphant.

Every life has its actual blanks, which the ideal must fill up, or which else remain bare and profitless forever.—Julia Ward Howe.

The true ideal is not opposed to the real, nor is it any artificial heightening thereof, but lies in it; and blessed are the eyes that find it.—Lowell.

The ideal is the only absolute real; and it must become the real in the individual life as well, however impossible they may count it who never tried it.—George MacDonald.

God hides some ideal in every human soul. At some time in our life we feel a trembling, fearful longing to do some good thing. Life finds its noblest spring of excellence in this hidden impulse to do our best.—Robert Collyer.

All men need something to poetize and idealize their life a little—something which they value for more than its use, and which is a symbol of their emancipation from the mere materialism and drudgery of daily life.—Theodore Parker.

Most people carry an ideal man and woman in their head, and when the practical relations of the men and

women of every day are discussed with reference only to these impossible ideals, we need not marvel at any ridiculous conclusions.—Mary Clemmer.

A large portion of human beings live not so much in themselves as in what they desire to be. They create what is called an ideal character, in an ideal form, whose perfections compensate in some degree for the imperfections of their own.—Whipple.

The situation that has not its duty, its ideal, was never yet occupied by man. Yes, here, in this poor, miserable, hampered, despicable actual, wherein thou even now standest, here or nowhere is thy ideal; work it out therefrom, and, working, believe, live, be free. Fool! the ideal is in thyself. —Carlyle.

Alas! we know that ideals can never be completely embodied in practice. Ideals must ever lie a great way off—and we will thankfully content ourselves with any not intolerable approximation thereto! Let no man, as Schiller says, too querulously "measure by a scale of perfection the meager product of reality" in this poor world of ours.—Carlyle.

Honor to the idealists, whether philosophers or poets. They have improved us by mingling with our daily pursuits great and transcendent conceptions. They have thrown around our sensual life the grandeur of a better, and drawn us up from contacts with the temporal and the selfish to communion with beauty and truth and goodness.—Chapin.

Every man has at times in his mind the ideal of what he should be, but is not. This ideal may be high and complete, or it may be quite low and insufficient; yet, in all men that really seek to improve, it is better than the actual character. Perhaps no one is so satisfied with himself that he never wishes to be wiser, better, and more holy.—Theodore Parker.

Ideas

The very coinage of your brain.—Shakespeare.

Our ideas are transformed sensations.—Condillac.

Every idea must have a visible enfolding.—Victor Hugo.

Ideas in the head set hands about their several tasks.—A. Bronson Alcott.

An idea, like a ghost (according to the common notion of ghosts), must be spoken to a little before it will explain itself.—Dickens.

Ideas are pitiless.—Lamartine.

It is not my periods that I polish, but my ideas.—Joubert.

The persistence of an all-absorbing idea is terrible.—Victor Hugo.

A fixed idea ends in madness or heroism.—Victor Hugo.

Words are daughters of earth, but ideas are sons of heaven.—Dr. Johnson.

Ideas are like beards; men do not have them until they grow up.—Voltaire.

In these days we fight for ideas, and newspapers are our fortresses.—Heinrich Heine.

Our ideas, like pictures, are made up of lights and shadows.—Joubert.

We live in an age in which superfluous ideas abound and essential ideas are lacking.—Joubert.

Our land is not more the recipient of the men of all countries than of their ideas.—Bancroft.

The material universe exists only in the mind.—Jonathan Edwards.

If the ancients left us ideas, to our credit be it spoken that we moderns are building houses for them.—A. Bronson Alcott.

A sublime idea remains the same, from whatever brain or in whatever region it has its birth.—Menzel.

Ideas must work through the brains and the arms of good and brave men, or they are no better than dreams.—Emerson.

Ideas often flash across our minds more complete than we could make them after much labor.—La Rochefoucauld.

Ideas once planted in the brain fructify, and bear their harvest more or less bountiful and rich as they are fertilized by thought.—Bartol.

To have ideas is to gather flowers. To think is to weave them into garlands.—Madame Swetchine.

Great ideas travel slowly, and for a time noiselessly, as the gods whose feet were shod with wool.—James A. Garfield.

Our ideas, like orange-plants, spread out in proportion to the size of the box which imprisons the roots.—Bulwer-Lytton.

One should conquer the world, not to enthrone a man, but an idea; for ideas exist forever.—Beaconsfield.

Time is but the measure of the difficulty of a conception. Pure thought has scarcely any need of time, since it perceives the two ends of an idea almost at the same moment.—Amiel.

To be fossilized is to be stagnant, unprogressive, dead, frozen into a solid. It is only liquid currents of thought that move men and the world. —Wendell Phillips.

Whatsoever the mind perceives of itself, or is the immediate object of perception, thought, or understanding, that I call an idea.—Locke.

Events are only the shells of ideas: and often it is the fluent thought of ages that is crystallized in a moment by the stroke of a pen or the point of a bayonet.—Chapin.

Ideas go booming through the world louder than cannon. Thoughts are mightier than armies. Principles have achieved more victories than horsemen and chariots.—W. M. Paxton.

Ideas are, like matter, infinitely divisible. It is not given to us to get down, so to speak, to their final atoms, but to their molecular groupings the way is never ending, and the progress infinitely delightful and profitable.—Bovee.

Many ideas grow better when transplanted into another mind than in the one where they sprung up. That which was a weed in one intelligence becomes a flower in the other, and a flower again dwindles down to a mere weed by the same change.—O. W. Holmes.

By what strange law of mind is it that an idea long overlooked, and trodden underfoot as a useless stone, suddenly sparkles out in new light, as a discovered diamond?—Mrs. Stowe.

Idleness

Disciplined inaction.—Mackintosh.

Stagnant satisfaction! — Samuel Smiles.

Idleness is the holiday of fools.—Chesterfield.

Idleness is the sepulchre of a living man.—J. G. Holland.

An idler is a watch that wants both hands.—Cowper.

A poor idle man cannot be an honest man.—Achilles Poincelot.

How sweet and sacred idleness is!—Landor.

Lost time is never found again.—Aughey.

I live an idle burden to the ground. —Homer.

Idleness is paralysis.—Roswell D. Hitchcock.

To do nothing is in every man's power.—Johnson.

Idleness is the key of beggary.—Spurgeon.

An idle man's brain is the devil's workshop.—Bunyan.

The ruin of most men dates from some idle moment.—Hillard.

Idleness is the nurse of naughtiness.—Robert Burton.

Sluggish idleness—the nurse of sin.—Spenser.

Doing nothing with a deal of skill.—Cowper.

In idleness there is perpetual despair.—Carlyle.

Enjoyment stops where indolence begins.—Pollok.

Watch, for the idleness of the soul approaches death.—Demophilus.

Idleness is emptiness: the tree in which the sap is stagnant, remains fruitless.—Hosea Ballou.

Some people have a perfect genius for doing nothing, and doing it assiduously.—Haliburton.

Absence of occupation is not rest,
A mind quite vacant is a mind distress'd.
—Cowper.

I look upon indolence as a sort of suicide.—Chesterfield.

There is really nothing left to a genuine idle man, who possesses any considerable degree of vital power, but sin.—J. G. Holland.

If idleness do not produce vice or malevolence, it commonly produces melancholy.—Sydney Smith.

To be idle is the ultimate purpose of the busy.—Dr. Johnson.

Give time to the Evil One, and you give him all he requires.—Gladstone.

Idleness is both a great sin, and the cause of many more.—South.

As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean. —Coleridge.

Every hour of lost time is a chance of future misfortune.—Napoleon I.

Is there anything so wretched as to look at a man of fine abilities doing nothing?—Chapin.

Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do. —Watts.

I pity the man overwhelmed with the weight of his own leisure.—Voltaire.

Idleness is more an infirmity of the mind than of the body.—Rochefoucauld.

Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob beehives.—Shakespeare.

Stagnation is something worse than death, it is corruption also.—Simms.

Slothfulness casteth into a deep sleep; and an idle soul shall suffer hunger.—Bible.

Idleness is the stupidity of the body, and stupidity the idleness of the mind.—Seume.

He is not only idle who does nothing, but he is idle who might be better employed.—Socrates.

Idleness is an inlet to disorder, and makes way for licentiousness. People that have nothing to do are quickly tired of their own company.—Jeremy Collier.

Idleness is many gathered miseries in one name.—Richter.

Laziness grows on people; it begins in cobwebs, and ends in iron chains. The more business a man has to do, the more he is able to accomplish; for he learns to economize his time.—Judge Hale.

Idleness travels very slowly, and poverty soon overtakes her.—Hunter.

Indolent people, whatever taste they may have for society, seek eagerly for pleasure, and find nothing. They have an empty head and seared hearts.—Zimmermann.

There is no remedy for time misspent;
No healing for the waste of idleness,
Whose very languor is a punishment
Heavier than active souls can feel or guess. —Sir Aubrey de Vere.

Too much idleness, I have observed, fills up a man's time more completely and leaves him less his own master, than any sort of employment whatsoever.—Burke.

So long as idleness is quite shut out from our lives, all the sins of wantonness, softness, and effeminacy are prevented; and there is but little room for temptation.—Jeremy Taylor.

The idle man stands outside of God's plan, outside of the ordained scheme of things; and the truest self-respect, the noblest independence, and the most genuine dignity, are not to be found there.—J. G. Holland.

Idleness is a constant sin, and labor is a duty. Idleness is the devil's home for temptation, and for unprofitable, distracting musings; while labor profiteth others and ourselves.—Baxter.

If you ask me which is the real hereditary sin of human nature, do you imagine I shall answer pride or luxury or ambition or egotism? No; I shall say indolence. Who conquers indolence will conquer all the rest. Indeed, all good principles must stagnate without mental activity.—Zimmermann.

To be idle and to be poor have always been reproaches; and therefore every man endeavors with his utmost care to hide his poverty from others, and his idleness from himself.—Johnson.

He that embarks in the voyage of life will always wish to advance, rather by the impulse of the wind than the strokes of the oar; and many founder in their passage while they lie waiting for the gale.—Johnson.

Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy; and he that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night; while laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes him.—Franklin.

What is a man, if his chief good and market of his time be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more. Sure, be that made us with such large discourse, looking before and after, gave us not that capability and godlike reason to fust in us unused.—Shakespeare.

Rather do what is nothing to the purpose than be idle; that the devil may find thee doing. The bird that sits is easily shot, when fliers scape the fowler. Idleness is the Dead Sea that swallows all the virtues, and the self-made sepulchre of a living man.—Quarles.

Idleness is the grand Pacific Ocean of life, and in that stagnant abyss the most salutary things produce no good, the most noxious no evil. Vice, indeed, abstractedly considered, may be, and often is engendered in idleness; but the moment it becomes efficiently vice, it must quit its cradle and cease to be idle.—Colton.

In such a world as ours the idle man is not so much a biped as a bivalve; and the wealth which breeds idleness, of which the English peerage is an example, and of which we are beginning to abound in specimens in this country, is only a sort of human oyster bed, where heirs and heiresses are planted, to spend a contemptible life of slothfulness in growing plump and succulent for the grave-worms' banquet.—Horace Mann.

Idleness is the badge of the gentry, the bane of body and mind, the nurse of naughtiness, the stepmother of discipline, the chief author of all mischief, one of the seven deadly sins, the cushion upon which the devil chiefly reposes, and a great cause not only of

melancholy, but of many other diseases; for the mind is naturally active, and, if it is not occupied about some honest business, it rushes into mischief or sinks into melancholy.—Burton.

Time, with all its celerity, moves slowly on to him whose whole employment is to watch its flight.—Dr. Johnson.

If you are idle, you are on the road to ruin; and there are few stopping-places upon it. It is rather a precipice than a road.—Beecher.

The bees can abide no drones amongst them; but as soon as they begin to be idle, they kill them.—Plato.

Idolatry

The idol is the measure of the worshipper.—Lowell.

'Tis mad idolatry,
To make the service greater than the god.
—Shakespeare.

It is not he who forms idols in gold or marble that makes them gods, but he who kneels before them.—Martial.

Man may content himself with the applause of the world, and the homage paid to his intellect; but woman's heart has holier idols.—George Eliot.

Philosophers and common heathen believed one God, to whom all things were referred; but under this God they worshipped many inferior and subservient gods.—Stillingfleet.

Make no man your idol; for the best man must have faults, and his faults will usually become yours in addition to your own. This is as true in art as in morals.—Washington Allston.

Idolatry is certainly the first-born of folly, the great and leading paradox; nay, the very abridgment and sum total of all absurdities.—South.

This idol gold can boast of two peculiarities: it is worshipped in all climates without a single temple, and by all classes without a single hypocrite.—Colton.

God will put up with a great many things in the human heart, but there is one thing that He will not put up with in it—a second place. He who offers God a second place, offers Him no place.—Ruskin.

Ignorance

O thou monster ignorance!—Shakespeare.

The more one endeavors to sound the depths of his ignorance the deeper the chasm appears.—A. Bronson Alcott.

Ignorance is the mother of fear.—Lord Kames.

The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance.—Shakespeare.

Ignorance never settles a question.—Beaconsfield.

They most assume, who know the least.—Gay.

The law succors the ignorant.—Law Maxim.

Ignorance is the dominion of absurdity.—Froude.

Ignorance is bold, and knowledge reserved.—Thucydides.

Whoever is ignorant is vulgar.—Cervantes.

There is no calamity like ignorance.—Richter.

Positive in proportion to their ignorance.—Hosea Ballou.

Dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance.—Shakespeare.

What ignorance there is in human minds.—Ovid.

The ignorant classes are the dangerous classes. Ignorance is the womb of monsters.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Detraction is the sworn friend to ignorance.—John Webster.

There is no darkness but ignorance. —Shakespeare.

Ignorance is the wet-nurse of prejudice.—H. W. Shaw.

Nothing is more terrible than active ignorance.—Goethe.

Mr. Kremlin was distinguished for ignorance; for he had only one idea, and that was wrong.—Beaconsfield.

To be ignorant of one's ignorance is the malady of the ignorant.—A. Bronson Alcott.

Ignorance is a dangerous and spiritual poison, which all men ought warily to shun.—Gregory.

Where ignorance is bliss
'Tis folly to be wise. —Gray.

How wretched are the minds of men, and how blind their understandings. —Lucretius.

From ignorance our comfort flows,
The only wretched are the wise.
—Prior.

It is better to be unborn than untaught; for ignorance is the root of misfortune.—Plato.

Ignorance is a prolonged infancy only deprived of its charm.—De Boufflers.

There is nothing more daring than ignorance.—Menander.

Ignorance is the night of the mind, but a night without moon or star.—Confucius.

Ignorance is the curse of God; knowledge, the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.—Shakespeare.

Ignorant men differ from beasts only in their figure.—Cleanthes.

In friendship, as in love, we are often happier through our ignorance than our knowledge.—Shakespeare.

The truest characters of ignorance are vanity and pride and arrogance.—Samuel Butler.

Well-meant ignorance is a grievous calamity in high places.—Bossuet.

Scholars are frequently to be met with who are ignorant of nothing—saving their own ignorance.—Zimmermann.

A wise man in the company of those who are ignorant has been compared by the sages to a beautiful girl in the company of blind men.—Saadi.

Ignorance is not so damnable as humbug; but when it prescribes pills it may happen to do more harm.—George Eliot.

A man may live long, and die at last in ignorance of many truths, which his mind was capable of knowing, and that with certainty.—Locke.

A man is never astonished or ashamed that he don't know what another does, but he is surprised at the gross ignorance of the other in not knowing what he does.—Haliburton.

Man is arrogant in proportion to his ignorance. Man's natural tendency is to egotism. Man, in his infancy of knowledge, thinks that all creation was formed for him.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Ignorance, when voluntary, is criminal, and a man may be properly charged with that evil which he neglected or refused to learn how to prevent.—Johnson.

Ignorance breeds monsters to fill up all the vacancies of the soul that are unoccupied by the verities of knowledge. He who dethrones the idea of law bids chaos welcome in its stead.—Horace Mann.

Did we but compare the miserable scantiness of our capacities with the vast profundity of things, truth and modesty would teach us wary language.—Glanvill.

So long as thou art ignorant, be not ashamed to learn. Ignorance is the

greatest of all infirmities; and when justified, the chiefest of all follies.—Izaak Walton.

Ignorance is mere privation by which nothing can be produced: it is a vacuity in which the soul sits motionless and torpid for want of attraction; and, without knowing why, we always rejoice when we learn, and grieve when we forget.—Johnson.

It is impossible to make people understand their ignorance, for it requires knowledge to perceive it; and, therefore, he that can perceive it hath it not.—Jeremy Taylor.

It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles—the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring it out.—Pope.

It is thus that we walk through the world like the blind, not knowing whither we are going, regarding as bad what is good, regarding as good what is bad, and ever in entire ignorance.—Madame de Sévigné.

It is with nations as with individuals, those who know the least of others think the highest of themselves; for the whole family of pride and ignorance are incestuous, and mutually beget each other.—Colton.

Do not take the yardstick of your ignorance to measure what the ancients knew, and call everything which you do not know lies. Do not call things untrue because they are marvelous, but give them a fair consideration.—Wendell Phillips.

There is no slight danger from general ignorance; and the only choice which Providence has graciously left to a vicious government, is either to fall by the people, if they are suffered to become enlightened, or with them, if they are kept enslaved and ignorant. —Coleridge.

Without knowledge there can be no sure progress. Vice and barbarism are the inseparable companions of ignorance. Nor is it too much to say that, except in rare instances, the highest virtue is attained only through intelligence.—Charles Sumner.

Ignorance lies at the bottom of all human knowledge, and the deeper we penetrate the nearer we arrive unto it. For what do we truly know, or what can we clearly affirm, of any one of those important things upon which all our reasonings must of necessity be built—time and space, life and death, matter and mind?—Colton.

There are two sorts of ignorance: we philosophize to escape ignorance; we start from the one, we repose in the other; they are the goals from which and to which we tend; and the pursuit of knowledge is but a course between two ignorances, as human life is only a traveling from grave to grave. —Sir William Hamilton.

Thy ignorance in unrevealed mysteries is the mother of a saving faith, and thy understanding in revealed truths is the mother of a sacred knowledge; understand not therefore that thou mayest believe, but believe that thou mayest understand; understanding is the wages of a lively faith, and faith is the reward of an humble ignorance.—Quarles.

Ill-Nature

Think of a man in a chronic state of anger!—Beecher.

Some natures are so sour and ungrateful that they are never to be obliged.—L'Estrange.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?—Shakespeare.

By indulging this fretful temper, you alienate those on whose affection much of your comfort depends.—Blair.

Ill-nature is a sort of running sore of the disposition.—H. W. Shaw.

Ill-nature consists of a proneness to do ill turns, attended with a secret joy upon the sight of any mischief that befalls another.—South.

Though I carry always some ill-nature about me, yet it is, I hope, no

more than is in this world necessary for a preservative.—Marvell.

You have only to watch other ill-natured people to resolve to be unlike them.—Charles Buxton.

Ill-humor is nothing more than an inward feeling of our own want of merit, a dissatisfaction with ourselves which is always united with an envy that foolish vanity excites.—Goethe.

The world is so full of ill-nature that I have lampoons sent me by people who cannot spell, and satires composed by those who scarce know how to write.—Addison.

They give up all sweets of kindness for the sake of peevishness, petulance, or gloom, and alienate the world by neglect of the common forms of civility, and breach of the established laws of conversation.—Dr. Johnson.

Peevishness may be considered the canker of life, that destroys its vigor and checks its improvement; that creeps on with hourly depredations, and taints and vitiates what it cannot consume.—Dr. Johnson.

Ills

Think of the ills from which you are exempt.—Joubert.

Keep what you've got: the ills that we know are the best.—Plautus.

O, yet we trust that somehow good will be the final goal of ill!—Tennyson.

We satisfied ourselves the other day that there was no real ill in life except severe bodily pain; everything else is the child of the imagination, and depends on our thoughts; all other ills find a remedy, either from time or moderation, or strength of mind.—Madame de Sévigné.

Philosophy easily triumphs over past and future ills; but present ills triumph over philosophy.—Rochefoucauld.

All ills spring from some vice, either in ourselves or others; and even many of our diseases proceed from the same origin. Remove the vices, and the ills follow. You must only take care to remove all the vices. If you remove part, you may render the matter worse. By banishing vicious luxury, without curing sloth and an indifference to others, you only diminish industry in the state, and add nothing to men's charity or their generosity.—Hume.

Common and vulgar people ascribe all ill that they feel to others; people of little wisdom ascribe to themselves; people of much wisdom, to no one.—Epictetus.

Illusion

Illusion is the first of all pleasures.—Voltaire.

In youth we feel richer for every new illusion; in maturer years, for every one we lose.—Mme. Swetchine.

A pleasant illusion is better than a harsh reality.—Bovee.

Women are happier in their illusions than in their most agreeable experiences.—Mme. Dufresnoy.

The loss of our illusions is the only loss from which we never recover.—Ouida.

Illusion and wisdom combined are the charm of life and art.—Joubert.

Time is indeed the theater and seat of illusions; nothing is so ductile and elastic. The mind stretches an hour to a century, and dwarfs an age to an hour.—Emerson.

There is no such thing as real happiness in life. The justest definition that was ever given of it was "a tranquil acquiescence under an agreeable delusion"—I forget where.—Sterne.

When the boys come into my yard for leave to gather horse-chestnuts, I own I enter into nature's game, and affect to grant the permission reluctantly, fearing that any moment they will find out the imposture of that showy chaff. But this tenderness is quite unnecessary; the enchantments are laid on very thick. Their young

life is thatched with them. Bare and grim to tears is the lot of the children in the hovel I saw yesterday; yet not the less they hang it round with frippery romance, like the children of the happiest fortune.—Emerson.

Every generous illusion of youth leaves a wrinkle as it departs. Experience is the successive disenchanting of the things of life; it is reason enriched with the heart's spoils.—J. Petit-Senn.

Imagination

Imagination rules the world.—Napoleon I.

Imagination is the eye of the soul. —Joubert.

Imagination is the air of mind.—Bailey.

He waxes desperate with imagination.—Shakespeare.

The imagination never dies.—Stedman.

The incurable ills are the imaginary ills.—Marie Ebner-Eschenbach.

Imagination is the mightiest despot. —Auerbach.

Keep the imagination sane—that is one of the truest conditions of communion with heaven.—Hawthorne.

The imagination is the secret and harrow of civilization. It is the very eye of faith.—Henry Ward Beecher.

This is the very coinage of your brain;
This bodiless creation ecstasy.
—Shakespeare.

We are all of us imaginative in some form or other; for images are the brood of desire.—George Eliot.

There comes a period of the imagination to each—a later youth—the power of beauty, the power of looks, of poetry.—Emerson.

Science does not know its debt to imagination. Goethe did not believe that a great naturalist could exist without this faculty.—Emerson.

The imagination is of so delicate a texture that even words wound it.—Hazlitt.

An uncommon degree of imagination constitutes poetical genius.—Dugald Stewart.

He who has imagination without learning has wings but no feet.—Joubert.

There is nothing more fearful than imagination without taste.—Goethe.

Men speak from knowledge, women from imagination.—Rousseau.

Solitude is as needful to the imagination as society is wholesome for the character.—Lowell.

The soul without imagination is what an observatory would be without a telescope.—Beecher.

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet are of imagination all compact.—Shakespeare.

A ray of imagination or of wisdom may enlighten the universe, and glow into remotest centuries.—Bishop Berkeley.

Women have much more heart and much more imagination than men; hence, fancy often allures them.—Lamartine.

Imagination is not thought, neither is fancy reflection; thought paceth like a hoary sage, but imagination hath wings as an eagle.—Tupper.

But what is the imagination? Only an arm or weapon of the interior energy; only the precursor of the reason.—Emerson.

Imagination disposes of everything; it creates beauty, justice, and happiness, which is everything in this world.—Pascal.

Such is the power of imagination, that even a chimerical pleasure in ex-

pectation affects us more than a solid pleasure in possession.—Henry Home.

Imagination without culture is crippled and moves slowly; but it can be pure imagination, and rich also, as folk-lore will tell the vainest.—Ouida.

The sound and proper exercise of the imagination may be made to contribute to the cultivation of all that is virtuous and estimable in the human character.—John Abercrombie.

When I could not sleep for cold
I had fire enough in my brain,
And builded with roofs of gold
My beautiful castles in Spain!
—Lowell.

Imagining is in itself the very height and life of poetry, which, by a kind of enthusiasm or extraordinary emotion of the soul, makes it seem to us that we behold those things which the poet paints.—Dryden.

The world of reality has its limits; the world of imagination is boundless. Not being able to enlarge the one, let us contract the other; for it is from their difference alone that all the evils arise which render us really unhappy. —Rousseau.

Men as yet need some help to their imagination. There remains still room for a little illusion. It is better for men, it is better for women, that each somewhat idealize the other. Much is lost when life has lost its atmosphere, and is reduced to naked fact. —Gail Hamilton.

Imagination is that faculty which arouses the passions by the impression of exterior objects; it is influenced by these objects, and consequently it is in affinity with them; it is contagious; its fear or courage flies from imagination to imagination; the same in love, hate, joy, or grief: hence I conclude it to be a most subtle atmosphere.—Lord John Russell.

Imagination, where it is truly creative, is a faculty, and not a quality; it looks before and after, it gives the form that makes all the parts work together harmoniously toward a given end, its seat is in the higher reason, and it is efficient only as a servant of the will. Imagination, as it is too often misunderstood, is mere fantasy, the image-making power, common to all who have the gift of dreams.—Lowell.

Imagination I understand to be the representation of an individual thought. Imagination is of three kinds: joined with belief of that which is to come; joined with memory of that which is past; and of things present.—Bacon.

A vile imagination, once indulged, gets the key of our minds, and can get in again very easily, whether we will or no, and can so return as to bring seven other spirits with it more wicked than itself; and what may follow no one knows.—Spurgeon.

Imagination is the organ through which the soul within us recognizes a soul without us: the spiritual eye by which the mind perceives and converses with the spiritualities of nature under her material forms; which tends to exalt even the senses into soul by discerning a soul in the objects of sense.—H. N. Hudson.

Fancy can save or kill; it hath clos'd up
Wounds when the balsam could not, and without
The aid of salves:—to think hath been a cure.
For witchcraft then, that's all done by the force
Of mere imagination. —Cartwright.

In woman the imagination and fancy have such lively play that the homeliest principles assume forms of beauty. In intellectual pursuits she is destined to excel by her fine sensibilities, her nice observations, and exquisite taste; while man is appointed to investigate the laws of abstruse sciences, and perform in literature and art the bolder flights of genius.—F. D. Fulton.

The imagination acquires by custom a certain involuntary, unconscious power of observation and comparison, correcting its own mistakes, and arriving at precision of judgment, just as

the outward eye is disciplined to compare, adjust, estimate, measure, the objects reflected on the back of its retina. The imagination is but the faculty of glassing images; and it is with exceeding difficulty, and by the imperative will of the reasoning faculty resolved to mislead it, that it glasses images which have no prototype in truth and nature.—Bulwer-Lytton.

It is the divine attribute of the imagination, that it is irrepressible, unconfinable; that when the real world is shut out, it can create a world for itself, and with a necromantic power can conjure up glorious shapes and forms, and brilliant visions to make solitude populous, and irradiate the gloom of a dungeon.—Washington Irving.

And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shape and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
Such tricks has strong imagination
That if he would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
Or in the night imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush supposed a bear?
—Shakespeare.

Imitation

Imitation is the sincerest of flattery.—Colton.

Imitators are but a servile kind of cattle.—Dryden.

You may imitate, but never counterfeit.—Balzac.

Even a man's exact imitation of the song of the nightingale displeases us when we discover that it is a mimicry, and not the nightingale.—Kant.

Borrowed wit is the poorest wit.—Lavater.

Man is an imitative creature, and whoever is foremost leads the herd.—Schiller.

I hardly know so true a mark of a little mind as the servile imitation of others.—Lord Greville.

Imitation forms our manners, our opinions, our very lives.—John Weiss.

A good imitation is the most perfect originality.—Voltaire.

We are all easily taught to imitate what is base and depraved.—Juvenal.

Some imitation is involuntary and unconscious.—Willmott.

Human reason borrowed many arts from the instinct of animals.—Dr. Johnson.

He who imitates what is evil always goes beyond the example that is set; on the contrary, he who imitates what is good always falls short.—Guicciardini.

It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught as men take diseases, one of another.—Shakespeare.

Imitation causes us to leave natural ways to enter into artificial ones; it therefore makes slaves.—Professor Vinet.

Men are so constituted that everybody undertakes what he sees another successful in, whether he has aptitude for it or not.—Goethe.

It is by imitation, far more than by precept, that we learn everything; and what we learn thus, we acquire not only more effectually, but more pleasantly.—Burke.

Imitation pleases, because it affords matter for inquiring into the truth or falsehood of imitation, by comparing its likeness or unlikeness with the original.—Dryden.

For imitation is natural to man from his infancy. Man differs from other animals particularly in this, that he is imitative, and acquires his rudiments of knowledge in this way; besides, the delight in it is universal.—Aristotle.

O imitators, a servile race, how often have your attacks roused my bile and often my laughter!—Horace.

To be as good as our fathers, we must be better. Imitation is not discipleship. When some one sent a cracked plate to China to have a set made, every piece in the new set had a crack in it.—Wendell Phillips.

Since a true knowledge of nature gives us pleasure, a lively imitation of it, either in poetry or painting, must produce a much greater; for both these arts are not only true imitations of nature, but of the best nature. —Dryden.

No single character is ever so great that a nation can afford to form itself upon it. Imitation belittles. This appears in the instance of the Chinese. The Chinese are so many Confucii, in miniature. And so with the Jews. Moses, the lawgiver, is poorly represented by Moses, the old clothesman; or even by Dives, the banker.—Bovee.

Immigration

If you should turn back from this land to Europe the foreign ministers of the gospel, and the foreign attorneys, and the foreign merchants, and the foreign philanthropists, what a robbery of our pulpits, our court rooms, our storehouses, and our beneficent institutions, and what a putting back of every monetary, merciful, moral, and religious interest of the land! This commingling here of all nationalities under the blessing of God will produce in seventy-five or one hundred years the most magnificent style of man and woman the world ever saw. They will have the wit of one race, the eloquence of another race, the kindness of another, the generosity of another, the æsthetic taste of another, the high moral character of another, and when that man and woman step forth, their brain and nerve and muscle an intertwining of the fibers of all nationalities, nothing but the new electric photographic apparatus, that can see clear through body and mind and soul, can take of them an adequate picture.—T. DeWitt Talmage.

Immodesty

The chariest maid is prodigal enough if she unmask her beauty to the moon. —Shakespeare.

Immodest words admit of no defence
For want of decency is want of sense.
—Pope.

Immortality

Immortality—twin sister of Eternity.—J. G. Holland.

All men desire to be immortal.—Theodore Parker.

I am conscious of eternal life.—Theodore Parker.

What is human is immortal!—Bulwer-Lytton.

Death from sin no power can separate.—Milton.

A good man never dies.—Callimachus.

I look through the grave into heaven.—Theodore Parker.

Immortality is the glorious discovery of Christianity.—William Ellery Channing.

Work for immortality if you will: then wait for it.—J. G. Holland.

The immortality of the soul is assented to rather than believed, believed rather than lived.—O. A. Brownson.

Immortality
Alone could teach this mortal how to die.
—D. M. Mulock.

And in the wreck of noble lives
Something immortal still survives.
—Longfellow.

Let a disciple live as Christ lived, and he will easily believe in living again as Christ does.—Wm. Mountford.

'Tis immortality to die aspiring,
As if a man were taken quick to heaven.
—Geo. Chapman.

All men's souls are immortal, but the souls of the righteous are immortal and divine.—Socrates.

The hope of immortality makes heroes of cowards.—Thomas Guthrie.

The seed dies into a new life, and so does man.—George MacDonald.

There is nothing strictly immortal but immortality.—Sir T. Browne.

Cold in the dust this perished heart may lie, but that which warmed it once shall never die.—Campbell.

To destroy the idea of the immortality of the soul is to add death to death.—Mme. de Souza.

The spirit of man, which God inspired, cannot together perish with this corporeal clod.—Milton.

I have been dying for twenty years, now I am going to live.—Jas. Drummond Burns.

Without a belief in personal immortality, religion surely is like an arch resting on one pillar, like a bridge ending in an abyss.—Max Müller.

No one could ever meet death for his country without the hope of immortality.—Cicero.

May we be satisfied with nothing that shall not have in it something of immortality.—H. W. Beecher.

It is our souls which are the everlastingness of God's purpose in this earth.—Wm. Mountford.

Still seems it strange, that thou shouldst live for ever?
Is it less strange, that thou shouldst live at all?
This is a miracle, and that no more.
—Young.

Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither.
—Wordsworth.

The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvelous, yet simple.—Victor Hugo.

Whatsoever that be within us that feels, thinks, desires, and animates, is something celestial, divine, and consequently imperishable.—Aristotle.

Everything is prospective, and man is to live hereafter. That the world is for his education is the only sane solution of the enigma.—Emerson.

Immortality o'ersweeps all pains, all tears, all time, all fears, and peals, like the eternal thunder of the deep, into my ears this truth: Thou livest forever!—Byron.

Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.
—Longfellow.

'Tis true; 'tis certain; man though dead retains
Part of himself; the immortal mind remains. —Homer.

I came from God, and I'm going back to God, and I won't have any gaps of death in the middle of my life.—George MacDonald.

We do not believe immortality because we have proved it, but we forever try to prove it because we believe it.—James Martineau.

Ah, Christ, that it were possible
For one short hour to see
The souls we loved, that they might tell us
What and where they be. —Tennyson.

Men of dissolute lives have little incentive to look forward to the hopes and glories of immortality. A due conception of these would be incompatible with such a life.—Beecher.

After the sleep of death we are to gather up our forces again with the incalculable results of this life, a crown of shame or glory upon our heads, and begin again on a new level of progress.—Hugh R. Haweis.

Press onward through each varying hour;
Let no weak fears thy course delay;
Immortal being! feel thy power,
Pursue thy bright and endless way.
—Andrews Norton.

Faith in the hereafter is as necessary for the intellectual as the moral character; and to the man of letters, as well as to the Christian, the present forms but the slightest portion of his existence.—Southey.

I feel that I was made to complete things. To accomplish only a mass

of beginnings and attempts would be to make a total failure of life. Perfection is the heritage with which my Creator has endowed me, and since this short life does not give completeness, I must have immortal life in which to find it.—Bishop R. S. Foster.

I long to believe in immortality. * * * If I am destined to be happy with you here—how short is the longest life. I wish to believe in immortality—I wish to live with you forever.—Keats.

Earthly providence is a travesty of justice on any other theory than that it is a preliminary stage, which is to be followed by rectifications. Either there must be a future, or consummate injustice sits upon the throne of the universe. This is the verdict of humanity in all the ages.—Bishop R. S. Foster.

How gloomy would be the mansions of the dead to him who did not know that he should never die: that what now acts shall continue its agency, and what now thinks shall think on forever!—Johnson.

How can it enter into the thoughts of man, that the soul, which is capable of such immense perfections, and of receiving new improvements to all eternity, shall fall away into nothing almost as soon as it is created?—Addison.

The three states of the caterpillar, larva, and butterfly have, since the time of the Greek poets, been applied to typify the human being,—its terrestrial form, apparent death, and ultimate celestial destination.—Sir H. Davy.

O, what a fate is that of man! As often as I hear of some undeserved wretchedness, my thoughts rest on that world where all will be made straight, and where the labors of the sorrowful will end in joy. O that we could call up in the hearts of the afflicted such thoughts!—Fichte.

Man is so created that as to his internal he cannot die; for he is capable of believing in God, and thus of being conjoined to God by faith and love, and to be conjoined to God is to live to eternity.—Swedenborg.

We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth; there is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be spread before us like islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beings that pass before us like shadows will stay in our presence forever.—Bulwer-Lytton.

No, no! The energy of life may be
Kept on after the grave, but not begun;
And he who flagg'd not in the earthly strife,
From strength to strength advancing—only he
His soul well-knit, and all his battles won,
Mounts, and that hardly, to eternal life.
—Matthew Arnold.

There may be beings, thinking beings, near or surrounding us, which we do not perceive, which we cannot imagine. We know very little; but, in my opinion, we know enough to hope for the immortality, the individual immortality, of the better part of man.—Sir H. Davy.

It is only our mortal duration that we measure by visible and measurable objects; and there is nothing mournful in the contemplation for one who knows that the Creator made him to be the image of his own eternity, and who feels that in the desire for immortality he has sure proof of his capacity for it.—Southey.

Immortality! We bow before the very term. Immortality! Before it reason staggers, calculation reclines her tired head, and imagination folds her weary pinions. Immortality! It throws open the portals of the vast forever; it puts the crown of deathless destiny upon every human brow; it cries to every uncrowned king of men, "Live forever, crowned for the empire of a deathless destiny!"—George Douglas.

Doth this soul within me, this spirit of thought, and love, and infinite desire, dissolve as well as the body? Has nature, who quenches our bodily thirst, who rests our weariness, and

perpetually encourages us to endeavor onwards, prepared no food for this appetite of immortality?—Leigh Hunt.

When I consider the wonderful activity of the mind, so great a memory of what is past, and such a capacity of penetrating into the future; when I behold such a number of arts and sciences, and such a multitude of discoveries thence arising,—I believe and am firmly persuaded that a nature which contains so many things within itself cannot be mortal.—Cicero.

O, listen man!
A voice within us speaks that startling word,
"Man, thou shalt never die!" Celestial voices
Hymn it unto our souls: according harps,
By angel fingers touched, when the mild stars
Of morning sang together, sound forth still
The song of our great immortality.
—Dana.

And now have I finished a work which neither the wrath of Jove, nor fire, nor steel, nor all-consuming time can destroy. Welcome the day which can destroy only my physical man in ending my uncertain life. In my better part I shall be raised to immortality above the lofty stars, and my name shall never die.—Ovid.

It must be so—Plato, thou reasonest well!—
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis heaven itself, that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years,
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds. —Addison.

Whence comes the powerful impression that is made upon us by the tomb? Are a few grains of dust deserving of our veneration? Certainly not; we respect the ashes of our ancestors for this reason only—because a secret voice whispers to us that all is not extinguished in them. It is this that confers a sacred character on the funeral ceremony among all the nations of the globe; all are alike persuaded that the sleep, even of the tomb, is not everlasting, and that death is but a glorious transfiguration. —Chateaubriand.

Impatience

Impatience never commanded success.—Chapin.

Impatience dries the blood sooner than age or sorrow.—Chapin.

Whoever is out of patience is out of possession of his soul.—Bacon.

We waste the power in impatience which, if otherwise employed, might remedy the evil.—Willmott.

Adversity borrows its sharpest sting from our impatience.—Bishop Horne.

Nature is methodical, and doeth her work well. Time is never to be hurried.—Emerson.

Impatient people, according to Bacon, are like the bees, and kill themselves in stinging others.—George Eliot.

Oh! how impatience gains upon the soul,
When the long promised hour of joy draws near!
How slow the tardy moments seem to roll!
—Mrs. Tighe.

Impatience turns an ague into a fever, a fever to the plague, fear into despair, anger into rage, loss into madness, and sorrow to amazement.—Jeremy Taylor.

I have not so great a struggle with my vices, great and numerous as they are, as I have with my impatience.—Calvin.

The schoolboy counts the time till the return of the holidays; the minor longs to be of age; the lover is impatient till he is married.—Addison.

Procrastination is hardly more evil than grasping impatience.—Kant.

The beautiful laws of time and space, once dislocated by our inaptitude, are holes and dens. If the hive be disturbed by rash and stupid hands, instead of honey, it will yield us bees. —Emerson.

You are convinced by experience that very few things are brought to a successful issue by impetuous desire, but most by calm and prudent forethought.—Thucydides.

We would willingly, and without remorse, sacrifice not only the present moment, but all the interval (no matter how long) that separates us from any favorite object.—Hazlitt.

Impatience is a quality sudden, eager and insatiable, which grasps at all, and admits of no delay; scorning to wait God's leisure, and attend humbly and dutifully upon the issues of His wise and just Providence.—South.

Such is our impatience, such our hatred of procrastination, in everything but the amendment of our practices and the adornment of our nature, one would imagine we were dragging Time along by force, and not he us.—Landor.

Impenitence

It is not sin that kills the soul, but impenitence.—Bishop Hall.

He that has no present Christ has a future, dark, chaotic, heaving with its destructive ocean; and over it there goes forever—black-pinioned, winging its solitary and hopeless flight, the raven of his anxious thoughts, and finds no place to rest, and comes back again to the desolate ark with its foreboding croak of evil in the present and evil in the future.—Alexander Maclaren.

We pray for those who have ceased to pray. We pray for those that need prayer more than ever, that have fewer and fewer seasons even of thought, that grow hard with years, that are less and less troubled by sin, and that are more and more irreverent of religion. We pray for the children of Christian parents who sometimes weep at the memory of father and mother, but who never have thought of God.—H. W. Beecher.

Ah, sinner, may the Lord quicken thee! But it is a work that makes the Saviour weep. I think when He comes to call some of you from your death in sin, He comes weeping and sighing for you. There is a stone that is to be rolled away—your bad and evil habits—and when that stone is taken away, a still small voice will not do for you; it must be the loud crashing voice, like the voice of the Lord which breaketh the cedars of Lebanon.—C. H. Spurgeon.

Imperfection

No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.
—Shakespeare.

What an absurd thing it is to pass over all the valuable parts of a man, and fix our attention on his infirmities!—Addison.

It is only imperfection that complains of what is imperfect. The more perfect we are, the more gentle and quiet we become towards the defects of others.—Fénelon.

All things are literally better, lovelier, and more beloved for the imperfections which have been divinely appointed, that the law of human life may be Effort, and the law of human judgment Mercy.—Ruskin.

The finer the nature, the more flaws it will show through the clearness of it; and it is a law of this universe, that the best things shall be seldomest seen in their best form.—Ruskin.

Imperfection is in some sort essential to all that we know of life. It is the sign of life in a mortal body, that is to say, of a state of progress and change. Nothing that lives is, or can be rigidly perfect; part of it is decaying, part nascent. The foxglove blossom—a third part bud, a third part past, a third part in full bloom—is a type of the life of this world.—Ruskin.

Imperfection

Where imperfection ceaseth, heaven begins.—Bailey.

Men are more unwilling to have their imperfections known than their crimes. —Chesterfield.

Impertinence

Impertinence will intermeddle in things in which it has no concern, showing a want of breeding, or, more commonly, a spirit of sheer impudence. —Crabbe.

Receive no satisfaction for premeditated impertinence; forget it, forgive it, but keep him inexorably at a distance who offered it.—Lavater.

That man is guilty of impertinence who considers not the circumstances of time, or engrosses the conversation, or makes himself the subject of his discourse, or pays no regard to the company he is in.—Tully.

Imposition

I could hardly feel much confidence in a man who had never been imposed upon.—Hare.

To the generality of men you cannot give a stronger hint for them to impose upon you than by imposing upon yourself.—Fielding.

There are cases in which a man would have been ashamed not to have been imposed on. There is a confidence necessary to human intercourse, and without which men are more injured by their suspicions than they could be by the perfidy of others.—Burke.

Impossibility

Never let me hear that foolish word again.—Mirabeau.

One great difference between a wise man and a fool is: the former only wishes for what he may possibly obtain; the latter desires impossibilities.—Democritus.

Hope not for impossibilities.—Fuller.

Impossible desires are the height of unreason.—Haliburton.

Impossible is a word only to be found in the dictionary of fools.—Napoleon Buonaparte.

To the timid and hesitating everything is impossible because it seems so. —Scott.

Who loves
Believes the impossible.
—Elizabeth B. Browning.

Do not think that what is hard for thee to master is impossible for man; but if a thing is possible and proper to man, deem it attainable by thee.—Marcus Aurelius.

We have more strength than will; and it is often merely for an excuse we say things are impossible.—La Rochefoucauld.

Few things are impossible to diligence and skill.—Sam'l Johnson.

It is not a lucky word, this same impossible; no good comes of those that have it so often in their mouth. —Carlyle.

Nothing is impossible; there are ways which lead to everything; and if we had sufficient will we should always have sufficient means.—Rochefoucauld.

My Lord Anson, at the Admiralty, sends word to Chatham, then confined to his chamber by one of his most violent attacks of the gout, that it is impossible for him to fit out a naval expedition within the period to which he is limited. "Impossible!" cried Chatham, glaring at the messenger; "who talks to me of impossibilities?" Then starting to his feet, and forcing out great drops of agony on his brow with the excruciating torment of the effort, he exclaimed, "Tell Lord Anson that he serves under a minister who treads on impossibilities!"—Whipple.

Imprisonment

Captivity
That comes with honor is true liberty.
—Massinger and Field.

Let them fear bondage who are slaves to fear; the sweetest freedom is an honest heart.—John Ford.

Improvement

Improvement is nature.—Leigh Hunt.

Real improvement is of slow growth only.—Seneca.

Infinite toil would not enable you to sweep away a mist; but by ascending a little, you may often look over it altogether. So it is with our moral improvement: we wrestle fiercely with a vicious habit, which could have no hold upon us if we ascended into a higher moral atmosphere.—Helps.

People seldom improve when they have no other model but themselves to copy after.—Goldsmith.

Look up, and not down; look forward, and not back; look out, and not in; and lend a hand.—E. E. Hale.

The improvement of the mind improves the heart and corrects the understanding.—Agathon.

It is necessary to try to surpass one's self always; this occupation ought to last as long as life.—Queen Christiana.

Slumber not in the tents of your fathers. The world is advancing. Advance with it!—Mazzini.

Let us strive to improve ourselves, for we cannot remain stationary: one either progresses or retrogrades.—Mme. du Deffand.

It seems as if the day was not wholly profane in which we have given heed to some natural object.—Emerson.

Judge of thine improvement, not by what thou speakest or writest, but by the firmness of thy mind, and the government of thy passions and affections.—Fuller.

To hear always, to think always, to learn always, it is thus that we live truly. He who aspires to nothing, who learns nothing, is not worthy of living.—Helps.

Where we cannot invent, we may at least improve: we may give somewhat of novelty to that which was old, condensation to that which was diffuse, perspicuity to that which was obscure, and currency to that which was recondite.—Colton.

Improvidence

Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessaries.—Benjamin Franklin.

There are men born under that constellation which maketh them, I know not how, as unapt to enrich themselves as they are ready to impoverish others.—Hooker.

It has always been more difficult for a man to keep than to get; for, in the one case, fortune aids, which often assists injustice; but in the other case, sense is required. Therefore, we often see a person deficient in cleverness rise to wealth; and then, from want of sense, roll head over heels to the bottom.—Count Basil.

Impudence

What! canst thou say all this and never blush?—Shakespeare.

A true and genuine impudence is ever the effect of ignorance, without the least sense of it.—Steele.

There is no better provision for life than impudence and a brazen face.—Menander.

What was said by the Latin poet of labor—that it conquers all things—is much more true when applied to impudence.—Fielding.

He that has but impudence,
To all things has a fair pretence;
And put among his wants but shame,
To all the world may lay his claim.
—Butler.

With that dull, rooted, callous impudence,
Which, dead to shame, and ev'ry nicer sense,
Ne'er blushed, unless, in spreading vice's snares,
She blunder'd on some virtue unawares.
—Churchill.

The way to avoid the imputation of impudence is not to be ashamed of what we do, but never to do what we ought to be ashamed of.—Tully.

Impudence is no virtue; yet able to beggar them all; being for the most part in good plight, when the rest starve, and capable of carrying her followers up to the highest preferments; as useful in a court as armor in a camp.—Sir Thomas Osborne.

Impulse

What persons are by starts they are by nature.—Sterne.

Calculation is of the head; impulse is of the heart; and both are good in their way.—Henry Giles.

All our first movements are good, generous, heroical.—Aimé-Martin.

A warm blundering man does more for the world than a frigid wise man.—Cecil.

Act upon your impulses, but pray that they may be directed by God.—Emerson Tennent.

The affection of young ladies is of as rapid growth as Jack's bean-stalk, and reaches up to the sky in a night.—Thackeray.

Women are far more impulsive than men; this is because they are more influenced by the heart than the head.—Mme. Deluzy.

What reason would grope for in vain, spontaneous impulse ofttimes achieves at a stroke, with light and pleasureful guidance.—Goethe.

Impulse is, after all, the best linguist; its logic, if not conformable to Aristotle, cannot fail to be most convincing.—Thoreau.

Since the generality of persons act from impulse, much more than from principle, men are neither so good nor so bad as we are apt to think them.—Hare.

I venture to suggest that the most developed man is he who has the least reason for not simply obeying his impulses, or that perfect impulses mark the perfect man.—James Hinton.

A true history of human events would show that a far larger proportion of our acts are the results of sudden impulses and accidents than of that reason of which we so much boast.—Cooper.

The Indian who fells the tree that he may gather the fruit, and the Arab who plunders the caravans of commerce are actuated by the same impulse of savage nature, and relinquish for momentary rapine the long and secure possession of the most important blessings.—Gibbon.

On great occasions it is almost always women who have given the strongest proofs of virtue and devotion; the reason is, that with men good and bad qualities are in general the result of calculation, while in women they are impulses springing from the heart.—Montholon.

Incivility

Incivility is the extreme of pride; it is built on the contempt of mankind.—Zimmermann.

A man has no more right to say an uncivil thing, than to act one; no more right to say a rude thing to another, than to knock him down.—Johnson.

Inclination

In this world the inclination to do things is of more importance than the mere power.—Chapin.

Our senses, our appetite, and our passions are our lawful and faithful guides in things that relate solely to this life.—Dr. Johnson.

There is no mind so weak and powerless as not to have its inclinations, and none so guarded as to be without its prepossessions.—Crabbe.

Almost every one has a predominant inclination, to which his other desires and affections submit, and which governs him, though perhaps with some intervals, though the whole course of his life.—Hume.

From the very first instances of perception, some things are grateful and others unwelcome to us; some things

we incline to, and others we fly.—Locke.

Every one follows the inclinations of his own nature.—Propertius.

If you have overcome your inclination and not been overcome by it, you have reason to rejoice.—Plautus.

Inconsistency

Mutability of temper and inconsistency with ourselves is the great weakness of human nature.—Addison.

Woman is a most charming creature, who changes her heart as easily as she does her gloves.—Balzac.

Only imagine a man acting for one single day on the supposition that all his neighbors believe all that they profess, and act up to all that they believe!—Macaulay.

Men talk as if they believed in God, but they live as if they thought there was none; their vows and promises are no more than words, of course.—L'Estrange.

There are some who affect a want of affectation, and flatter themselves that they are above flattery; they are proud of being thought extremely humble, and would go round the world to punish those who thought them capable of revenge; they are so satisfied of the suavity of their own temper that they would quarrel with their dearest benefactor only for doubting it.—Colton.

I have known several persons of great fame for wisdom in public affairs and councils governed by foolish servants. I have known great ministers, distinguished for wit and learning, who preferred none but dunces. I have known men of valor cowards to their wives. I have known men of cunning perpetually cheated. I knew three ministers who would exactly compute and settle the accounts of a kingdom, wholly ignorant of their own economy.—Horace Walpole.

Inconstancy

They are not constant, but are changing still.—Shakespeare.

Nothing that is not a real crime makes a man appear so contemptible and little in the eyes of the world as inconstancy.—Addison.

Inconstancy falls off ere it begins.—Shakespeare.

Ladies, like variegated tulips, show 'tis to their changes half their charms we owe.—Pope.

Inconstancy is the child of satiety.—Ninon de Lenclos.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more;
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore;
To one thing constant never.
—Shakespeare.

We pardon infidelities, but we do not forget them.—Madame de Lafayette.

There are three things a wise man will not trust,—
The wind, the sunshine of an April day,
And woman's plighted faith.
—Southey.

Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
—Shakespeare.

I hate inconstancy—I loathe, detest,
Abhor, condemn, abjure the mortal made
Of such quicksilver clay that in his breast
No permanent foundation can be laid.
—Byron.

O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.
—Shakespeare.

The dream on the pillow,
That flits with the day,
The leaf of the willow
A breath wears away;
The dust on the blossom,
The spray on the sea;
Ay,—ask thine own bosom—
Are emblems of thee.
—Miss Landon.

Such an act, that blurs the grace and blush of modesty; calls virtue hypocrite; takes off the rose from the fair forehead of an innocent love, and sets a blister there.—Shakespeare.

Clocks will go as they are set; but man, irregular man, is never constant, never certain.—Otway.

Love, like men, dies oftener of excess than of hunger.—Richter.

How long must women wish in vain
A constant love to find?
No art can fickle man retain,
Or fix a roving mind.
Yet fondly we ourselves deceive,
And empty hopes pursue;
Though false to others, we believe
They will to us prove true.
—Thomas Shadwell.

Inconstancy is but a name,
To fright poor lovers from a better choice.
—Joseph Rutter.

Trust not the treason of those smiling looks,
Until ye have their guileful trains well tried;
For they are like but unto golden hooks,
That from the foolish fish their baits do hide:
So she with flattering smiles weak hearts doth guide
Unto her love, and tempt to their decay;
Whom, being caught, she kills with cruel pride,
And feeds at pleasure on the wretched prey.
—Spenser.

Incredulity

Incredulity is not wisdom.—Spurgeon.

Incredulity is the wisdom of a fool.—H. W. Shaw.

The incredulous are the most credulous.—Pascal.

The whole trouble is, that we won't let God help us.—George MacDonald.

There lives more faith in honest doubt, believe me, than in half the creeds.—Tennyson.

Incredulity robs us of many pleasures, and gives us nothing in return.—Lowell.

Nothing is so contemptible as that affectation of wisdom, which some display, by universal incredulity.—Goldsmith.

The amplest knowledge has the largest faith. Ignorance is always incredulous. Tell an English cottager that the belfries of Swedish churches are crimson, and his own white steeple furnishes him with a contradiction.—Willmott.

Some men will believe nothing but what they can comprehend; and there are but few things that such are able to comprehend.—St. Evremond.

Of all the signs of a corrupt heart and a feeble head, the tendency of incredulity is the surest. Real philosophy seeks rather to solve than to deny.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Incredulity is not wisdom, but the worst kind of folly. It is folly, because it causes ignorance and mistake, with all the consequents of these; and it is very bad, as being accompanied with disingenuity, obstinacy, rudeness, uncharitableness, and the like bad dispositions; from which credulity itself, the other extreme sort of folly, is exempt.—Barrow.

Indecision

The wavering mind is a base property.—Euripides.

When a man has not a good reason for doing a thing, he has one good reason for letting it alone.—Rev. Thomas Scott.

There is nothing more pitiable in the world than an irresolute man, oscillating between two feelings, who would willingly unite the two, and who does not perceive that nothing can unite them.—Goethe.

In matters of great concern, and which must be done, there is no surer argument of a weak mind than irresolution; to be undetermined where the case is so plain, and the necessity so urgent. To be always intending to live a new life, but never to find time to set about it; this is as if a man should put off eating, and drinking, and sleeping, from one day and night to another, till he is starved and destroyed.—Tillotson.

Independence

Independence now and independence forever.—Daniel Webster.

Independence, like honor, is a rocky island, without a beach.—Napoleon.

For my own private satisfaction, I had rather be master of my own time than wear a diadem.—Bishop Berkeley.

To be truly and really independent is to support ourselves by our own exertions.—Porter.

Can anything be so elegant as to have few wants, and to serve them one's self?—Emerson.

Ourselves are to ourselves the cause of ill;
We may be independent if we will.
—Churchill.

The king is the least independent man in his dominions; the beggar the most so.—J. C. and A. W. Hare.

All we ask is to be let alone.—Jefferson Davis.

It is not the greatness of a man's means that makes him independent, so much as the smallness of his wants.—Cobbett.

I would rather sit on a pumpkin, and have it all to myself, than to be crowded on a velvet cushion.—Thoreau.

The man is best served who has no occasion to put the hands of others at the end of his own arms.—Rousseau.

Let Fortune do her worst, whatever she makes us lose, as long as she never makes us lose our honesty and our independence.—Pope.

The greatest of all human benefits, that at least without which no other benefit can be truly enjoyed, is independence.—Parke Godwin.

How happy is he born or taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought
And simple truth his utmost skill!
—Sir Henry Wotton.

I never thrust my nose into other men's porridge. It is no bread and butter of mine: Every man for himself and God for us all.—Cervantes.

These two things, contradictory as they may seem, must go together,—manly dependence and manly independence, manly reliance and manly self-reliance.—Wordsworth.

The word "independence" is united to the accessory ideas of dignity and virtue. The word "dependence" is united to the ideas of inferiority and corruption.—Bentham.

Hail! Independence, hail! Heaven's next best gift,
To that of life and an immortal soul!
—Thomson.

We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.—Thomas Jefferson.

* * * but while
I breathe Heaven's air, and Heaven looks down on me,
And smiles at my best meanings, I remain
Mistress of mine own self and mine own soul.
—Tennyson.

Gather gear by ev'ry wile
That's justified by honor;
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train attendant;
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent.
—Burns.

Independence Day

From the year 1789 to the year 1860 no nation has ever known a more unbounded prosperity, a fuller space of happiness. In the short space of seventy years, within the turn of a single life, the nation, poor, weak and despised, raised itself to the pinnacle of power and of glory.—Robert C. Winthrop.

God endowed and set us for a sign to testify the worth of men and the hope there is for man. It is not our national prosperity, great as it is, that is the appropriate theme of our most joyful congratulations, but it is our success in demonstrating that men are equal as God's children, which affords a prophecy of better things for the race.—Leonard Bacon, D. D.

The man, woman or child who hangs out an American flag or a piece of tricolor as a mark of appreciation of July the Fourth does a hundred times more than the noisiest citizen who explodes powder from sundown on the 3d to the morning of the 5th of July. —Vermont Watchman.

Our growth is wreathed and entwined with man's well-being and woman's exaltation. It is a poem of happiness conferred, not of suffering endured. This alone makes our career a blessed one among all the people.—John O'Byrne.

The Fourth of July marks an epoch in the world's history. It marks the birth of a free nation, with all that implies—a nation in the existence of which the oppressed of all lands rejoice, and of which every true American is justly proud.—Selected.

Tracing the progress of mankind in the ascending path of civilization, and moral and intellectual culture, our fathers found that the divine ordinance of government, in every stage of the ascent, was adjustable on principles of common reason to the actual condition of a people, and always had for its objects, in the benevolent councils of the divine wisdom, the happiness, the expansion, the security, the elevation of society, and the redemption of man. They sought in vain for any title of authority of man over man, except of superior capacity and higher morality. —Wm. M. Evarts.

We deplore the decadence of the old-fashioned celebration of the Fourth, with its reading of the Declaration of Independence, patriotic music, and stirring addresses, instinct with the true spirit of the day, American—as they should be—in every syllable, but having a new trend in the direction of sound, sensible consideration of the quality of good citizenship, its practical duties and their faithful performance.—Vermont Watchman.

Many of the features of Independence Day are harmless, enjoyable, inspiring. We would not lessen the sports, processions, excursions, outdoor and indoor entertainments. But the burning of powder, the Chinese firecrackers, the tin horns, and the ill manners that turn the day into a barbaric carnival are as great an enemy to patriotism as they are a libel on the good sense of the people.—Congregationalist.

Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty Powers!—I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!—Patrick Henry.

"Resolved, That these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown; and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, dissolved."—Richard Henry Lee.

If we wish to be free, if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending; if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained, we must fight; I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms, and to the God of Hosts, is all that is left us!—Patrick Henry.

A century and more has passed, and as the foundations of this government are more firmly settled, as the great structure reared by the fathers now spans the continent from ocean to ocean, and has victoriously established its right to be, political liberty has ceased to be the mere dream of the enthusiast, and has become the every-day fact of the men of thought and action in the world. This was the first step; and we are here to glory in it, and to boast of those ancestors who suffered and toiled and fought to accomplish it. —Judge David J. Brewer.

Grand as have been the achievements of our forefathers under the blessings of Almighty God, there remains a great revolutionary work for us to do; not

by dint of arms, not at the sacrifice of fortune, home and life, but with enlightened reason and a pure conscience; we want to do our duty everywhere, and especially at the ballot-box. We no longer want to countenance evil or legalize what will make us blush and cause a net to be spread before our brightest sons and fairest daughters.—Rev. J. W. Loose.

Was it the discipline and skill of the Revolutionists which gave them success? That can hardly be the case as they were not well versed in the tactics of war. We believe that with their loyalty and faithful use of arms in self-defense, they also enjoyed the favor and help of the Almighty, to whom they had appealed for the rectitude of their intentions, and in their greatest extremities sought His aid. They recognized the fact that "the powers that be are ordained of God."—Rev. J. W. Loose.

We shall best honor these men and days of old by signing our own declaration of independence from all those elements of selfishness and sordidness that lead to indifference as to the country's welfare and to an all-absorbing desire for mere personal ease or acquisition.—Princeton Press.

I could not omit to urge on every man to remember that self-government politically can only be successful if it be accompanied by self-government personally; that there must be government somewhere; and that, if the people are indeed to be sovereigns, they must exercise their sovereignty over themselves individually, as well as over themselves in the aggregate—regulating their own lives, resisting their own temptations, subduing their own passions, and voluntarily imposing upon themselves some measure of that restraint and discipline which, under other systems, is supplied from the armories of arbitrary power—the discipline of virtue in the place of the discipline of slavery.—Robert C. Winthrop.

Without Virginia, as we must all acknowledge—without her Patrick Henry among the people, her Lees and Jefferson in the forum, and her Washington in the field—I will not say that the cause of American liberty and American independence must have been ultimately defeated—no, no, there was no ultimate defeat for that cause in the decrees of the Most High; but it must have been delayed, postponed, perplexed, and to many eyes and hearts rendered seemingly hopeless.—Robert C. Winthrop.

The hand that wrote the Declaration of Independence has long ago palsied in death. For more than sixty years Charles Carroll, the last member of that immortal company who appended their names to that famous document, has been slumbering in his grave, but the Declaration is yet a living fact, and to-day the instrument has as much force and meaning as it had one hundred and —— years ago.—Christian Enquirer.

Standing, as we do to-day, upon the eminence of more than a century's growth, we can look back the way we have come and see more plainly than it ever appeared before that on the little hill just out of Boston the battle of the 17th of June, 1775, changed, indeed, the front of the universe and set liberty so far in advance of tyranny that liberty will never be overtaken again. Children born in America since that day are heirs to all which that victory portended, and the further up the slope of centuries we go the richer will be our inheritance if we are wise and patriotic enough to appreciate, guard and defend the heritage that our fathers won and handed down.—Rev. W. B. Riley.

The dignity of the act is the deliberate, circumspect, open, and serene performance by these men in the clear light of day, and by a concurrent purpose, of a civic duty, which embraced the greatest hazards to themselves and to all the people from whom they held this deputed discretion, but which, to their sober judgments, promised benefits to that people and their posterity, from generation to generation, exceeding these hazards and commensurate with its own fitness.—Wm. M. Evarts.

The bravest and best men of all times have perished in the struggles

against tyranny and despotism, and free government has never secured even a feeble existence save at a most fearful cost. The experiment of republican government in our own country is similar to that of all others. Here, however, liberty has won her grandest triumphs. Here freedom is enthroned securely and is the unchallenged boon of every inhabitant. But we contemplate the cost of the victory with mournful and pitying hearts. To secure it the patriots of the Revolution died; to secure it the hosts who fell in the struggle against the Rebellion were sacrificed.—H. E. Havens.

These are reasons why the most should be made of our national festivals in the direct line of keeping alive our national principles, and it is a happy circumstance that our public schools have become awake to the fact, and are making the exercises of the day before each national holiday point especially to that day. It is a happy circumstance, too, that many of our country towns are going back to the "good old way" of celebrating the "Glorious Fourth": the parade and the reading of the Declaration of Independence and the oration by some genius, local or imported. Even the spread-eagleism which generally characterizes such effusions is not without its value in rekindling the fire of patriotism, which is apt to be pretty deeply buried under the ashes of commonplace self-seeking. —New York Evangelist.

In what region of the earth ever so remote from us, in what corner of creation ever so far out of the range of our communication, does not some burden lightened, some bond loosened, some yoke lifted, some labor better remunerated, some new hope for despairing hearts, some new light or new liberty for the benighted or the oppressed, bear witness this day, and trace itself, directly or indirectly, back to the impulse given to the world by the successful establishment and operation of free institutions on this American continent?—Robert C. Winthrop.

"We wish that whoever in all coming time shall turn his eye hither, may behold that the place is not undistinguished where the first great battle of the Revolution was fought. We wish that this structure may proclaim the magnitude and importance of that event, to every class, in every age. We wish that infancy may learn the purpose of its erection from maternal lips, and that weary and withered age may behold it, and be solaced by the recollections it suggests. We wish that labor may look up here, and be proud, in the midst of its toil. We wish that, in those days of disaster, which, as they come on all nations, must be expected to come on us also, desponding patriotism may turn its eyes hitherward, and be assured that the foundations of our national power still stand strong. We wish that this column, rising toward heaven among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God, may contribute also to produce in all minds a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude. We wish, finally, that the last object on the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden his who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and the glory of his country. Let it rise till it meets the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit.—Daniel Webster, Dedication Bunker Hill Monument.

Indexes

Time is of more value than type, and the wear and tear of the temper than an extra page of index.—R. H. Busk.

If a book has no index or good table of contents, it is very useful to make one as you are reading it.—Dr. Watts.

I wish you would add an *index rerum*, that when the reader recollects any incident he may easily find it.—Dr. Johnson.

I certainly think that the best book in the world would owe the most to a good index, and the worst book, if it had but a single good thought in it, might be kept alive by it.—Horace Binney.

So essential did I consider an index to be to every book, that I proposed to bring a bill into Parliament to deprive an author who publishes a book with-

out an index of the privilege of copyright, and, moreover, to subject him for his offence to a pecuniary penalty. —Lord Campbell.

Indian Summer

It is the Indian summer. The rising sun blazes through the misty air like a conflagration. A yellowish, smoky haze fills the atmosphere, and a filmy mist lies like a silver lining on the sky. The wind is soft and low. It wafts to us the odor of forest leaves, that hang wilted on the dripping branches, or drop into the stream. Their gorgeous tints are gone, as if the autumnal rains had washed them out. Orange, yellow and scarlet, all are changed to one melancholy russet hue. The birds, too, have taken wing, and have left their roofless dwellings. Not the whistle of a robin, not the twitter of an eavesdropping swallow, not the carol of one sweet, familiar voice. All gone. Only the dismal cawing of a crow, as he sits and curses that the harvest is over; or the chit-chat of an idle squirrel, the noisy denizen of a hollow tree, the mendicant friar of a large parish, the absolute monarch of a dozen acorns.—Longfellow.

Indifference

The indifference of men, far more than their tyranny, is the torment of women.—Michelet.

Indifference is the invincible grant of the world.—Oudia.

Of all heavy bodies, the heaviest is the woman we have ceased to love.—Lemontey.

Selfish people, with no heart to speak of, have the best time of it.—H. W. Shaw.

How chronic is the unconcern of men and women of the world!—Miss Braddon.

The depreciation of Christianity by indifference is a more insidious and less curable evil than infidelity itself. —Whately.

What is a woman's surest guardian angel? Indifference.—Mme. Deluzy.

Indifferent souls never part. Impassioned souls part, and return to one another, because they can do no better. —Mme. Swetchine.

A lady of fashion will sooner excuse a freedom flowing from admiration than a slight resulting from indifference —Colton.

Affection can withstand very severe storms of vigor, but not a long polar frost of indifference.—Sir Walter Scott.

Mme. Deluzy has said that indifference is a woman's guardian angel,—a remark not only applicable in France, but all over the world.—Anna Cora Mowatt.

Let the world slide, let the world go;
A fig for care, and a fig for woe!
If I can't pay, why I can owe,
And death makes equal the high and low.
—John Heywood.

She commands who is blest with indifference.—Chamfort.

When one becomes indifferent to women, to children, and young people, he may know that he is superannuated and has withdrawn from whatsoever is sweetest and purest in human existence.—Alcott.

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care,
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flow'ry meads in May,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be?
—Geo. Wither.

Indiscretion

Wicked is not much worse than indiscreet.—Donne.

Indiscretion and wickedness, be it known, are first cousins.—Ninon de Lenclos.

The generality of men expend the early part of their lives in contributing to render the latter part miserable.—La Bruyère.

We waste our best years in distilling the sweetest flowers of life into po-

tions which, after all, do not immortalize, but only intoxicate.—Longfellow.

Three things too much and three too little are pernicious to man: to speak much and know little; to spend much and have little; to presume much and be worth little.—Cervantes.

An indiscreet man is more hurtful than an ill-natured one; for as the latter will only attack his enemies, and those he wishes ill to, the other injures indifferently both friends and foes.—Addison.

A man should be careful never to tell tales of himself to his own disadvantage; people may be amused, and laugh at the time, but they will be remembered, and brought up against him upon some subsequent occasion.—Johnson.

Individuality

Every great man is a unique. The Scipionism of Scipio is precisely that part he could not borrow.—Emerson.

Individuals, not stations, ornament society,—Gladstone.

Individuality is everywhere to be spared and respected as the root of everything good.—Richter.

The worth of a state, in the long run, is the worth of the individuals composing it.—J. S. Mill.

Every individual has a place to fill in the world, and is important in some respect, whether he chooses to be so or not.—Hawthorne.

The greatness of an artist or a writer does not depend on what he has in common with other artists and writers, but on what he has peculiar to himself.—Alexander Smith.

Thou art in the end what thou art. Put on wigs with millions of curls, set thy foot upon ell-high rocks. Thou abidest ever—what thou art.—Goethe.

God gave every man individuality of constitution, and a chance for achieving individuality of character. He puts special instruments into every man's hands by which to make himself and achieve his mission.—J. G. Holland.

Let us shun everything which might tend to efface the primitive lineaments of our individuality. Let us reflect that each one of us is a thought of God.—Mme. Swetchine.

The epoch of individuality is concluded, and it is the duty of reformers to initiate the epoch of association. Collective man is omnipotent upon the earth he treads.—Mazzini.

Not nations, not armies, have advanced the race; but here and there, in the course of ages, an individual has stood up and cast his shadow over the world.—Chapin.

Experience serves to prove that the worth and strength of a state depend far less upon the form of its institutions than upon the character of its men; for the nation is only the aggregate of individual conditions, and civilization itself is but a question of personal improvement.—Samuel Smiles.

We move too much in platoons; we march by sections; we do not live in our vital individuality enough; we are slaves to fashion, in mind and in heart, if not to our passions and appetites.—Chapin.

An institution is the lengthened shadow of one man; as, monachism of the Hermit Anthony, the Reformation of Luther, Quakerism of Fox, Methodism of Wesley, abolition of Clarkson. Scipio, Milton called "the height of Rome;" and all history resolves itself easily into the biography of a few stout and earnest persons. Let a man, then, know his worth, and keep things under his feet.—Emerson.

Every individual nature has its own beauty. One is struck in every company, at every fireside, with the riches of nature, when he hears so many new tones, all musical, sees in each person original manners, which have a proper and peculiar charm, and reads new expressions of face. He perceives that nature has laid for each the founda-

tions of a divine building, if the soul will build thereon.—Emerson.

Human faculties are common, but that which converges these faculties into my identity separates me from every other man. That other man cannot think my thoughts, he cannot speak my words, he cannot do my works. He cannot have my sins, I cannot have his virtues.—Henry Giles.

Indolence

The paralysis of the soul.—Lavater.

The canker-worm of every gentle breast.—Spenser.

Lives spent in indolence, and therefore sad.—Cowper.

The sluggard is a living insensible. —Zimmermann.

Indolence is the sleep of the mind.—Vauvenargues.

Indolence is the devil's cushion.—Dr. Johnson.

As a sex, women are habitually indolent; and everything tends to make them so.—Mary Wollstonecraft.

A useless life is but an early death. —Goethe.

Nothing is difficult; it is only we who are indolent.—B. R. Haydon.

Indolence and stupidity are first cousins.—Rivarol.

Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise.—Bible.

What is often called indolence is in fact the unconscious consciousness of incapacity.—H. C. Robinson.

The want of occupation is no less the plague of society than of solitude. —Rousseau.

The desire of leisure is much more natural than of business and care.— Sir W. Temple.

We bring forth weeds when our quick minds lie still.—Shakespeare.

Indolence, languid as it is, often masters both passions and virtues.— Rochefoucauld.

Who conquers indolence conquers all other hereditary sins.—Zimmermann.

Thou seest how sloth wastes the sluggish body, as water is corrupted unless it moves.—Ovid.

Never suffer youth to be an excuse for inadequacy, nor age and fame to be an excuse for indolence.—B. R. Haydon.

We have more indolence in the mind than in the body.—Rochefoucauld.

I look upon indolence as a sort of suicide; for the man is effectually destroyed, though the appetite of the brute may survive.—Chesterfield.

It should seem that indolence itself would incline a person to be honest; as it requires infinitely greater pains and contrivance to be a knave.—Shenstone.

Indolence is the worst enemy that the church has to encounter. Men sleep around her altar, stretching themselves on beds of ease, or sit idly with folded hands looking lazily out on fields white for the harvest, but where no sickle rings against the wheat.—Bishop Huntington.

If men were weaned from their sauntering humor, wherein they let a good part of their lives run uselessly away, they would acquire skill in hundreds of things.—Locke.

An idle man has a constant tendency to torpidity. He has adopted the Indian maxim—that it is better to walk than to run, and better to stand than to walk, and better to sit than to stand, and better to lie than to sit. He hugs himself into the notion, that God calls him to be quiet.—Richard Cecil.

If you ask me which is the real hereditary sin of human nature, do you imagine I shall answer pride, or luxury, or ambition, or egotism? No: I shall say indolence. Who conquers

indolence will conquer all the rest. Indeed all good principles must stagnate without mental activity.—Zimmermann.

To do nothing is in every man's power; we can never want an opportunity of omitting duties. The lapse to indolence is soft and imperceptible, because it is only a mere cessation of activity; but the return to diligence is difficult, because it implies a change from rest to motion, from a privation to reality.—Dr. Johnson.

Indulgence

A fat kitchen makes a lean will.—Franklin.

Rare indulgence produces greater pleasure.—Juvenal.

Feast to-day makes fast to-morrow.—Plautus.

Indulgence, twin sister of guilt.—Mme. Necker.

Indulgence is lovely in the sinless: toleration, adorable in the pious and believing heart.—Mme. Swetchine.

Had doting Priam checked his son's desire, Troy had been bright with fame, and not with fire.—Shakespeare.

Industry

Hell itself must yield to industry.—Ben Jonson.

Keep your working power at its maximum.—W. R. Alger.

Industry need not wish.—Benjamin Franklin.

Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all things easy.—Benjamin Franklin.

Few things are impossible to diligence and skill.—Johnson.

Plough deep while sluggards sleep.—Franklin.

Nothing is denied to well-directed labor.—Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Genius begins great works, labor alone finishes them.—Joubert.

Diligence is the mother of good luck.—Franklin.

The laborer is worthy of his hire.—Bible.

In every rank, or great or small,
'Tis industry supports us all.
—Gay.

The sweat of industry would dry, and die,
But for the end it works to.
—Shakespeare.

Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings.—Bible.

The more we do, the more we can do; the more busy we are, the more leisure we have.—Hazlitt.

In this theater of man's life, it is reserved only for God and angels to be lookers-on.—Pythagoras.

One loses all the time which he can employ better.—Rousseau.

Industry has annexed thereto the fairest fruits and the richest rewards.—Barrow.

The end of labor is to gain leisure. It is a great saying.—Aristotle.

That man is but of the lower part of the world that is not brought up to business and affairs.—Feltham.

Earnest, active industry is a living hymn of praise,—a never-failing source of happiness.—Mme. de Wald.

We mistake the gratuitous blessings of heaven for the fruits of our own industry.—L'Estrange.

The great end of all human industry is the attainment of happiness.—Hume.

At the workingman's house, hunger looks in, but dares not enter.—Benjamin Franklin.

Genius is the father of a heavenly line, but the mortal mother, that is industry.—Theodore Parker.

In the ordinary business of life, industry can do anything which genius

can do, and very many things which it cannot.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Shortly his fortune shall be lifted higher;
True industry doth kindle honour's fire.
—Shakespeare.

God has so made the mind of man that a peculiar deliciousness resides in the fruits of personal industry.—Wilberforce.

A man who gives his children habits of industry provides for them better than by giving them a fortune.—Whately.

A plodding diligence brings us sooner to our journey's end than a fluttering way of advancing by starts.—L'Estrange.

Application is the price to be paid for mental acquisition. To have the harvest, we must sow the seed.—Bailey.

If you have great talents, industry will improve them; if you have but moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiencies.—Samuel Smiles.

Industry is a Christian obligation, imposed on our race to develop the noblest energies, and insures the highest reward.—E. L. Magoon.

Honorable industry always travels the same road with enjoyment and duty, and progress is altogether impossible without it.—Samuel Smiles.

Mankind are more indebted to industry than ingenuity; the gods set up their favors at a price, and industry is the purchaser.—Addison.

The bread earned by the sweat of the brow is thrice blessed bread, and it is far sweeter than the tasteless loaf of idleness.—Crowquill.

No man is born into the world whose work is not born with him: there is always work, and tools to work withal, for those who will: and blessed are the horny hands of toil!—Lowell.

The way to wealth is as plain as the way to market. It depends chiefly on two words, industry and frugality; that is, waste neither time nor money, but make the best use of both.—Franklin.

Well for the drones of the social hive that there are bees of an industrious turn, willing, for an infinitesimal share of the honey, to undertake the labor of its fabrication.—Hood.

I have observed that as long as one lives and bestirs himself, he can always find food and raiment, though it may not be of the choicest description.—Goethe.

Whenever you see want or misery or degradation in this world about you, then be sure either industry has been wanting, or industry has been in error. —Ruskin.

The celebrated Galen said employment was nature's physician. It is indeed so important to happiness that indolence is justly considered the parent of misery.—Colton.

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to Heav'n. The fated sky
Gives us free scope; only doth backward pull
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.
—Shakespeare.

Everything is sold to skill and labor; and where nature furnishes the materials, they are still rude and unfinished, till industry, ever active and intelligent, refines them from their brute state, and fits them for human use and convenience.—Hume.

Protected industry, careering far,
Detects the cause and cures the rage of war,
And sweeps, with forceful arm, to their last graves,
Kings from the earth and pirates from the waves. —Joel Barlow.

The great high-road of human welfare lies along the old highway of steadfast well-doing; and they who are the most persistent, and work in the true spirit, will invariably be the most successful. Success treads on the heels of every right effort.—Samuel Smiles.

Wherever a ship ploughs the sea, or a plough furrows the field; wherever a

mine yields its treasure; wherever a ship or a railroad train carries freight to market; wherever the smoke of the furnace rises, or the clang of the loom resounds; even in the lonely garret where the seamstress plies her busy needle—there is industry.—Garfield.

Industry is not only the instrument of improvement, but the foundation of pleasure. He who is a stranger to it may possess, but cannot enjoy; for it is labor only which gives relish to pleasure. It is the appointed vehicle of every good to man. It is the indispensable condition of possessing a sound mind in a sound body.—Blair.

Why, man of idleness, labor has rocked you in the cradle, and nourished your pampered life; without it, the woven silk and the wool upon your back would be in the shepherd's fold. For the meanest thing that ministers to human want, save the air of heaven, man is indebted to toil; and even the air, in God's wise ordination, is breathed with labor.—Chapin.

There is no art or science that is too difficult for industry to attain to; it is the gift of tongues, and makes a man understood and valued in all countries and by all nations; it is the philosopher's stone, that turns all metals, and even stones, into gold, and suffers not want to break into its dwelling; it is the northwest passage, that brings the merchant's ship as soon to him as he can desire. In a word, it conquers all enemies and makes fortune itself pay contribution.—Clarendon.

Inequality

One-half of the world must sweat and groan that the other half may dream.—Longfellow.

Inevitable (The)

To face the inevitable is to confront something sacred. As long as anything is uncertain, the roads are open in more than one direction, and right and wrong may have many aspects. But let the issue be determined, let the die be cast, and acceptance and adjustment become our immediate duty. Until God's will is known, we may work and wrestle and pray to carry our point, to save the day, to win the prize, spurred only the more by the uncertainty of the result. But let the result be known, however dark and disappointing, and we should view it in the light of God's plan to make us His evident children, and ask what we are to learn, what next we are to do. Chafing, fretting and complaining are more than a waste of time and energy. End that episode with an amen. Refer the inevitable to God, and face the future, not only with knowledge born of new experience, but with the courage born of the faith, that God's will is always best, and sooner or later will seem best to us.

Infancy (See Childhood)

A babe in a house is a well-spring of pleasure.—Tupper.

Of all the joys that brighten suffering earth,
What joy is welcom'd like a new-born child? —Mrs. Norton.

A young star, who shone
O'er life, too sweet an image for such gloss,
A lovely being scarcely form'd or moulded,
A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded. —Byron.

Joy thou bring'st, but mix'd with trembling;
Anxious hopes and tender fears,
Pleasing hopes and mingled sorrows,
Smiles of transport dashed with tears.
—Cottle.

'Tis aye a solemn thing to me
To look upon a babe that sleeps—
Wearing in its spirit-deeps
The unrevealed mystery
Of its Adam's taint and woe,
Which, when they revealed lie,
Will not let it slumber so.
—Mrs. Browning.

The hour arrives, the moment wish'd and fear'd,
The child is born by many a pang endear'd,
And now the mother's ear has caught his cry;
O grant the cherub to her asking eye!
He comes—she clasps him. To her bosom press'd
He drinks the balm of life, and drops to rest. —Rogers.

Infatuation

An infatuated man is not only foolish, but wild.—Crabbe.

Passion is the infatuation of the mind.—South.

The evil of infatuation is illustrated by the drunkard.—John B. Gough.

Infatuation is the language of a beautiful eye upon a sensitive heart.—Joseph Bartlett.

Infidelity

The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God.—Bible.

The nurse of infidelity is sensuality.—Cecil.

Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.—Shakespeare.

What ardently we wish, we soon believe.—Young.

Infidelity, like death, admits of no degrees.—Mme. de Girardin.

Freethinkers are generally those that never think at all.—Laurence Sterne.

No one is so much alone in the universe as a denier of God.—Richter.

An atheist has got one point beyond the devil.—Swift.

There is not a single spot between Christianity and atheism, upon which a man can firmly fix his foot.—Emmons.

I know not any crime so great that a man could contrive to commit as poisoning the sources of eternal truth.—Samuel Johnson.

There never yet was a mother who taught her child to be an infidel.—Henry W. Shaw.

To destroy the ideas of immortality of the soul is to add death to death.—Madame de Souza.

A foe to God was ne'er true friend to man;
Some sinister intent taints all he does.
—Young.

General infidelity is the hardest soil which the propagators of a new religion can have to work upon.—Paley.

They that deny a God destroy a man's nobility.—Bacon.

There is but one thing without honor, smitten with eternal barrenness, inability to do or to be—insincerity, unbelief.—Carlyle.

When once infidelity can persuade men that they shall die like beasts, they will soon be brought to live like beasts also.—South.

What can be more foolish than to think that all this rare fabric of heaven and earth could come by chance when all the skill of art is not able to make an oyster?—Jeremy Taylor.

There is one single fact, which one may oppose to all the wit and argument of infidelity, namely, that no man ever repented of being a Christian on his death-bed.—Hannah More.

They that deny a God, destroy a man's nobility; for certainly man is of kin to the beasts by his body; and if he is not kin to God by his spirit he is a base and ignoble creature.—Bacon.

I would rather dwell in the dim fog of superstition than in air rarefied to nothing by the air-pump of unbelief—in which the panting breast expires, vainly and convulsively gasping for breath.—Richter.

A skeptical young man one day conversing with the celebrated Dr. Parr, observed that he would believe nothing which he could not understand. "Then, young man, your creed will be the shortest of any man's I know."—Helps.

Mere negation, mere Epicurean infidelity, as Lord Bacon most justly observes, has never disturbed the peace of the world. It furnishes no motive for action; it inspires no enthusiasm; it has no missionaries, no crusades, no martyrs.—Macaulay.

Infidelity is one of those coinages—a mass of base money that won't pass current with any heart that loves truly, or any head that thinks correctly. And infidels are poor sad creatures; they carry about them a

load of dejection and desolation, not the less heavy that it is invisible. It is the fearful blindness of the soul.—Chalmers.

Infidelity gives nothing in return for what it takes away. What, then, is it worth? Everything valuable has a compensating power. Not a blade of grass that withers, or the ugliest weed that is flung away to rot and die, but reproduces something.—Chalmers.

No men deserve the title of infidels so little as those to whom it has been usually applied; let any of those who renounce Christianity, write fairly down in a book all the absurdities that they believe instead of it, and they will find that it requires more faith to reject Christianity than to embrace it.—Colton.

Infidelity and faith look both through the perspective glass, but at contrary ends. Infidelity looks through the wrong end of the glass; and, therefore, sees those objects near which are afar off, and makes great things little—diminishing the greatest spiritual blessings, and removing far from us threatened evils. Faith looks at the right end, and brings the blessings that are far off in time close to our eye, and multiplies God's mercies, which, in a distance, lost their greatness.—Bishop Hall.

Infinite

The thirst for the infinite proves infinity.—Victor Hugo.

Finite mind cannot comprehend infinity.—Jeremiah Seed.

God has thickly strewn infinity with grandeur.—Alexander Smith.

The finite is annihilated in the presence of infinity, and becomes a simple nothing.—Pascal.

It is only the finite that has wrought and suffered; the infinite lies stretched in smiling repose.—Emerson.

Infinity is the retirement in which perfect love and wisdom only dwell with God. In infinity and eternity the skeptic sees an abyss in which all is lost. I see in them the residence of Almighty power, in which my reason and my wishes find equally a firm support. Here, holding by the pillars of heaven, I exist—I stand fast.—Miller.

That which we foolishly call vastness is, rightly considered, not more wonderful, not more impressive, than that which we insolently call littleness; and the infinity of God is not mysterious, it is only unfathomable, not concealed, but incomprehensible: it is a clear infinity, the darkness of the pure, unsearchable sea.—Ruskin.

Influence

Men are what their mothers made them.—Emerson.

I am a part of all that I have met.—Tennyson.

Woman's influence embraces the whole of life.—Alexander Walker.

You can only make others better by being good yourself.—Hugh R. Haweis.

Influence is exerted by every human being from the hour of birth to that of death.—Chapin.

It is by women that nature writes on the hearts of men.—Sheridan.

A woman is more influenced by what she divines than by what she is told.—Ninon de Lenclos.

If woman lost us Eden, such as she alone restore it!—Whittier.

We perceive and are affected by changes too subtle to be described.—Thoreau.

He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.
—Dryden.

Not one false man but does uncountable mischief.—Carlyle.

The humblest individual exerts some influence, either for good or evil, upon others.—Beecher.

The serene, silent beauty of a holy life is the most powerful influence in

the world, next to the might of the Spirit of God.—C. H. Spurgeon.

Blessed influence of one true loving human soul on another.—George Eliot.

It is a maxim that no man was ever enslaved by influence while he was fit to be free.—Johnson.

Race and temperament go for much in influencing opinion.—Lady Morgan.

He is greatest whose strength carries up the most hearts by the attraction of his own.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Every thought which genius and piety throw into the world alters the world.—Emerson.

No life
Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife,
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby. —Owen Meredith.

The influence of woman will ever be exercised directly in all good or evil. Give her, then, such light as she is capable of receiving.—Lady Morgan.

Nothing more surely cultivates and embellishes a man than association with refined and virtuous women.—Gladstone.

Every man is a missionary, now and forever, for good or for evil, whether he intends or designs it or not.—Chalmers.

No human being can come into this world without increasing or diminishing the sum total of human happiness. —Elihu Burritt.

If I can put one touch of a rosy sunset into the life of any man or woman, I shall feel that I have worked with God.—George MacDonald.

The work an unknown good man has done is like a vein of water flowing hidden underground, secretly making the ground green.—Carlyle.

We must succumb to the general influence of the times. No man can be of the tenth century, if he would; he must be a man of the nineteenth century.—Macaulay.

Would Shakespeare and Raleigh have done their best, would that galaxy have shone so bright in the heavens had there been no Elizabeth on the throne?—Alcott.

No man or woman of the humblest sort can really be strong, gentle, pure, and good, without somebody being helped and comforted by the very existence of that goodness.—Phillips Brooks.

The career of a great man remains an enduring monument of human energy. The man dies and disappears, but his thoughts and acts survive, and leave an indelible stamp upon his race.—Samuel Smiles.

Such souls,
Whose sudden visitations daze the world,
Vanish like lightning, but they leave behind
A voice that in the distance far away
Wakens the slumbering ages.
—Sir Henry Taylor.

It is an old saying, and one of fearful and fathomless import, that we are forming characters for eternity. Forming characters! Whose? our own or others? Both—and in that momentous fact lies the peril and responsibility of our existence. Who is sufficient for the thought?—Elihu Burritt.

It is very true that I have said that I considered Napoleon's presence in the field equal to forty thousand men in the balance. This is a very loose way of talking; but the idea is a very different one from that of his presence at a battle being equal to a reinforcement of forty thousand men.—Duke of Wellington.

So when a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken,
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men.
—Longfellow.

Ingratitude

One ungrateful man does an injury to all who are in suffering.—Syrus.

Ingratitude is treason to mankind.—Thomson.

The wicked are always ungrateful.—Cervantes.

Ingratitude is abhorred by God and man.—L'Estrange.

You love a nothing when you love an ingrate.—Plautus.

He that is ungrateful has no guilt but one; all other crimes may pass for virtues in him.—Young.

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child. —Shakespeare.

To be ungrateful is to be unnatural. The head may be thus guilty, not the heart.—Rivarol.

Brutes leave ingratitude to man.—Colton.

Earth produces nothing worse than an ungrateful man.—Ausonius.

Ingratitude is monstrous; and for the multitude to be ingrateful were to make a monster of the multitude.—Shakespeare.

The animal with long ears, after having drunk, gives a kick to the bucket.—From the Italian.

Ingratitude calls forth reproaches, as gratitude brings fresh kindnesses.—Madame de Sévigné.

He that calls a man ungrateful sums up all the evil that a man can be guilty of.—Swift.

Ingratitude dries up the fountain of all goodness.—Richelieu.

There is something noble in hearing myself ill spoken of when I am doing well.—Alexander the Great.

Flints may be melted—we see it daily—but an ungrateful heart cannot; no, not by the strongest and the noblest flame.—South.

Throw no stones into the well whence you have drunk.—Talmud.

How bitter it is to reap a harvest of evil for good that you have done.—Plautus.

Men may be ungrateful, but the human race is not so.—De Boufflers.

Ingratitude is the abridgment of all baseness,—a fault never found unattended with other viciousness.—Fuller.

He that forgets his friend is ungrateful to him; but he that forgets his Saviour is unmerciful to himself.—Bunyan.

One great cause of our insensibility to the goodness of our Creator is the very extensiveness of His bounty.—Paley.

We seldom find people ungrateful as long as we are in a condition to render them services.—La Rochefoucauld.

Do you know what is more hard to bear than the reverses of fortune? It is the baseness, the hideous ingratitude, of man.—Napoleon.

Ingratitude is always a kind of weakness. I have never seen that clever men have been ungrateful.—Goethe.

Ingratitude never so thoroughly pierces the human breast as when it proceeds from those in whose behalf we have been guilty of transgressions. —Fielding.

The worst of ingratitude lies not in the ossified heart of him who commits it, but we find it in the effect it produces on him against whom it was committed.—Landor.

Man is, beyond dispute, the most excellent of created beings, and the vilest animal is a dog: but the sages agree that a grateful dog is better than an ungrateful man.—Saadi.

I hate ingratitude more in a man
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood. —Shakespeare.

Everybody takes pleasure in returning small obligations; many go so far

as to acknowledge moderate ones; but there is hardly any one who does not repay great obligations with ingratitude.—Rochefoucauld.

Ingratitude is a nail which, driven into the tree of courtesy, causes it to wither; it is a broken channel, by which the foundations of the affections are undermined; and a lump of soot, which, falling into the dish of friendship, destroys its scent and flavor.—Basil.

The greatest evils in human society are such as no law can come at; as in the case of ingratitude, where the manner of obligation very often leaves the benefactor without means of demanding justice, though that very circumstance should be the more binding to the person who has received the benefit.—Steele.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
—Shakespeare.

So the struck eagle stretch'd upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
View'd his own feather on the fatal dart,
And wing'd the shaft that quivered in his heart:
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel
He nurs'd the pinion which impelled the steel. —Byron.

You may rest upon this as an unfailing truth, that there neither is, nor never was, any person remarkably ungrateful, who was not also insufferably proud. In a word, ingratitude is too base to return a kindness, too proud to regard it, much like the tops of mountains, barren indeed, but yet lofty; they produce nothing; they feed nobody; they clothe nobody; yet are high and stately, and look down upon all the world.—South.

Inheritance

Say not you know another, until you have divided an inheritance with him. —Lavater.

They who provide much wealth for their children, but neglect to improve them in virtue, do like those who feed their horses high, but never train them to the *ménage*.—Socrates.

Enjoy what thou hast inherited from thy sires if thou wouldst possess it; what we employ not is an oppressive burden; what the moment brings forth, that only can it profit by.—Goethe.

Injuries

No man is hurt but by himself.—Diogenes.

Slight small injuries, and they'll become none at all.—Fuller.

Christianity commands us to pass by injuries; policy, to let them pass by us.—Franklin.

There is no ghost so difficult to lay as the ghost of an injury.—Alexander Smith.

Recompense injury with justice, and recompense kindness with kindness.—Confucius.

Lay silently the injuries you receive upon the altar of oblivion.—Hosea Ballou.

No man ever did a designed injury to another without doing a greater to himself.—Henry Home.

He who has injured thee was either stronger or weaker; if weaker, spare him; if stronger, spare thyself.—Seneca.

Nothing can work me damage except myself; the harm that I sustain I carry about with me, and never am a real sufferer but by my own fault.—St. Bernard.

If men wound you with injuries, meet them with patience; hasty words rankle the wound, soft language dresses it, forgiveness cures it, and oblivion takes away the scar. It is more noble by silence to avoid an injury than by argument to overcome it. —J. Beaumont.

To willful men, the injuries that they themselves procure must be their schoolmasters.—Shakespeare.

As a Christian should do no injuries to others, so he should forgive the injuries that others do to him. It is to be like God, who is a good-giving God, and a sin-forgiving God.—R. Venning.

Injuries accompanied by insults are never forgiven, all men on these occasions are good haters, and lay out their revenge at compound interest.—Colton.

Injustice

Fraud is the ready minister of injustice.—Burke.

The world has no long injustices.—Mme. de Sévigné.

Extremists are seldom just.—Paley.

If thou sustain injustice, console thyself; the true unhappiness is in doing it.—Democritus.

He who commits injustice is ever made more wretched than he who suffers it.—Plato.

The injustice of men subserves the justice of God, and often His mercy.—Mme. Swetchine.

Those who commit injustice bear the greatest burden.—Hosea Ballou.

Did the mass of men know the actual selfishness and injustice of their rulers, not a government would stand a year. The world would foment with revolution.—Theodore Parker.

The greatest of all injustice is that which goes under the name of law; and of all sorts of tyranny the forcing the letter of the law against the equity is the most insupportable.—L'Estrange.

He that acts unjustly
Is the worst rebel to himself; and though now
Ambition's trumpet and the drum of power
May drown the sound, yet conscience will one day
Speak loudly to him. —Havard.

Injustice arises either from precipitation or indolence, or from a mixture of both. The rapid and the slow are seldom just; the unjust wait either not at all, or wait too long.—Lavater.

It is not possible to found a lasting power upon injustice, perjury, and treachery. These may, perhaps, succeed for once, and borrow for awhile, from hope, a gay and flourishing appearance. But time betrays their weakness, and they fall into ruin of themselves. For, as in structures of every kind, the lower parts should have the greatest firmness—so the grounds and principles of actions should be just and true.—Demosthenes.

Ink

A drop of ink may make a million think.—Byron.

The colored slave that waits upon thought.—Mrs. Balfour.

Ink is the transcript of thought.—Lamartine.

The blackest of fluid is used as an agent to enlighten the world.—Douglas Jerrold.

Inn

There is nothing which has yet been contrived by man, by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn.—Johnson.

Now spurs the lated traveler apace
To gain the timely inn. —Shakespeare.

Whoe'er has travel'd life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome, at an inn.
—Shenstone.

Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
Where graybeard mirth and smiling toil retired,
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round. —Goldsmith.

Innocence

Happy the innocent whose equal thoughts are free from anguish as they are from faults.—Waller.

Unto the pure all things are pure.—Bible.

Innocence is ignorance.—Mme. de Girardin.

The innocent seldom find an uneasy pillow.—Cowper.

Innocence is always unsuspicious.—Haliburton.

They that know no evil will suspect none.—Ben Jonson.

Oh, keep me innocent, make others great.—Written on a Window by Caroline.

Who knows nothing base, fears nothing known.—Owen Meredith.

The most effective coquetry is innocence.—Lamartine.

The first of all virtues is innocence; the next is modesty.—Addison.

He's armed without that's innocent within.—Pope.

There is no courage but in innocence, no constancy but in an honest cause.—Southern.

What can innocence hope for,
When such as sit her judges are corrupted!
—Massinger.

The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.
—Shakespeare.

Innocence is like polished armor; it adorns and it defends.—South.

Innocence and mystery never dwell long together.—Madame Necker.

Let our lives be pure as snow-fields, where our footsteps leave a mark, but not a stain.—Madame Swetchine.

Alas! innocence is but a poor substitute for experience.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Innocence is a flower which withers when touched, but blooms not again, though watered with tears.—Hooper.

Innocence finds not near so much protection as guilt.—Rochefoucauld.

There is a heroic innocence, as well as a heroic courage.—St. Evremond.

We have not the innocence of Eden; but by God's help and Christ's example we may have the victory of Gethsemane.—Chapin.

The innocence that feels no risk and is taught no caution is more vulnerable than guilt, and oftener assailed.—Willis.

To dread no eye and to suspect no tongue is the great prerogative of innocence—an exemption granted only to invariable virtue.—Dr. Johnson.

What a power there is in innocence! whose very helplessness is its safeguard: in whose presence even passion himself stands abashed, and stands worshipper at the very altar he came to despoil.—Moore.

Of all the sights which can soften and humanize the heart of man, there is none that ought so surely to reach it as that of innocent children enjoying the happiness which is their proper and natural portion.—Southey.

Coerced innocence is like an imprisoned lark,—open the door, and it is off forever. The bird that roams through the sky and the groves unrestrained knows how to dodge the hawk and protect itself; but the caged one, the moment it leaves its bars and bolts behind, is pounced upon by the fowler or the vulture.—Haliburton.

I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions start
Into her face; a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness bear away those blushes;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth. —Shakespeare.

O innocence, how glorious and happy a portion art thou to the breast that possesses thee! thou fearest neither the eyes nor the tongues of men. Truth, the most powerful of all things, is thy strongest friend; and the brighter the light is in which thou

art displayed, the more it discovers thy transcendent beauties.—Fielding.

Inquisitiveness

Inquisitiveness is an uncomely guest.—Sir P. Sidney.

Few men are raised in our estimation by being too closely examined.—Balzac.

Shun the inquisitive person, for he is also a talker.—Horace.

Our inquisitive disposition is excited by having its gratification deferred.—Pliny the Younger.

An inquisitive man is a creature naturally very vacant of thought itself, and therefore forced to apply itself to foreign assistance.—Steele.

Inquisitive people are the funnels of conversation; they do not take in anything for their own use, but merely to pass it to another.—Steele.

Inquisitiveness or curiosity is a kernel of the forbidden fruit, which still sticketh in the throat of a natural man, and sometimes to the danger of his choking.—Fuller.

In ancient days the most celebrated precept was, "Know thyself;" in modern times it has been supplanted by the more fashionable maxim, "Know thy neighbor, and everything about him."—Johnson.

Shun the inquisitive, for thou wilt be sure to find him leaky; open ears do not keep conscientiously what has been intrusted to them, and a word once spoken flies never to be recalled. —Horace.

Insanity

Every madman thinks all other men mad.—Syrus.

Fetter strong madness in a silken thread.—Shakespeare.

Insanity is not a distinct and separate empire; our ordinary life borders upon it, and we cross the frontier in some part of our nature.—Taine.

Though this be madness, yet there is method in it.—Shakespeare.

I am not mad; I would to heaven I were!
For then, 'tis like I should forget myself.
—Shakespeare.

There is a pleasure, sure,
In being mad, which none but madmen know! —Dryden.

For those whom God to ruin has designed
He fits for fate, and first destroys their mind. —Dryden.

No excellent soul is exempt from a mixture of madness.—Aristotle.

Great wits are sure to madness near allied, and thin partitions do their bounds divide.—Dryden.

He appears mad indeed but to a few, because the majority is infected with the same disease.—Horace.

Oppression makes wise men mad; but the distemper is still the madness of the wise, which is better than the sobriety of fools.—Burke.

All power of fancy over reason is a degree of insanity.—Johnson.

With curious art the brain, too finely wrought, preys on itself, and is destroyed by thought.—Churchill.

The alleged power to charm down insanity, or ferocity in beasts, is a power behind the eye.—Emerson.

We are not ourselves
When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind
To suffer with the body. —Shakespeare.

Much madness is divinest sense
To a discerning eye;
Much sense the starkest madness,
'Tis the majority
In this, as all, prevails.
Assent, and you are sane;
Demur,—you're straightway dangerous,
And handled with a chain.
—Emily Dickinson.

Ever as before does madness remain, terrific, altogether infernal, boiling up of the nether chaotic deep, through this fair painted vision of creation, which

swims thereon, and which we name the real.—Carlyle.

If the raving be not directed to a single object it is mania, properly so called; if to one object, it constitutes monomania.—R. Dunglison.

Insincerity

Nothing is more disgraceful than insincerity.—Cicero.

It is a shameful and unseemly thing to think one thing and to speak another, but how odious to write one thing and to think another.—Seneca.

Insincerity in a man's own heart must make all his enjoyments, all that concerns him, unreal; so that his whole life must seem like a merely dramatic representation.—Hawthorne.

Inspiration

Inspiration and genius—one and the same.—Victor Hugo.

No man was ever great without divine inspiration.—Cicero.

Inspiration must find answering inspiration.—A. Bronson Alcott.

Contagious enthusiasm.—Mrs. Balfour.

Inspiration is solitary, never consecutive.—Lamartine.

Inspiration developed the noblest fantasies of the ancients.—Jules Janin.

He is gifted with genius who knoweth much by natural inspiration.—Pindar.

Do we not all agree to call rapid thought and noble impulse by the name of inspiration?—George Eliot.

Our poesy is as a Gum, which oozes
From whence 'tis nourish'd: The fire i' the flint
Shows not till it be struck; our gentle Flame
Provokes itself. and, like the current, flies
Each bound it chafes. —Shakespeare.

The glow of inspiration warms us; this holy rapture springs from the seeds of the Divine mind sown in man. —Ovid.

Installation Service

Your employment is that of the Son of God; it makes no great appearance before men, but it will finally arise in majesty to overshadow all created glory.—Robert Hall.

Ever remember you are an ambassador of Christ. You have received a commission from the King of kings to be his representative, and to minister in His name to your fellow men.—Professor Duffield.

But again, may I not presume that I commend myself to you when I say that the essential part of your pastor's power to teach and guide must be derived from your consent and desire to submit to His guidance?—Rev. Alex. McGregor.

I charge you to preach the whole gospel, both sides of the gospel, and the only way of escape through faith in Christ.—Rev. E. O. Bartlett.

The minister of Christ, and all who are associated with him, should make diligent use of all legitimate means to bring to the gospel feast those who are perishing through lack of the bread of life and the water of life.—Professor Duffield.

Be tender, sympathetic, with nothing of arrogance or assumption in your manner or matter; only that earnestness which comes from a hearty faith in the great truths you utter. Contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints, but in a kind spirit and with a mild temper, with entire candor, avoiding all that tends to provoke and irritate, seeking at all times to preserve "the bond of peace." —Rev. E. O. Bartlett.

As such, "salute no man by the way." Esteem no man your superior, or rather, esteem no one as having a superior work to do. Yours is the highest office God has committed to earthen vessels. It is the most important as related to this world or the next; important, because you bear the message of the King of kings and

herald the gospel that saves souls.—Rev. E. O. Bartlett.

Speak boldly, with the courage of one whose inspiration and authority come from heaven. Fear no man; be under the dominion of no man or clique of men, for that bringeth a snare. Take counsel with God; and then come into this pulpit unshamed to preach His truth, and His truth only, whether men will hear, or whether they will forbear.—Rev. E. O. Bartlett.

Appropriate a due portion of your time to pastoral work, and cultivate such a personal acquaintance with every member of your charge—the lowliest and the youngest as well as the more prominent—that in their afflictions and temptations, which sooner or later come to all, they will feel that they have in you a sympathizing friend to whom they may tell the heart bitterness "with which a stranger intermeddleth not," assured of your interest, your friendly counsel, and your prayers.—Professor Duffield.

Study the Word. Know it, believe it, and preach it with your whole heart. It is not only the sword that can pierce all adversaries, it is the power that can draw all men. You are to stand in this pulpit not to preach philosophy and teach history, but to tell the everlasting gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. —Rev. E. O. Bartlett.

The age is intensely practical, and little influenced by formalism or cant or dead orthodoxy or the perfunctory performance of ministerial duty. It appreciates preaching that is direct, unaffected, solemn, sincere; that is adapted to the spiritual wants of men; that presents the profound yet precious truths of our holy religion not in the terminology of the schools, but in the language of familiar speech, and presents them with an earnestness due to a conviction of their vital importance, and an anxious solicitude for the salvation of those addressed.—Professor Duffield.

Instinct

Instinct is intelligence incapable of self-consciousness.—John Sterling.

Instinct is the nose of the mind.—Mme. de Girardin.

We are too good for pure instinct.—Goethe.

Instinct is animal strength.—Daniel Webster.

Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct.—Shakespeare.

Instinct harmonizes the interior of animals, as religion does the interior of men.—Jacobi.

Brutes find out where their talents lie: a bear will not attempt to fly.—Swift.

And reason raise o'er instinct as you can, in this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis man.—Pope.

Who taught the nations of the field and wood
To shun their poison and to choose their food. —Pope.

The active part of man consists of powerful instincts.—F. W. Newman.

Tell me why the ant midst summer's plenty thinks of winter's want.—Prior.

A goose flies by a chart which the Royal Geographical Society could not mend.—Holmes.

All our first movements are good, generous, heroical; reflection weakens and kills them.—Aimé-Martin.

A bird sings, a child prattles, but it is the same hymn; hymn indistinct, inarticulate, but full of profound meaning.—Victor Hugo.

A good man, through obscurest aspirations,
Has still an instinct of the one true way.
—Goethe.

Every animal is providentially directed to the use of its proper weapon. —Ray.

The instinct of brutes and insects can be the effect of nothing else than the wisdom and skill of a powerful ever-living agent.—Newton.

An instinct is a propensity prior to experience and independent of instruction.—Paley.

An instinct is an agent which performs blindly and ignorantly a work of intelligence and knowledge.—Sir W. Hamilton.

By a divine instinct, men's minds mistrust ensuing danger; as, by proof, we see the waters swell before a boisterous storm.—Shakespeare.

Animals in their generation are wiser than the sons of men; but their wisdom is confined to a few particulars, and lies in a very narrow compass.—Addison.

But honest instinct comes a volunteer;
Sure never to o'er-shoot, but just to hit,
While still too wide or short in human wit.
—Pope.

Five thousand years have added no improvement to the hive of the bee, nor to the house of the beaver; but look at the habitations and the achievements of men!—Colton.

An instinct is a blind tendency to some mode of action, independent of any consideration, on the part of the agent, of the end to which the action leads.—Whately.

There is not, in my opinion, anything more mysterious in nature than this instinct in animals, which thus rise above reason and fall infinitely short of it.—Addison.

Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield;
Learn from the beasts the physic of the field;
Thy arts of building from the bee receive;
Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave.
—Pope.

To the present impulse of sense, memory, and instinct, all the sagacities of brutes may be reduced; though witty men, by analytical resolution, have chemically extracted an artificial logic out of their actions.—Sir M. Hale.

Beasts, birds, and insects, even to the minutest and meanest of their kind, act with the unerring providence of instinct; man, the while, who possesses a higher faculty, abuses it, and therefore goes blundering on.—Southey.

Reason shows itself in all occurrences of life; whereas the brute makes no discovery of such a talent, but in what immediately regards his own preservation or the continuance of his species.—Addison.

Instead of judgment, woman has rather a quick perception of what is fitting, owing to the predominance of her instinctive faculties. The quick perception, indeed, bears the stamp of instinct.—Alexander Walker.

Who taught the parrot his "Welcome?" Who taught the raven in a drought to throw pebbles into a hollow tree where she espied water, that the water might rise so as she might come to it? Who taught the bee to sail through such a vast sea of air, and to find the way from a flower in a field to her hive? Who taught the ant to bite every grain of corn that she burieth in her hill, lest it should take root and grow?—Bacon.

How often we feel and know, either pleasurably or painfully, that another is looking on us, before we have ascertained the fact with our own eyes! How often we prophesy truly to ourselves the approach of friend or enemy just before either has really appeared! How strangely and abruptly we become convinced, at a first introduction, that we shall secretly love this person and loathe that, before experience has guided us with a single fact in relation to their characters!—Wilkie Collins.

Instruction

From one learn all.—Virgil.

It is lawful to be taught by an enemy.—Ovid.

The seeds of first instructions are dropp'd into the deepest furrows.—Tupper.

Instruction enlarges the natural powers of the mind.—Horace.

He need not go away from home for instruction.—Terence.

To be instructed in the arts softens the manners and makes men gentle.—Ovid.

Seek to delight, that they may mend mankind.
And, while they captivate, inform the mind.
—Cowper.

Instruction does not prevent waste of time or mistakes; and mistakes themselves are often the best teachers of all.—Froude.

He is wise who can instruct us and assist us in the business of daily virtuous living.—Carlyle.

The wise are instructed by reason, ordinary minds by experience; the stupid by necessity; and brutes by instinct.—Cicero.

The heavens and the earth, the woods and the wayside, teem with instruction and knowledge to the curious and thoughtful.—Hosea Ballou.

We must not contradict, but instruct him that contradicts us; for a madman is not cured by another running mad also.—Antisthenes.

Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown propos'd as things forgot.
—Pope.

It is a good divine that follows his
Own instructions; I can easier teach twenty
What were good to be done, than be one
Of the twenty to follow mine own teaching:
The brain may devise laws for the blood; but
A hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree.
—Shakespeare.

Let us consider how great a commodity of doctrine exists in books; how easily, how secretly, how safely they expose the nakedness of human ignorance without putting it to shame. These are the masters who instruct us without rods and ferules, without hard words and anger, without clothes or money. If you approach them they are not asleep; if investigating you interrogate them, they conceal nothing; if you mistake them they never grumble; if you are ignorant, they cannot laugh at you.—Richard de Bury.

Insult

Insults admit of no compensation.—Junius.

It is often better not to see an insult than to avenge it.—Seneca.

What wilt thou do to thyself, who hast added insult to injury?—Phædrus.

Even a hare, the weakest of animals, may insult a dead lion.—Æsop.

It is very clear that one way to challenge insults is to submit to them.—Aimé-Martin.

Fate never wounds more deep the generous heart than when a blockhead's insult points the dart.—Dr. Johnson.

Insults are engendered from vulgar minds, like toadstools from a dunghill.—Colton.

I once met a man who had forgiven an injury. I hope some day to meet the man who has forgiven an insult.—Charles Buxton.

He who allows himself to be insulted deserves to be so; and insolence, if unpunished, goes on increasing.—Corneille.

A man who insults the modesty of a woman, as good as tells her that he has seen something in her conduct that warranted his presumption.—Richardson.

Injuries may be atoned for, and forgiven; but insults admit of no compensation. They degrade the mind in its own esteem, and force it to recover its level by revenge.—Junius.

Receive no satisfaction for premeditated impertinence; forget it, forgive it, but keep him inexorably at a distance who offered it.—Lavater.

Injuries accompanied with insults are never forgiven: all men, on these occasions, are good haters, and lay

out their revenge at compound interest. —Colton.

The way to procure insults is to submit to them. A man meets with no more respect than he exacts.—Hazlitt.

It is only the vulgar who are always fancying themselves insulted. If a man treads on another's toe in good society, do you think it is taken as an insult?—Lady Hester Stanhope.

Thus the greater proportion of mankind are more sensitive to contemptuous language than unjust acts; for they can less easily bear insult than wrong.—Plutarch.

Whatever be the motive of insult, it is always best to overlook it; for folly scarcely can deserve resentment, and malice is punished by neglect.—Johnson.

The slight that can be conveyed in a glance, in a gracious smile, in a wave of the hand, is often the *ne plus ultra* of art. What insult is so keen, or so keenly felt, as the polite insult, which it is impossible to resent.—Julia Kavanagh.

As it is the nature of a kite to devour little birds, so it is the nature of some minds to insult and tyrannize over little people; this being the means which they use to recompense themselves for their extreme servility and condescension to their superiors; for nothing can be more reasonable than that slaves and flatterers should exact the same taxes on all below them which they themselves pay to all above them.—Fielding.

Integrity

Integrity is the evidence of all civil virtues.—Diderot.

Integrity without knowledge is weak and useless.—Johnson.

Follow your honest convictions, and be strong.—Thackeray.

Though a hundred crooked paths may conduct to a temporary success, the one plain and straight path of public and private virtue can alone lead to a pure and lasting fame and the blessings of posterity.—Edward Everett.

Our integrity is never worth so much as when we have parted with our all to keep it.—Colton.

Both wit and understanding are trifles without integrity. The ignorant peasant without fault is greater than the philosopher with many. What is genius or courage without a heart?—Goldsmith.

Give us a man, young or old, high or low, on whom we know we can thoroughly depend—who will stand firm when others fail—the friend faithful and true, the adviser honest and fearless, the adversary just and chivalrous; in such an one there is a fragment of the Rock of Ages—a sign that there has been a prophet amongst us.—Dean Stanley.

Aaron Burr was a more brilliant man than George Washington. If he had been loyal to truth, he would have been an abler man; but that which made George Washington the chief hero in our great republic was the sagacity, not of intellectual genius, but of the moral element in him.—A. E. Dunning.

Intellect

Intellect—brain force.—Schiller.

Thou living ray of intellectual fire. —Falconer.

Light has spread, and even bayonets think.—Kossuth.

The electric force of the brain.—Haliburton.

God has placed no limit to intellect. —Bacon.

Genius is intellect constructive.—Emerson.

Intellect is stronger than cannon.—Theodore Parker.

Intellect really exists in its products; its kingdom is here.—Coleridge.

The starlight of the brain.—N. P. Willis.

The march of intellect.—Southey.

The hand that follows intellect can achieve.—Michael Angelo.

The march of the human mind is slow.—Burke.

Everything connected with intellect is permanent.—William Roscoe.

There is no creature so lonely as the dweller in the intellect.—William Winter.

Mind is the great lever. . . . Thought is the process by which human ends are answered.—Webster.

Intellect is the soul of man, the only immortal part of him.—Carlyle.

Character is higher than intellect. A great soul will be strong to live as well as strong to think.—R. W. Emerson.

If a man empties his purse into his head, no one can take it from him.—Franklin.

A man cannot leave a better legacy to the world than a well-educated family.—Rev. Thomas Scott.

The intellect of the wise is like glass; it admits the light of heaven and reflects it.—Hare.

It is the nature of intellect to strive to improve in intellectual power.—Hosea Ballou.

Works of the intellect are great only by comparison with each other.—Emerson.

In the scale of the destinies, brawn will never weigh so much as brain.—Lowell.

'Tis goodwill makes intelligence.—Emerson.

The brain women never interest us like the heart women; white roses please less than red.—O. W. Holmes.

Intellect annuls fate. So far as a man thinks, he is free.—Emerson.

Nature is good, but intellect is better, as the law-giver is before the law-receiver.—Emerson.

The march of intellect, which licks all the world into shape, has even reached the devil.—Goethe.

The human intellect is the great truth-organ; realities, as they exist, are the subjects of its study; and knowledge is the result of its acquaintance with the things which it investigates.—Moses Harvey.

A man of intellect is lost unless he unites energy of character to intellect. When we have the lantern of Diogenes we must have his staff.—Chamfort.

The intellect has only one failing, which, to be sure, is a very considerable one. It has no conscience.—Lowell.

The intellect of the generality of women serves more to fortify their folly than their reason.—Rochefoucauld.

The term "intellect" includes all those powers by which we acquire, retain, and extend our knowledge; as perception, memory, imagination, judgment, and the like.—William Fleming.

Sensual pleasures are like soap-bubbles, sparkling, evanescent. The pleasures of intellect are calm, beautiful, sublime, ever enduring and climbing upward to the borders of the unseen world.—Aughey.

The intellect of man sits enthroned visibly upon his forehead and in his eye, and the heart of man is written on his countenance; but the soul reveals itself in the voice only.—Longfellow.

The growth of the intellect is spontaneous in every expansion. The mind that grows could not predict the times, the means, the mode of that spontaneity. God enters by a private door into every individual.—Emerson.

The intellect of woman bears the same relationship to that of man as her physical organization; it is inferior in power and different in kind. —Mrs. Jameson.

Glorious indeed is the world of God around us, but more glorious the world of God within us. There lies the Land of Song; there lies the poet's native land.—Longfellow.

Man gains wider dominion by his intellect than by his right arm. The mustard-seed of thought is a pregnant treasury of vast results. Like the germ in the Egyptian tombs, its vitality never perishes; and its fruit will spring up after it has been buried for long ages.—Chapin.

It is only the intellect that can be thoroughly and hideously wicked. It can forget everything in the attainment of its ends. The heart recoils; in its retired places some drops of childhood's dew still linger, defying manhood's fiery noon.—Lowell.

Some men of a secluded and studious life have sent forth from their closet or their cloister rays of intellectual light that have agitated courts and revolutionized kingdoms; like the moon which, though far removed from the ocean, and shining upon it with a serene and sober light, is the chief cause of all those ebbings and flowings which incessantly disturb that restless world of waters.—Colton.

Intelligence

To educate the intelligence is to enlarge the horizon of its desires and wants.—Lowell.

The intelligent have a right over the ignorant; namely, the right of instructing them.—Emerson.

God multiplies intelligence, which communicates itself, like fire, *ad infinitum*. Light a thousand torches at one touch, the flame remains always the same.—Joubert.

Every breeze wafts intelligence from country to country, every wave rolls it, all give it forth, and all in turn receive it. There is a vast commerce of ideas, there are marts and exchanges for intellectual discoveries, and a wonderful fellowship of those individual intelligences which make up the mind and opinion of the age.—Daniel Webster.

It is no proof of a man's understanding to be able to confirm whatever he pleases; but to be able to discern that what is true is true, and that what is false is false, this is the mark and character of intelligence.—Swedenborg.

Intemperance

Intemperance weaves the windingsheet of souls.—John B. Gough.

Allow not nature more than nature needs.—Shakespeare.

Bacchus has drowned more men than Neptune.—Garibaldi.

Intemperance is a great decayer of beauty.—Junius.

All learned, and all drunk!—Cowper.

The smaller the drink, the clearer the head.—William Penn.

Gloriously drunk, obey the important call.—Cowper.

Purged from drugs of foul intemperance.—Spenser.

Greatness of any kind has no greater foe than a habit of drinking.—Walter Scott.

He that tempts me to drink beyond my measure, civilly invites me to a fever.—Jeremy Taylor.

O, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains!—Shakespeare.

Every inordinate cup is unblessed and the ingredient is a devil.—Shakespeare.

In our world, death deputes intemperance to do the work of age.—Young.

Other vices make their own way; this makes way for all vices. He that

is a drunkard is qualified for all vice. —Francis Quarles.

Sweet fellowship in shame!
One drunkard loves another of the name.
—Shakespeare.

He calls drunkenness an expression identical with ruin.—Diogenes Laertius.

Drunkenness is nothing but voluntary madness.—Seneca.

A sensual and intemperate youth hands over a worn-out body to old age. —Cicero.

If a man empties his purse into his head, no one can take it from him.—Franklin.

Wine displays every little spot of the soul in its utmost deformity.—Addison.

In the bottle discontent seeks for comfort, cowardice for courage, and bashfulness for confidence.—Dr. Johnson.

He is certainly as guilty of suicide who perishes by a slow, as he who is despatched by an immediate, poison.—Steele.

It is little the sign of a wise or good man, to suffer temperance to be transgressed in order to purchase the repute of a generous entertainer.—Atterbury.

It is not fitting that the evil produced by men should be imputed to things; let those bear the blame who make an ill use of things in themselves good.—Isocrates.

Intemperance is the epitome of every crime, the cause of every kind of misery.—Douglas Jerrold.

All the crimes on earth do not destroy so many of the human race, nor alienate so much property, as drunkenness.—Bacon.

In the flowers that wreathe the sparkling bowl, fell adders hiss, and poisonous serpents roll.—Prior.

Intemperance is a hydra with a hundred heads. She never stalks abroad unaccompanied with impurity, anger, and the most infamous profligacies.—Chrysostom.

I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking: I could wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.—Shakespeare.

In what pagan nation was Moloch ever propitiated by such an unbroken and swift-moving procession of victims as are offered to this Moloch of Christendom, intemperance.—Horace Mann.

Shall I, to please another wine-sprung minde,
Lose all mine own? God hath giv'n me a measure
Short of His can and body; must I find
A pain in that, wherein he finds a pleasure. —Herbert.

Wise men mingle mirth with their cares, as a help either to forget or overcome them; but to resort to intoxication for the ease of one's mind is to cure melancholy by madness.—Charron.

I never drink. I cannot do it, on equal terms with others. It costs them only one day; but me three,—the first in sinning, the second in suffering, and the third in repenting.—Sterne.

The bliss of the drunkard is like the expectation of the dying Atheist who hopes no more than to lie down in the grave with the beasts.—Jane Porter.

The pleasing poison the visage quite transforms of him that drinks, and the inglorious likeness of a beast fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintage charactered in the face.—Milton.

The body oppressed by excess bears down the mind, and depresses to the earth any portion of the divine spirit we had been endowed with.—Horace.

There is more of turn than of truth in a saying of Seneca, "That drunkenness does not produce but discover faults." Common experience teaches the contrary. Wine throws a man out of himself, and infuses qualities into

the mind which she is a stranger to in her sober moments.—Addison.

Ha! see where the wild-blazing Grog-shop appears,
As the red waves of wretchedness swell.
How it burns on the edge of tempestuous years
The horrible Light-House of Hell!
—M'Donald Clarke.

Every apartment devoted to the circulation of the glass, may be regarded as a temple set apart for the performance of human sacrifices. And they ought to be fitted up like the ancient temples in Egypt, in a manner to show the real atrocity of the superstition that is carried on within their walls.—Beddoes.

The habit of using ardent spirits, by men in office, has occasioned more injury to the public and more trouble to me, than all other causes. And were I to commence my administration again, the first question I would ask, respecting a candidate for office would be, "Does he use ardent spirits?"—Jefferson.

Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright; at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.—Bible.

If the bones of all those who have fallen as a prey to intemperance could be piled up it would make a vast pyramid. Who will gird himself for the journey and try with me to scale this mountain of the dead—going up miles high on human carcasses to find still other peaks far above, mountain above mountain, white with the bones of drunkards.—Talmage.

Intentions

Purposes, like eggs, unless they be hatched into action, will run into rottenness.—Samuel Smiles.

If religion might be judged of, according to men's intentions, there would scarcely be any idolatry in the world.—Bishop Hall.

Hell is paved with good intentions.—Johnson.

Many good purposes lie in the churchyard.—Philip Henry.

Intercourse

The kindly intercourse will ever prove
A bond of amity and social love.
—Bloomfield.

Intercourse is after all man's best teacher. "Know thyself" is an excellent maxim; but even self-knowledge cannot be perfected in closets and cloisters—nor amid lake scenery, and on the sunny side of the mountains. Men who seldom mix with their fellow-creatures are almost sure to be one-sided—the victims of fixed ideas, that sometimes lead to insanity.—Wm. Matthews.

Interest

Interest makes all seem reason that leads to it.—Dryden.

The virtues and vices are all put in motion by interest.—Rochefoucauld.

The instinct of interest is the universal instinct of mankind.—Charles Macklin.

As the interest of man, so his God; as his God, so he.—Lavater.

Interest blinds some people, and enlightens others.—Rochefoucauld.

Interest speaks all languages, and acts all parts, even that of disinterestedness itself.—Rochefoucauld.

Interest is the spur of the people, but glory that of great souls.—Rousseau.

It is more than possible, that those who have neither character nor honor may be wounded in a very tender part, —their interest.—Junius.

When interest is at variance with conscience, any distinction to make them friends will serve the hollow-hearted.—Henry Home.

How difficult a thing it is to persuade a man to reason against his own interest, though he is convinced that equity is against him.—Dr. John Trusler.

Our interests are grains of opium to our consciences, but they only put it to sleep for a terrible awakening. —J. Petit-Senn.

Interest has the security, though not the virtue of a principle. As the world goes, it is the surest side; for men daily leave both relations and religion to follow it.—William Penn.

Interest makes some people blind and others quick-sighted. We promise according to our hopes, and perform according to our fears. Virtues are lost in interest, as rivers are swallowed up in the sea.—J. Beaumont.

Intolerance

The intolerant man is the real pedant.—Richter.

It were better to be of no church, than to be bitter for any.—William Penn.

The devil loves nothing better than the intolerance of reformers, and dreads nothing so much as their charity and patience.—Lowell.

Some men will not shave on Sunday, and yet they spend all the week in shaving their fellow-men; and many folks think it very wicked to black their boots on Sunday morning, yet they do not hesitate to black their neighbor's reputation on week-days.—Beecher.

It appears an extraordinary thing to me, that since there is such a diabolical spirit in the depravity of human nature, as persecution for difference of opinion in religious tenets, there never happened to be any inquisition, any *auto da fé*, any crusade, among the Pagans.—Sterne.

As no roads are so rough as those that have just been mended, so no sinners are so intolerant as those that have just turned saints.—Colton.

Intrigue

Intrigue is a court distemper.—Mme. Deluzy.

Every woman is at heart a rake.—Pope.

As love increases, prudence diminishes.—Rochefoucauld.

Audacity as against modesty will win the battle over most men.—Mme. Deluzy.

There are many women who never have had one intrigue; but there are few who have had only one.—Rochefoucauld.

There are many women who have never intrigued, and many men who have never gamed; but those who have done either but once are very extraordinary animals.—Colton.

When women oppose themselves to the projects and ambition of men, they excite their lively resentment; if in their youth they meddle with political intrigues, their modesty must suffer. —Mme. de Staël.

If often happens too, both in courts and in cabinets, that there are two things going on together,—a main plot and an under-plot; and he that understands only one of them will, in all probability, be the dupe of both. A mistress may rule a monarch, but some obscure favorite may rule the mistress.—Colton.

Intuition

Intuition is the clear conception of the whole at once. It seldom belongs to man to say without presumption, "I came, I saw, I conquered."—Lavater.

This, therefore, is a law not found in books, but written on the fleshly tablets of the heart, which we have not learned from man, received or read, but which we have caught up from Nature herself, sucked in and imbibed; the knowledge of which we were not taught, but for which we were made; we received it not by education, but by intuition.—Cicero.

Invention

Necessity, mother of invention.—Wycherley.

Invention is totally independent of the will.—B. R. Haydon.

Invention is not so much the result of labor as of judgment.—Roscommon.

Invention is the talent of youth, and judgment of age.—Swift.

Only an inventor knows how to borrow, and every man is or should be an inventor.—Emerson.

Invention is activity of mind, as fire is air in motion; a sharpening of the spiritual sight, to discern hidden aptitudes.—Tupper.

Very learned women are to be found, in the same manner as female warriors; but they are seldom or never inventors.—Voltaire.

The introduction of noble inventions seems to hold by far the most excellent place among human actions.—Bacon.

A tool is but the extension of a man's hand, and a machine is but a complex tool. And he that invents a machine augments the power of a man and the well-being of mankind.—Henry Ward Beecher.

The great inventor is one who has walked forth upon the industrial world, not from universities, but from hovels; not as clad in silks and decked with honors, but as clad in fustian and grimed with soot and oil.—Isaac Taylor.

Th' invention all admir'd, and each, how he
To be th' inventor miss'd; so easy it seem'd,
Once found, which yet unfound most would have thought
Impossible. —Milton.

Invention, strictly speaking, is little more than a new combination of those images which have been previously gathered and deposited in the memory. Nothing can be made of nothing; he who has laid up no material can produce no combinations.—Sir J. Reynolds.

The golden hour of invention must terminate like other hours; and when the man of genius returns to the cares, the duties, the vexations, and the amusements of life, his companions behold him as one of themselves,—the creature of habits and infirmities.—Isaac Disraeli.

It is frivolous to fix pedantically the date of particular inventions. They have all been invented over and over fifty times. Man is the arch machine, of which all these shifts drawn from himself are toy models. He helps himself on each emergency by copying or duplicating his own structure, just so far as the need is.—Emerson.

Founders and senators of states and cities, lawgivers, extirpers of tyrants, fathers of the people, and other eminent persons in civil government, were honored but with titles of worthies or demigods; whereas such as were inventors and authors of new arts, endowments, and commodities towards man's life, were ever consecrated among the gods themselves.—Bacon.

Electric telegraphs, printing, gas,
Tobacco, balloons, and steam,
Are little events that have come to pass
Since the days of the old régime.
And, spite of Lemprière's dazzling page,
I'd give—though it might seem bold—
A hundred years of the Golden Age
For a year of the Age of Gold.
—Henry S. Leigh.

Investigation

Attempt the end and never stand to doubt;
Nothing so hard but search will find it out.
—Herrick.

Nothing has such power to broaden the mind as the ability to investigate systematically and truly all that comes under thy observation in life.—Marcus Aurelius.

Irony

Irony is an insult conveyed in the form of a compliment * * * placing its victim naked on a bed of briars and bristles, thinly covered with rose-leaves; adorning his brow with a

crown of gold, which burns into his brain; teasing, and fretting, and riddling him through and through with incessant discharges of hot shot from a masked battery; laying bare the most sensitive and shrinking nerves of his mind, and then blandly touching them with ice, or smilingly pricking them with needles.—E. P. Whipple.

Irony is jesting hidden behind gravity.—John Weiss.

Clap an extinguisher upon your irony, if you are unhappily blessed with a vein of it.—Lamb.

Irresolution

Don't stand shivering upon the bank; plunge in at once and have it over.—Haliburton.

We spend our days in deliberating, and we end them without coming to any resolve.—L'Estrange.

Like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. —Shakespeare.

I am a heavy stone,
Roll'd up a hill by a weak child: I move
A little up, and tumble back again.
—W. Rider.

Not to resolve is to resolve; and many times it breeds as many necessities, and engageth as far in some other sort, as to resolve.—Bacon.

In matters of great concern, and which must be done, there is no surer argument of a weak mind than irresolution.—Tillotson.

Nothing of worth or weight can be achieved with half a mind, with a faint heart, and with a lame endeavor. —Barrow.

Irresolution on the schemes of life which offer themselves to our choice, and inconstancy in pursuing them, are the greatest causes of all our unhappiness.—Addison.

Irresolution and mutability are often the faults of men whose views are wide, and whose imagination is vigorous and excursive.—Dr. Johnson.

Irresolution is a worse vice than rashness. He that shoots best may sometimes miss the mark; but he that shoots not at all can never hit it. Irresolution loosens all the joints of a state; like an ague, it shakes not this nor that limb, but all the body is at once in a fit. The irresolute man is lifted from one place to another; so hatcheth nothing, but addles all his actions.—Feltham.

Italy

Italia! O Italia! thou who hast
The fatal gift of beauty, which became
A funeral dower of present woes and past,
On thy sweet brow is sorrow plough'd by shame,
And annals graved in characters of flame.
—Byron.

Italy, my Italy!
Queen Mary's saying serves for me—
(When fortune's malice
Lost her Calais)—
Open my heart and you will see
Graved inside of it, "Italy."
—Robert Browning.

Fair Italy!
Thou art the garden of the world, the home
Of all Art yields, and Nature can decree,
Even in thy desert, what is like to thee?
Thy very weeds are beautiful, thy waste
More rich than other climes' fertility;
Thy wreck a glory, and thy ruin graced
With an immaculate charm which cannot be defac'd. —Byron.

Ivy

Oh, a dainty plant is the ivy green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old!
Of right choice food are his meals I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold.
* * * * * * *
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.
—Dickens.

For ivy climbs the crumbling hall
To decorate decay. —Bailey.

Oh! how could fancy crown with thee,
In ancient days, the God of Wine,
And bid thee at the banquet be
Companion of the vine?
Ivy! thy home is where each sound
Of revelry hath long been o'er;
Where song and beaker once went round,
But now are known no more.
—Mrs. Hemans.

J

January

Come, ye cold winds, at January's call,
On whistling wings, and with white flakes bestrew
The earth. —Ruskin.

Jealousy

Love's sentinel.—Shakespeare.

Jealousy is not love, but self-love. —Rochefoucauld.

Jealousy lives upon doubts.—Rochefoucauld.

Jealousy is the paralysis of love.—Vauvenargues.

He that is not jealous is not in love. —St. Augustine.

Jealousy is one of love's parasites. —H. W. Shaw.

What frenzy dictates, jealousy believes.—Gay.

Oft my jealousy shapes faults that are not.—Shakespeare.

How many fond fools serve mad jealousy!—Shakespeare.

Jealousy is the apprehension of superiority.—Shenstone.

Self-harming jealousy.—Shakespeare.

Jealousy is sustained as often by pride as by affection.—Colton.

A jealous man always finds more than he looks for.—Mlle. de Scudéri.

Jealousy is the forerunner of love, and often its awakener.—F. Marion Crawford.

A jealous lover lights his torch from the firebrand of the fiend.—Burke.

Anger and jealousy can no more bear to lose sight of their objects than love.—George Eliot.

O, what damned minutes tells he o'er, who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves!—Shakespeare.

Jealousy, thou grand counterpoise for all the transports beauty can inspire!—Young.

Jealousy is the sister of love, as the devil is the brother of angels.—Bouffiers.

There is never jealousy where there is not strong regard.—Washington Irving.

'Tis a monster begot upon itself, born on itself.—Shakespeare.

The jealous is possessed by a "fine mad devil" and a dull spirit at once. —Lavater.

Jealousy is an awkward homage which inferiority renders to merit.—Madame de Puisieux.

Jealousy is always born with love, but does not always die with it.—La Rochefoucauld.

Jealousy lives upon doubt, and comes to an end or becomes a fury as soon

as it passes from doubt to certainty. —La Rochefoucauld.

Jealousy, that doats but dooms, and murders, yet adores.—Sprague.

The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poison more deadly than a mad-dog's tooth.
—Shakespeare.

O jealousy! thou magnifier of trifles. —Schiller.

Jealousy—it is a green-eyed monster, which doth mock the meat it feeds on. —Shakespeare.

——No greater mischief could be wrought
Than love united to a jealous thought.
—Greene.

Love often reillumes his extinguished flame at the torch of jealousy.—Lady Blessington.

Trifles, light as air,
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of Holy Writ. —Shakespeare.

Jealousy is cruel as the grave: the coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame.—Bible.

No true love there can be without
Its dread penalty—jealousy.
—Lord Lytton.

Yet he was jealous, though he did not show it,
For jealousy dislikes the world to know it.
—Byron.

The jealous man's disease is of so malignant a nature that it converts all it takes into its own nourishment. —Addison.

Men of strong affections are jealous of their own genius. They fear lest they should be loved for a quality, and not for themselves.—Bulwer-Lytton.

People who are jealous, or particularly careful of their own rights and dignity, always find enough of those who do not care for either to keep them continually uncomfortable.—Barnes.

Men are the cause of women not loving one another.—La Bruyère.

Jealousy sees things always with magnifying glasses which make little things large,—of dwarfs giants, suspicions truths.—Cervantes.

Women detest a jealous man whom they do not love, but it angers them when a man they do love is not jealous at times.—Mlle. de Scudéri.

Oh! the pain of pains
Is when the fair one, whom our soul is fond of,
Gives transport, and receives it from an other. —Young.

Jealousy is never satisfied with anything short of an omniscience that would detect the subtlest fold of the heart.—George Eliot.

Ten thousand furies lash my soul with whips,
At ev'ry look sharp stings transfix my heart,
And my chill blood thrills cold through ev'ry vein. —Darcy.

Jealousy is said to be the offspring of love. Yet, unless the parent makes haste to strangle the child, the child will not rest till it has poisoned the parent.—J. C. and A. W. Hare.

Foul jealousy! that turnest love divine to joyless dread, and makest the loving heart with hateful thoughts to languish and to pine.—Spenser.

Jealousy is a painful passion; yet without some share of it, the agreeable affection of love has difficulty to subsist in its full force and violence.—Hume.

Of all the passions, jealousy is that which exacts the hardest service and pays the bitterest wages. Its service is, to watch the success of our enemy, to be sure of it.—Colton.

That anxious torture may I never feel,
Which doubtful, watches o'er a wandering heart.
O, who that bitter torment can reveal,
Or tell the pining anguish of that smart!
—Byron.

To doubt is an injury; to suspect a friend is breach of friendship; jealousy is a seed sown but in vicious

minds; prone to distrust, because apt to deceive.—Lord Lansdowne.

All the other passions condescend at times to accept the inexorable logic of facts; but jealousy looks facts straight in the face, ignores them utterly, and says that she knows a great deal better than they can tell her.—Helps.

It is with jealousy as with the gout. When such distempers are in the blood, there is never any security against their breaking out, and that often on the slightest occasions, and when least suspected.—Fielding.

Yet is there one more cursed than they all,
That canker-worm, that monster, jealousie,
Which eats the heart and feeds upon the gall,
Turning all love's delight to misery,
Through fear of losing his felicity.
—Spenser.

We are more jealous of frivolous accomplishments with brilliant success, than of the most estimable qualities without. Dr. Johnson envied Garrick, whom he despised, and ridiculed Goldsmith, whom he loved.—Hazlitt.

O jealousy, thou ugliest fiend of hell! thy deadly venom preys on my vitals, turns the healthful hue of my fresh cheek to haggard sallowness, and drinks my spirit up.—Hannah More.

But through the heart
Should jealousy its venom once diffuse
'Tis then delightful misery no more
But agony unmix'd, incessant gall
Corroding every thought, and blasting all
Love's paradise. —Thomson.

If you are wise, and prize your peace of mind,
Believe me true, nor listen to your jealousy,
Let not that devil which undoes your sex,
That curs'd curiosity seduce you
To hunt for needless secrets, which, neglected,
Shall never hurt your quiet, but once known
Shall sit upon your heart, pinch it with pain,
And banish sweet sleep forever from you.
—Rowe.

Love may exist without jealousy, although this is rare: but jealousy may exist without love, and this is common; for jealousy can feed on that which is bitter no less than on that which is sweet, and is sustained by pride as often as by affection.—Colton.

Jeering

Abstain from dissolute laughter, uncomely jests, loud talking, and jeering. —Jeremy Taylor.

Scoff not at the natural defects of any which are not in their power to amend. Oh, it is cruel to beat a cripple with his own crutches.—Fuller.

Jeer not others upon any occasion. If they be foolish, God hath denied them understanding; if they be vicious, you ought to pity, not revile them; if deformed, God framed their bodies, and will you scorn His workmanship? Are you wiser than your Creator? If poor, poverty was designed for a motive to charity, not to contempt; you cannot see what riches they have within.—South.

Jesting

A good jest forever.—Shakespeare.

Jesters do often prove prophets.—Shakespeare.

I do not like this fooling.—Shakespeare.

How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!—Shakespeare.

A jest is a very serious thing.—Churchill.

A jest loses its point when he who makes it is the first to laugh.—Schiller.

No time to break jests when the heartstrings are about to be broken.—Fuller.

A bitter jest, when it comes too near the truth, leaves a sharp sting behind it.—Tacitus.

Judge of a jest when you have done laughing.—Lloyd.

This fellow pecks up wit, as pigeons peace,
And utters it again when Jove doth please;
He is wit's peddler. —Shakespeare.

Jest with your equals.—Bion.

A jester, a bad character.—Pascal.

If anything is spoken in jest, it is not fair to turn it to earnest.—Plautus.

The jest which is expected is already destroyed.—Johnson.

Wanton jests make fools laugh, and wise men frown.—Fuller.

Jesting, often, only proves a want of intellect.—La Bruyère.

Jests,—brain-fleas that jump about among the slumbering ideas.—Heinrich Heine.

Jesting is frequently an evidence of the poverty of the understanding.—Voltaire.

The fund of sensible discourse is limited; that of jest and badinerie is infinite.—Shenstone.

A joker is near akin to a buffoon; and neither of them is the least related to wit.—Chesterfield.

It is good to jest, but not to make a trade of jesting.—Queen Elizabeth.

Harmless mirth is the best cordial against the consumption of the spirit; wherefore jesting is not unlawful, if it trespasseth not in quantity, quality, or season.—Thomas Fuller.

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it. —Shakespeare.

Of all the griefs that harass the distress'd,
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest.
Fate never wounds more deep the generous heart,
Than when a blockhead's insult points the dart. —Dr. Johnson.

Wit loses its respect with the good when seen in company with malice; and to smile at the jest which plants a thorn in another's breast is to become a principal in the mischief.—Sheridan.

As to jest, there ought to be certain things privileged from it,—namely, religion, matters of state, great persons, and man's present business of importance, and any case that deserveth pity.—Bacon.

Beware of biting jests; the more truth they carry with them, the greater wounds they give, the greater smarts they cause, and the greater scars they leave behind them.—Lavater.

He that will lose his friend for a jest deserves to die a beggar by the bargain. Such let thy jests be, that they may not grind the credit of thy friend; and make not jests so long till thou becomest one.—Fuller.

It is dangerous to jest with God, death, or the devil; for the first neither can nor will be mocked; the second mocks all men at one time or another; and the third puts an eternal sarcasm on those that are too familiar with him.—J. Beaumont.

He who never relaxes into sportiveness is a wearisome companion; but beware of him who jests at everything! Such men disparage by some ludicrous association, all objects which are presented to their thoughts, and thereby render themselves incapable of any emotion which can either elevate or soften them; they bring upon their moral being an influence more withering than the blasts of the desert.—Southey.

Jewels

I'll give my jewels for a set of beads.—Shakespeare.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear.
—Gray.

If that a pearl may in a toad's head dwell,
And may be found too in an oyster shell.
—Bunyan.

These gems have life in them: their colors speak,
Say what words fail of. —George Eliot.

Jewels five-words-long,
That on the stretch'd forefinger of all Time
Sparkle for ever. —Tennyson.

There is many a rich stone laid up in the bowels of the earth, many a fair pearl laid up in the bosom of the sea,

that never was seen nor never shall be.—Bishop Hall.

The lively Diamond drinks thy purest rays,
Collected light, compact. —Thomson.

Some ask'd how pearls did grow, and where,
Then spoke I to my girle,
To part her lips, and showed them there
The quarrelets of pearl. —Herrick.

Jews

The Jews were God's chosen people. —Chrysostom.

There is no clime which they can call home.—Hayes.

Sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.—Shakespeare.

The adherence of the Jews to their religion makes their testimony unquestionable.—J. Perles.

To the Jews only, and not to the Gentiles, was a Saviour promised.—Elias Hicks.

The great number of the Jews furnishes us with a sufficient cloud of witnesses that attest the truth of the Bible.—Addison.

They are a piece of stubborn antiquity, compared with which Stonehenge is in its nonage. They date beyond the Pyramids.—Lamb.

I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is?—Shakespeare.

The Jews are among the aristocracy of every land; if a literature is called rich in the possession of a few classic tragedies, what shall we say to a national tragedy lasting for fifteen hundred years, in which the poets and the actors were also the heroes.—George Eliot.

Talk what you will of the Jews,—that they are cursed: they thrive wherever they come; they are able to oblige the prince of their country by lending him money; none of them beg; they keep together; and as for their being hated, why, Christians hate one another as much.—Selden.

Joke (See Jesting)

Jokes are the cayenne of conversation, and the salt of life.—Chatfield.

The next best thing to a very good joke is a very bad one.—J. C. Hare.

And gentle Dullness ever loves a joke.—Pope.

It requires a surgical operation to get a joke well into a Scotch understanding.—Sydney Smith.

Be not affronted at a joke. If one throw salt at thee, thou wilt receive no harm, unless thou art raw.—Junius.

Journalism

Journalism has already come to be the first power in the land.—Samuel Bowles.

The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease.—Pope.

The press is the fourth estate of the realm.—Carlyle.

Report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied. —Shakespeare.

Did Charity prevail, the press would prove
A vehicle of virtue, truth, and love.
—Cowper.

Four hostile newspapers are more to be feared than a thousand bayonets.—Napoleon I.

Journalism is an immense power, that threatens soon to supersede sermons, lectures, and books.—Theodore Tilton.

The journalist should be on his guard against publishing what is false in taste or exceptionable in morals.—Bryant.

A journal should be neither an echo nor a pander.—G. W. Curtis.

Newspapers always excite curiosity. No one ever lays one down without a

feeling of disappointment.—Charles Lamb.

He's gone, and who knows how he may report
Thy words by adding fuel to the flame?
—Milton.

To serve thy generation, this thy fate:
"Written in water," swiftly fades thy name;
But he who loves his kind does, first and late,
A work too great for fame.
—Mary Clemmer.

They consume a considerable quantity of our paper manufacture, employ our artisans in printing, and find business for great numbers of indigent persons.—Addison.

A would-be satirist, a hired buffoon,
A monthly scribbler of some low lampoon,
Condemn'd to drudge, the meanest of the mean,
And furbish falsehoods for a magazine.
—Byron.

Hear, land o' cakes, and brither Scots,
Frae Maidenkirk to Johnny Groat's;
If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede you tent it:
A chiel's amang you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it.
—Burns.

Here shall the Press the People's right maintain,
Unawed by influence and unbribed by gain;
Here Patriot Truth her glorious precepts draw,
Pledged to Religion, Liberty, and Law.
—Joseph Story.

Trade hardly deems the busy day begun
Till his keen eye along the sheet has run;
The blooming daughter throws her needle by,
And reads her schoolmate's marriage with a sigh;
While the grave mother puts her glasses on,
And gives a tear to some old crony gone.
The preacher, too, his Sunday theme lays down,
To know what last new folly fills the town;
Lively or sad, life's meanest, mightiest things,
The fate of fighting cocks, or fighting kings.
—Sprague.

The best use of a journal is to print the largest practical amount of important truth,—truth which tends to make mankind wiser, and thus happier.—Horace Greeley.

The News-writer lies down at Night in great Tranquillity, upon a piece of News which corrupts before Morning, and which he is obliged to throw away as soon as he awakes.—De La Bruyère.

Only a newspaper! Quick read, quick lost,
Who sums the treasure that it carries hence?
Torn, trampled under feet, who counts thy cost,
Star-eyed intelligence? —Mary Clemmer.

Joy

Joyousness is Nature's garb of health.—Lamartine.

Joy is the best of wine.—George Eliot.

Without kindness, there can be no true joy.—Carlyle.

Sorrows remembered sweeten present joy.—Pollok.

I wish you all the joy that you can wish.—Shakespeare.

True joy is only hope put out of fear.—Lord Brooke.

Joys are our wings, sorrows are our spurs.—Richter.

Far beneath a soul immortal is a mortal joy.—Young.

A blithe heart makes a blooming visage.—Scotch Proverb.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever.—Keats.

Joy in one's work is the consummate tool.—Phillips Brooks.

Joy surfeited turns to sorrow.—Alfieri.

He who can conceal his joys is greater than he who can hide his griefs.—Lavater.

In every exalted joy, there mingles a sense of gratitude.—Marie Ebner-Eschenbach.

The cup of joy is heaviest when empty.—Marguerite de Valois.

Profound joy has more of severity than gayety in it.—Montaigne.

Joy softens more hearts than tears. —Mme. de Sartory.

True joy is a serene and sober motion.—Seneca.

Joy never feasts so high as when the first course is of misery.—Suckling.

Joy is more divine than sorrow; for joy is bread, and sorrow is medicine.—Beecher.

Joys too exquisite to last, and yet more exquisite when passed.—Montgomery.

There is a sweet joy that comes to us through sorrow.—Spurgeon.

The joy of a strong nature is as cloudless as its suffering is desolate. —Ouida.

Deep joy is a serene and sober emotion, rarely evinced in open merriment.—Mme. Roland.

How happy are the pessimists! What joy is theirs when they have proved there is no joy.—Marie Ebner-Eschenbach.

Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy if I could say how much.—Shakespeare.

We lose the peace of years when we hunt after the rapture of moments.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Sweets with sweets war not; joy delights in joy.—Shakespeare.

These spiritual joys are dogged by no sad sequels.—Glanvill.

Capacity for joy admits temptation. —Mrs. Browning.

What is joy? A sunbeam between two clouds.—Madame Deluzy.

In this world, full often our joys are only the tender shadows which our sorrows cast.—Beecher.

There is not a joy the world can give like that it takes away.—Byron.

The joy which is caused by truth and noble thoughts shows itself in the words by which they are expressed.—Joubert.

One hour of joy dispels the cares
And sufferings of a thousand years.
—Baptiste.

Joys
Are bubble-like—what makes them,
Bursts them too. —Bailey.

When the power of imparting joy is equal to the will, the human soul requires no other heaven.—Shelley.

Joy is a flame which association alone can keep alive, and which goes out unless communicated.—Lamartine.

Who partakes in another's joys is a more humane character than he who partakes in his griefs.—Lavater.

Joy is an import; joy is an exchange;
Joy flies monopolists: it calls for two;
Rich fruit! Heaven planted! never pluck'd by one. —Young.

Little joys refresh us constantly, like house-bread, and never bring disgust; and great ones, like sugar-bread, briefly, and then satiety.—Richter.

Trouble is a thing that will come without our call; but true joy will not spring up without ourselves.—Bishop Patrick.

Joy is the mainspring in the whole
Of endless Nature's calm rotation.
Joy moves the dazzling wheels that rol'
In the great Time-piece of Creation.
—Schiller.

Here below is not the land of happiness: I know it now; it is only the land of toil, and every joy which comes to us is only to strengthen us for some greater labor that is to succeed.—Fichte.

The very society of joy redoubles it; so that, whilst it lights upon my friend it rebounds upon myself, and the brighter his candle burns the more easily will it light mine.—South.

There are joys which long to be ours. God sends ten thousand truths, which come about us like birds seeking inlet; but we are shut up to them, and so they bring us nothing, but sit and sing awhile upon the roof, and then fly away.—Beecher.

Joy wholly from without, is false, precarious, and short. From without it may be gathered; but, like gathered flowers, though fair, and sweet for a season, it must soon wither, and become offensive. Joy from within is like smelling the rose on the tree; it is more sweet and fair, it is lasting; and, I must add, immortal.—Young.

The joy resulting from the diffusion of blessings to all around us is the purest and sublimest that can ever enter the human mind, and can be conceived only by those who have experienced it. Next to the consolations of divine grace, it is the most sovereign balm to the miseries of life, both in him who is the object of it, and in him who exercises it.—Bishop Porteus.

God is merely tuning the soul, as an instrument, in this life. And these joys of the Christian, are only the notes and chords that are sounded out in the preparation—preludes to the perfect harmony that shall flood the soul—forerunners of the perfected and rapturous joy that shall bless the soul, in that exceeding and eternal weight of glory.—Herrick Johnson.

Real joy seems dissonant from the human character in its present condition; and if it be felt, it must come from a higher region, for the world is shadowed by sorrow; thorns array the ground; the very clouds, while they weep fertility on our mountains, seem also to shed a tear on man's grave who departs, unlike the beauties of summer, to return no more; who fades unlike the sons of the forest, which another summer beholds new clothed, when he is unclothed and forgotten. —Rev. Dr. Andrews.

Many men fail to realize that joy is distinctly moral. It is a fruit of the spiritual life. We have no more right to pray for joy, if we are not doing the things that Jesus said would bring it, than we would have to ask interest in a savings bank in which we had never deposited money. Joy does not happen. It is a flower that springs from roots. It is the inevitable result of certain lines followed and laws obeyed, and so a matter of character. Therefore, we cannot say that joy is like a fine complexion, a distinct addition to the charm of the face, which yet would be structurally perfect without this charm. Joy is a feature, and the face that does not have it is disfigured. The Christian life that is joyless is a discredit to God, and a disgrace to itself.—Maltbie Babcock.

Judaism (See Jews)

There was a twilight before the dawn, and a dawn before the morning, and a morning before the day.—W. E. Gladstone.

Stands midway between Heathenism and Christianity. It rose out of Heathenism as twilight out of night and melted into Christianity as twilight into morning.—Anonymous.

Judge

The cold neutrality of an impartial judge.—Burke.

When a man's life is under debate,
The judge can ne'er too long deliberate.
—Dryden.

A wise judge, by the craft of the law, was never seduced from its purpose.—Southey.

What can innocence hope for,
When such as sit her judges are corrupted?
—Massinger.

It is better that a judge should lean on the side of compassion than severity.—Cervantes.

Heaven is above all yet; there sits a judge,
That no king can corrupt. —Shakespeare.

The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang that jurymen may dine.
—Pope

Let the judges answer to the question of law, and the jurors to the matter of fact.—Law Maxim.

A corrupt judge is not qualified to inquire into the truth.—Horace.

Four things belong to a judge: to hear courteously, to answer wisely, to consider soberly, and to decide impartially.—Socrates.

If judges would make their decisions just, they should behold neither plaintiff, defendant, nor pleader, but only the cause itself.—Livingston.

Judges ought to be more learned than witty, more reverent than plausible, and more advised than confident. Above all things, integrity is their portion and proper virtue.—Bacon.

Judges are but men, and are swayed like other men by vehement prejudices. This is corruption in reality, give it whatever other name you please. —David Dudley Field.

A good judge should never boast of his power, because he can do nothing but what he can do justly: he is not the master, but the minister of the law. Authority without virtue is a very dangerous state.—Thomas Wilson.

And then, the justice;
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,
And so he plays his part. —Shakespeare.

He who the sword of heaven will bear
Should be as holy as severe;
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go;
More nor less to others paying
Than by self-offenses weighing.
Shame to him, whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
—Shakespeare.

Judgment

Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.—Shakespeare.

Wise judges are we of each other! —Richelieu.

When we love, it is the heart that judges.—Joubert.

Judge thyself with a judgment of sincerity, and thou wilt judge others with a judgment of charity.—Mason.

The more one judges, the less one loves.—Balzac.

No man should be judge in his own case.—Law Maxim.

Extreme justice is extreme injustice.—Cicero.

He hurts the good who spares the bad.—Syrus.

For every event is a judgment of God.—Schiller.

Judgment is forced upon us by experience.—Johnson.

Make not thyself the judge of any man.—Longfellow.

One man's word is no man's word; we should quietly hear both sides.—Goethe.

Who upon earth could live were all judged justly?—Byron.

Every one complains of the badness of his memory, but nobody of his judgment.—Rochefoucauld.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches; none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
—Pope.

The right of private judgment is absolute in every American citizen.—James A. Garfield.

The judgment of a great people is often wiser than the wisest men.—Kossuth.

Judging is balancing an account, and determining on which side the odds lie.—Locke.

I will chide no heathen in the world, but myself, against whom I know most faults.—Shakespeare.

The world is an excellent judge in general, but a very bad one in particular.—Lord Greville.

A judgment is the mental act by which one thing is affirmed or denied of another.—Sir W. Hamilton.

And how his audit stands, who knows, save Heaven?—Shakespeare.

How would you be if He, which is the top of judgment, should but judge you as you are?—Shakespeare.

Men's judgments sway on that side fortune leans.—George Chapman.

Outward judgment often fails, inward justice never.—Theodore Parker.

Hear one side, and you will be in the dark; hear both sides, and all will be clear.—Haliburton.

I can promise to be sincere, but I cannot promise to be impartial.—Goethe.

There are no judgments so harsh as those of the erring, the inexperienced, and the young.—Miss Mulock.

I mistrust the judgment of every man in a case in which his own wishes are concerned.—Wellington.

They, judgment and reason, have been grandjurymen since before Noah was a sailor.—Shakespeare.

Next to sound judgment, diamonds and pearls are the rarest things to be met with.—Bruyère.

O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!
—Shakespeare.

We shall be judged, not by what we might have been, but what we have been.—Sewell.

Woe to him, * * * who has no court of appeal against the world's judgment.—Carlyle.

Human judgment is finite, and it ought always to be charitable.—William Winter.

How little do they see what is, who frame
Their hasty judgment upon that which seems.
—Southey.

If we will measure other people's corn in our own bushel, let us first take it to the Divine standard, and have it sealed.—J. G. Holland.

Judge thyself with a judgment of sincerity, and thou wilt judge others with a judgment of charity.—Mason.

We judge ourselves by what we feel capable of doing, while others judge us by what we have already done.—Longfellow.

The very thing that men think they have got the most of, they have got the least of; and that is judgment.—H. W. Shaw.

How are we justly to determine in a world where there are no innocent ones to judge the guilty?—Madame de Genlis.

Men are not to be judged by their looks, habits, and appearances; but by the character of their lives and conversations, and by their works.—L'Estrange.

The most generous and merciful in judgment upon the faults of others, are always the most free from faults themselves.—Aughey.

Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve by judgment.
—Shakespeare.

We neither know nor judge ourselves: others may judge, but cannot know us. God alone judges and knows us.—Wilkie Collins.

In judging of others, a man laboreth in vain,—often erreth and easily sinneth; but in judging and examining himself, he always laboreth fruitfully.—Thomas à Kempis.

For we must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad.—Bible.

Rashly, nor ofttimes truly, doth man pass judgment on his brother; for he seeth not the springs of the heart, nor heareth the reasons of the mind.—Tupper.

Fools measure actions after they are done by the event; wise men beforehand, by the rules of reason and

right. The former look to the end to judge of the act. Let me look to the act, and leave the end to God.—Bishop Hale.

O, how full of error is the judgment of mankind. They wonder at results when they are ignorant of the reasons. They call it fortune when they know not the cause, and thus worship their own ignorance changed into a deity.—Metastasio.

In forming a judgment, lay your hearts void of fore-taken opinions; else, whatsoever is done or said, will be measured by a wrong rule; like them who have the jaundice, to whom everything appeareth yellow.—Sir P. Sidney.

It is very questionable, in my mind, how far we have the right to judge one of another, since there is born within every man the germs of both virtue and vice. The development of one or the other is contingent upon circumstances.—Ballou.

The judgment may be compared to a clock or watch, where the most ordinary machine is sufficient to tell the hours: but the most elaborate alone can point out the minutes and seconds, and distinguish the smallest differences of time.—Fontenelle.

Foolish men imagine that because judgment for an evil thing is delayed, there is no justice, but an accident alone, here below. Judgment for an evil thing is many times delayed some day or two, some century or two; but it is sure as life, it is sure as death! —Carlyle.

Ev'n not all these, in one rich lot combined,
Can make the happy man, without the mind,
Where judgment sits clear-sighted, and surveys
The chain of reason with unerring gaze.
—Thomson.

It behooves us always to bear in mind, that while actions are always to be judged by the immutable standard of right and wrong, the judgments which we pass upon men must be qualified by considerations of age, country, station, and other accidental circumstances; and it will then be found that he who is most charitable in his judgment is generally the least unjust.—Southey.

God does not weigh criminality in our scales. We have one absolute, with the seal of authority upon it; and with us an ounce is an ounce, and a pound a pound. God's measure is the heart of the offender,—a balance which varies with every one of us, a balance so delicate that a tear cast in the other side may make the weight of error kick the beam.—Lowell.

Would that our harsh judgments could be restrained, our impatience checked, our selfishness broken down, our passions controlled, our waste of time and life in worthless or unworthy objects corrected, by the thought that there is One in whose hands we are, who cares for us with a parent's love, who will judge us hereafter without the slightest tinge of human infirmity, the All-Merciful and the All-Just.—Dean Stanley.

Judgment Day

Truly at the day of judgment we shall not be examined as to what we have read, but as to what we have done; not as to how well we have spoken, but as to how religiously we have lived.—Thomas à Kempis.

Oh, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.
—Walter Scott.

We are all approaching that dread tribunal. However diversified our paths, they all converge toward that common centre. The young, with their elastic tread, are striding to the judgment; the old, with their tottering limbs are creeping to the judgment; the rich in their splendid equipages are driving to the judgment; the poor in rags and barefooted are walking to the judgment. The Christian making God's statutes his song, is a pilgrim to the judgment; the sin-

ner, treading upon the mercy of Jesus, and trampling upon His blood, is hastening to the judgment. "We must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ."—Richard Fuller.

Glorious transformation! glorious translation! I seem already to behold the wondrous scene. The sea and the land have given up their dead! the quickened myriads have been judged according to their works. And now, an innumerable company, out of all nations and tribes and tongues, ascend with the Mediator towards the kingdom of His Father. Can it be that these, who were born children of earth, who were long enemies to God by wicked works, are to enter the bright scenes of paradise? Yes, He who leads them has washed them in His blood; He who leads them has sanctified them by His Spirit.—Henry Melvill.

Meanwhile the globe begins to tremble on its axis; the moon is covered with a bloody veil, the threatening stars hang half detached from the vault of heaven, and the agony of the world commences. Then, all at once, the fatal hour strikes; God suspends the movements of the creation, and the earth has passed away like an exhausted river. Now resounds the trumpet of the angel of judgment; and the cry is heard, "Arise, ye dead!" The sepulchres burst open with a terrific noise, the human race issues all at once from the tomb, and the assembled multitudes fill the valley of Jehoshaphat. Behold, the Son of Man appears in the clouds; the powers of hell ascend from the depths of the abyss to witness the last judgment pronounced upon the ages; the goats are separated from the sheep, the wicked are plunged into the gulf, the just ascend triumphantly to heaven, God returns to His repose, and the reign of eternity commences.—Chateaubriand.

June

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then heaven tries earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays.
—Lowell.

It is the month of June,
The month of leaves and roses,
When pleasant sights salute the eyes
And pleasant scents the noses.
—N. P. Willis.

June falls asleep upon her bier of flowers;
In vain are dewdrops sprinkled o'er her,
In vain would fond winds fan her back to life,
Her hours are numbered on the floral dial.
—Lucy Larcom.

July

The summer looks out from her brazen tower,
Through the flashing bars of July.
—Francis Thompson.

Loud is the summer's busy song
The smallest breeze can find a tongue,
While insects of each tiny size
Grow teasing with their melodies,
Till noon burns with its blistering breath
Around, and day lies still as death.
—Clare.

The linden, in the fervors of July,
Hums with a louder concert. When the wind
Sweeps the broad forest in its summer prime,
As when some master-hand exulting sweeps
The keys of some great organ, ye give forth
The music of the woodland depths, a hymn
Of gladness and of thanks. —Bryant.

Jury

Do not your juries give their verdict
As if they felt the cause, not heard it.
—Butler.

The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang, that jurymen may dine.
—Pope.

The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May, in the sworn twelve, have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try.—Shakespeare.

In my mind he was guilty of no error, he was chargeable with no exaggeration, he was betrayed by his fancy into no metaphor, who once said, that all we see about us, Kings, Lords, and Commons, the whole machinery of the state, all the apparatus of the system, and its varied workings, end in simply bringing twelve good men into a box.—Lord Brougham.

Justice

Heaven's slow but sure redress of human ills.—Owen Meredith.

Justice is truth in action.—Joubert.

Justice is the soul of the universe.—Omar Khayam.

Justice satisfies everybody, and justice alone.—Emerson.

Justice delayed is justice denied.—Gladstone.

Justice without wisdom is impossible.—Froude.

Delay of justice is injustice.—Landor.

He who is only just is cruel.—Byron.

Justice always whirls in equal measure.—Shakespeare.

Justice is the great end of civil society.—David Dudley Field.

Moderation is the basis of justice.—George MacDonald.

The great soul of this world is just.—Carlyle.

Justice is lame as well as blind among us.—Otway.

The books are balanced in heaven, not here.—H. W. Shaw.

Let us be sacrificers, but no butchers.—Shakespeare.

Let justice be done, though the heavens should fall.—Motto of Emperor Ferdinand I.

Peace, if possible, but justice at any rate.—Wendell Phillips.

The virtue of justice consists in moderation, as regulated by wisdom.—Aristotle.

Justice discards party, friendship, kindred, and is always, therefore, represented as blind.—Addison.

There is no virtue so truly great and godlike as justice.—Addison.

It is impossible to be just if one is not generous.—Joseph Roux.

Every place is safe to him who lives with justice.—Epictetus.

Be just in all thy actions, and if join'd
With those that are not, never change thy mind. —Denham.

God's mill grinds slow, but sure.—George Herbert.

The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.
—Paraphrase of Psalm cxii. 6.

Above all other things is justice: success is a good thing; wealth is good also; honor is better; but justice excels them all.—David Dudley Field.

Man is unjust, but God is just; and finally justice triumphs.—Longfellow.

The hope of all who suffer,
The dread of all who wrong.
—Whittier.

Poise the cause in justice's equal scales,
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails. —Shakespeare.

Whoever fights, whoever falls,
Justice conquers evermore.
—Emerson.

No obligation to justice does force a man to be cruel, or to use the sharpest sentence.—Jeremy Taylor.

Justice, being destroyed, will destroy; being preserved, will preserve.—Manu.

Justice is but the distributing to everything according to the requirements of its nature.—Glanvill.

Justice is like the north star, which is fixed, and all the rest revolve about it.—Confucius.

Justice is the bread of the nation; it is always hungry for it.—Chateaubriand.

Pity and forbearance should characterize all acts of justice.—Franklin.

Sound policy is never at variance with substantial justice.—Dr. Parr.

The injustice of men subserves the justice of God, and often His mercy.—Madame Swetchine.

Justice consists in doing no injury to men; decency, in giving them no offence.—Cicero.

All religion and all ethics are summed up in justice.—Conway.

Men are always invoking justice; yet it is justice which should make them tremble.—Mme. Swetchine.

Liberty, equality,—bad principles! The only true principle for humanity is justice, and justice towards the feeble becomes necessarily protection or kindness.—Amiel.

I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong.
—Shakespeare.

Justice is the fundamental and almost only virtue of social life, as it embraces all those actions which are useful to society.—Volney.

Justice offers nothing but what may be accepted with honor; and lays claim to nothing in return but what we ought not even to wish to withhold.—Woman's Rights and Duties.

The sentiment of justice is so natural, so universally acquired by all mankind, that it seems to me independent of all law, all party, all religion.—Voltaire.

Justice is the insurance which we have on our lives and property; to which may be added, and obedience is the premium which we pay for it.—William Penn.

Truth is its handmaid, freedom is its child, peace is its companion, safety walks in its steps, victory follows in its train; it is the brightest emanation from the gospel, it is the attribute of God.—Sydney Smith.

God gives manhood but one clew to success,—utter and exact justice; that he guarantees shall be always expediency.—Wendell Phillips.

God's justice, tardy though it prove perchance,
Rests never on the track until it reach
Delinquency. —Robert Browning.

Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just,
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted. —Shakespeare.

Justice is the idea of God, the ideal of man, the rule of conduct writ in the nature of mankind.—Theodore Parker.

Be just and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's. —Shakespeare.

Justice is the great interest of man on earth. It is the ligament which holds civilized beings and civilized nations together.—Webster.

In matters of equity between man and man, our Saviour has taught us to put my neighbor in place of myself, and myself in place of my neighbor.—Dr. Watts.

Who shall put his finger on the work of justice, and say, "It is there"? Justice is like the kingdom of God: it is not without us as a fact; it is within us as a great yearning.—George Eliot.

At present we can only reason of the divine justice from what we know of justice in man. When we are in other scenes, we may have truer and nobler ideas of it; but while we are in this life, we can only speak from the volume that is laid open before us. —Pope.

Though justice be thy plea, consider this, that in the course of justice none of us should see salvation. We do pray for mercy; and that same prayer doth teach us all to render the deeds of mercy.—Shakespeare.

Ay, justice, who evades her?
Her scales reach every heart;
The action and the motive,
She weigheth each apart;
And none who swerve from right or truth
Can 'scape her penalty. —Mrs. Hale.

Justice is immortal, eternal, and immutable, like God Himself; and the development of law is only then a progress when it is directed towards those principles which like Him, are eternal; and whenever prejudice or error succeeds in establishing in customary law any doctrine contrary to eternal justice.—Kossuth.

Justice is passionless and therefore sure;
Guilt for a while may flourish; virtue sink
'Neath the shade of calumny and ill; justice
At last, like the bright sun, shall break majestic forth,
The shield of innocence, the guard of truth. —J. F. Smith.

K

Kin

Our kindred first.—Chamfort.

The rich never want kindred.—

A little more than kin, and less than kind.—Shakespeare.

Let the white man's country be my country, and his kindred my kindred. —Pocahontas.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.—Shakespeare.

The parted bosom clings to wonted home, if aught that's kindred cheer the welcome hearth.—Byron.

Kindness

Kind words are the music of the world.—F. W. Faber.

Beauty lives with kindness.—Shakespeare.

Kindness is virtue itself.—Lamartine.

Heaven in sunshine will requite the kind.—Byron.

Kindness gives birth to kindness.—Sophocles.

Kindness nobler ever than revenge. —Shakespeare.

A small unkindness is a great offence.—Hannah More.

How wise must one be to be always kind.—Marie Ebner-Eschenbach.

Kindness, the poetry of the heart.—Aimé-Martin.

Paradise is open to all kind hearts. —Béranger.

There is a vast deal of vital air in loving words.—Landor.

Kindness which is not inexhaustible does not deserve the name.—Marie Ebner-Eschenbach.

He had a face like a benediction.—Cervantes.

Kindness is the only charm permitted to the aged; it is the coquetry of white hairs.—Octave Feuillet.

Kindness has converted more sinners than either zeal, eloquence, or learning.—F. W. Faber.

Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love. —Shakespeare.

That best portion of a good man's life,
His little nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love.—Wordsworth.

Wherever there is a human being there is an opportunity for a kindness. —Seneca.

Kindness is wisdom. There is none in life
But needs it and may learn. —Bailey.

Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk o' human kindness. —Shakespeare.

Wise sayings often fall on barren ground; but a kind word is never thrown away.—Arthur Helps.

If what must be given is given willingly the kindness is doubled.—Syrus.

Kindness is the golden chain by which society is bound together.—Goethe.

An effort made for the happiness of others lifts us above ourselves.—Mrs. L. M. Child.

Kind hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood. —Tennyson.

You may ride us with one soft kiss a thousand furlongs, ere with spur we heat an acre.—Shakespeare.

The drying up a single tear has more of honest fame than shedding seas of gore.—Byron.

There is no beautifier of complexion or form or behavior like the wish to scatter joy, and not pain, around us.—Emerson.

There is no dearth of kindness in this world of ours; only in our blindness we gather thorns for flowers.—Gerald Massey.

Their cause I plead—plead it in heart and mind;
A fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind.
—David Garrick.

I have sped by land and sea, and mingled with much people, but never yet could find a spot unsunned by human kindness.—Tupper.

What thou wilt,
Thou shalt rather enforce it with thy smile,
Than hew to't with thy sword.
—Shakespeare.

Gentle feelings produce profoundly beneficial effects upon stern natures. It is the spring rain which melts the ice-covering of the earth, and causes it to open to the beams of heaven.—Fredrika Bremer.

Ministers who threaten death and destruction employ weapons of weakness. Argument and kindness are alone effectual, flavored by the principles of Divine love.—Hosea Ballou.

A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man than this, that when the injury began on his part, the kindness should begin on ours.—Tillotson.

How easy it is for one benevolent being to diffuse pleasure around him; and how truly is a kind heart a fountain of gladness, making everything in its vicinity to freshen into smiles! —Washington Irving.

Oppose kindness to perverseness. The heavy sword will not cut soft silk; by using sweet words and gentleness you may lead an elephant with a hair.—Saadi.

Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindnesses and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart, and secure comfort.—Sir Humphry Davy.

The cheapest of all things is kindness, its exercise requiring the least possible trouble and self-sacrifice. "Win hearts," said Burleigh to Queen Elizabeth, "and you have all men's hearts and purses."—Samuel Smiles.

The happiness of life may be greatly increased by small courtesies in which there is no parade, whose voice is too still to tease, and which manifest themselves by tender and affectionate looks, and little kind acts of attention.—Sterne.

He who confers a favor should at once forget it, if he is not to show a sordid ungenerous spirit. To remind a man of a kindness conferred on him, and to talk of it, is little different from reproach.—Demosthenes.

One kindly deed may turn
The fountain of thy soul
To love's sweet day-star, that shall o'er thee burn
Long as its currents roll. —Holmes.

Always say a kind word if you can, if only that it may come in, perhaps, with singular opportuneness, entering some mournful man's darkened room, like a beautiful firefly, whose

happy circumvolutions he cannot but watch, forgetting his many troubles. —Helps.

We may scatter the seeds of courtesy and kindness around us at so little expense. Some of them will inevitably fall on good ground, and grow up into benevolence in the minds of others; and all of them will bear fruit of happiness in the bosom whence they spring.—Bentham.

Kind words produce their own image in men's souls, and a beautiful image it is. They soothe and quiet and comfort the hearer. They shame him out of his sour, morose, unkind feelings. We have not yet begun to use kind words in such abundance as they ought to be used.—Pascal.

In the intercourse of social life, it is by little acts of watchful kindness recurring daily and hourly,—and opportunities of doing kindnesses if sought for are forever starting up,—it is by words, by tones, by gestures, by looks, that affection is won and preserved. He who neglects these trifles, yet boasts that, whenever a great sacrifice is called for, he shall be ready to make it, will rarely be loved. The likelihood is, he will not make it; and if he does, it will be much rather for his own sake than for his neighbor's.—G. A. Sala.

Since trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from our foibles springs;
Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
And few can save or serve, but all may please;
Oh! let th' ungentle spirit learn from hence
A small unkindness is a great offense,
Large bounties to restore we wish in vain,
But all may shun the guilt of giving pain.
—Hannah More.

Everyone of us knows how painful it is to be called by malicious names, to have his character undermined by false insinuations, to be overreached in a bargain, to be neglected by those who rise in life, to be thrust on one side by those who have stronger wills and stouter hearts. Everyone knows, also, the pleasure of receiving a kind look, a warm greeting, a hand held out to help in distress, a difficulty solved, a higher hope revealed for this world or the next. By that pain and by that pleasure let us judge what we should do to others.—Dean Stanley.

Kings

A king should be a king in all things.—Adrian.

There's such divinity doth hedge a king.—Shakespeare.

Every monarch is subject to a mightier one.—Seneca.

The right divine of kings to govern wrong!—Pope.

The king's name is a tower of strength.—Shakespeare.

A good king is a public servant.—Ben Jonson.

What is a king? a man condemn'd to bear
The public burthen of the nation's care.
—Prior.

The king that yields to popular commotions,
Is more the slave than sovereign of his people. —Philips.

The king that faithfully judgeth the poor, his throne shall be established forever.—Bible.

Luxurious kings are to their people lost,
They live like drones, upon the public cost.
—Dryden.

The presence of a king engenders love
Amongst his subjects, and his royal friends.
—Shakespeare.

What have kings
That privates have not too, save ceremony?
—Shakespeare.

Oh, happy kings,
Whose thrones are raised in their subjects' hearts. —John Ford.

He on whom heaven confers a sceptre knows not the weight till he bears it.—Corneille.

Implements of war and subjugation are the last arguments to which kings resort.—Patrick Henry

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.—Shakespeare.

Whoever is king, is also the father of his country.—Congreve.

Empire! thou poor and despicable thing, when such as these make or unmake a king!—Dryden.

A man's a man; but when you see a king, you see the work of many thousand men.—George Eliot.

Kings will be tyrants from policy, when subjects are rebels from principle.—Ed. Burke.

Kings are like stars—they rise and set—they have
The worship of the world, but no repose.
—Shelley.

A king is the first servant and first magistrate of the state.—Frederick the Great.

Kings are for nations in their swaddling-clothes: France has attained her majority.—Victor Hugo.

The king is but a man, as I am, the violet smells to him as it does to me.—Shakespeare.

O, unhappy state of kings! it is well the robe of majesty is gay, or who would put it on?—Hannah More.

Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed king:
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord.
—Shakespeare.

A crown! what is it? It is to bear the miseries of a people,—to hear their murmurs, feel their discontents, and sink beneath a load of splendid care.—Hannah More.

Within the hollow crown that rounds the mortal temples of a king, keeps Death his court; and there the antic sits, scoffing his state.—Shakespeare.

The example alone of a vicious prince will corrupt an age: but that of a good one will not reform it.—Swift.

The people are fashioned according to the example of their king, and edicts are of less power than the model which his life exhibits.—Claudianus

When a king sets himself to bandy against the highest court and residence of all regal powers, he then, in the single person of a man, fights against his own majesty and kingship. —Milton.

A king may be a tool, a thing of straw; but if he serves to frighten our enemies, and secure our property, it is well enough; a scarecrow is a thing of straw, but it protects the corn.—Pope.

A crown
Golden in show, is but a wreath of thorns;
Brings danger, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights
To him who wears a regal diadem.
—Milton.

He is ours,
T' administer, to guard, t' adorn the state,
But not to warp or change it. We are his,
To serve him nobly in the common cause,
True to the death, but not to be his slaves.
—Cowper.

And while they live, we see their glorious actions
Oft wrested to the worst; and all their life
Is but a stage of endless toil and strife,
Of torments, uproars, mutinies, and factions;
They rise with fear, and lie with danger down;
Huge are the cares that wait upon the crown. —Earl of Sterling.

He's a king,
A right true king, that dares do aught save wrong:
Fears nothing mortal, but to be unjust;
Who is not blown up with the flatt'ring puffs
Of spongy sycophants; who stands unmov'd
Despite the jostling of opinion.—Marston.

The king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them; but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting in many ways. —Shakespeare.

One of the strongest natural proofs of the folly of hereditary right in kings is, that Nature disapproves it;

otherwise she would not so frequently turn it into ridicule by giving mankind an ass in place of a lion.—Thomas Paine.

Kisses

The blossom of love.—Ninon de Lenclos.

Love's great artillery.—Crashaw.

Kisses are the messengers of love.—Martin Opitz.

Stolen kisses are always sweetest.—Leigh Hunt.

A kiss from my mother made me a painter.—Benjamin West.

A long, long kiss, a kiss of youth, and love.—Byron.

"Kiss" rhymes to "bliss" in fact, as well as verse.—Byron.

Eden revives in the first kiss of love.—Byron.

Sweetest memorial, the first kiss of love.—Byron.

Our spirits rushed together at the touching of the lips.—Tennyson.

With this kiss take my blessing. God protect thee!—Shakespeare.

As in the soft and sweet eclipse, when soul meets soul on lovers' lips. —Shelley.

You cannot analyze a kiss any more than you can dissect the fragrance of flowers.—H. W. Shaw.

I clasp thy waist, I feel thy bosom's beat—oh, kiss me into faintness sweet and dim!—Alexander Smith.

Or leave a kiss but in the cup, and I'll not look for wine.—Ben Jonson.

Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss, as seal to the indenture of my love.—Shakespeare.

Lord! I wonder what fool it was that first invented kissing.—Swift.

Some there be that shadows kiss; such have but a shadow's bliss.—Shakespeare.

* * * And when my lips meet thine
Thy very soul is wedded unto mine.
—H. H. Boyesen.

A soft lip
Would tempt you to eternity of kissing!
—Ben Jonson.

What is a kisse? Why this, as some approve:
The sure sweet sement, glue, and lime of love. —Herrick.

I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disputation.
—Shakespeare.

The fragrant infancy of opening flowers flowed to my senses in that melting kiss.—Southern.

Once more for pity, that I may keep the flavor upon my lips till we meet again.—Dryden.

The kiss you take is paid by that you give:
The joy is mutual, and I'm still in debt.
—Lord Lansdowne.

Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part.—Drayton.

Come, lay thy head upon my breast,
And I will kiss thee unto rest.
—Byron.

Thy lips which spake wrong counsel, I kiss close.—E. B. Browning.

Oh! let me live forever on those lips!
The nectar of the gods to these is tasteless.
—Dryden.

And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.—Shakespeare.

God pardons like a mother, who kisses the offence into everlasting forgetfulness.—Beecher.

Teach not thy lip such scorn; for it was made for kissing, lady, not for such contempt.—Shakespeare.

Then kissed me hard, as if he plucked up kisses by the roots, that grew upon my lips.—Shakespeare.

Mercy and truth are met together: righteousness and peace have kissed each other.—Bible.

Sweeter than the stolen kiss
Are the granted kisses.
—Bayard Taylor.

And with a velvet lip print on his brow such language as the tongue hath never spoken.—Mrs. Sigourney.

Give me one kiss, I'll give it to thee again;
And one for interest, if thou wilt have twain. —Shakespeare.

Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career of laughter with a sigh?—Shakespeare.

The sound of a kiss is not so loud as that of a cannon, but its echo lasts a deal longer.—Holmes.

Kiss the tear from her lip, you'll find the rose
The sweeter for the dew. —Webster.

It is the passion that is in a kiss that gives to it its sweetness; it is the affection in a kiss that sanctifies it.—Bovee.

I rest content, I kiss your eyes, I kiss your hair in my delight; I kiss my hand and say good-night.—Joaquin Miller.

First time he kiss'd me, he but only kiss'd
The fingers of this hand wherewith I write;
And ever since it grew more clean and white. —E. B. Browning.

He kissed her and promised. Such beautiful lips! Man's usual fate,—he was lost upon the coral reefs.—Douglas Jerrold.

Four sweet lips, two pure souls, and one undying affection,—these are love's pretty ingredients for a kiss.—Bovee.

O Love, O fire! once he drew with one long kiss my whole soul through my lips, as sunlight drinketh dew.—Tennyson.

She brought her cheek up close, and leaned on his; at which he whispered kisses back on hers.—Dryden.

That farewell kiss which resembles greeting, that last glance of love which becomes the sharpest pang of sorrow.—George Eliot.

I was betrothed that day;
I wore a troth kiss on my lips I could not give away. —E. B. Browning.

Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which in their summer beauty kiss'd each other. —Shakespeare.

Kisses are like grains of gold or silver found upon the ground, of no value themselves, but precious as showing that a mine is near.—George Villiers.

It is delightful to kiss the eyelashes of the beloved—is it not? But never so delightful as when fresh tears are on them.—Landor.

Now by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss I carried from thee, dear; my true lip hath virgined it ever since.—Shakespeare.

O delicious kiss,
Why thou so suddenly art gone?
Lost in the moment thou art won?
—Peter Pindar.

Her mouth's culled sweetness by thy kisses shed
On cheeks and neck and eyelids, and so led
Back to her mouth which answers there for all. —Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

My lips pressed themselves involuntarily to hers—a long, long kiss, burning intense—concentrating emotion, heart, soul, all the rays of life's light, into a single focus.—Bulwer.

I came to feel how far above
All fancy, pride, and fickle maidenhood,
All earthly pleasure, all imagined good,
Was the warm tremble of a devout kiss.
—Keats.

Says he—"I'd better call agin;"
Says she—"Think likely, mister!"
Thet last word picked him like a pin,
An'—Wal, he up an' kist her.
—Lowell.

And steal immortal kisses from her lips; which even in pure and vestal modesty still blush as thinking their own kisses sin.—Shakespeare.

You would think, if our lips were made of horn and stuck out a foot or two from our faces, kisses at any rate would be done for. Not so. No creatures kiss each other so much as the birds.—Charles Buxton.

My lips till then had only known
The kiss of mother and of sister,
But somehow, full upon her own
Sweet, rosy, darling mouth—I kissed her.
—E. C. Stedman.

I felt the while a pleasing kind of smart,
The kiss went tingling to my very heart;
When it was gone the sense of it did stay,
The sweetness cling'd upon my lips all day,
Like drops of honey loth to fall away.
—Dryden.

A pleasing trembling thrills through all my blood
Whene'er you touch me with your melting hand;
But when you kiss, oh! 'tis not to be spoke.
—Gildon.

Then press my lips, where plays a flame of bliss—
A pure and holy love-light—and forsake
The angel for the woman in a kiss,
At once I wis,
My soul will wake!
—Victor Hugo.

Give me a kisse, and to that kisse a score;
Then to that twenty, adde a hundred more;
A thousand to that hundred; so kiss on,
To make that thousand up a million;
Treble that million, and when that is done,
Let's kisse afresh, as when we first begun.
—Herrick.

Take, O take those lips away,
That so sweetly were foresworn;
And, those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn;
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, but sealed in vain.
—Shakespeare.

Give me kisses! Nay, 'tis true
I am just as rich as you;
And for every kiss I owe,
I can pay you back, you know.
Kiss me, then,
Every moment—and again.
—J. G. Saxe.

It is as old as the creation, and yet as young and fresh as ever. It pre-existed, still exists, and always will exist. Depend upon it, Eve learned it in Paradise, and was taught its beauties, virtues, and varieties by an angel, there is something so transcendent in it.—Haliburton.

Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine,
(Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red)
The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine;—
What seest thou in the ground? hold up thy head;
Look in mine eyeballs; there thy beauty lies;
Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in eyes?
—Shakespeare.

I love the sex, and sometimes would reverse
The tyrant's wish, "That mankind only had
One neck, which he with one fell stroke might pierce;"
My wish is quite as wide, but not so bad,
And much more tender on the whole than fierce;
It being (not now, but only while a lad)
That womankind had but one rosy mouth,
To kiss them all at once from north to south.
—Byron.

There is the kiss of welcome and of parting; the long, lingering, loving, present one; the stolen, or the mutual one; the kiss of love, of joy, and of sorrow; the seal of promise, and the receipt of fulfilment. Is it strange, therefore, that a woman is invincible, whose armory consists of kisses, smiles, sighs, and tears?—Haliburton.

Knavery

Knaves starve not in the land of fools.—Churchill.

Knavery's plain face is never seen till used.—Shakespeare.

Knavery is ever suspicious of knavery.—Addison.

Knaves will thrive when honest plainness knows not how to live.—Shirley.

By fools, knaves fatten; by bigots, priests are well clothed; every knave finds a gull.—Zimmermann.

While I live, no rich or noble knave shall walk the world in credit to his grave.—Pope.

Every knave is a thorough knave, and a thorough knave is a knave throughout.—Bishop Berkeley.

Even knaves may be made good for something.—Rousseau.

Knavery is supple, and can bend, but honesty is firm and upright and yields not.—Colton.

The craftiest wiles are too short and ragged a cloak to cover a bad heart.—Lavater.

Men, who are knaves individually, are in the mass very honorable people.—Montesquieu.

A knave thinks himself a fool, all the time he is not making a fool of some other person.—Hazlitt.

The worst of all knaves are those who can mimic their former honesty.—Lavater.

A man is not born a knave; there must be time to make him so, nor is he presently discovered after he becomes one.—Chief Justice Holt.

After a long experience in the world, I affirm, before God, I never knew a rogue who was not unhappy.—Junius.

Cunning leads to knavery; it is but a step from one to the other, and that very slippery; lying only makes the difference; add that to cunning, and it is knavery.—Bruyère.

There are cases in which a man would be ashamed not to have been imposed upon. There is a confidence necessary to human intercourse, and without which men are often more injured by their own suspicions than they would be by the perfidy of others.—Burke.

A thorough-paced knave will rarely quarrel with one whom he can cheat: his revenge is plunder; therefore he is usually the most forgiving of beings, upon the principle that if he come to an open rupture, he must defend himself: and this does not suit a man whose vocation it is to keep his hands in the pocket of another.—Colton.

Knowledge

Knowledge is power.—Bacon.

Knowledge is the parent of love; wisdom, love itself.—J. C. and A. W. Hare.

One cannot know everything.—Horace.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers.—Tennyson.

I take all knowledge to be my province.—Bacon.

Half our knowledge we must snatch, not take.—Pope.

Human knowledge is the parent of doubt.—Lord Greville.

Knowledge is folly unless grace guide it.—George Herbert.

He who knows much has many cares.—Lessing.

Integrity without knowledge is weak and useless.—Johnson.

Diffused knowledge immortalizes itself.—Mackintosh.

Half-knowledge is worse than ignorance.—Macaulay.

Knowledge is our ultimate good.—Socrates.

Knowledge advances by steps, and not by leaps.—Macaulay.

The only jewel which will not decay is knowledge.—John Alfred Langford.

Knowledge descries; wisdom applies.—Quarles.

Diffused knowledge immortalizes itself.—Sir James Mackintosh.

Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased.—Bible.

Knowledge exists to be imparted.—Emerson.

Knowledge is boundless,—human capacity, limited.—Chamfort.

Knowledge is more than equivalent to force.—Sam'l Johnson.

Every addition to true knowledge is an addition to human power.—Horace Mann.

He that increaseth knowledge increases sorrow.—Bible.

He who binds his soul to knowledge steals the key of heaven.—N. P. Willis.

All wish to possess knowledge, but few, comparatively speaking, are willing to pay the price.—Juvenal.

Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.
—Cowper.

To be conscious that you are ignorant is a great step to knowledge.—Benj. Disraeli.

If we do not plant knowledge when young, it will give us no shade when we are old.—Chesterfield.

The cultivation of the mind is a kind of food supplied for the soul of man.—Cicero.

Not only is there an art in knowing a thing, but also a certain art in teaching it.—Cicero.

And thou my minde aspire to higher things;
Grow rich in that which never taketh rust.
—Sir P. Sidney.

Knowledge is of two kinds. We know a subject ourselves, or we know where we can find information upon it.—Johnson.

What we know here is very little, but what we are ignorant of is immense.—La Place.

The desire of knowledge, like the thirst of riches, increases ever with the acquisition of it.—Sterne.

Our knowledge is our power, and God our strength.—Southey.

Knowledge is like money,—the more a man gets, the more he craves.—H. W. Shaw.

Ignorance is the curse of God, knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.—Shakespeare.

If you have knowledge, let others light their candles at it.—Fuller.

Knowledge is the only fountain, both of the love and the principles of human liberty.—Daniel Webster.

A mind full of knowledge is a mind that never fails.

Our knowledge is the amassed thought and experience of innumerable minds.—Emerson.

I envy no man that knows more than my self, but pity them that know less.—Sir Thomas Browne.

Let no knowledge satisfy but that which lifts above the world, which weans from the world, which makes the world a footstool.—Spurgeon.

That jewel knowledge is great riches, which is not plundered by kinsmen, nor carried off by thieves, nor decreased by giving.—Bhavabhuti.

Knowledge is not happiness, and science but an exchange of ignorance for that which is another kind of ignorance.—Byron.

Seldom ever was any knowledge given to keep, but to impart; the grace of this rich jewel is lost in concealment.—Bishop Hall.

Real knowledge never promoted either turbulence or unbelief; but its progress is the forerunner of liberality and enlightened toleration.—Lord Brougham.

Real knowledge, like every thing else of the highest value, is not to be obtained easily. It must be worked

for,—studied for,—thought for,—and, more than all, it must be prayed for. —Thomas Arnold.

Imparting knowledge, is only lighting other men's candle at our lamp, without depriving ourselves of any flame.—Jane Porter.

Knowledge, in truth, is the great sun in the firmament. Life and power are scattered with all its beams.—Daniel Webster.

Knowledge partakes of infinity; it widens with our capacities: the higher we mount in it, the vaster and more magnificent are the prospects it stretches out before us.—J. C. and A. W. Hare.

Those only who know little, can be said to know anything. The greater the knowledge the greater the doubt.—Goethe.

The first step to self-knowledge is self-distrust. Nor can we attain to any kind of knowledge, except by a like process.—J. C. and A. W. Hare.

Knowledge is not a shop for profit or sale, but a rich storehouse for the glory of the Creator, and the relief of men's estate.—Bacon.

The mind of man is this world's true dimension; and knowledge is the measure of the mind.—Greville.

Knowledge has its boundary line, where it abuts on ignorance; on the outside of that boundary line are ignorance and miracles; on the inside of it are science and no miracles.—Horace Mann.

There is no knowledge for which so great a price is paid as a knowledge of the world; and no one ever became an adept in it except at the expense of a hardened or a wounded heart.—Lady Blessington.

Knowledge is an excellent drug; but no drug has virtue enough to preserve itself from corruption and decay, if the vessel be tainted and impure wherein it is put to keep.—Montaigne.

That learning which thou gettest by thy own observation and experience, is far beyond that which thou gettest by precept; as the knowledge of a traveler exceeds that which is got by reading.—Thomas à Kempis.

The knowledge which we have acquired ought not to resemble a great shop without order, and without an inventory; we ought to know what we possess, and be able to make it serve us in need.—Leibnitz.

Knowledge is leagued with the universe, and findeth a friend in all things; but ignorance is everywhere a stranger, unwelcome; ill at ease and out of place.—Tupper.

As soon as a true thought has entered our mind, it gives a light which makes us see a crowd of other objects which we have never perceived before. —Chateaubriand.

Knowledge will not be acquired without pains and application. It is troublesome and deep digging for pure waters; but when once you come to the spring, they rise up and meet you. —Felton.

Knowledge always desires increase; it is like fire, which must first be kindled by some external agent, but which will afterwards propagate itself.—Johnson.

Who loves not knowledge? Who shall rail
Against her beauty? May she mix
With men and prosper! Who shall fix
Her pillars? Let her work prevail.
—Tennyson.

Every generation enjoys the use of a vast hoard bequeathed to it by antiquity, and transmits that hoard, augmented by fresh acquisitions, to future ages.—Macaulay.

Man often acquires just so much knowledge as to discover his ignorance, and attains so much experience as to regret his follies, and then dies. —W. B. Clulow.

Then I began to think, that it is very true which is commonly said, that

the one-half of the world knoweth not how the other half liveth.—Rabelais.

He who calls in the aid of an equal understanding, doubles his own; and he who profits of a superior understanding raises his powers to a level with the height of the superior understanding he unites with.—Burke.

What is all knowledge, too, but recorded experience, and a product of history; of which, therefore, reasoning and belief, no less than action and passion, are essential materials?—Carlyle.

The highest knowledge can be nothing more than the shortest and clearest road to truth; all the rest is pretension, not performance, mere verbiage and grandiloquence, from which we can learn nothing, but that it is the external sign of an internal deficiency. —Colton.

It is the glorious prerogative of the empire of knowledge, that what it gains it never loses. On the contrary, it increases by the multiple of its own power; all its ends become means; all its attainments help to new conquests.—Daniel Webster.

Every man of sound brain whom you meet knows something worth knowing better than yourself. A man, on the whole, is a better preceptor than a book. But what scholar does not allow that the dullest book can suggest to him a new and a sound idea?—Bulwer-Lytton.

The sure foundations of the State are laid in knowledge, not in ignorance; and every sneer at education, at culture, at book learning, which is the recorded wisdom of the experience of mankind, is the demagogue's sneer at intelligent liberty, inviting national degeneracy and ruin.—G. W. Curtis.

A Persian philosopher, being asked by what method he had acquired much knowledge, answered, "By not being prevented by shame from asking questions where I was ignorant."

Every human being whose mind is not debauched, will be willing to give all that he has to get knowledge.—Dr. Johnson.

Knowledge cannot be stolen from us. It cannot be bought or sold. We may be poor, and the sheriff may come and sell our furniture, or drive away our cow, or take our pet lamb, and leave us homeless and penniless; but he cannot lay the law's hand upon the jewelry of our minds.—Elihu Burritt.

Far must thy researches go
Wouldst thou learn the world to know;
Thou must tempt the dark abyss
Wouldst thou prove what Being is;
Naught but firmness gains the prize,
Naught but fullness makes us wise,
Buried deep truth e'er lies.
—Schiller.

Early knowledge is very valuable capital with which to set forth in life. It gives one an advantageous start. If the possession of knowledge has a given value at fifty, it has a much greater value at twenty-five; for there is the use of it for twenty-five of the most important years of your life; and it is worth more than a hundred per cent interest. Indeed, who can estimate the interest of knowledge? Its price is above rubies.—Winslow.

In reading authors, when you find
Bright passages, that strike your mind,
And which, perhaps, you may have reason
To think on, at another season,
Be not contented with the sight,
But take them down in black and white;
Such a respect is wisely shown,
As makes another's sense one's own.
—Byron.

There is nothing so charming as the knowledge of literature; of that branch of literature, I mean, which enables us to discover the infinity of things, the immensity of Nature, the heavens, the earth, and the seas; this is that branch which has taught us religion, moderation, magnanimity, and that has rescued the soul from obscurity; to make her see all things above and below, first and last, and between both; it is this that furnishes us wherewith to live well and happily, and guides us to pass our lives

without displeasure and without offence.—Cicero.

Pleasure is a shadow, wealth is vanity, and power a pageant; but knowledge is ecstatic in enjoyment, perennial in fame, unlimited in space, and infinite in duration. In the performance of its sacred offices, it fears no danger, spares no expense, looks in the volcano, dives into the ocean, perforates the earth, wings its flight into the skies, explores sea and land, contemplates the distant, examines the minute, comprehends the great, ascends to the sublime—no place too remote for its grasp, no height too exalted for its reach.—De Witt Clinton.

L

Labor

Labor conquers all things.—Homer.

Blessed are the horny hands of toil!—Lowell.

All true work is sacred.—Carlyle.

Labor, wide as the earth, has its summit in heaven.—Carlyle.

Labor, all labor, is noble and holy.—Mrs. Osgood.

From labor health, from health contentment springs.—Beattie.

Observe, without labor nothing prospers.—Sophocles.

Work is God's ordinance as truly as prayer.—George D. Boardman.

Virtue's guard is labor; ease, her sleep.—Tasso.

No labor is hopeless.—Joseph Roux.

Labor is the law of happiness.—Abel Stevens.

Labor humanizes, exalts.—A. Bronson Alcott.

The labor we delight in physics pain.—Shakespeare.

From labor there shall come forth rest.—Longfellow.

Labor is the handmaid of religion.—Charles H. Parkhurst.

For men must work and women must weep.—Charles Kingsley.

Honest labour bears a lovely face.—Thos Dekker.

Genius may conceive, but patient labor must consummate.—Horace Mann.

If the power to do hard work is not talent, it is the best possible substitute for it.—James A. Garfield.

Genius begins great works; labor alone finishes them.—Joubert.

No man is born into the world, whose work
Is not born with him. —Lowell.

Labor is the curse of the world, and nobody can meddle with it without becoming proportionately brutified.—Hawthorne.

Taxation reaches down to the base; but the base is labor, and labor pays all.—Donn Piatt.

Labor! all labor is noble and holy!
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God. —Frances S. Osgood.

Bodily labor alleviates the pains of the mind; and hence arises the happiness of the poor.—La Rochefoucauld.

The fruit derived from labor is the sweetest of all pleasures.—Vauvenargues.

Labour rids us of three great evils: irksomeness, vice and poverty.—Voltaire.

Labor disgraces no man; unfortunately, you occasionally find men who disgrace labor.—U. S. Grant.

Labor, therefore, is a duty from which no man living is exempt, without forfeiting his right to his daily bread.—Thomas Wilson.

Love labor; for if thou dost not want it for food, thou mayst for physic.—William Penn.

Nothing is denied to well-directed labor; nothing is ever to be attained without it.—Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Labor is the true alchemist that beats out in patient transmutation the baser metals into gold.—Wm. M. Punshon.

God has set labor and rest, as day and night to men successive.—Milton.

Labor is the divine law of our existence; repose is desertion and suicide.—Mazzini.

What is there that is illustrious that is not also attended by labor?—Cicero.

What men want is not talent, it is purpose; not the power to achieve, but the will to labor.—Bulwer-Lytton.

The duty of labor is written on a man's body: in the stout muscle of the arm, and the delicate machinery of the hand.—Theodore Parker.

Hard workers are usually honest. Industry lifts them above temptation. —Bovee.

There is always work, and tools to work withal, for those who will.—Beecher.

Labor is discovered to be the great, the grand conqueror, enriching and building up nations more surely than the proudest battles.—Channing.

The true epic of our times is not "Arms and the Man," but "Tools and the Man,"—an infinitely wider kind of epic.—Carlyle.

Labor is one of the great elements of society,—the great substantial interest on which we all stand.—Daniel Webster.

Blessed is the man who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. Know thy work, and do it: and work at it like Hercules. One monster there is in the world, the idle man.—Thomas Carlyle.

Moderate labor of the body conduces to the preservation of health, and cures many initial diseases.—Dr. W. Harvey.

If you want knowledge, you must toil for it; if food, you must toil for it; and if pleasure, you must toil for it: toil is the law.—Ruskin.

The lottery of honest labor, drawn by Time, is the only one whose prizes are worth taking up and carrying home.—Theodore Parker.

Labor in all its variety, corporeal and mental, is the instituted means for the methodical development of all our powers under the direction and control of will.—J. G. Holland.

Labor in this country is independent and proud. It has not to ask the patronage of capital, but capital solicits the aid of labor.—Daniel Webster.

Labor is life: from the inmost heart of the worker rises his God-given force, the sacred celestial life-essence breathed into him by Almighty God! —Carlyle.

There is a perennial nobleness and even sacredness in work. Were he ever so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works.—Carlyle.

Some relaxation is necessary to people of every degree; the head that thinks and the hand that labors, must have some little time to recruit their diminished powers.—Gilpin.

For as labor cannot produce without the use of land, the denial of the

equal right to the use of land is necessarily the denial of the right of labor to its own produce.—Henry George.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.
—Longfellow.

There is nothing truly valuable which can be purchased without pains and labor. The gods have set a price upon every real and noble pleasure.—Addison.

God gives every bird its food, but He does not throw it into the nest. He does not unearth the good that the earth contains, but He puts it in our way, and gives us the means of getting it ourselves.—J. G. Holland.

To labor rightly and earnestly is to walk in the golden track that leads to God. It is to adopt the regimen of manhood and womanhood. It is to come into sympathy with the great struggle of humanity toward perfection. It is to adopt the fellowship of all the great and good the world has ever known.—J. G. Holland.

What a glorious spectacle is that of the labor of man upon the earth! It includes everything in it that is glorious. Look around and tell me what you see, that is worth seeing, that is not the work of your hands and the hands of your fellows,—the multitudes of all ages.—William Howitt.

It is not work that kills men, it is worry. Work is healthy, you can hardly put more upon a man than he can bear. Worry is rust upon the blade. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but the friction. Fear secretes acids, but love and trust are sweet juices.—Beecher.

There is no doubt of the essential nobility of that man who pours into life the honest vigor of his toil, over those who compose the feathery foam of fashion that sweeps along Broadway; who consider the insignia of honor to consist in wealth and indolence; and who, ignoring the family history, paint coats of arms to cover up the leather aprons of their grandfathers.—Chapin.

It is to labor, and to labor only, that man owes everything possessed of exchangeable value. Labor is the talisman that has raised him from the condition of the savage; that has changed the desert and the forest into cultivated fields; that has covered the earth with cities, and the ocean with ships; that has given us plenty, comfort, and elegance, instead of want, misery, and barbarism.—M'Culloch.

Labor is rest—from the sorrows that greet us;
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us,
Rest from world-sirens that hire us to ill.
Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;
Work—thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow;
Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping willow!
Work with a stout heart and resolute will!
—Frances S. Osgood.

Labor Day

Labor is the crown of true royalty and the splendid scepter of man's highest and noblest sovereignty. As we behold you, O ye hosts of labor, marching through our streets to-day, we hail you as the mightiest social and civic agents of modern civilization.—Mail and Express.

Workingmen are at the foundation of society. Show me that product of human endeavor in the making of which the workingman has had no share, and I will show you something that society can well dispense with.—Samuel Gompers.

As a nation we are shutting our own sons out of the field of American labor, thus filling our prisons and reformatories and almshouses with them, and are letting into that field, for full possession, hordes of foreigners who make it a menace to the safety of American institutions, and a constant peril to the peace and wel-

fare of American society.—The Century.

And from this we learn something of the great importance of land and labor. These two are the sources of all wealth, all well-being, and all comfort. It is the will of God that these two should be joined so as to make this world a paradise of plenty; the laws of man have parted them and made the world barren and filled it with poverty and want.—Rev. Chas. Leach.

The distance between capital and labor is not a great gulf over which is swung a Niagara suspension bridge; it is only a step, and the laborers here will cross over and become capitalists and the capitalists will cross over and become laborers. Would to God they would shake hands while they are crossing, these from one side, and those from the other side.—Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

You are a free man, and let no organization come between you and your best interests. Do not let any man, or any body of men, tell you where you shall work, or where you shall not work, when you shall work, or when you shall not work. If a man wants to belong to a labor organization, let him belong. If he does not want to belong to a labor organization, let him have perfect liberty to stay out. You own yourself. Let no man put a manacle on your hand, or foot, or head, or heart.—Rev. T. Dewitt Talmage.

When one individual or class suffers, the whole body of society suffers; an injury to one is the concern of all, and the welfare of each the interest of all; and the common weal requires the improvement in the condition of wage-workers, materially, morally, and intellectually.—Rev. C. H. Zimmermann, D. D.

There has been a marvelous change in England during the last fifty years. Nowhere is labor so thoroughly organized, and nowhere has it acquired greater power. It has representatives in Parliament; has removed from the statute books many laws that were oppressive to wage-earning and tenant classes, and secured the wisest and most elaborate factory legislation to be found in the world. Trades unions are now recognized by the state as legitimate and necessary organizations. Their rights and functions are clearly defined. They are regularly incorporated; are thus made amenable to the law, and are protected by it in the exercise of their proper functions. In these respects labor organization in England is far in advance of this country. It is comparatively new here; and we have had since it began many of the excesses that characterized it during its first century in England.

There is a duty that the employer always owes to the employe, and that is to give him, by way of compensation, the full value of his labor. The disposition on the part of some rich employers to grind the faces of the poor, taking advantage of their necessities and securing their services at half what they are worth, is a shameful wrong, and it will, sooner or later ripen into revolution anywhere.—Southwestern Methodist.

Labor organizations ought to be incorporated. Their purposes, rights, and privileges should be clearly defined by law. They should be held responsible for the conduct of their members, and be compelled to make good any losses or injuries caused by their members under penalties of forfeiting their charters, and of the prosecution and punishment of their officials. Such legislation would be a protection to organizations that are properly conducted, as well as a safeguard against lawless action, and would be an important step toward the solution of the labor problem.—Western Recorder.

We believe that as yet public sentiment is strongly in favor of the laborers and against the powerful corporations and monopolies that seek to oppress them. We are sure it is opposed to the use of private armed force to in-

timidate or control laborers. But we are equally sure that public sentiment is overwhelmingly opposed to the preconcerted strikes which interrupt commerce and seek to extort unreasonable conditions. If the dissatisfied prefer to quit work, let them do so; but they must not seek by force to prevent others from taking their places who are willing and anxious to do so.—Religious Telescope.

It is capital which sets ten thousand looms in motion, lights the fires in the mills and factories, and starts the idle wheels of commerce. Yet, upon the other hand, capital needs labor to carry out its schemes. The two must work together, and not one against the other. Workmen should be allowed good living wages and capitalists get a fair profit. Some day this golden mean will be reached, but it lies farther in the future than the eye of man can now penetrate, and until it does come the laboring classes can gain nothing by any alliance with anarchy in any form, no matter how specious its words may be.—Presbyterian Banner.

Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down his brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?
O masters, lords, and rulers in all lands,
How will the Future reckon with this Man?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
With those who shaped him to the thing he is—
When this dumb Terror shall reply to God
After the silence of the centuries?

Again, I remark, relief will come to the laboring classes through the religious rectification of the country. Labor is appreciated and rewarded just in proportion as a country is Christianized. Show me a community that is thoroughly infidel, and I will show you a community where wages are small. Show me a community that is thoroughly Christianized, and I will show you a community where wages are comparatively large. How do I account for it? The philosophy is easy. Our religion is a democratic religion. It makes the owner of the mill understand he is a brother to all the operatives in that mill. Born of the same heavenly Father, to lie down in the same dust, to be saved by the same supreme mercy. No putting on of airs in the sepulcher or in the judgment.—Rev. T. Dewitt Talmage.

When the Golden Rule becomes the law of human life all this will be changed. The employer will ask how much he can pay the worker, not how little. The workman will ask how much he can do, not how little. We may not be able to reach this condition, but the war can be restricted and its evils ameliorated. Our people are at heart of a most friendly disposition toward workingmen and women. We have our Gradgrinds, snobs, and purse-proud sons of artisan fathers, our dudes and butterflies, but the mass of the rich, as well as those of only moderate means, have a genuine hearty sympathy and fellowship with the honest sons of toil. The chief trouble is not want of heart, but to hold busy men long enough to hear the tale of wrong, and to discriminate it from false appeals for aid. On the other hand, American workmen are, as a body, intelligent, spirited, and patriotic. They will not bear patronizing, but they are hungry for fraternity. The lodges and chapters, greatly outnumbering the churches, express this longing. The working people, if we give the term its proper scope, are the civil bulk of the nation. Everything—government, social order, production, commerce—is borne up and along by them. They formed the great bulk of the Union army. Why cannot they be called comrades now, as during the war? Why cannot the touch of elbows and the cadenced step

be had in civil life with all who love our free civil institutions? They are needed. They give strength and security as well as fellowship.—Ex-President Harrison.

Lady

To be gentle is the test of a lady.—Feltham.

It is easier to make a lady of a peasant-girl than a peasant-girl of a lady.—Herder.

Ladies, like variegated tulips, show
'Tis to their changes half their charms we owe. —Pope.

It is good manners, not rank, wealth, or beauty, that constitute the real lady.—Roger Ascham.

It is true politeness, gentleness, and love for humanity, that constitute a lady.—Annie E. Lancaster.

If the inner life of our fashionable women were known, how few would deserve the title of lady!—James Merrick.

There are many true ladies, and they differ somewhat from society generally. So does a true gentleman, on the same principle of refinement and nobility of character.—Maria McIntosh.

A fine lady; by which term I wish to express the result of that perfect education in taste and manner, down to every gesture, which heaven forbid that I, professing to be a poet, should undervalue. It is beautiful, and therefore I welcome it in the name of the author of all beauty. I value it so highly that I would fain see it extend not merely from Belgravia to the tradesman's villa, but thence, as I believe it one day will, to the laborer's hovel and the needlewoman's garret.—Charles Kingsley.

Landscape

However, I think a plain space near the eye gives it a kind of liberty it loves; and then the picture, whether you choose the grand or beautiful, should be held up at its proper distance. Variety is the principal ingredient in beauty; and simplicity is essential to grandeur.—Shenstone.

Every antique farm-house and moss-grown cottage is a picture.—Washington Irving.

This is grand! 'tis solemn! 'tis an education of itself to look upon!—James Fenimore Cooper.

There, interspersed in lawns and opening glades, thin trees arise, that shun each other's shade.—Pope.

Oh, what a glory doth this world put on for him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth under the bright and glorious sky!—Longfellow.

There is a property in the horizon which no man has, but he whose eyes can integrate all the parts, — that is, the poet.—Emerson.

Heavens! what a goodly prospect spreads around,
Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all
The stretching landscape into smoke decays.
—Thomson.

Landscapes are Nature's pictures.—M. E. Lee.

The mind is never more highly gratified than in contemplating a natural landscape.—Lord Kames.

Thou who wouldst see the lovely and the wild
Mingled in harmony on Nature's face,
Ascend our rocky mountains. Let thy foot
Fail not with weariness, for on their tops
The beauty and the majesty of earth,
Spread wide beneath, shall make thee to forget
The steep and toilsome way.
—William Cullen Bryant.

Language

An English tongue, if refined to a certain standard, might perhaps be fixed forever.—Swift.

Language is the picture and counterpart of thought.—Mark Hopkins.

Languages are the keys of science. —Bruyère.

The language of nature is the universal language.—Glück.

Languages are the pedigree of nations.—Johnson.

The language denotes the man.—Bovee.

Language is fossil poetry.—Emerson.

Language is the dress of thought.—Johnson.

Felicity, not fluency, of language is a merit.—Whipple.

Language is the machine of the poet.—Macaulay.

Languages are the barometers of national thought and character.—J. C. and A. W. Hare.

There was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture.—Shakespeare.

Language is a city to the building of which every human being brought a stone.—Emerson.

Language is only the instrument of science, and words are but the signs of ideas.—Sam'l Johnson.

In the commerce of speech use only coin of gold and silver.—Joubert.

A man who is ignorant of foreign languages is also ignorant of his own language.—Goethe.

Language, as well as the faculty of speech, was the immediate gift of God. —Noah Webster.

Language! the blood of the soul, air, into which our thoughts run, and out of which they grow.—O. W. Holmes.

The love of our own language, what is it, in fact, but the love of our country expressing itself in one particular direction?—Trench.

The language denotes the man. A coarse or refined character finds its expression naturally in a coarse or refined phraseology.—Bovee.

Language is not only the vehicle of thought, it is a great and efficient instrument in thinking.—Sir H. Davy.

Language is the armory of the human mind, and at once contains the trophies of its past, and the weapons of its future conquests.—Coleridge.

Language,—human language,—after all, is but little better than the croak and cackle of fowls, and other utterances of brute nature,—sometimes not so adequate.—Hawthorne.

Language. By this we build pyramids, fight battles, ordain and administer laws, shape and teach religion, and knit man to man, cultivate each other, and ourselves.—John Sterling.

Languages, like our bodies, are in a perpetual flux, and stand in need of recruits to supply those words that are continually falling, through disuse.—Felton.

Language is the expression of ideas, and if the people of one country cannot preserve an identity of ideas they cannot retain an identity of language. —Noah Webster.

Language is an art, and a glorious one, whose influence extends over all others, and in which all science whatever must centre; but an art springing from necessity, and originally invented by artless men.—Tooke.

Fie, fie upon her!
There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body.
—Shakespeare.

It is curious that some learned dunces, because they can write nonsense in languages that are dead

should despise those that talk sense in languages that are living. "To acquire a few tongues," says a French writer, "is the task of a few years, but to be eloquent in one, is the labor of a life."—Colton.

Language is the amber in which a thousand precious and subtle thoughts have been safely embedded and preserved. It has arrested ten thousand lightning flashes of genius, which unless fixed and arrested might have been as bright, but would have also been as quickly passing and perishing as the lightning.—Trench.

Lark

It was the lark, the herald of the morn.—Shakespeare.

Merry larks are ploughmen's clocks.—Shakespeare.

The busy lark, the messenger of day.—Chaucer.

Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed.—Hurdis.

They longed to see the day, to hear the lark record her hymns, and chant her carols blest.—Fairfax.

And now the herald lark
Left his ground-nest, high tow'ring to descry
The morn's approach, and greet her with his song. —Milton.

None but the lark so shrill and clear;
Now at heaven's gate she claps her wings,
The morn not waking till she sings.
—Lyly.

Lo! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty.
—Shakespeare.

Laughter

Laugh and be fat, sir.—Ben Jonson.

Oh, I am stabbed with laughter!—Shakespeare.

They laugh that win.—Shakespeare.

The laughers are a majority.—Pope.

Laughter means sympathy.—Carlyle.

A good laugh is sunshine in a house.—Thackeray.

The laughter of man is the contentment of God.—John Weiss.

With his eyes in flood with laughter.—Shakespeare.

Nothing is more silly than silly laughter.—Catullus.

Life without laughing is a dreary blank.—Thackeray.

Laugh and the world laughs with you.—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

He is not always at ease who laughs.—St. Evremond.

The loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind.—Goldsmith.

Least at thine own things laugh.—George Herbert.

And still, laughter is akin to weeping—Lavater.

I am tipsy with laughing.—Congreve.

Give me an honest laugher.—Sir Walter Scott.

People who do not know how to laugh, are always pompous and self-conceited.—Thackeray.

Did you ever observe that immoderate laughter always ends in a sigh?—Leigh Hunt.

Man is the only creature endowed with the power of laughter.—Greville.

The most completely lost of all days is that on which one has not laughed. Chamfort.

He who always prefaces his tale with laughter is poised between impertinence and folly.—Lavater

Sport, that wrinkled Care derides, and Laughter, holding both his sides. —Milton.

Laughter is the chorus of conversation.—Steele.

The house of laughter makes a house of woe.—Young.

To provoke laughter without joining in it greatly heightens the effect.—Balzac.

That laughter costs too much which is purchased by the sacrifice of decency.—Quintilian.

Men show their character in nothing more clearly than by what they think laughable.—Goethe.

How much lies in laughter: the cipher-key, wherewith we decipher the whole man.—Carlyle.

More people laugh at us than with us, however it may appear at the moment.—Ruffini.

The laughter of girls is, and ever was, among the delightful sounds of earth.—De Quincey.

Morally considered, laughter is next to the Ten Commandments.—H. W. Shaw.

Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt;
And every grin, so merry, draws one out.
—Peter Pindar.

With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come.—Shakespeare.

Though laughter is allowable, a horse-laugh is abominable.—Cicero.

The man who cannot laugh is not only fit for treasons, strategems, and spoils, but his whole life is already a treason and a strategem.—Carlyle.

Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment.
—Shakespeare.

Laughter is a most healthful exertion; it is one of the greatest helps to digestion with which I am acquainted. —Dr. Hufeland.

I am sure that since I had the use of my reason, no human being has ever heard me laugh.—Chesterfield.

I am persuaded that every time a man smiles — but much more so when he laughs — it adds something to this fragment of life.—Sterne.

I like the laughter that opens the lips and the heart,— that shows at the same time pearls and the soul.—Victor Hugo.

Hypocrites weep, and you cannot tell their tears from those of saints; but no bad man ever laughed sweetly yet.—Ouida.

One good, hearty laugh is a bomb-shell exploding in the right place, while spleen and discontent are a gun that kicks over the man who shoots it off.—Talmage.

Low gurgling laughter, as sweet
As the swallow's song i' the south,
And a ripple of dimples that, dancing, meet
By the curves of a perfect mouth.
—Paul Hamilton Hayne.

God made both tears and laughter, and both for kind purposes; for as laughter enables mirth and surprise to breathe freely, so tears enable sorrow to vent itself patiently. Tears hinder sorrow from becoming despair and madness.—Leigh Hunt.

Laughter almost ever cometh of things most disproportioned to ourselves and nature: delight hath a joy in it either permanent or present; laughter hath only a scornful tickling. —Sir Philip Sidney.

You hear that boy laughing?—you think he's all fun;
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done;
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all. —O. W. Holmes.

Wrinkle not thy face with too much laughter, lest thou become ridiculous;

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neither wanton thy heart with too much mirth, lest thou become vain: the suburbs of folly is vain mirth, and profuseness of laughter is the city of fools.—Quarles.

Then let us laugh. It is the cheapest luxury man enjoys, and, as Charles Lamb says, "is worth a hundred groans in any state of the market." It stirs up the blood, expands the chest, electrifies the nerves, clears away the cobwebs from the brain, and gives the whole system a shock to which the voltaic-pile is as nothing. Nay, its delicious alchemy converts even tears into the quintessence of merriment, and makes wrinkles themselves expressive of youth and frolic.—Wm. Matthews.

While her laugh, full of life, without any control,
But the sweet one of gracefulness, rung from her soul;
And where it most sparkled, no glance could discover
In lips, cheek or eyes, for it brightened all over—
Like any fair lake that the breeze was upon,
When it breaks into dimples, and laughs in the sun. —Moore.

Law

Laws are the sovereigns of sovereigns.—Louis the Fourteenth.

Laws are the silent assessors of God. —W. R. Alger.

All things obey fixed laws.—Lucretius.

The people's safety is the law of God.—James Otis.

Laws can discover sin, but not remove.—Milton.

Who loves law, dies either mad or poor.—Middleton.

Petty laws breed great crimes.—Ouida.

Old father antic the law.—Shakespeare.

The law,—it has honored us, may we honor it.—Daniel Webster.

The laws sometimes sleep, but never die.—Law Maxim.

Alas, the incertitude of the law!—Burke.

Laws are silent in the midst of arms.—John Bate.

There is a higher law than the constitution.—W. H. Seward.

It is only rogues who feel the restraints of law.—J. G. Holland.

Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law.—Goldsmith.

Christianity is part of the law of England.—Lord Eldon.

The law discovers the disease. The gospel gives the remedy.—Martin Luther.

Possession is eleven points in the law.—Colley Cibber.

Where law ends, there tyranny begins.—Earl of Chatham.

The law often allows what honor forbids.—Saurin.

The strictest laws sometimes become the severest injustice.—Terence.

Law is a bottomless pit; it is a cormorant,—a harpy that devours everything.—Swift.

When men are pure, laws are useless; when men are corrupt, laws are broken.—Beaconsfield.

The good need fear no law; it is his safety, and the bad man's awe.—Ben Jonson.

When the state is most corrupt, then the laws are most multiplied.—Tacitus.

Reason is the life of the law; nay, the common law itself is nothing else but reason.—Coke.

Of what use are laws inoperative through public immorality?—Horace.

Law should be like death, which spares no one.—Montesquieu.

The English laws punish vice; the Chinese laws do more, they reward virtue.—Goldsmith.

The law sends us to Christ to be justified, and Christ sends us to the law to be regulated.—John Flavel.

Law that shocks equity is reason's murderer.—Aaron Hill.

A mouse-trap; easy to enter, but not easy to get out of.—Mrs. Balfour.

Law is not law, if it violates the principles of eternal justice.—Lydia Maria Child.

Let us consider the reason of the case. For nothing is law that is not reason.—Sir John Powell.

Laws are not masters but servants, and he rules them who obeys them.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Law and equity are two things which God hath joined, but which man hath put asunder.—Colton.

The law is a pretty bird, and has charming wings. It would be quite a bird of paradise if it did not carry such a terrible bill.—Douglas Jerrold.

To make an empire durable, the magistrates must obey the laws, and the people the magistrates.—Solon.

Equity judgeth with lenity, laws with extremity. In all moral cases, the reason of the law is the law.—Walter Scott.

To seek the redress of grievances by going to law, is like sheep running for shelter to a bramble bush.—Dilwyn.

Avoid law suits beyond all things; they influence your conscience, impair your health, and dissipate your property.—La Bruyère.

Laws are the very bulwarks of liberty. They define every man's rights, and stand between and defend the individual liberties of all men.—J. G. Holland.

Coercion is the basis of every law in the universe,—human or divine. A law is not law without coercion behind it.—James A. Garfield.

Our human laws are but the copies, more or less imperfect, of the eternal laws so far as we can read them.—Froude.

There is but one law for all; namely, that law which governs all law,—the law of our Creator, the law of humanity, justice, equity; the law of nature and of nations.—Burke.

Ignorance of the law excuses no man; not that all men know the law, but because it is an excuse every man will plead, and no man can tell how to confute him.—Selden.

The greatest of all injustice is that which goes under the name of law; and of all sorts of tyranny, the forcing the letter of the law against the equity is the most insupportable.—L'Estrange.

The moment that law is destroyed, liberty is lost, and men, left free to enter upon the domains of each other, destroy each other's rights, and invade the field of each other's liberty.—J. G. Holland.

All beings have their laws; the Deity has His laws, the material world has its laws, superior intelligences have their laws, the beasts have their laws, and man his laws.—Montesquieu.

Use law and physic only for necessity; they that use them otherwise abuse themselves into weak bodies, and light purses; they are good remedies, bad businesses, and worse recreations.—Quarles.

Laws are not made like lime-twigs or nets, to catch everything that toucheth them; but rather like seamarks, to guide from shipwreck the ignorant passenger.—Sir P. Sidney

Laws are generally found to be nets of such a texture, as the little creep through, the great break through, and the middle size are alone entangled in. —Shenstone.

The law is a gun, which if it misses a pigeon always kills a crow; if it does not strike the guilty, it hits some one else. As every crime creates a law, so in turn every law creates a crime.—Bulwer-Lytton.

If there be any one principle more widely than another confessed by every utterance, or more sternly than another imprinted on every atom of the visible creation, that principle is not liberty, but law.—Ruskin.

The poorest man may in his cottage bid defiance to all the forces of the crown. It may be frail,—its roof may shake, the winds may blow through it, the storm may enter, the rain may enter; but the king of England cannot enter.—Chatham.

It is a very easy thing to devise good laws; the difficulty is to make them effective. The great mistake is that of looking upon men as virtuous, or thinking that they can be made so by laws; and consequently the greatest art of a politician is to render vices serviceable to the cause of virtue. —Lord Bolingbroke.

Laws do not put the least restraint
Upon our freedom, but maintain 't;
Or, if it does, 'tis for our good,
To give us freer latitude;
For wholesome laws preserve us free,
By stinting of our liberty. —Butler.

To go to law, is for two persons to kindle a fire at their own cost, to warm others, and singe themselves to cinders; and because they cannot agree, to what is truth and equity, they will both agree to unplume themselves, that others may be decorated with their feathers.—Feltham.

What a cage is to the wild beast, law is to the selfish man. Restraint is for the savage, the rapacious, the violent; not for the just, the gentle, the benevolent. All necessity for external force implies a morbid state. Dungeons for the felon, a straight-jacket for the maniac, crutches for the lame, stays for the weak-backed; for the infirm of purpose, a master; for the foolish, a guide; but for the sound mind in a sound body, none of these. —Herbert Spencer.

Of law there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world; all things do her homage, the very least as feeling her care; and the greatest as not exempted from her power; both angels and men, and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy.—Hooker.

Lawyers

The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.—Shakespeare.

The plainest case in many words entangling.—Baillie.

Here the fell attorney prowls for prey.—Dr. Johnson.

It is a secret worth knowing that lawyers rarely go to law.—Moses Crowell.

A justice with grave justices shall sit;
He praise their wisdom, they admire his wit.
—Gay.

To succeed as a lawyer, a man must work like a horse and live like a hermit.—Lord Eldon.

As adversaries in law, strive mightily; but eat and drink as friends.—Shakespeare.

A lawyer's dealings should be just and fair;
Honesty shines with great advantage there.
—Cowper.

Our wrangling lawyers * * * are so litigious and busy here on earth, that I think they will plead their clients' causes hereafter, some of them in hell.—Burton.

As to lawyers,—their profession is supported by the indiscriminate defence of right and wrong.—Junius.

A countryman between two lawyers is like a fish between two cats.—Franklin.

Every man should know something of law; if he knows enough to keep out of it, he is a pretty good lawyer.—H. W. Shaw.

I oft have heard him say how he admir'd
Men of your large profession, that could speak
To every cause, and things mere contraries,
Till they were hoarse again, yet all be law.
—Ben Jonson.

I know you lawyers can with ease,
Twist your words and meanings as you please;
That language, by your skill made pliant,
Will bend to favor every client;
That 'tis the fee directs the sense,
To make out either side's pretence.
—Gay.

Lawsuits generally originate with the obstinate and the ignorant, but they do not end with them; and that lawyer was right who left all his money to the support of an asylum for fools and lunatics, saying that from such he got it, and to such he would bequeath it.—Jeremy Bentham.

An eminent lawyer cannot be a dishonest man. Tell me a man is dishonest, and I will answer he is no lawyer. He cannot be, because he is careless and reckless of justice; the law is not in his heart, is not the standard and rule of his conduct.—Daniel Webster.

Laziness

Humanity is constitutionally lazy.—J. G. Holland.

Laziness breeds humors of the blood.—Galen.

Laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes him.—Benjamin Franklin.

An idler is a watch that wants both hands.—Cowper.

The lazy man aims at nothing, and generally hits it.—James Ellis.

A lazy hand is no argument of a contented heart.—Thomas Fuller.

Rags will always make their appearance where they have a right to do it.—Dr. Johnson.

Laziness is a good deal like money,—the more a man has of it, the more he seems to want.—H. W. Shaw.

Learning

Learning is better worth than house or land.—Crabbe.

Learning makes a man fit company for himself.—Young.

It adds a precious seeing to the eye.—Shakespeare.

To be proud of learning is the greatest ignorance.—Bishop Taylor.

Men learn while they teach.—Seneca.

Out of too much learning become mad.—Burton.

O this learning, what a thing it is!—Shakespeare.

Each day is the scholar of yesterday.—Publius Syrus.

The Lord of Learning who upraised mankind
From being silent brutes to singing men.
—Leland.

Learning hath gained most by those books by which the printers have lost.—Thomas Fuller.

Learning by study must be won;
'Twas ne'er entail'd from son to son.
—Gay.

Learning, to be of much use, must have a tendency to spread itself among the common people.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man.—Bacon.

If you want learning, you must work for it.—J. G. Holland.

The great art to learn much is to undertake a little at a time.—Locke

Learning passes for wisdom among those who want both.—Sir W. Temple.

Learning, like money, may be of so base a coin as to be utterly void of use.—Shenstone.

The three foundations of learning: Seeing much, suffering much, and studying much.—Catherall.

We should ask not who is the most learned, but who is the best learned.—Montaigne.

He who has no inclination to learn more, will be very apt to think that he knows enough.—Powell.

Learning is but an adjunct to ourself, and where we are our learning likewise is.—Shakespeare.

Your learning, like the lunar beam, affords
Light, but not heat; it leaves you undevout,
Frozen at heart, while speculation shines.
—Young.

The learning and knowledge that we have is at the most but little compared with that of which we are ignorant.—Plato.

Wear your learning like your watch, in a private pocket; and do not pull it out and strike it, merely to show that you have one.—Chesterfield.

He who learns and makes no use of his learning, is a beast of burden, with a load of books. Comprehendeth the ass whether he carries on his back a library or a bundle of fagots?—Saadi.

Learning maketh young men temperate, is the comfort of old age, standing for wealth with poverty, and serving as an ornament to riches.—Cicero.

For ignorance of all things is an evil neither terrible nor excessive, nor yet the greatest of all; but great cleverness and much learning, if they be accompanied by a bad training, are a much greater misfortune.—Plato.

Many persons, after they become learned cease to be good; all other knowledge is hurtful to him who has not the science of honesty and good nature.—Montaigne.

Learning itself, received into a mind
By nature weak, or viciously inclined,
Serves but to lead philosophers astray,
Where children would with ease discern the way.
—Cowper.

The end of learning is to know God, and out of that knowledge to love Him, and to imitate Him, as we may the nearest, by possessing our souls of true virtue.—Milton.

He that wants good sense is unhappy in having learning, for he has thereby only more ways of exposing himself; and he that has sense, knows that learning is not knowledge, but rather the art of using it.—Steele.

The Chinese, whom it might be well to disparage less and imitate more, seem almost the only people among whom learning and merit have the ascendency, and wealth is not the standard of estimation.—W. B. Clulow.

The sweetest and most inoffensive path of life leads through the avenues of science and learning; and whoever can either remove any obstruction in this way, or open up any new prospect, ought so far, to be esteemed a benefactor to mankind.—Hume.

It is without all controversy that learning doth make the minds of men gentle, amiable, and pliant to government; whereas ignorance makes them churlish, thwarting, and mutinous; and the evidence of time doth clear this assertion, considering that the most barbarous, rude, and unlearned times have been most subject to tumults, seditions, and changes.—Lord Bacon.

Learning is not to be tacked to the mind, but we must fuse and blend them together, not merely giving the mind a slight tincture, but a thorough and perfect dye. And if we perceive no evident change and improvement, it would be better to leave it alone.

learning is a dangerous weapon, and apt to wound its master if it be wielded by a feeble hand, and by one not well acquainted with its use.—Montaigne.

Learning hath his infancy, when it is but beginning and almost childish; then his youth, when it is luxuriant and juvenile; then his strength of years, when it is solid and reduced; and lastly his old age, when it waxeth dry and exhaust.—Bacon.

He that would thoroughly accomplish himself for the government of human affairs, should have a wisdom that can look forward into things that are present, and a learning that can look back into things that are past. * * * Wisdom, however, and learning, should go hand in hand, they are so beautifully qualified for mutual assistance. But it is better to have wisdom without learning, than learning without wisdom; just as it is better to be rich without being the possessor of a mine, than to be the possessor of a mine without being rich. —Colton.

A little learning is a dangerous thing!
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring;
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.
Fired at first sight with what the muse imparts,
In fearless youth we tempt the height of arts,
While from the bounded level of our mind
Short views we take, nor mind the lengths behind;
But more advanced, behold with strange surprise,
New distant scenes of endless science rise.
—Pope.

Leisure

Leisure is empty time.—Countess of Carberry.

He hath no leisure who useth it not. —George Herbert.

Leisure is pain; takes off our chariot wheels; how heavily we drag the load of life.—Young.

Leisure is time for doing something useful; this leasure the diligent man will obtain; but the lazy man, never. —Benjamin Franklin.

Retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure.
—Milton.

I am never less at leisure than when at leisure, nor less alone than when I am alone.—Scipio Africanus.

Employ thy time well, if thou meanest to gain leisure; and, since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour.—Benjamin Franklin.

Remove but the temptations of leisure, and the bow of Cupid will lose its effect.—Ovid.

Life is rendered most agreeable by alternate occupation and leisure.—Demophilus.

You cannot find an instance of any man, who is permitted to lay out his own time, contriving not to have tedious hours.—Johnson.

Leisure will always be found by persons who know how to employ their time; those who want time are the people who do nothing.—Mme. Roland.

I pant beyond expression for two days of absolute and unbroken leisure. If it were not for my love of beautiful nature and poetry, my heart would have died within me long ago.—Lord Jeffrey.

Leisure is gone,—gone where the spinning-wheels are gone, and the pack-horses, and the slow wagons, and the peddlers, who brought bargains to the door on sunny afternoons.—George Eliot.

Leisure and solitude are the best effect of riches, because the mother of thought. Both are avoided by most rich men, who seek company and business, which are signs of being weary of themselves.—Sir W. Temple.

Leisure, the highest happiness upon earth, is seldom enjoyed with perfect satisfaction, except in solitude. Indolence and indifference do not always

afford leisure; for true leisure is frequently found in that interval of relaxation which divides a painful duty from an agreeable recreation; a toilsome business from the more agreeable occupations of literature and philosophy.—Zimmermann.

Our leisure is the time the Devil seizes upon to make us work for him; and the only way we can avoid conscription into his ranks is to keep all our leisure moments profitably employed.—James Ellis.

Lending

Loan oft loses both itself and friend.
—Shakespeare.

I hate him for he is a Christian:
But more, for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
—Shakespeare.

And whatever you lend, let it be your money, and not your name. Money you may get again, and, if not, you may contrive to do without it; name once lost you cannot get again, and, if you can contrive to do without it, you had better never have been born.—Bulwer-Lytton.

When you ask for it back again, you find a friend made an enemy by your own kindness. If you begin to press still further—either you must part with that which you have intrusted, or else you must lose that friend.—Plautus.

Lenity

Lenity has almost always wisdom and justice on its side.—Hosea Ballou.

Lenity is a part of justice; but she must not speak too loud for fear of waking justice.—Joubert.

Lenity will operate with greater force, in some instances, than rigor. It is, therefore, my first wish to have my whole conduct distinguished by it.—Washington.

Lent

Moreover when ye fast, be not, as the hypocrites, of a sad countenance; * * * that thou appear not unto men to fast, but unto thy Father which is in secret.—Bible.

When thou a fast would'st keep,
Make not thy homage cheap,
By publishing its signs to every eye;
But let it be between
Thyself and the Unseen,
So shall it gain acceptance from on high.
—Bernard Barton.

There's winter on the hills to-day,
The sad wind soughs o'er churchyard knolls,
And weary nature seems to say,
"'Tis Lenten-tide for sinful souls."
The barb is in our heart to-day;
Sore crushed with sense of ail and sin,
We feebly strive and faintly pray,
'Gainst danger near, for grace within.
We mourn our pride and passion's stain,
The earthly in our hearts enshrined;
The rebel flesh, too oft in vain
Commanded by the nobler mind;
And all of human curse or care
Which lurks life's dangerous paths among,
To quench the altar-flame of prayer,
Or hush the heavenward strain of song.
—W. M. Punshon.

Now are the days of humblest prayer,
When consciences to God lie bare,
And mercy most delights to spare.
Oh hearken when we cry.
Now is the season, wisely long,
Of sadder thought and graver song,
When ailing souls grow well and strong.
Oh hearken when we cry.
The feast of penance! Oh so bright,
With true conversion's heavenly light,
Like sunrise after stormy night!
Oh hearken when we cry.
Oh happy time of blessed tears,
Of surer hopes, of chast'ning fears,
Undoing all our evil years.
Oh hearken when we cry.
Chastise us with Thy fear;
Yet, Father! in the multitude
Of Thy compassions, hear!
—F. W. Faber, D. D.

The real Lent is the putting forth of a man's hand to quiet his own passions and to push them aside, that the higher voices may speak to him and the higher touches fall upon him. It is the making of an emptiness about the soul, that the higher fullness may fill it. Perhaps some day the lower needs may themselves become, and dignify themselves by becoming, the meek interpreters and ministers of those very powers which they once shut out from the soul. There will be no fasting days, no Lent, in heaven. Not because we shall have no bodies there.

but because our bodies there will be open to God, the helps and not the hindrances of spiritual communication to our souls.

For no law of spiritual life is more certain or more imperative than this law of mortification. There cannot be such a thing as the perseverance in Christian life of an unmortified Christian who has come to years of discretion. Obedience, we repeat, is religion; and mortification is the essential condition of obedience, for it is the condition of its actual expression and of the recovery of that spiritual freedom without which that expression is impossible for sinful men.—George Body.

Our Saviour's fast, like every act of His life, bears the character of an example, and instructs us that this particular exercise of religion, while it exposes to temptations of its own, is yet in itself a great preliminary safeguard against sin—a source of facility for vanquishing all temptation. That there are demoniacal possessions which no means without this can reach effectually, is the express assertion of our Saviour on another occasion; and His example here, no less than His precept to His chosen followers there, instructs us forcibly that, while Christianity is the most mild and liberal of institutions, its founder, no preacher in the desert like Elias, or His forerunner the Baptist, but one who came "eating and drinking," as His censors remarked, neither fearfully flying nor morosely disdaining the ordinary converse and habits of mankind,—it yet requires the highest prudence and assistances of grace proportional, to maintain this intercourse with the world either with safety to ourselves or benefit to others: and these assistances are to be found where our Lord and Saviour Himself sought them—in occasional retirements, in meditation, prayer, and fasting.—W. H. Mill.

Letters

The true character of epistolary style is playfulness and urbanity.—Joubert.

Letters which are warmly sealed are often but coldly opened.—Richter.

In love matters, keep your pen from paper.—Alfred de Musset.

Letters should be easy and natural.—Chesterfield.

Full oft have letters caused the writers
To curse the day they were inditers.
—Butler.

A letter, timely writ, is a rivet to the chain of affection;
And a letter, untimely delayed, is as rust to the solder. —Tupper.

It is by the benefit of letters that absent friends are in a manner brought together.—Seneca.

A stray volume of real life in the daily packet of the postman. Eternal love and instant payment.—Douglas Jerrold.

Here are a few of the unpleasantest words that ever blotted paper!—Shakespeare.

In a heavy oppressive atmosphere, when the spirits sink too low, the best cordial is to read over all the letters of one's friends.—Shenstone.

The post is the grand connecting link of all transactions, of all negotiations. Those who are absent, by its means become present; it is the consolation of life.—Voltaire.

Kind messages, that pass from land to land;
Kind letters, that betray the heart's deep history,
In which we feel the pressure of a hand—
One touch of fire—and all the rest is mystery! —Longfellow.

A profusion of fancies and quotations is out of place in a love-letter. True feeling is always direct, and never deviates into by-ways to cull flowers of rhetoric.—Bovee.

They are those winged messengers that can fly
From the Antarctic to the Arctic sky;
The heralds and swift harbingers that move
From east to west on embassies of love.
—Howell.

The best time to frame an answer to the letters of a friend is the moment

you receive them. Then the warmth of friendship, and the intelligence received most forcibly co-operate.—Shenstone.

Every day brings a ship,
Every ship brings a word;
Well for those who have no fear,
Looking seaward well assured
That the word the vessel brings
Is the word they wish to hear.
—Emerson.

The earth has nothing like a she epistle,
And hardly heaven—because it never ends.
I love the mystery of a female missal,
Which, like a creed, ne'er says all it intends.
* * * * * You had better
Take care what you reply to such a letter.
—Byron.

Perhaps there is no greater test of a man's regularity and easiness of conscience than his readiness to face the postman. Blessed is he who is made happy by the sound of a rat-tat! The good are eager for it; but the naughty tremble at the sound thereof.—Thackeray.

The pen flowing in love, or dipped black in hate,
Or tipped with delicate courtesies, or harshly edged with censure,
Hath quickened more good than the sun, more evil than the sword,
More joy than woman's smile, more woe than frowning fortune;
And shouldst thou ask my judgment of that which hath most profit in the world,
For answer take thou this, The prudent penning of a letter. —Tupper.

Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid;
They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,
Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires;
The virgin's wish, without her fears, impart;
Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart;
Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the pole.
—Pope.

Let your letter be written as accurately as you are able,—I mean with regard to language, grammar, and stops; for as to the matter of it the less trouble you give yourself the better it will be. Letters should be easy and natural, and convey to the persons to whom we send them just what we should say to the persons if we were with them.—Chesterfield.

Levity

Levity of behaviour is the bane of all that is good and virtuous.—Seneca.

There is always some levity even in excellent minds; they have wings to rise, and also to stray.—Joubert.

In infants, levity is a prettiness; in men a shameful defect; but in old age, a monstrous folly.—Rochefoucauld.

The lively and mercurial are as open books, with the leaves turned down at the notable passages. Their souls sit at the windows of their eyes, seeing and to be seen.—Bovee.

Liberality

From bounty issues power.—Akenside.

Gold that is put to use more gold begets.—Shakespeare.

Be rather bountiful, than expensive. —William Penn.

To the liberal ideas of the age must be opposed the moral ideas of all ages. —Joubert.

Liberality consists less in giving profusely, than in giving judiciously. —La Bruyère.

If you are poor, distinguish yourself by your virtues; if rich, by your good deeds.—Joubert.

Liberality is the best way to gain affection; for we are assured of their friendship to whom we are obliged. —St. Evremond.

Liberality should be tempered with judgment, not with profuseness.—Hosea Ballou.

Men might be better if we bett[illegible] deemed of them.—Bailey.

That which is called liberality is frequently nothing more than the vanity of giving.—Theodore Parker.

He that defers his charity until he is dead is, if a man weighs it rightly, rather liberal of another man's goods than his own.—Bacon.

Liberalism is trust of the people tempered by prudence; conservatism, distrust of the people tempered by fear. —Gladstone.

In defiance of all the tortue, of all the might, of all the malice of the world, the liberal man will ever be rich; for God's providence is his estate, God's wisdom and power are his defence, God's love and favor are his reward, and God's word is his security.—Barrow.

There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty. The liberal soul shall be made fat, and he that watereth shall be watered also himself. He that hath pity on the poor, lendeth to the Lord; and that which he hath given will He pay him again.—Bible.

Liberty

Give me liberty, or give me death.—Patrick Henry.

Liberty is not the right of one, but of all.—Herbert Spencer.

Liberty must be limited in order to be enjoyed.—Burke.

Nature gives liberty even to dumb animals.—Tacitus.

Liberty, without wisdom, is license. —Burke.

The love of liberty with life is given. —Dryden.

Liberty is a slow fruit.—Emerson.

Headstrong liberty is lashed with woe.—Shakespeare.

Liberty is no negation. It is a substantive, tangible reality.—Garfield.

Liberty is quite as much a moral as a political growth,—the result of free individual action, energy, and independence.—Samuel Smiles.

The people never give up their liberties but under some delusion.—Burke.

A bird in a cage is not half a bird. —Beecher.

Reason and virtue alone can bestow liberty.—Shaftesbury.

Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.—John Philpot Curran.

Liberty is worth whatever the best civilization is worth.—Henry Giles.

Perfect love holds the secret of the world's perfect liberty.—J. G. Holland.

A day, an hour of virtuous liberty,
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.
—Addison.

Few persons enjoy real liberty; we are all slaves to ideas or habits.—Alfred de Musset.

The God who gave us life gave us liberty at the same time.—Thomas Jefferson.

The tree of liberty grows only when watered by the blood of tyrants.—Barére.

God grants liberty only to those who love it, and are always ready to guard and defend it.—Daniel Webster.

Liberty, when it begins to take root, is a plant of rapid growth.—George Washington.

Liberty, like chastity, once lost, can never be regained in its original purity. —H. W. Shaw.

The tidal wave of God's providence is carrying liberty throughout the globe.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Where slavery is, there liberty cannot be; and where liberty is, there slavery cannot be.—Abraham Lincoln.

Where liberty dwells, there is my country.—Benj. Franklin.

Liberty is from God; liberties from the Devil.—Auerbach.

O liberty! liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name.—Mme. Roland.

Every bondman in his own hand bears the power to cancel his captivity. —Shakespeare.

Interwoven is the love of liberty with every ligament of the heart.—Washington.

Whether in chains or in laurels, liberty knows nothing but victories.—Wendell Phillips.

The greatest glory of a free-born people
Is to transmit that freedom to their children.
—Havard.

Personal liberty is the paramount essential to human dignity and human happiness.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Liberty must be a mighty thing; for by it God punishes and rewards nations.—Mme. Swetchine.

Life is probation: mortal man was made
To solve the solemn problem—right or wrong. —John Quincy Adams.

True liberty can exist only when justice is equally administered to all.—Lord Mansfield.

Liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable.—Daniel Webster.

The wish, which ages have not yet subdued
In man, to have no master save his mood.
—Byron.

Give me the centralism of liberty; give me the imperialism of equal rights. —Charles Sumner.

Natural liberty is the right of common upon a waste; civil liberty is the safe, exclusive, unmolested enjoyment of a cultivated enclosure.—Paley.

Give me the liberty to know, to think, to believe, and to utter freely according to conscience, above all other liberties.—Milton.

'Tis liberty alone that gives the flower
Of fleeting life its luster and perfume;
And we are weeds without it.—Cowper.

There are two freedoms—the false, where a man is free to do what he likes; the true, where a man is free to do what he ought.—Charles Kingsley.

Do you wish to be free? Then above all things, love God, love your neighbor, love one another, love the common weal; then you will have true liberty. —Savonarola.

The only rational liberty is that which is born of subjection, reared in the fear of God and the love of man.—W. G. Simms.

The love of liberty that is not a real principle of dutiful behavior to authority is as hypocritical as the religion that is not productive of a good life.—Bishop Butler.

Oh! if there be, on this earthly sphere,
A boon, an offering heaven holds dear,
'Tis the last libation Liberty draws
From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause. —Moore.

Wise laws and just restraints are to a noble nation not chains, but chains of mail,—strength and defense, though something of an incumbrance.—Ruskin.

O liberty,
Parent of happiness, celestial born
When the first man became a living soul;
His sacred genius thou. —Dyer.

Liberty will not descend to a people, a people must raise themselves to liberty; it is a blessing that must be earned before it can be enjoyed.—Colton.

Liberty knows nothing but victories. Soldiers call Bunker Hill a defeat; but liberty dates from it though Warren lay dead on the field.—Wendell Phillips.

The people's liberties strengthen the king's prerogative, and the king's prerogative is to defend the people's liberties.—Charles I. of England.

Liberty is to the collective body what health is to every individual body. Without health no pleasure can be tasted by man; without liberty, no happiness can be enjoyed by society.—Bolingbroke.

Not until right is founded upon reverence will it be secure; not until duty is based upon love will it be complete; not until liberty is based on eternal principles will it be full, equal, lofty, and universal.—Henry Giles.

Liberty * * * is one of the choicest gifts that heaven hath bestowed upon man, and exceeds in value all the treasures which the earth contains within its bosom, or the sea covers. Liberty, as well as honor, man ought to preserve at the hazard of his life, for without it life is insupportable.—Cervantes.

We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights: that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.—Thomas Jefferson.

But slaves that once conceive the glowing thought
Of freedom, in that hope itself possess
All that the contest calls for; spirit, strength,
The scorn of danger, and united hearts,
The surest presage of the good they seek.
—Cowper.

The only liberty that is valuable is a liberty connected with order; that not only exists along with order and virtue, but which cannot exist at all without them. It inheres in good and steady government, as in its substance and vital principle.—Burke.

The liberty of a people consists in being governed by laws which they have made themselves, under whatsoever form it may be of government; the liberty of a private man, in being master of his own time and actions, as far as may consist with the laws of God and of his country.—Cowley.

If the true spark of religious and civil liberty be kindled, it will burn. Human agency cannot extinguish it. Like the earth's central fire, it may be smothered for a time; the ocean may overwhelm it; mountains may press it down; but its inherent and unconquerable force will heave both the ocean and the land, and at some time or other, in some place or other, the volcano will break out and flame up to heaven.—Daniel Webster.

Eternal Spirit of the chainless mind!
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art,
For there thy habitation is the Heart—
The Heart which love of thee alone can bind;
And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd—
To fetters and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
Their country conquers with their Martyrdom,
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
—Byron.

Oh! liberty, thou goddess, heavenly bright,
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight!
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
And smiling plenty, leads thy wanton train;
Eas'd of her load, subjection grows more light
And poverty looks cheerful in the sight;
Thou mak'st the gloomy face of nature gay,
Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.
—Addison.

Libraries

Libraries are the wardrobes of literature.—James Dyer.

A library is a land of shadows.—Beecher.

My library was dukedom large enough.—Shakespeare.

A library is but the soul's burial ground.—Beecher.

Shelved around us lie the mummied authors.—Bayard Taylor.

The great consulting-room of a wise man is a library.—George Dawson.

The richest minds need not large libraries.—Alcott.

Every library should try to be complete on something, if it were only the history of pin-heads.—Holmes.

A great library contains the diary of the human race.—George Dawson.

The true universjty of these days is a collection of books.—Carlyle.

He that revels in a well-chosen library has innumerable dishes, and all of admirable flavor.—William Godwin.

As great a store
Have we of books as bees of herbs or more.
—Henry Vaughan.

All round the room my silent servants wait,
My friends in every season, bright and dim.
—Barry Cornwall.

Errors belong to libraries; truth, to the human mind.—Goethe.

The ponderous tomes are bales of the mind's merchandise.—Willmott.

No place affords a more striking conviction of the vanity of human hopes than a public library.—Dr. Johnson.

Let every man, if possible, gather some good books under his roof, and obtain access for himself and family to some social library. Almost any luxury should be sacrificed to this.—William Ellery Channing.

I love vast libraries; yet there is a doubt,
If one be better with them or without—
Unless he use them wisely, and, indeed,
Knows the high art of what and how to read.
—J. G. Saxe.

A large library is apt to distract rather than to instruct the learner; it is much better to be confined to a few authors than to wander at random over many.—Seneca.

Libraries are as the shrines where all the relics of saints full of true virtue, and that without delusion or imposture, are preserved and reposed.—Bacon.

No possession can surpass, or even equal, a good library to the lover of books. Here are treasured up for his daily use and delectation, riches which increase by being consumed, and pleasures which never cloy.—John Alfred Langford.

The first thing naturally when one enters a scholar's study or library, is to look at his books. One gets a notion very speedily of his tastes and the range of his pursuits by a glance round his book-shelves.—O. W. Holmes.

If I were not a king, I would be a university man; and if it were so that I must be a prisoner, if I might have my wish, I would desire to have no other prison than that library [the Bodleian].—James I.

He has his Rome, his Florence, his whole glowing Italy, within the four walls of his library. He has in his books the ruins of an antique world, and the glories of a modern one.—Longfellow.

What laborious days, what watchings by the midnight lamp, what rackings of the brain, what hopes and fears, what long lives of laborious study, are here sublimized into print, and condensed into the narrow compass of these surrounding shelves!—Horace Smith.

Consider what you have in the smallest chosen library. A company of the wisest and wittiest men that could be picked out of all civil countries, in a thousand years, have set in best order the results of their learning and wisdom. The men themselves were hid and inaccessible, solitary, impatient of interruption, fenced by etiquette; but the thought which they did not uncover to their bosom friend is here written out in transparent words to us, the strangers of another age.—Emerson.

We enter our studies, and enjoy a society which we alone can bring together. We raise no jealousy by conversing with one in preference to another; we give no offence to the most illustrious by questioning him as long as we will, and leaving him as abruptly. Diversity of opinion raises no tumult in our presence: each interlocutor stands before us, speaks or is silent, and we adjourn or decide the business at our leisure.—Landor.

What a place to be in is an old library! It seems as though all the souls of all the writers that have bequeathed their labors to these Bod-

leians were reposing here as in some dormitory, or middle state. I do not want to handle, to profane the leaves, their winding-sheets. I could as soon dislodge a shade. I seem to inhale learning, walking amid their foliage; and the odor of their old moth-scented coverings is fragrant as the first bloom of those sciential apples which grew amid the happy orchard.—Charles Lamb.

That place that does contain
My books, the best companions, is to me
A glorious court, where hourly I converse
With the old sages and philosophers;
And sometimes, for variety, I confer
With kings and emperors, and weigh their counsels;
Calling their victories, if unjustly got,
Unto a strict account, and, in my fancy,
Deface their ill-placed statues.
—Beaumont and Fletcher.

License

A popular license is indeed the many-headed tyrant.—Sir P. Sidney.

For there is no air that men so greedily draw in, that diffuses itself so soon, and that penetrates so deep as that of license.—Montaigne.

Human brutes, like other beasts, find snares and poison in the provisions of life, and are allured by their appetites to their destruction.—Swift.

The freedom of some is the freedom of the herd of swine that ran violently down a steep place into the sea and were drowned.—Rev. W. Jay.

Life

The childhood of immortality.—Goethe.

Life is a shuttle.—Shakespeare.

Life's but a walking shadow.—Shakespeare.

Life is the gift of God, and is divine.—Longfellow.

Life is good, but not life in itself.—Owen Meredith.

In the midst of life we are in death.—Church Burial Service.

Life is but a day at most.—Burns.

Life hath quicksands; life hath snares.—Longfellow.

Making their lives a prayer.—Whittier.

Life is but thought.—Coleridge.

Man lives only to shiver and perspire.—Sydney Smith.

Life is as serious a thing as death.—Bailey.

Life hath more awe than death.—Bailey.

Whose life is a bubble, and in length a span.—Wm. Browne.

He lives long that lives well.—Thomas Fuller.

Our lives are but our marches to the grave.—Beaumont and Fletcher.

The cradle and the tomb, alas! so nigh.—Prior.

A man's life's no more than to say, One!—Shakespeare.

That life is long which answers life's great end.—Young.

O God, how lovely still is life!—Schiller.

Life and religion are one, or neither is any thing.—George MacDonald.

For life lives only in success.—Bayard Taylor.

Life is the offspring of death.—Moses Harvey.

Man is an organ of life, and God alone is life.—Swedenborg.

May you live all the days of your life.—Swift.

Knowledge, love, power,—there is the complete life.—Amiel.

Life is a dream and death an awakening.—Beaumelle.

Life is short, art long.—Hippocrates.

The grand question of life is, Is my name written in heaven?—D. L. Moody.

Life is a tragedy.—Sir W. Raleigh.

That man lives twice that lives the first life well.—Herrick.

Christian life consists in faith and charity.—Luther.

My life is one demd horrid grind.—Dickens.

And he that lives to live forever never fears dying.—William Penn.

Live virtuously, my lord, and you cannot die too soon, nor live too long. —Lady Rachel Russell.

Life itself is a bubble and a scepticism, and a sleep within a sleep.—Emerson.

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together.—Shakespeare.

What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!—Burke.

Let those who thoughtfully consider the brevity of life remember the length of eternity.—Bishop Ken.

The end of life is to be like unto God; and the soul following God will be like unto Him.—Socrates.

Life is short, art long, opportunity fleeting, experiment uncertain, and judgment difficult.—Hippocrates.

Life is an art in which too many remain only dilettantes. — Elizabeth, Queen of Roumania.

There is nothing at all in life except what we put there.—Mme. Swetchine.

While we are reasoning concerning life, life is gone.—Hume.

Our life is scarce the twinkle of a star
In God's eternal day.
—Bayard Taylor.

The truest end of life is to know the life that never ends.—William Penn.

Life in itself is neither good nor evil, it is the scene of good or evil, as you make it.—Montaigne.

This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless seas,
The past, the future—two eternities.
—Moore.

Life is a problem; mortal man was made to solve the solemn problem, right or wrong.—J. Q. Adams.

Life, like the water of the seas, freshens only when it ascends towards heaven.—Richter.

Life's but a means unto an end, that end,
Beginning, mean, and end to all things—
God. —Bailey.

Every man's life is a fairy-tale, written by God's fingers.—Hans Christian Andersen.

Long life is denied us; therefore let us do something to show that we have lived.—Cicero.

There is no human life so poor and small as not to hold many a divine possibility.—James Martineau.

Life is before you,—not earthly life alone, but life—a thread running interminably through the warp of eternity.—J. G. Holland.

Nor love thy life nor hate; but what thou liv'st
Live well; how long or short permit to heaven. —Milton.

Human life is everywhere a state in which much is to be endured, and little enjoyed.—Johnson.

I cannot rest from travel; I will drink life to the lees.—Tennyson.

Life is a comedy to him who thinks and a tragedy to him who feels.—Horace Walpole.

And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb:
Our birth is nothing but our death begun.
—Young.

Life is a kind of sleep: old men sleep longest, nor begin to wake but when they are to die.—De La Bruyère

Life, however short, is made still shorter by waste of time.—Johnson.

On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but passion is the gale.
—Pope.

Life is a pure flame, and we live by an invisible sun within us.—Sir T. Browne.

Life is a crucible. We are thrown into it and tried.—Chapin.

This body is not a home, but an inn; and that only for a short time.—Seneca.

The earnestness of life is the only passport to the satisfaction of life.—Theodore Parker.

God is the poet; men are but the actors. The great dramas of earth were written in heaven.—Balzac.

Our bodies are but the anvils of pain and disease, and our minds the hives of unnumbered cares.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

We make provisions for this life as if it were never to have an end, and for the other life as though it were never to have a beginning.—Addison.

For life in general, there is but one decree: youth is a blunder, manhood a struggle, old age a regret.—Beaconsfield.

He most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best; and he whose heart beats the quickest lives the longest.—James Martineau.

Life at the greatest and best is but a froward child, that must be humored and coaxed a little till it falls asleep, and then all the care is over.—Goldsmith.

We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. —Shakespeare.

Life is like a game of whist. I don't enjoy the game much; but I like to play my cards well, and see what will be the end of it.—George Eliot.

For we are but of yesterday, and know nothing, because our days upon earth are a shadow.—Bible.

I would not live alway; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way. —William A. Muhlenberg.

So may'st thou live, till like ripe fruit thou drop
Into thy mother's lap. —Milton.

Oft in my way have I stood still, though but a casual passenger, so much I felt the awfulness of life.—Wordsworth.

Life, as we call it, is nothing but the edge of the boundless ocean of existence where it comes upon soundings.—Holmes.

To make good use of life, one should have in youth the experience of advanced years, and in old age the vigor of youth.—Stanislaus.

Plunge boldly into the thick of life! each lives it, not to many is it known; and seize it where you will, it is interesting.—Goethe.

Yet through all, we know this tangled skein is in the hands of One who sees the end from the beginning; He shall yet unravel all.—Alexander Smith.

Life is a malady in which sleep soothes us every sixteen hours; it is a palliation; death is the remedy.—Chamfort.

The vanity of human life is like a river, constantly passing away, and yet constantly coming on.—Pope.

We sail the sea of life; a calm one finds,
And one a tempest; and, the voyage o'er,
Death is the quiet haven of us all.
—Wordsworth.

Pray for and work for fullness of life above everything; full red blood in the body; full honesty and truth in the mind; and the fullness of a grateful love for the Saviour in your heart.—Phillips Brooks.

Let the current of your being set towards God, then your life will be filled

and calmed by one master-passion which unites and stills the soul.—Alexander Maclaren.

So weary with disasters tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend, or be rid on't. —Shakespeare.

And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;
And thereby hangs a tale.
—Shakespeare.

Life is rather a state of embryo,—a preparation for life. A man is not completely born until he has passed through death.—Franklin.

Catch, then, O catch the transient hour;
Improve each moment as it flies;
Life's a short summer—man a flower—
He dies—alas! how soon he dies!
—Dr. Johnson.

The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.—Bible.

Oh, how this spring of life resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And, by and by, a cloud takes all away!
—Shakespeare.

They may rail at this life—from the hour I began it,
I've found it a life full of kindness and bliss;
And, until they can show me some happier planet,
More social and bright, I'll content me with this. —Moore.

This life is but the passage of a day,
This life is but a pang and all is over;
But in the life to come which fades not away
Every love shall abide and every lover.
—Christina G. Rossetti.

The early and the latter part of human life are the best, or, at least, the most worthy of respect; the one is the age of innocence, the other of reason.—Joubert.

We sleep, but the loom of life never stops; and the pattern which was weaving when the sun went down is weaving when it comes up to-morrow.—Henry Ward Beecher.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best. —Bailey.

Life, unexplored, is hope's perpetual blaze—
When past, one long, involved, and darksome maze:
But, that some mighty power controls the whole,
A secret intuition tells the soul.
—William Winter.

Life is constantly weighing us in very sensitive scales, and telling every one of us precisely what his real weight is to the last grain of dust.—Lowell.

God help us! it is a foolish little thing, this human life, at the best; and it is half ridiculous and half pitiful to see what importance we ascribe to it, and to its little ornaments and distinctions.—Jeffrey.

Coleridge cried, "O God, how glorious it is to live!" Renan asks, "O God, when will it be worth while to live?" In Nature we echo the poet; in the world we echo the thinker.—Ouida.

My notions about life are much the same as they are about travelling; there is a good deal of amusement on the road, but, after all, one wants to be at rest.—Southey.

They who are most weary of life, and yet are most unwilling to die, are such who have lived to no purpose,—who have rather breathed than lived.—Lord Clarendon.

Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!
—Longfellow.

No man lives without jostling and being jostled; in all ways he has to elbow himself through the world, giving and receiving offence.—Carlyle.

The nearest approximation to an understanding of life is to feel it—to realize it to the full—to be a profound and inscrutable mystery—Bovee.

Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.
—Longfellow.

Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies if one be gone.
Strange! that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long. —Watts.

Shall he who soars, inspired by loftier views,
Life's little cares and little pains refuse?
Shall he not rather feel a double share
Of mortal woe, when doubly armed to bear?
—Crabbe.

What is life? A gulf of troubled waters, where the soul, like a vexed bark, is tossed upon the waves of pain and pleasure by the wavering breath of passions.—Miss L. E. Landon.

This span of life was lent for lofty duties, not for selfishness; not to be wiled away for aimless dreams, but to improve ourselves, and serve mankind. —Sir Aubrey de Vere.

Each thing lives according to its kind; the heart by love, the intellect by truth, the higher nature of man by intimate communion with God.—Chapin.

A few years hence and he will be beneath the sod; but those cliffs will stand, as now, facing the ocean, incessantly lashed by its waves, yet unshaken, immovable; and other eyes will gaze on them for their brief day of life, and then they, too, will close.—H. P. Liddon.

If we were to live here always, with no other care than how to feed, clothe, and house ourselves, life would be a very sorry business. It is immeasurably heightened by the solemnity of death.—Alexander Smith.

Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindness, and small obligations given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart and secure comfort.—Sir Humphry Davy.

Life is a waste of wearisome hours,
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns,
And the heart, that is soonest awake to the flowers,
Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns. —Moore.

Since every man who lives is born to die,
And none can boast sincere felicity,
With equal mind what happens let us bear,
Nor joy nor grieve too much for things beyond our care. —Dryden.

There is no life so humble that, if it be true and genuinely human and obedient to God, it may not hope to shed some of His light. There is no life so meager that the greatest and wisest of us can afford to despise it. We cannot know at what moment it may flash forth with the life of God. —Phillips Brooks.

Uncertainty and expectation are the joys of life. Security is an insipid thing, and the overtaking and possessing of a wish discovers the folly of the chase.—Congreve.

Life is a mission. Every other definition of life is false, and leads all who accept it astray. Religion, science, philosophy, though still at variance upon many points, all agree in this, that every existence is an aim.—Mazzini.

I am convinced that there is no man that knows life well, and remembers all the incidents of his past experience who would accept it again; we are certainly here to punish precedent sins.—Campbell.

Life, which all creatures love and strive to keep,—wonderful, dear and pleasant unto each, even to the meanest,—yea, a boon to all where pity is; for pity makes the world soft to the weak and noble for the strong.—Edwin Arnold.

We have two lives: the soul of man is like the rolling world, one half in day, the other dipt in night; the one has music and the flying cloud, the

other silence and the wakeful stars.—Alexander Smith.

Life's but a walking shadow—a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more. It is a tale
Told by idiot, full of sound and fury
Signifying nothing. —Shakespeare.

A sacred burden in this life ye bear,
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly,
Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly;
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,
But onward, upward, till the goal ye win.
—Frances Anne Kemble.

He lives long that lives well, and time misspent is not lived, but lost. Besides, God is better than His promise, if He takes from him a long lease, and gives him a freehold of greater value.—Fuller.

You and I are now nearly in middle age, and have not yet become soured and shrivelled with the wear and tear of life. Let us pray to be delivered from that condition where life and Nature have no fresh, sweet sensations for us.—James A. Garfield.

Life, whether in this world or any other, is the sum of our attainment, our experience, our character. The conditions are secondary. In what other world shall we be more surely than we are here?—Chapin.

A man is thirty years old before he has any settled thoughts of his fortune; it is not completed before fifty, he falls a-building in his old age, and dies by the time his house is in a condition to be painted and glazed.—Bruyère.

How mysterious is this human life, with all its diversities of contrast and compensation; this web of checkered destinies; this sphere of manifold allotment, where man lives in his greatness and grossness, a little lower than the angels, a little higher than the brutes.—Henry Giles.

There are three modes of bearing the ills of life; by indifference, which is most common; by philosophy, which is most ostentatious; and by religion, which is the most effectual.—Colton.

Though we seem grieved at the shortness of life in general, we are wishing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be at age, then to be a man of business, then to make up an estate, then to arrive at honors, then to retire.—Addison.

Life is a weary interlude—
Which doth short joys, long woes include.
The world the stage, the prologue tears;
The acts vain hopes and varied fears;
The scene shuts up with loss of breath,
And leaves no epilogue but death.
—Bishop King.

Love, hope, and joy, fair pleasure's smiling train,
Hate, fear, and grief, the family of pain;
These, mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind:
The lights and shades, whose well-accorded strife
Gives all the strength and color of our life.
—Pope.

Say, what is life? 'Tis to be born
A helpless babe, to greet the light
With a sharp wail, as if the morn
Foretold a cloudy noon and night;
To weep, to sleep, and weep again,
With sunny smiles between; and then?
—J. G. Saxe.

I made a posy, while the day ran by:
Here will I smell my remnant out, and tie
My life within this band.
But time did beckon to the flowers, and they
By noon most cunningly did steal away,
And wither'd in my hand.
—Herbert.

See how the World its Veterans rewards!
A Youth of Frolics, an old Age of Cards;
Fair to no purpose, artful to no end,
Young without Lovers, old without a Friend;
A Fop their Passion, but their Prize a Sot;
Alive ridiculous, and dead forgot.—Pope.

Our lives are albums written through
With good or ill, with false or true;
And as the blessed angels turn
The pages of our years,
God grant they read the good with smiles,
And blot the ill with tears!
—Whittier.

Life is what we are alive to. It is not length, but breadth. To be alive only to appetite, pleasure, pride, money-making, and not to goodness and kindness, purity and love, history,

poetry, music, flowers, stars, God and eternal hopes, it is to be all but dead. —Maltbie Babcock.

There appears to exist a greater desire to live long than to live well! Measure by man's desires, he cannot live long enough; measure by his good deeds, and he has not lived long enough; measure by his evil deeds, and he has lived too long.—Zimmermann.

O, Life! how pleasant is thy morning,
Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning!
Cold pausing Caution's lesson scorning,
We frisk away,
Like schoolboys, at the expected warning,
To joy and play. —Burns.

If this life is unhappy, it is a burden to us, which it is difficult to bear; if it is in every respect happy, it is dreadful to be deprived of it; so that in either case the result is the same, for we must exist in anxiety and apprehension.—Bruyère.

Life is short—while we speak it flies; enjoy, then, the present, and forget the future; such is the moral of ancient poetry, a graceful and a wise moral,—indulged beneath a southern sky, and all deserving the phrase applied to it,—"the philosophy of the garden."—Bulwer-Lytton.

For what are men who grasp at praise sublime,
But bubbles on the rapid stream of time,
That rise, and fall, that swell, and are no more,
Born, and forgot, ten thousand in an hour?
—Young.

The deeper men go into life, the deeper is their conviction that this life is not all. It is an "unfinished symphony." A day may round out an insect's life, and a bird or a beast needs no to-morrow. Not so with him who knows that he is related to God and has felt "the power of an endless life."

This world is not a platform where you will hear Thalberg-piano-playing. It is a piano manufactory, where are dust and shavings and boards, and saws and files and rasps and sandpapers. The perfect instrument and the music will be hereafter.—Beecher.

Think of "living"! Thy life, wert thou the "pitifullest of all the sons of earth," is no idle dream, but a solemn reality. It is thy own; it is all thou hast to front eternity with. Work, then, even as He has done, and does, "like a star, unhasting, yet unresting."—Carlyle.

Reason thus with life;
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,
(Servile to all the skiey influences,)
That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict. —Shakespeare.

Year chases year, decay pursues decay,
Still drops some joy from withering life away;
New forms arise, and different views engage,
Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage,
Till pitying Nature signs the last release,
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.
—Dr. Johnson.

When I reflect upon what I have seen, what I have heard, what I have done, I can hardly persuade myself that all that frivolous hurry and bustle and pleasure of the world had any reality; and I look on what has passed as one of those wild dreams which opium occasions, and I by no means wish to repeat the nauseous dose for the sake of the fugitive illusion.—Chesterfield.

No man can promise himself even fifty years of life, but any man may, if he please, live in the proportion of fifty years in forty,—let him rise early, that he may have the day before him, and let him make the most of the day, by determining to expend it on two sorts of acquaintances only—those by whom something may be got, and those from whom something may be learned.—Colton.

Life consists not of a series of illustrious actions or elegant enjoyments. The greater part of our time passes in compliance with necessities, in the performance of daily duties, in the removal of small inconveniences, in the procurement of petty pleasures; and we are well or ill at ease, as the main stream of life glides on smoothly, or

is ruffled by small obstacles and frequent interruption.—Johnson.

Have you found your life distasteful?
My life did, and does, smack sweet.
Was your youth of pleasure wasteful?
Mine I saved and hold complete.
Do your joys with age diminish?
When mine fail me I'll complain.
Must in death your daylight finish?
My sun sets to rise again.
—Robert Browning.

To live is not merely to breathe, it is to act; it is to make use of our organs, senses, faculties, of all those parts of ourselves which give us the feeling of existence. The man who has lived longest is not the man who has counted most years, but he who has enjoyed life most. Such a one was buried a hundred years old, but he was dead from his birth. He would have gained by dying young; at least he would have lived till that time.—Rousseau.

Our brains are seventy-year clocks. The angel of life winds them up at once for all, then closes the cases, and gives the key into the hand of the angel of resurrection. "Tic-tac, tic-tac!" go the wheels of thought; our will cannot stop them; madness only makes them go faster. Death alone can break into the case, and, seizing the ever-swinging pendulum which we call the heart, silence at last the clicking of the terrible escapement we have carried so long beneath our aching foreheads.—Holmes.

Life! we've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather:
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear:
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time,
Say not good night—but in some brighter clime
Bid me good morning.
—Anna Letitia Barbauld.

We talk of human life as a journey, but how variously is that journey performed! There are those who come forth girt, and shod, and mantled, to walk on velvet lawns and smooth terraces, where every gale is arrested and every beam is tempered. There are others who walk on the Alpine paths of life, against driving misery, and through stormy sorrows over sharp afflictions; walk with bare feet and naked breast, jaded, mangled, and chilled.—Sydney Smith.

A man's ingress into the world is naked and bare,
His progress through the world is trouble and care;
And lastly, his egress out of the world, is nobody knows where.
If we do well here, we shall do well there;
I can tell you no more if I preach a whole year.
—John Edwin.

A minute analysis of life at once destroys that splendor which dazzles the imagination. Whatsoever grandeur can display, or luxury enjoy, is procured by offices of which the mind shrinks from the contemplation. All the delicacies of the table may be traced back to the shambles and the dunghill; all magnificence of building was hewn from the quarry, and all the pomp of ornament dug from among the damps and darkness of the mine. —Johnson.

So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death.
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams. —William Cullen Bryant.

The World's a bubble, and the Life of Man less than a span:
In his conception wretched, from the womb so to the tomb;
Curst from his cradle, and brought up to years with cares and fears.
Who then to frail mortality shall trust,
But limns the water, or but writes in dust.
—Bacon.

Beneath me flows the Rhine, and, like the stream of time, it flows amid the ruins of the past. I see myself therein, and know that I am old. Thou, too, shalt be old. Be wise in season. Like the stream of thy life runs the stream beneath us. Down from the distant Alps, out into the

wide world, it bursts away, like a youth from the house of his fathers. Broad-breasted and strong, and with earnest endeavors, like manhood, it makes itself a way through these difficult mountain-passes. And at length in old age, it falters, and its steps are weary and slow, and it sinks into the sand, and through its grave passes into the great ocean, which is its eternity.—Longfellow.

Like to the falling of a star;
Or as the flights of eagles are;
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew;
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood;
Ev'n such is man, whose borrow'd light
Is straight call'd in, and paid to-night.
The wind blows out, the bubble dies;
The spring entombed in autumn lies;
The dew dries up; the star is shot;
The flight is past; and man forgot.
—Bishop King.

What art thou, life, that we must court thy stay?
A breath one single gasp must puff away!
A short-lived flower, that with the day must fade!
A fleeting vapor, and an empty shade!
A stream that silently but swiftly glides
To meet eternity's immeasured tides!
A being, lost alike by pain or joy?
A fly can kill it, or a worm destroy!
Impair'd by labor, and by ease undone,
Commenced in tears, and ended in a groan.
—Brome.

Four seasons fill the measure of the year;
There are four seasons in the mind of man;
He has his lusty Spring, when fancy clear
Takes in all beauty with an easy span;
He has his Summer, when luxuriously
Spring's honey'd-cud of youthful thought he loves
To ruminate, and by such dreaming high
Is nearest unto heaven; quiet coves
His soul hath in its Autumn, when his wings
He furleth close; contented so to look
On mists in idleness—to let fair things
Pass by unheeded as a threshold brook.
He has his Winter, too, of pale misfeature,
Or else he would forego his mortal nature.
—Keats.

And thus does life go on, until death accomplishes the catastrophe in silence, takes the worn frame within his hand, and, as if it were a dried-up scroll, crumbles it in his grasp to ashes. The monuments of kingdoms, too, shall disappear. Still the globe shall move; still the stars shall burn; still the sun shall paint its colors on the day, and its colors on the year. What, then, is the individual, or what even is the race in the sublime recurrings of Time? Years, centuries, cycles, are nothing to these. The sun that measures out the ages of our planet is not a second-hand on the great dial of the universe.—Henry Giles.

Light

And God said, Let there be light! and there was light.—Bible.

I am the light of the world.—Bible

And God called the light day.—Bible.

Light (God's eldest daughter!).—Fuller.

Hail, holy light! offspring of heaven first-born.—Milton.

God and Nature met in light.—Tennyson.

Light is but the shadow of God.—Sir T. Browne.

The sacred influence of light appears.—Milton.

Is not light grander than fire?—Carlyle.

Light is, as it were, a divine humidity.—Joubert.

Light is, perhaps, the most wonderful of all visible things.—Leigh Hunt.

Light is the symbol of truth.—Lowell.

Where there is much light, the shade is deepest.—Goethe.

Prime cheerer, light! of all material beings first and best! Efflux divine.—Thomson.

Light, whether it be material or moral, is the best reformer.—Colton.

The very plants turn with a joyful transport to the light.—Schiller.

The light in the world comes principally from two sources,—the sun, and the student's lamp.—Bovee.

Light is the first of painters. There is no object so foul that intense light will not make it beautiful.—Emerson.

Walk
Boldly and wisely in that light thou hast—
There is a hand above will help thee on.
—Bailey.

All human souls, never so bedarkened, love light; light once kindled, spreads till all is luminous.—Carlyle.

Children always turn towards the light. Oh that grown-up people in this world became like little children! —J. C. Hare.

Only the worm of conscience consorts with the owl. Sinners and evil spirits shun the light.—Schiller.

Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile; so, ere you find where light in darkness lies, your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.—Shakespeare.

Light itself is a great corrective. A thousand wrongs and abuses that are grown in darkness disappear, like owls and bats, before the light of day.—James A. Garfield.

The first creation of God in the works of the days was the light of the sense; the last was the light of the reason: and His Sabbath-work ever since is the illumination of the spirit. —Bacon.

"Let there be light!" said God; and forthwith light
Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure,
Sprung from the deep; and, from her native east,
To journey through the aery gloom began,
Spher'd in a radiant cloud. —Milton.

We should render thanks to God for having produced this temporal light, which is the smile of heaven and joy of the world, spreading it like a cloth of gold over the face of the air and earth, and lighting it as a torch by which we might behold His works.—Caussin.

And as the eye is the best composer, so light is the first of painters. There is no object so foul that intense light will not make beautiful. And the stimulus it affords to the sense, and a sort of infinitude which it hath like space and time, make all matter gay. —Emerson.

No wonder that light is so frequently used by the sacred oracles as the symbol of our best blessings. Of the Gospel revelation one apostle says, "The night is far spent, and the day is at hand." Another, under the impression of the same auspicious event, thus applied the language of ancient prophecy: "The people who sat in darkness have seen a great light; and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death light is sprung up." —Baseley.

God said—"Let there be light!"
Grim darkness felt His might,
And fled away;
Then startled seas and mountains cold
Shone forth, all bright in blue and gold,
And cried—"'Tis day! 'tis day!"
"Hail, holy light!" exclaim'd
The thunderous cloud that flam'd
O'er daisies white;
And lo! the rose, in crimson dress'd,
Lean'd sweetly on the lily's breast;
And blushing murmur'd—"Light!"
—Ebenezer Elliott.

Lilies

The lily of the vale, of flowers the queen,
Puts on the robe she neither sew'd not spun.
—Michael Bruce.

The lily is all in white, like a saint,
And so is no mate for me. —Hood.

"Look to the lilies how they grow!"
'Twas thus the Saviour said, that we,
Even in the simplest flowers that blow,
God's ever-watchful care might see.
—Moir.

And the stately lilies stand
Fair in the silvery light,
Like saintly vestals, pale in prayer;
Their pure breath sanctifies the air,
As its fragrance fills the night.
—Julia C. R. Dorr.

And lilies white, prepared to touch
The whitest thought, nor soil it much,
Of dreamer turned to lover.
—E. B. Browning.

We are lilies fair,
The flower of virgin light;
Nature held us forth, and said,
"Lo! my thoughts of white."
—Leigh Hunt.

I wish I were the lily's leaf
To fade upon that bosom warm,
Content to wither, pale and brief,
The trophy of thy paler form.
—Dionysius.

Yet, the great ocean hath no tone of power
Mightier to reach the soul, in thought's hushed hour,
Than yours, ye lilies! chosen thus and graced!
—Mrs. Hemans.

Lincoln's Birthday

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the Nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."—Abraham Lincoln.

"I know there is a God, and that He hates the injustice of slavery. I see the storm coming, and I know that His hand is in it. If He has a place and a work for me, and I think He has, I believe I am ready. I am nothing, but truth is everything. I know I am right, because I know that liberty is right, for Christ teaches it, and Christ is God."—Abraham Lincoln.

The life of Lincoln should never be passed by in silence by young or old. He touched the log cabin and it became the palace in which greatness was nurtured. He touched the forest and it became to him a church in which the purest and noblest worship of God was observed. His occupation has become associated in our minds with the integrity of the life he lived. In Lincoln there was always some quality that fastened him to the people and taught them to keep time to the music of his heart.—David Swing.

His biography is written in blood and tears; uncounted millions arise and call him blessed! a redeemed and reunited republic is his monument.—Rev. H. W. Bolton, D. D.

Not thine the sorrow, but ours, sainted soul! Thou hast indeed entered into the promised land, while we are yet on the march. To us remain the rocking of the deep, the storm upon the land, days of duty and nights of watching; but thou are sphered high above all darkness and fear, beyond all sorrow and weariness. Rest, oh, weary heart!—Henry Ward Beecher.

Men will imitate and admire his unmoved firmness, his inflexible conscience for the right; and yet his gentleness, as tender as a woman's, his moderation of spirit, which not all the heat of party could inflame, nor all the jars and disturbances of this country shake out of its place: I swear you to an emulation of his justice, his moderation, and his mercy—Hency Ward Beecher.

He was compassionate. With what joy he brought liberty to the enslaved. He was forgiving. In this respect he was strikingly suggestive of the Saviour. He was great. Time will but augment the greatness of his name and fame. Perhaps a greater man never ruled in this or any other nation. He was good and pure and incorruptible. He was a patriot; he loved his country; he poured out his soul unto death for it. He was human, and thus touched the chord that makes the world akin.—Rev. H. W. Bolton, D. D.

Next to Washington, Lincoln stands forth as the grandest patriot in our American life. Washington was the "Father of his Country"; Lincoln was her most loyal son; Washington brought the United States of America into being; Lincoln made that being immortal; Washington unfurled a new flag among the nations of the world; Lincoln made that flag a mighty power among those nations. Dead, they yet speak. The good they did will last through time and on through eternity. And so our Nation has most rightly

and fittingly made the birthdays of these, her illustrious sons, legal holidays, to inspire us to a purer, nobler, holier manhood.—Geo. H. Smythe, Jr.

Abraham Lincoln was a man of profound faith. He believed in God. He believed in Christ. He believed in the Bible. He believed in men. His faith made him great. His life is a beautiful commentary on the words, "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." There was a time in Lincoln's experience when his faith faltered, as there was a time when his reason tottered; but these sad experiences were temporary, and Abraham Lincoln was neither an infidel nor a lunatic. It is easy to trace in the life of this colossal character a steady growth of faith. This grace in him increased steadily in breadth and in strength with the passing years, until it came to pass that his last public utterances show forth the confidence and the fire of an ancient Hebrew prophet. —B. B. Tyler, D. D.

The beauty of Lincoln's immortal character has thrown in the shade the splendors of his intellect. The time will be when the severest critics of mental philosophy and mental development will sit in judgment and admiration upon the splendid brain of that great man. He was a logician by nature. His terse and beautiful rhetoric rivals the utterances of the greatest orators of the past and present. He was truly great.—Bishop J. P. Newman.

Through all the pressure and the measureless responsibility Abraham Lincoln stood like a giant girt with the strength of God. The memorial of Abraham Lincoln is in the millions of the Afro-American race, now free. It is in the reverence and love of the freest, greatest, and most progressive nation on the earth. It is in the amended constitution of these United States, which constitution has at last become the formula of freedom and indissoluble bond of union.—Rev. Leroy Hooker.

"We cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men who struggled here have consecrated it far beyond our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living rather to be dedicated to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; and this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."—Abraham Lincoln at Gettysburg.

Who shall recount our martyr's sufferings for this people? Since the November of 1860, his horizon has been black with storms. By day and by night he trod a way of danger and darkness. On his shoulders rested a government dearer to him than his own life. At its integrity millions of men at home were striking; upon it foreign eyes lowered. It stood like a lone island in a sea full of storms; and every tide and wave seemed eager to devour it. Upon thousands of hearts great sorrows and anxieties have rested, but not on one such, and in such measure, as upon that simple, truthful, noble soul, our faithful and sainted Lincoln.—Henry Ward Beecher.

If I have any purpose, it is to strengthen the belief in a Divine Providence; and if I have any further purpose in this time of wars and rumors of wars, it is to show that God Almighty has made nations for higher purposes than mere money making. I am to speak of Abraham Lincoln, the simplest, serenest, sublimest character of the age. Seventy millions of people join in commemorating his greatness. It is not my purpose to review his life; that is too much a part of history. That history should be taught in every public American school and preached from every Christian pulpit. The story of Abraham Lincoln, citizen, President, liberator and martyr, should be in the

heart of every American child.—Senator John M. Thurston.

And so they buried Lincoln? Strange and vain!
Has any creature thought of Lincoln hid
In any vault, 'neath any coffin-lid,
In all the years since that wild spring of pain?
'Tis false—he never in the grave hath lain.
You could not bury him altho' you slid
Upon his clay the Cheops pyramid
Or heaped it with the Rocky mountain chain. —James T. Mackay.

The shepherd of the people! that old name that the best rulers ever craved. What ruler ever won it like this dead President of ours? He fed us faithfully and truly. He fed us with counsel when we were in doubt, with inspiration when we sometimes faltered, with caution when we would be rash, with calm, clear, trustful cheerfulness through many an hour, when our hearts were dark. He fed hungry souls all over the country with sympathy and consolation. He spread before the whole land feasts of great duty and devotion and patriotism, on which the land grew strong. He fed us with solemn, solid truths. He taught us the sacredness of government, the wickedness of treason. He made our souls glad and vigorous with the love of liberty that was in his. He showed us how to love truth and yet be charitable—how to hate wrong and all oppression, and yet not treasure one personal injury or insult. He fed all his people, from the highest to the lowest, from the most privileged down to the most enslaved. Best of all, he fed us with a reverent and genuine religion. He spread before us the love and fear of God just in that shape in which we need them most, and out of his faithful service of a higher Master, who of us has not taken and eaten and grown strong? "He fed them with a faithful and true heart." Yes, till the last. For at the last, behold him standing with hand reached out to feed the South with mercy, and the North with charity, and the whole land with peace, when the Lord who had sent him called him, and his work was done!—Phillips Brooks.

Linguist

This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist.—Shakespeare.

Small Latin, and less Greek.—Ben Jonson.

Lashed into Latin by the tingling rod.—Gay.

He Greek and Latin speaks with greater ease
Than hogs eat acorns, and tame pigeons peas. —Cranfield.

Away with him, away with him! he speaks Latin.—Shakespeare.

Speaks three or four languages word for word without a book.—Shakespeare.

Lion

A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living.—Shakespeare.

Poor conquer'd lion—from that haughty glance
Still speaks the courage unsubdued by time,
And in the grandeur of thy sullen tread
Lives the proud spirit of thy burning clime. —O. W. Holmes.

The lion is beyond dispute
Allow'd the most majestic brute;
His valor and his generous mind
Prove him superior of his kind.
—Gay.

A lioness with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead.
—Shakespeare.

Lips

Her lips blush deeper sweets.—Thomson.

There is life in the lips of true lovers.—G. Owain.

Her lips are roses over-washed with dew.—Greene.

He kissed me hard, as though he'd pluck up kisses by the roots that grew upon my lips.—Shakespeare.

Lips in whose rosy labyrinth, when she smiled, the soul was lost.—Moore.

The lips of a fool swallow up himself.—Bible.

Her lips, whose kisses pout to leave their nest.—Byron.

Heart on her lip and soul within her eye.—Byron.

A lip like Persuasion's, calling on us to kiss it.—Anacreon.

O, how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow. —Shakespeare.

Lips moulded in love are tremulously full of the glowing softness they borrow from the heart, and electrically obedient to its impulse.—Grace Greenwood.

Her lips, though they were kept close with modest silence, yet, with a pretty kind of natural swelling, seemed to invite the guests that looked on them.—Sir P. Sidney.

Listening

It takes a great man to make a good listener.—Sir Arthur Helps.

Take care what you say before a wall, as you cannot tell who may be behind it.—Saadi.

Nature has given to men one tongue, but two ears, that we may hear from others twice as much as we speak.—Epictetus.

And this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening.—Shakespeare.

He ceas'd; but left so pleasing on their ear
His voice, that list'ning still they seem'd to hear. —Homer.

Were we as eloquent as angels, yet should we please some men and some women much more by listening than by talking.—Colton.

"Take heed how ye hear" is a genuine monition touching happy relations—a real injunction under the law of love. Let us not think it applies only to the way we hear sermons. How do you listen to the conversation of your friends? With half-parted lips ready to break in with your own opinions? With the wandering eye of one evidently uninterested? Is this the love that helps another to be his best? Do you like to be well listened to? Mind, then, the give and take of love, and be a good listener, and for truth's sake as well as love's.—Maltie Babcock.

Literature

Literature is the immortality of speech.—Willmott.

Literature is the fruit of thinking souls.—Carlyle.

Literature is the expression of society.—Charles Nodier.

The classic literature is always modern.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Literature is the garden of wisdom.—James Ellis.

Republic of letters.—Henry Fielding.

Literature is a great staff, but a sorry crutch.—Sir Walter Scott.

It is the life in literature that acts upon life.—J. G. Holland.

No literature is complete until the language in which it is written is dead.—Longfellow.

A nation's literature is always the biography of its humanity.—Robert, Lord Lytton.

It is the glorious doom of literature that the evil perishes and the good remains.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Literature is the daughter of heaven, who has descended upon earth to soften and charm all human ills.—Bernardin St. Pierre.

Literature, taken in all its bearings, forms the grand line of demarcation between the human and the animal kingdoms.—William Godwin.

National literature begins with fables and ends with novels.—Joubert.

Literature, like nobility, runs in the blood.—Hazlitt.

The great standard of literature as to purity and exactness of style is the Bible.—Blair.

Literature is so common a luxury that the age has grown fastidious.—Tuckerman.

Literary history is the great morgue where all seek the dead ones whom they love, or to whom they are related.—Heine.

Experience enables me to depose to the comfort and blessing that literature can prove in seasons of sickness and sorrow.—Hood.

If I might control the literature of the household, I would guarantee the well-being of Church and State.—Bacon.

Literature is an avenue to glory, ever open for those ingenious men who are deprived of honors or of wealth.—Disraeli.

Women excel more in literary judgment than in literary production,—they are better critics than authors.—Lady Blessington.

The writings of women are always cold and pretty like themselves. There is as much wit as you may desire, but never any soul.—Rousseau.

Literature becomes free institutions. It is the graceful ornament of civil liberty, and a happy restraint on the asperities which political controversies sometimes occasion.—Daniel Webster.

The decline of literature indicates the decline of the nation. The two keep pace in their downward tendency.—Goethe.

Literature is a fragment of a fragment. Of all that ever happened, or has been said, but a fraction has been written: and of this but little is extant.—Goethe.

The history of literature is the history of the human mind. It is, as compared with other histories, the intellectual as distinguished from the material, the informing spirit as compared with the outward and visible.—William H. Prescott.

The riches of scholarship, the benignities of literature, defy fortune and outlive calamity. They are beyond the reach of thief or moth or rust. As they cannot be inherited, so they cannot be alienated.—Lowell.

In the modern languages there was not, six hundred years ago, a single volume which is now read. The library of our profound scholar must have consisted entirely of Latin books.—Macaulay.

Whatever the skill of any country be in sciences, it is from excellence in polite learning alone that it must expect a character from posterity.—Goldsmith.

A beautiful literature springs from the depth and fulness of intellectual and moral life, from an energy of thought and feeling, to which nothing, as we believe, ministers so largely as enlightened religion.—Channing.

Writing is not literature unless it gives to the reader a pleasure which arises not only from the things said, but from the way in which they are said; and that pleasure is only given when the words are carefully or curiously or beautifully put together into sentences.—Stopford Brooke.

From the hour of the invention of printing, books, and not kings, were to rule the world. Weapons forged in the mind, keen-edged, and brighter than a sunbeam, were to supplant the sword and battle-axe.—Whipple.

Literature has her quacks no less than medicine, and they are divided into two classes: those who have erudition without genius, and those who have volubility without depth; we shall get second-hand sense from the one, and original nonsense from the other.—Colton.

Literature, properly so called, draws its sap from the deep soil of human

nature's common and everlasting sympathies, the gathered leaf-mould of countless generations, and not from any top dressing capriciously scattered over the surface.—Lowell.

The selection of a subject is to the author what choice of position is to the general,—once skilfully determined, the battle is already half won. Of a few writers it may be said that they are popular in despite of their subjects —but of a great many more it may be observed that they are popular because of them.—Bovee.

Other relaxations are peculiar to certain times, places and stages of life, but the study of letters is the nourishment of our youth, and the joy of our old age. They throw an additional splendor on prosperity, and are the resource and consolation of adversity; they delight at home, and are no embarrassment abroad; in short, they are company to us at night, our fellow-travellers on a journey, and attendants in our rural recesses.—Cicero.

There is first the literature of knowledge, and secondly, the literature of power. The function of the first is —to teach; the function of the second is—to move; the first is a rudder, the second an oar or a sail. The first speaks to the mere discursive understanding; the second speaks ultimately, it may happen, to the higher understanding or reason, but always through affections of pleasure and sympathy.—Thomas De Quincey.

Logic

Logic is the armory of reason.—Thomas Fuller.

Logic works; metaphysic contemplates.—Joubert.

Logic is the art of convincing us of some truth.—Bruyère.

Logic helps us to strip off the outward disguise of things, and to behold and judge of them in their own nature. —Dr. Watts.

Logic is to grammar what the sense of words is to their sound.—Joubert.

Logic differeth from rhetoric as the fist from the palm; the one close, the other at large.—Bacon.

Talk logic with acquaintances, and practise rhetoric in your common talk. —Shakespeare.

Grammar is the logic of speech, even as logic is the grammar of reason. —Trench.

If a man can play the true logician, and have judgment as well as invention, he may do great matters.—Bacon.

Logic and metaphysics make use of more tools than all the rest of the sciences put together, and do the least work.—Colton.

The knowledge of the theory of logic has no tendency whatever to make men good reasoners.—Macaulay.

Logic is the essence of truth, and truth is the most powerful tyrant; but tyrants hate the truth.—Kozlay.

For me, who only desire to become wise, not more learned or eloquent, these logical or Aristotelian dispositions of parts are of no use.—Montaigne.

Logic is the art of thinking well: the mind, like the body, requires to be trained before it can use its powers in the most advantageous way.—Lord Kames.

He was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skill'd in analytic;
He could distinguish and divide
A hair 'twixt south and south-west side.
—Butler.

It was a saying of the ancients, "Truth lies in a well;" and to carry on this metaphor, we may justly say that logic does supply us with steps, whereby we may go down to reach the water.—Dr. I. Watts.

Men are apt to mistake the strength of their feeling for the strength of their argument. The heated mind resents the chill touch and relentless scrutiny of logic.—Gladstone.

Logic is the science of the laws of thought, as thought,—that is of the necessary conditions to which thought considered in itself is a subject.—Sir W. Hamilton.

London

London! the needy villain's general home,
The common-sewer of Paris and of Rome!
With eager thirst, by folly or by fate,
Sucks in the dregs of each corrupted state.
—Dr. Johnson.

Here malice, rapine, accident, conspire,
And now a rabble rages, now a fire;
Their ambush here relentless ruffians lay
And here the fell attorney prowls for prey;
Here falling houses thunder on your head,
And here a female atheist talks you dead.
—Dr. Johnson.

A mighty mass of brick, and smoke, and shipping,
Dirty and dusty, but as wide as eye
Could reach, with here and there a sail just skipping
In sight, then lost amidst the forestry
Of masts; a wilderness of steeples peeping
On tiptoe through their sea-coal canopy,
A huge, dun cupola, like a foolscap crown
On a fool's head—and there is London Town.
—Byron.

Loquacity

Who think too little, and who talk too much.—Dryden.

No fool can be silent at a feast.—Solon.

Foxes are all tail, and women all tongue.—La Fontaine.

The tongue of a fool is the key of his counsel, which, in a wise man, wisdom hath in keeping.—Socrates.

He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument.—Shakespeare.

Many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing.—Shakespeare.

The language of women should be luminous, but not voluminous.—Douglas Jerrold.

Those who have few affairs to attend to are great speakers. The less men think, the more they talk.—Montesquieu.

Woman's tongue is her weapon, her sword, which she never permits to rest or rust.—Mme. Necker.

You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue.—Shakespeare.

Common fluency of speech in many men and most women is owing to scarcity of matter.—Swift.

Speaking much is a sign of vanity for he that is lavish in words is a niggard in deed.—Sir W. Raleigh.

But still his tongue ran on, the less
Of weight it bore, with greater ease;
And with its everlasting clack,
Set all men's ears upon the rack.
—Butler.

Women speak at an earlier age, more easily, and more agreeably than men; they are accused also of speaking more: this is as it should be, and I willingly change the reproach into a eulogy.—Rousseau.

Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in Venice: but his reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you seek all day ere you find them; and when you have them, they are not worth the search.—Shakespeare.

I know a lady that loves to talk so incessantly, she won't give an echo fair play; she has that everlasting rotation of tongue that an echo must wait till she dies before it can catch her last words!—Congreve.

O! he's as tedious
As is a tired horse, a railing wife;
Worse than a smoky house;—I had rather live
With cheese and garlic, in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me
In any summer house in Christendom.
—Shakespeare.

Surely in much talk there cannot choose but be much vanity. Loquacity is the fistula of the mind,—ever running and almost incurable, let every man, therefore, be a Phocion or Pythagorean, to speak briefly to the point or not at all; let him labor like them of

Crete, to show more wit in his discourse than words, and not to pour out of his mouth a flood of the one, when he can hardly wring out of his brains a drop of the other.—Spencer.

Loss

No man can lose what he never had.—Izaak Walton.

Wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
—Shakespeare.

That puts it not unto the touch
To win or lose it all. —Napier.

What's saved affords
No indication of what's lost.
—Lord Lytton.

When wealth is lost, nothing is lost;
When health is lost, something is lost;
When character is lost, all is lost!

Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and forever!
—Scott.

It is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.—Tennyson.

We have lost morals, justice, honor, piety and faith, and that sense of shame which, once lost, can never be restored.—Seneca.

A wise man loses nothing, if he but save himself.—Montaigne.

Love

To love is everything; love is God.—Léon Gozlan.

Love me little, love me long.—Marlowe.

All mankind love a lover.—Emerson.

The religion of humanity is love.—Mazzini.

Mutual love, the crown of all our bliss.—Milton.

Who can deceive a lover?—Virgil.

Love is the fulfilling of the law.—Bible.

The law of heaven is love.—Hosea Ballou.

The truth of truths is love.—Bailey.

O love, the beautiful and brief!—Schiller.

Paradise is always where love dwells.—Richter.

Sweet is true love, though given in vain.—Tennyson.

Love is the virtue of woman.—Mme. Dudevant.

Love understands love: it needs no talk.—F. R. Havergal.

Love makes fools of us all, big and little.—Thackeray.

It is an old story, yet remains ever new.—Heinrich Heine.

Love will find out the way.—Percy's Reliques.

Love can hope, where reason would despair.—Lyttelton.

Soon or late love is his own avenger.—Byron.

In love we are all fools alike.—Gay.

He loves but lightly who his love can tell.—Petrarch.

Wish chastely, and love dearly.—Shakespeare.

At love's perjuries they say Jove laughs.—Shakespeare.

Heaven's harmony is universal love.—Cowper.

Imparadis'd in one another's arms.—Milton.

The sweetest joy, the wildest woe is love.—Bailey.

Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.—Shakespeare.

Love is an affair of credulity.—Ovid.

Love is the wine of existence.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Love is ownership.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Is not every true lover a martyr?—Hare.

Love can sun the realms of night.—Schiller.

Love is an egotism of two.—Antoine de Salle.

Scorn, at first, makes after-love the more.—Shakespeare.

Love reflects the thing beloved.—Tennyson.

Love can make us fiends as well as angels.—Charles Kingsley.

The first sigh of love is the last of wisdom.—Antoine Bret.

Excessive love in loathing ever ends.—Ovid.

Love has made its best interpreter a sigh.—Byron.

Opposition to a man in love is like oil to fire.—Ouida.

Love must be as much a light as a flame.—Henry D. Thoreau.

None but the brave and beautiful can love.—Bailey.

In love, anger is always false.—Publius Syrus.

An oyster may be crossed in love.—Sheridan.

That you may be beloved, be amiable.—Ovid.

True love is better than glory.—Thackeray.

Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women.—David, King of Israel, lamenting Jonathan.

The only victory over love is flight.—Napoleon.

O heart, love is thy bane and thy antidote.—Madame Dudevant.

He whom love guards, is well guarded.—Voltaire.

Words of love are works of love.—W. R. Alger.

Love will not be spurred to what it loathes.—Shakespeare.

Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned.—Congreve.

She that is loved is safe.—Jeremy Taylor.

All true love is grounded on esteem.—Buckingham.

Life is less than nothing without love.—Bailey.

Love has a tide.—Helen Hunt.

'Tis what I love determines how I love.—George Eliot.

Could I love less, I should be happier now.—Bailey.

For faults are beauties in a lover's eyes.—Theocritus.

The soul of woman lives in love.—Mrs. Sigourney.

One always returns to his first love.—St. Just.

Love is a thing full of anxious fears.—Ovid.

Love is more just than justice.—Henry Ward Beecher.

None ever loved, but at first sight they loved.—George Chapman.

The greatest miracle of love is to eradicate flirtation.—La Rochefoucauld.

In men desire begets love, and in women love begets desire.—Swift.

Love gives itself, but is not bought. —Longfellow.

Our first and last love is—self-love. —Bovee.

If you wish to be loved, love.—Seneca.

True love is the ripe fruit of a lifetime.—Lamartine.

They do not love, that do not show their love.—Shakespeare.

True love, like the eye, can bear no flaw.—Lavater.

The greatest pleasure of life is love. —Sir W. Temple.

Love with life is heaven; and life, unloving, hell.—Tupper.

Love and a cough cannot be hid.—George Herbert.

We should know (a person) before we love.—Martial D'Auvergne.

False love is only blind.—George Farquhar.

Love's like virtue, its own reward. —Vanbrugh.

Love is the art of hearts, and heart of arts.—Bailey.

Platonic love is platonic nonsense.—Richardson.

Love is the piety of the affections.—Theodore Parker.

Love's sweetest meanings are unspoken.—Bovee.

Prosperity is the very bond of love. —Shakespeare.

Equality is no rule in love's grammar.—Beaumont and Fletcher.

It is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.—Tennyson.

Love lessens woman's delicacy and increases man's.—Jean Paul Richter.

Quarrels of lovers renew their love —Terence.

To be loved, be lovable.—Ovid.

I saw and loved.—Gibbon.

Love supreme defies all sophistry.—George Eliot.

Love seldom haunts the breast where learning lies.—Pope.

Man, while he loves, is never quite depraved.—Lamb.

Love sacrifices all things to bless the thing it loves.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Love lieth deep; love dwells not in lip-depths.—Tennyson.

Love reckons hours for months, and days for years; and every little absence is an age.—Dryden.

Why is it so difficult to love wisely, so easy to love too well?—Miss M. E. Braddon.

A youth's love is the more passionate; virgin love is the more idolatrous. —Hare.

There is nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream.—Moore.

Our very wretchedness grows dear to us when suffering for one we love.—Bulwer-Lytton.

There is in the heart of woman such a deep well of love that no age can freeze it.—Bulwer-Lytton.

As love without esteem is volatile and capricious, esteem without love is languid and cold.—Johnson.

I have heard that whoever loves is in no condition old.—Emerson.

Though love use reason for its precision, he admits him not for his councillor.—Shakespeare.

The worst thing an old man can be is a lover.—Otway.

Love with men is not a sentiment, but an idea.—Madame de Girardin.

The moods of love are like the wind; and none knows whence or why they rise.—Patmore.

No disguise can long conceal love where it is, nor feign it where it is not. —Rochefoucauld.

Love, one time, layeth burdens; another time, giveth wings.—Sir P. Sidney.

To reveal its complacence by gifts is one of the native dialects of love.—Mrs. Sigourney.

O love, when thou gettest dominion over us, we may bid good-by to prudence.—La Fontaine.

Friendship often ends in love; but love in friendship—never.—Colton.

If fun is good, truth is still better, and love best of all.—Thackeray.

It is not decided that women love more than men, but is indisputable that they love better.—Sanial-Dubay.

Successful love takes a load off our hearts, and puts it upon our shoulders. —Bovee.

Love is precisely to the moral nature what the sun is to the earth.—Balzac.

Man loves little and often, woman much and rarely.—Basta.

O, how this spring of love resembleth the uncertain glory of an April day!—Shakespeare.

Honest men love women; those who deceive them adore them.—Beaumarchais.

In her first passion, woman loves her lover; in all the others, all she loves is love.—Byron.

Love dies by satiety, and forgetfulness inters it.—Du Cœur.

Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs.—Shakespeare.

It is better to desire than to enjoy, to love than to be loved.—Hazlitt.

Love, which is only an episode in the life of man, is the entire history of woman's life.—Madame de Staël.

There are several remedies which will cure love, but there are no infallible ones.—Rochefoucauld.

It is more common to see an extreme love than a perfect friendship. —Du Cœur.

There are few people who are not ashamed of their amours when the fit is over.—Rochefoucauld.

One-half, the finest half, of life is hidden from the man who does not love with passion.—Henri Beyle.

The beings who appear cold, but are only timid, adore where they dare to love.—Madame Swetchine.

Love that has nothing but beauty to keep it in good health is short-lived.—Erasmus.

The pleasure of love is in loving. We are happier in the passion we feel than in that we inspire.—La Rochefoucauld.

The fountain of love is the rose and the lily, the sun and the dove.—Heinrich Heine.

What a miserable world!—trouble if we love, and trouble if we do not love. —Count de Maistre.

To love for the sake of being loved is human, but to love for the sake of loving is angelic.—Lamartine.

Love is a familiar. Love is a devil. There is no evil angel but love.—Shakespeare.

The most precious possession that ever comes to a man in this world is a woman's heart.—J. G. Holland.

Riches take wings, comforts vanish, hope withers away, but love stays with us. Love is God.—Lew Wallace.

No cord or cable can draw so forcibly, or bind so fast, as love can do with only a single thread.—Burton.

Love is the beginning, the middle, and the end of everything.—Lacordaire.

A flower cannot blossom without sunshine, and a man cannot live without love.—George P. Upton.

We never love heartily but once, and that is the first time we love.—La Bruyère.

We never can willingly offend where we sincerely love.—Rowland Hill.

Only those who love with the heart can animate the love of others.—Abel Stevens.

Let those love now who never loved before,
Let those that always loved now love the more. —Parnell.

Love without faith is as bad as faith without love.—Beecher.

Love is a child that talks in broken language,
Yet then he speaks most plain.
—Dryden.

The happiness of love is in action; its test is what one is willing to do for others.—Lew Wallace.

Love's like the measles—all the worse when it comes late in life.—Jerrold.

It is a wonderful subduer—this love, this hunger of the heart.—George Eliot.

Love hath never known a law beyond its own sweet will.—Whittier.

Of the book of books most wondrous is the tender book of love.—Goethe.

He who determines to love only those who are faultless will soon find himself alone.—Vihischti.

Ah! the spendthrift, love; it gives all and everything with the first sigh! —Madame de Genlis.

Compulsion hardly restores right; love yields all things.—Jane Porter.

What woman says to her fond lover should be written in air or the swift water.—Catullus.

Love keeps the cold out better than a cloak
It serves for food and raiment.
—Longfellow.

The roots of the deepest love die in the heart, if not tenderly cherished.—Herder.

Love is a reality which is born in the fairy region of romance.—Talleyrand.

In love as in war, a fortress that parleys is half taken.—Marguerite de Valois.

A heart once poisoned by suspicion has no longer room for love.—Kotzebue.

The darts of love are blunted by maiden modesty.—Cervantes.

Love and desire are the spirit's wings to great deeds.—Goethe.

It is one of heaven's best gifts to hold such a dear creature in one's arms.—Goethe.

To enlarge or illustrate this power of the effects of love is to set a candle in the sun.—Robert Burton.

Lovers have an ineffable instinct which detects the presence of rivals.—Bulwer.

Love conquers all things; let us yield to love.—Virgil.

Love manufactures every man into a poet while the fever lasts.—Mrs. Campbell Praed.

The magic of first love is the ignorance that it can ever end.—Beaconsfield.

Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend.—Bible.

There is no more delightful hour in life than that of an unconfessed but mutual love.—E. Lynn Linton.

Love is the business of the idle, but the idleness of the busy.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Love is the medicine of all moral evil. By it the world is to be cured of sin.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Who never loved ne'er suffered, he feels nothing,
Who nothing feels but for himself alone.
—Young.

I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honor more.—Lovelace.

Love never dies of starvation, but often of indigestion.—Ninon de Lenclos.

It is not true that love makes all things easy; it makes us choose what is difficult.—George Eliot.

Love is the life of the soul. It is the harmony of the universe.—William Ellery Channing.

Love is the road to God; for love, endless love, is Himself.—Sonnenberg.

Love lives on, and hath a power to bless when they who loved are hidden in the grave.—Lowell.

Where confidence is wanting, the most beautiful flower in the garland of love is missing.—Goethe.

There is nothing holier in this life of ours than the first consciousness of love, the first fluttering of its silken wings.—Longfellow.

Men and women existed before creeds; love is the only religion.—Mrs. Campbell Praed.

Love is the only possession which we can carry with us beyond the grave.—Madame Necker.

To love is to believe, to hope, to know;
'Tis an essay, a taste of heaven below!
—Edmund Waller.

Love is the emblem of eternity; it confounds all notion of time; effaces all memory of a beginning, all fear of an end.—Madame de Staël.

Nothing more excites to everything noble and generous than virtuous love.—Henry Home.

When words we want, love teacheth to indite;
And what we blush to speak, she bids us write. —Herrick.

'Tis well to be off with the old love
Before you are on with the new.
—Maturin.

How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!
—Shakespeare.

Love's history, as Life's, is ended not
By marriage. —Bayard Taylor.

It is love that asks, that seeks, that knocks, that finds, and that is faithful to what it finds.—St. Augustine.

It is astonishing how little one feels poverty when one loves.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Love is old, old as eternity, but not outworn; with each new being born or to be born.—Byron.

Love is more pleasing than marriage, because romances are more amusing than history.—Chamfort.

Of all the paths leading to a woman's love, pity is the straightest.—Beaumont and Fletcher.

The greatest tyranny is to love where we are not loved again.—Balzac.

Love is the master-key that opens every ward of the heart of man.—J. H. Evans.

Life is a sleep, love is a dream; and you have lived if you have loved.—Alfred de Musset.

The motto of chivalry is also the motto of wisdom; to serve all and love but one.—Balzac.

Love has no age, as it is always renewing itself.—Pascal.

Humble love, and not proud science, keeps the door of heaven.—Young.

It is the beautiful necessity of our nature to love something.—Douglas Jerrold.

The punishment of those who have loved women too much is to love them always.—Joubert.

If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it. —Shakespeare.

The great lever by which to raise and save the world is the unbounded love and mercy of God.—Beecher.

The true one of youth's love, proving a faithful helpmate in those years when the dream of life is over, and we live in its realities.—Southey.

Love requires not so much proofs, as expressions, of love. Love demands little else than the power to feel and to requite love.—Richter.

Her eyes, her lips, her cheeks, her shape, her features, seem to be drawn by love's own hand, by love himself in love.—Dryden.

For none can express thee, though all should approve thee.
I love thee so, dear, that I only can love thee. —E. B. Browning.

Love is but another name for that inscrutable presence by which the soul is connected with humanity.—Simms.

Love cannot endure indifference. It needs to be wanted. Like a lamp, it needs to be fed out of the oil of another's heart, or its flame burns low. —Henry Ward Beecher.

If thou wishest to put an end to love, attend to business (love yields to employment); then thou wilt be safe. —Ovid.

Two sentiments alone suffice for man, were he to live the age of the rocks—love, and the contemplation of the Deity.—Watts.

Love is sparingly soluble in the words of men, therefore they speak much of it; but one syllable of woman's speech can dissolve more of it than a man's heart can hold.—Holmes.

Pure love and suspicion cannot dwell together: at the door where the latter enters, the former makes its exit.—Alex. Dumas.

Sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet. —Shakespeare.

The beginning and the end of love are both marked by embarrassment when the two find themselves alone.—La Bruyère.

Love is the occupation of the idle man, the amusement of a busy one, and the shipwreck of a sovereign.—Napoleon.

In love it is only the commencement that charms. I am not surprised that we find pleasure in frequently recommencing.—Prince de Ligne.

What is it that love does to a woman? Without it she only sleeps; with it, alone, she lives.—Ouida.

Women hope that the dead love may revive; but men know that of all dead things none are so past recall as a dead passion.—Ouida.

There are women who love their husbands as blindly, as enthusiastically, and as enigmatically as nuns their cloister.—Marie Ebner-Eschenbach.

Nothing is so fierce but love will soften; nothing so sharp-sighted in other matters but it will throw a mist before its eyes.—L'Estrange.

All these inconveniences are incidents to love: reproaches, jealousies, quarrels, reconcilements, war, and then peace.—Terence.

True love is humble, thereby is it known;
Girded for service, seeking not its own;
Vaunts not itself, but speaks in self-dispraise. —Abraham Coles.

In lover's quarrels, the party that loves most is always most willing to acknowledge the greater fault.—Scott.

Where there exists the most ardent and true love, it is often better to be

united in death than separated in life. —Valerius Maximus.

I say to you truly, the heart of him who loves is a paradise on earth; he has God in himself, for God is love.—Lamennais.

A woman is more considerate in affairs of love than a man: because love is more the study and business of her life.—Washington Irving.

Ask the child why it is born; ask the flower why it blossoms; ask the sun why it shines. I love you because I must love you.—George P. Upton.

If there is anything that keeps the mind open to angel visits, and repels the ministry of ill, it is human love.—N. P. Willis.

The more a man loves, the more he suffers. The sum of possible grief for each soul is in proportion to its degree of perfection.—Amiel.

The greatest happiness of life is the conviction that we are loved, loved for ourselves—say rather, loved in spite of ourselves.—Victor Hugo.

Love never reasons, but profusely gives; gives, like a thoughtless prodigal, its all, and trembles then lest it has done too little.—Hannah More.

Take away love, and not physical nature only, but the heart of the moral world, would be palsied.—Southey.

Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.
—Scott.

Love and you shall be loved. All love is mathematically just, as much as the two sides of an algebraic equation.—Emerson.

My bounty is as boundless as the sea, my love as deep; the more I give to thee, the more I have, for both are infinite.—Shakespeare.

Divine love is a sacred flower, which in its early bud is happiness, and in its full bloom is heaven.—Hervey.

Those who have loved have little relish for friendship. The devotee of strong drink finds wine insipid.—Alex. Dumas.

A man is in no danger so long as he talks his love; but to write it is to impale himself on his own pot-hooks.—Jerrold.

When love once pleads admission to our hearts,
In spite of all the virtue we can boast,
The woman that deliberates is lost.
—Addison.

Art thou not dearer to my eyes than light?
Dost thou not circulate through all my veins?
Mingle with life, and form my very soul?
—Young.

All brave men love; for he only is brave who has affections to fight for, whether in the daily battle of life or in physical contests.—Hawthorne.

Beauty may be the object of liking—great qualities of admiration—good ones of esteem—but love only is the object of love.—Fielding.

The heart of a young woman in love is a golden sanctuary which often enshrines an idol of clay.—Paulin Limayrac.

In love we never think of moral qualities, and scarcely of intellectual ones. Temperament and manner alone, with beauty, excite love.—Hazlitt.

It is possible that a man can be so changed by love that one could not recognize him to be the same person.—Terence.

The heart needs not for its heaven much space, nor many stars therein, if only the star of love has arisen.—Richter.

God gives us love. Something to love He lends us; but when love is grown to ripeness, that on which it throve falls off, and love is left alone. —Tennyson.

Stimulate the heart to love and the mind to be early accurate, and all other virtues will rise of their own

accord, and all vices will be thrown out.—Coleridge.

Love seizes on us suddenly, without giving warning, and our disposition or our weakness favors the surprise; one look, one glance, from the fair fixes and determines us.—Bruyère.

Love is full of unbefitting strains; all wanton as a child, skipping, and vain; formed by the eye, and therefore, like the eye, full of strange shapes, of habits, and of forms.—Shakespeare.

It is not love that steals the heart from love; it is the hard world and its perplexing cares, its petrifying selfishness, its pride, its low ambition, and its paltry aims.—Charlotte Bowles.

Love delights in paradoxes. Saddest when it has most reason to be gay, sighs are the signs of its deepest joy, and silence is the expression of its yearning tenderness.—Bovee.

Affection can withstand very severe storms of rigor, but not a long polar frost of downright indifference. Love will subsist on wonderfully little hope, but not altogether without it.—Walter Scott.

The life of a woman may be divided into three epochs; in the first she dreams of love, in the second she makes love, in the third she regrets it.—St. Prosper.

However dull a woman may be, she will understand all there is in love; however intelligent a man may be, he will never know but half of it.—Madame Fée.

Love is like a charming romance which is read with avidity, and often with such impatience that many pages are skipped to reach the *dénouement* sooner.—Sylvain Maréchal.

Love is of all stimulants the most powerful. It sharpens the wits like danger, and the memory like hatred; it spurs the will like ambition; it intoxicates like wine.—A. B. Edwards.

A man does not entreat for love. It is the irresistible impulse towards each other of two souls, a union in which there is neither conscious giving nor receiving.—Mrs. Campbell Praed.

The first symptom of true love in a young man is timidity, in a girl it is boldness. The two sexes have a tendency to approach, and each assumes the qualities of the other.—Victor Hugo.

If a man really loves a woman, of course he wouldn't marry her for the world, if he were not quite sure that he was the best person she could by any possibility marry.—Holmes.

Love is strong as death. Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it: if a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be contemned.—Bible.

Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and whip as madmen do; and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too.—Shakespeare.

No sooner met but they looked, no sooner looked but they loved, no sooner loved but they sighed, no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy.—Shakespeare.

It's gude to be merry and wise,
It's gude to be honest and true,
And afore you're off wi' the auld love
It's best to be on wi' the new.
—Old Scotch Song.

I love thee, I love but thee,
With a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold! —Bayard Taylor.

A woman may live without a lover, but a lover once admitted, she never goes through life with only one. She is deserted, and cannot bear her anguish and solitude, and hence fills up the void with a second idol.—Bulwer.

To love one who loves you, to admire one who admires you,—in a word

to be the idol of one's idol—is exceeding the limit of human joy; it is stealing fire from heaven, and deserves death.—Mme. de Girardin.

It is certain that there is no other passion which does produce such contrary effects in so great a degree. But this may be said for love, that if you strike it out of the soul, life would be insipid, and our being but half animated.—Addison.

Love is the purification of the heart from self; it strengthens and ennobles the character, gives higher motives and a nobler aim to every action of life, and makes both man and woman strong, noble, and courageous.—Miss Jewsbury.

The lover's pleasure, like that of the hunter, is in the chase, and the brightest beauty loses half its merit, as the flower its perfume, when the willing hand can reach it too easily. There must be doubt; there must be difficulty and danger.—Walter Scott.

If thou neglectest thy love to thy neighbor, in vain thou professest thy love to God; for by thy love to God the love to thy neighbor is begotten, and by the love to thy neighbor, thy love to God is nourished.—Quarles.

What a man pays for bread and butter is worth its market value, and no more. What he pays for love's sake is gold indeed, which has a lure for angels' eyes, and rings well upon God's touchstone.—Lowell.

The consciousness of being loved softens the keenest pang even at the moment of parting; yea, even the eternal farewell is robbed of half of its bitterness when uttered in accents that breathe love to the last sigh.—Addison.

The accepted and betrothed lover has lost the wildest charms of his maiden in her acceptance of him. She was heaven whilst he pursued her as a star,—she cannot be heaven if she stoops to such a one as he.—Emerson.

Love is the crowning grace of humanity, the holiest right of the soul, the golden link which binds us to duty and truth, the redeeming principle that chiefly reconciles the heart to life, and is prophetic of eternal good.—Petrarch.

Love is a smoke made with the fume of sighs;
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vex'd, a sea nourished with loving tears;
What is it else? A madness most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.
—Shakespeare.

Days are like years in the love of the young, when no bar, no obstacle, is between their hearts,—when the sun shines, and the course runs smooth—when their love is prosperous and confessed.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Love is a flame which burns in heaven and whose soft reflections radiate to us. Two worlds are opened, two lives given to it. It is by love that we double our being; it is by love that we approach God.—Aimé-Martin.

Nothing but real love—(how rare it is; has one human heart in a million ever known it?)—nothing but real love can repay us for the loss of freedom—the cares and fears of poverty—the cold pity of the world that we both despise and respect.—Bulwer-Lytton.

There are no little events with the heart. It magnifies everything; it places in the same scales the fall of an empire of fourteen years and the dropping of a woman's glove, and almost always the glove weighs more than the empire.—Balzac.

Love is represented as the fulfilling of the law,—a creature's perfection. All other graces, all divine dispensations, contribute to this, and are lost in it as in a heaven. It expels the dross of our nature; it overcomes sorrow; it is the full joy of our Lord.—Hooker.

A heat full of coldness, a sweet full of bitterness, a pain full of pleasantness, which maketh thoughts have eyes, and hearts, and ears; bred by desire, nursed by delight, weaned by jealousy, killed by dissembling, buried by ingratitude; and this is love.—Lyly.

Of all the agonies in life, that which is most poignant and harrowing; that which for the time annihilates reason, and leaves our whole organization one lacerated, mangled heart, is the conviction that we have been deceived where we placed all the trust of love. —Bulwer-Lytton.

The platform or the altar of love may be analyzed and explained; it is constructed of virtue, beauty, and affection. Such is the pyre, such is the offering; but the ethereal spark must come from heaven, that lights the sacrifice.—Jane Porter.

Love may be likened to a disease in this respect, that when it is denied a vent in one part, it will certainly break out in another; hence what a woman's lips often conceal, her eyes, her blushes, and many little involuntary actions betray.—Fielding.

The cure for all the ills and wrongs, the cares, the sorrows, and the crimes of humanity, all lie in that one word "love." It is the divine vitality that everywhere produces and restores life. To each and every one of us, it gives the power of working miracles if we will.—Mrs. L. M. Child.

She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek; she pined in thought,
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat, like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed? —Shakespeare.

And let th' aspiring Youth beware of Love,
Of the smooth glance beware; for 'tis too late,
When on his heart the torrent-softness pours,
Then Wisdom prostrate lies, and fading Fame
Dissolves in air away. —Thomson.

Love is indeed heaven upon earth; since heaven above would not be heaven without it; for where there is not love, there is fear; but, "Perfect love casteth out fear." And yet we naturally fear most to offend what we most love.—William Penn.

Love, it has been said, flows downward. The love of parents for their children has always been far more powerful than that of children for their parents; and who among the sons of men ever loved God with a thousandth part of the love which God has manifested to us?—Hare.

No man, or woman, was ever cured of love by discovering the falseness of his or her lover. The living together for three long, rainy days in the country has done more to dispel love than all the perfidies in love that have ever been committed.—Helps.

That was the first sound in the song of love!
Scarce more than silence is, and yet a sound.
Hands of invisible spirits touch the strings
Of that mysterious instrument, the soul,
And play the prelude of our fate. We hear
The voice prophetic, and are not alone.
—Longfellow.

Love why do we one passion call,
When 'tis a compound of them all?
Where hot and cold, where sharp and sweet,
In all their equipages meet;
Where pleasures mix'd with pains appear,
Sorrow with joy, and hope with fear.
—Swift.

Providence has so ordained it, that only two women have a true interest in the happiness of a man—his own mother, and the mother of his children. Besides these two legitimate kinds of love, there is nothing between the two creatures except vain excitement, painful and vain delusion.—Octave Feuillet.

How many times do I love, again?
Tell me how many beads there are
In a silver chain
Of evening rain
Unravelled from the trembling main
And threading the eye of a yellow star:—
So many times do I love again.
—Thos. Lovell Beddoes.

For several virtues
Have I lik'd several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed,
And put it to the foil: but you, O you,
So perfect, and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best!
—Shakespeare.

A man may be a miser of his wealth; he may tie up his talent in a napkin; he may hug himself in his reputation;

but he is always generous in his love. Love cannot stay at home; a man cannot keep it to himself. Like light it is constantly traveling. A man must spend it, must give it away.—Rev. Dr. Macleod.

If a man loves a woman for her beauty, does he love her? No; for the smallpox, which destroys her beauty without killing her, causes his love to cease. And if any one loves me for my judgment or my memory, does he really love me? No; for I can lose these qualities without ceasing to be.—Pascal.

A supreme love, a motive that gives a sublime rhythm to a woman's life, and exalts habit into partnership with the soul's highest needs, is not to be had where and how she wills; to know that high initiation, she must often tread where it is hard to tread, and feel the chill air, and watch through darkness.—George Eliot.

For this is Love's nobility,—
Not to scatter bread and gold,
Goods and raiment bought and sold;
But to hold fast his simple sense,
And speak the speech of innocence,
For he that feeds men serveth few;
He serves all who dares be true.
—Emerson.

It is difficult to know at what moment love begins; it is less difficult to know it has begun. A thousand heralds proclaim it to the listening air, a thousand messengers betray it to the eye. Tone, act, attitude and look, the signals upon the countenance, the electric telegraph of touch—all these betray the yielding citadel before the word itself is uttered, which, like the key surrendered, opens every avenue and gate of entrance, and renders retreat impossible.—Longfellow.

Of the systems above us, angelic and seraphic, we know little; but we see one law, simple, efficient, and comprehensive as that of gravitation,—the law of love,—extending its sway over the whole of God's dominions, living where He lives, embracing every moral movement in its universal authority, and producing the same harmony, where it is obeyed as we observe in the movements of nature.—Mark Hopkins.

When God formed the rose, He said, "Thou shalt flourish and spread thy perfume." When He commanded the sun to emerge from chaos, he added, "Thou shalt enlighten and warm the world." When He gave life to the lark, He enjoined upon it to soar and sing in the air. Finally, He created man and told him to love. And seeing the sun shine, perceiving the rose scattering its odors, hearing the lark warble in the air, how can man help loving?—Grün.

But thou, through good and evil, praise and blame,
Wilt not thou love me for myself alone?
Yes, thou wilt love me with exceeding love,
And I will tenfold all that love repay;
Still smiling, though the tender may reprove,
Still faithful, though the trusted may betray. —Macaulay.

Love is an alchemist that can transmute poison into food—and a spaniel, that prefers even punishment from one hand to caresses from another. But it is in love, as in war, we are often more indebted for our success to the weakness of the defence than to the energy of the attack; for mere idleness has ruined more women than passion; vanity more than idleness, and credulity more than either.—Colton.

Love is all in fire, and yet is ever freezing;
Love is much in winning, yet is more in leesing;
Love is ever sick, and yet is never dying;
Love is ever true, and yet is ever lying;
Love does dote in liking, and is mad in loathing;
Love indeed is anything, yet indeed is nothing. —Thos. Middleton.

Must love be ever treated with profaneness as a mere illusion? or with coarseness as a mere impulse? or with fear as a mere disease? or with shame as a mere weakness? or with levity as a mere accident? whereas it is a great mystery and a great necessity, lying at the foundation of human existence, morality, and happiness,—mysterious, universal, inevitable as death.—Harriet Martineau.

The plainest man that can convince a woman that he is really in love with her has done more to make her in love with him than the handsomest man, if

he can produce no such conviction. For the love of woman is a shoot, not a seed, and flourishes most vigorously only when ingrafted on that love which is rooted in the breast of another.—Colton.

Who can fear
Too many stars, though each in heaven shall roll—
Too many flowers, though each shall crown the year?
Say, thou dost love me, love me, love me—toll
The silver iterance!—only minding, Dear,
To love me also in silence, with thy soul.
—E. B. Browning.

Do anything but love; or if thou lovest and art a woman, hide thy love from him whom thou dost worship; never let him know how dear he is; flit like a bird before him; lead him from tree to tree, from flower to flower; but be not won, or thou wilt, like that bird, when caught and caged, be left to pine neglected and perish in forgetfulness.—Miss L. E. Landon.

This is the great instrument and engine of nature, the bond and cement of society, the spring and spirit of the universe. Love is such an affection as cannot so properly be said to be in the soul, as the soul to be in that. It is the whole man wrapt up into one desire, all the powers, vigor, and faculties of the soul abridged into one inclination.—South.

She is coming, my own, my sweet;
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red.
—Tennyson.

Your love in a cottage is hungry,
Your vine is a nest for flies—
Your milkmaid shocks the Graces,
And simplicity talks of pies!
You lie down to your shady slumber
And wake with a bug in your ear,
And your damsel that walks in the morning
Is shod like a mountaineer.
—N. P. Willis.

Oh, how beautiful is love! Even thou that sneerest and laughest in cold indifference or scorn if others are near thee,—thou too must acknowledge its truth when thou art alone, and confess that a foolish world is prone to laugh in public at what in private it reveres as one of the highest impulses of our nature; namely, love.—Longfellow.

Love is the weapon which Omnipotence reserved to conquer rebel man when all the rest had failed. Reason he parries; fear he answers blow for blow; future interest he meets with present pleasure; but love, that sun against whose melting beams the winter cannot stand—that soft subliming slumber which wrestles down the giant, there is not one human being in a million, nor a thousand men in all earth's huge quintillion, whose clay heart is hardened against love.—Tupper.

Ask not of me, love, what is love?
Ask what is good of God above;
Ask of the great sun what is light;
Ask what is darkness of the night;
Ask sin of what may be forgiven;
Ask what is happiness of heaven;
Ask what is folly of the crowd;
Ask what is fashion of the shroud;
Ask what is sweetness of thy kiss;
Ask of thyself what beauty is. —Bailey.

We love a girl for very different things than understanding. We love her for her beauty, her youth, her mirth, her confidingness, her character, with its faults, caprices, and God knows what other inexpressible charms; but we do not love her understanding. Her mind we esteem (if it is brilliant), and it may greatly elevate her in our opinion; nay, more, it may enchain us when we already love. But her understanding is not that which awakens and inflames our passions.—Goethe.

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate.
She is coming, my dove, my dear;
She is coming, my life, my fate;
The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near;"
And the white rose weeps, "She is late;"
The larkspur listens, "I hear; I hear;"
And the lily whispers, "I wait."
—Tennyson.

There can be no barrenness in full summer. The very sand will yield something. Rocks will have mosses, and every rift will have its windflower, and every crevice a leaf; while from the fertile soil will be reared a

gorgeous troop of growths, that will carry their life in ten thousand forms, but all with praise to God. And so it is when the soul knows its summer. Love redeems its weakness, clothes its barrenness, enriches its poverty, and makes its very desert to bud and blossom as the rose.—Beecher.

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
'Tis woman's whole existence; man may range
The court, the camp, church, vessel, and the mart,
Sword, gown, gain, glory, offer in exchange;
Pride, fame, ambition, to fill up his heart;
And few there are whom these cannot estrange;
Men have all these resources, we but one—
To love again, and be again undone.
—Byron.

If I freely may discover
What should please me in my lover,
I would have her fair and witty,
Savouring more of court than city;
A little proud, but full of pity;
Light and humorous in her toying,
Oft building hopes, and soon destroying,
Long, but sweet in the enjoying;
Neither too easy nor to hard;
All extremes I would have barr'd.
—Ben. Jonson.

Love's arms were wreathed about the neck of Hope,
And Hope kiss'd Love, and Love drew in her breath
In that close kiss and drank her whisper'd tales.
They say that Love would die when Hope was gone.
And Love mourn'd long, and sorrow'd after Hope;
At last she sought out Memory, and they trod
The same old paths where Love had walked with Hope,
And Memory fed the soul of Love with tears. —Tennyson.

Love is the river of life in this world. Think not that ye know it who stand at the little tinkling rill, the first small fountain. Not until you have gone through the rocky gorges, and not lost the stream; not until you have gone through the meadow, and the stream has widened and deepened until fleets could ride on its bosom; not until beyond the meadow you have come to the unfathomable ocean, and poured your treasures into its depths—not until then can you know what love is.—Henry Ward Beecher.

When a man is in love with one woman in a family, it is astonishing how fond he becomes of every person connected with it. He ingratiates himself with the maids; he is bland with the butler; he interests himself about the footman; he runs on errands for the daughters; he gives advice and lends money to the youngest son at college; he pats little dogs which he would kick otherwise; he smiles at old stories which would make him break out in yawns, were they uttered by any one but papa; he drinks sweet port wine, for which he would curse the steward and the whole committee of a club; he bears even with the cantankerous old maiden aunt; he beats time when darling little Fanny performs her piece on the piano; smiles when wicked, lively little Bobby upsets the coffee over his shirt.—Thackeray.

Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove;
O no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me proved;—
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.
—Shakespeare.

Yes—it was love—if thoughts of tenderness,
Tried in temptation, strengthen'd by distress,
Unmov'd by absence, firm in every clime,
And yet—oh more than all! untired by time,
Which nor defeated hope, nor baffled wile,
Could render sullen were she near to smile,
Nor rage could fire, nor sickness fret to vent
On her one murmur of his discontent;
Which still would meet with joy, with calmness part,
Lest that his look of grief should reach her heart;
Which nought removed, nor menaced to remove—
If there be love in mortals—this was love!
—Byron.

Loveliness

There is certainly no beauty on earth which exceeds the natural loveliness of woman.—J. Petit-Senn.

A lovely lady, garmented in light.—Shelley.

Few have borne unconsciously the spell of loveliness.—Whittier.

The perfection of outward loveliness is the soul shining through its crystalline covering.—Jane Porter.

'Tis not a lip or eye we beauty call, but the joint force and full result of all.—Pope.

Her gentle limbs did she undress, and lay down in her loveliness.—Coleridge.

Loveliness needs not the foreign aid of ornament, but is, when unadorned, adorned the most.—Thomson.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever; its loveliness increases! it will never pass into nothingness.—Keats.

Thus was beauty sent from heaven —the lovely mistress of truth and good in this dark world.—Akenside.

A good woman is the loveliest flower that blooms under heaven; and we look with love and wonder upon its silent grace, its pure fragrance, its delicate bloom of beauty.—Thackeray.

A beautiful envelope for mortality, presenting a glittering and polished exterior, the appearance of which gives no certain indication of the real value of what is contained therein.—Mrs. Balfour.

What makes woman lovely? Virtue, faith, and gentleness in suffering, an endurance through scorn or trial; then has it the stamp celestial, and is admitted to sisterhood with angels.—John Brent.

Women are the poetry of the world in the same sense as the stars are the poetry of heaven. Clear, light-giving, harmonious, they are the terrestrial planets that rule the destinies of mankind.—Hargrave.

Lowliness

Lowliness is young ambition's ladder, whereto the climber upward turns his face; but when he once attains the upmost round, he then unto the ladder turns his back, looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees by which he did ascend.—Shakespeare.

Loyalty

When I forget my sovereign, may my God forget me.—Lord Thurlow.

Now let us sing, long live the king. —Cowper.

The first great work (a task performed by few)
Is that yourself may to yourself be true.
—Wentworth Dillon.

With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right. —Abraham Lincoln.

We mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.—Thomas Jefferson.

Our country! In her intercourse with foreign nations, may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong.—Stephen Decatur.

Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more.—Shakespeare.

We join ourselves to no party that does not carry the American flag, and keep step to the music of the Union.—Rufus Choate.

To thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
—Shakespeare.

Master, go on, and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.
—Shakespeare.

Wake in our breast the living fires,
The holy faith that warmed our sires;
Thy hand hath made our Nation free;
To die for her is serving Thee.
—O. W. Holmes.

Loyalty to God is alone fundamental. Feelings, words, deeds, must be beads strung on the string of duty. Let the world tell you in a hundred ways what your life is for. Say you ever and only, "Lo, I come to do Thy will, O my God." Out of that dutiful

root grows the beautiful life, the life radically and radiantly true to God—the only life that can be lived in both worlds.—Maltbie Babcock.

Luck

Luck cannot change birth.—Horace.

A pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck.—James A. Garfield.

As good luck would have it.—Shakespeare.

Luck, mere luck, may make even madness wisdom.—Douglas Jerrold.

A lucky man is rarer than a white crow.—Juvenal.

A man never has good luck who has a bad wife.—Beecher.

When good luck knocks at the door, let him in and keep him there.—Cervantes.

Good luck lies in odd numbers * * * they say, there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death.—Shakespeare.

Good luck is the willing handmaid of upright, energetic character, and conscientious observance of duty.—Lowell.

Wheresoe'er thou move, good luck shall fling her old shoe after.—Tennyson.

Good luck befriend thee, Son; for at thy birth
The fairy ladies danced upon the hearth.
—Milton.

Some people are so fond of ill-luck that they run half way to meet it.—Douglas Jerrold.

The lucky have whole days which still they choose; the unlucky have but hours, and those they lose.—Dryden.

Pitch a lucky man into the Nile, says the Arabian proverb, and he will come up with a fish in his mouth!—Willis.

Things unhoped for happen oftener than things we desire.—Plautus.

Good and bad luck is but a synonyme, in the great majority of instances, for good and bad judgment.—Chatfield.

A good character, good habits, and iron industry are impregnable to the assaults of all the ill-luck that fools ever dreamed of.—Addison.

Virtue without success is a fair picture shown by an ill light; but lucky men are favorites of heaven; all own the chief, when fortune owns the cause.—Dryden.

There are no chances so unlucky from which clever people are not able to reap some advantage, and none so lucky that the foolish are not able to turn to their own disadvantage.—Rochefoucauld.

Hope nothing from luck; and the probability is that you will be so prepared, forewarned, and forearmed that all shallow observers will call you lucky.—Bulwer-Lytton.

A farmer travelling with his load
Picked up a horseshoe on the road,
And nailed it fast to his barn door,
That luck might down upon him pour,
That every blessing known in life
Might crown his homestead and his wife,
And never any kind of harm
Descend upon his growing farm.
—James T. Fields.

Luck is ever waiting for something to turn up. Labor, with keen eyes and strong will, will turn up something. Luck lies in bed, and wishes the postman would bring him the news of a legacy. Labor turns out at six o'clock, and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competence. Luck whines. Labor whistles. Luck relies on chance. Labor on character.—Cobden.

Never have anything to do with an unlucky place, or an unlucky man. I have seen many clever men, very clever men, who had not shoes to their feet. I never act with them. Their advice sounds very well, but they cannot get on themselves; and if they cannot do good to themselves, how can they do good to me?—Rothschild.

Shallow men believe in luck, believe in circumstances: It was somebody's name, or he happened to be there at the time, or it was so then, and another day it would have been otherwise. Strong men believe in cause and effect. The man was born to do it, and his father was born to be the father of him and of this deed, and, by looking narrowly, you shall see there was no luck in the matter, but it was all a problem in arithmetic, or an experiment in chemistry.—Emerson.

Lust

Light and lust are deadly enemies. —Shakespeare.

Lust—hard by hate.—Milton.

Nature is content with little; grace with less; but lust with nothing.—Matthew Henry.

The blood of youth burns not with such excess as gravity's revolt to wantonness.—Shakespeare.

Any enemy to whom you show kindness becomes your friend, excepting lust, the indulgence of which increases its enmity.—Saadi.

The flesh being proud, Desire doth fight
with Grace,
For there it revels, and when that decays,
The guilty Rebel for remission prays.
—Shakespeare.

So long as lust (whether of the world or flesh) smells sweet in our nostrils, so long we are loathesome to God.—Colton.

Capricious, wanton, bold, and brutal Lust
Is meanly selfish; when resisted, cruel;
And, like the blast of Pestilential Winds,
Taints the sweet bloom of Nature's fairest
forms. —Milton.

Lust is a captivity of the reason and an enraging of the passions. It hinders business and distracts counsel. It sins against the body and weakens the soul.—Jeremy Taylor.

Lust is, of all the frailties of our nature, what most we ought to fear; the headstrong beast rushes along, impatient of the course; nor hears the rider's call, nor feels the rein.—Rowe.

I know the very difference that lies 'twixt hallowed love and base unholy lust; I know the one is as a golden spur, urging the spirit to all noble aims; the other but a foul and miry pit, o'erthrowing it in midst of its career.—Fannie Kemble Butler.

Virtue, as it never will be moved,
Though Lewdness court it in a shape of
Heav'n;
So Lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage.
—Shakespeare.

As pills that are outwardly fair, gilt, and rolled in sugar, but within are full of bitterness: even so lustful pleasure is no sooner hatched but repentance is at hand, ready to supplant her.—Daniel Cawdrey.

Lust is an enemy to the purse, a foe to the person, a canker to the mind, a corrosive to the conscience, a weakness of the wit, a besotter of the senses, and finally, a mortal bane to all the body.—Pliny.

Servile inclinations and gross love,
The guilty bent of vicious appetite;
At first a sin, a horror ev'n in bliss,
Deprave the senses and lay waste the man;
Passions irregular, and next a loathing,
Quickly succeed to dash the wild desire.
—Havard.

It is the grand battle of life, to teach lust the limits of divine law, to break it into the taste of the bread of heaven, and make it understand that man doth not live by bread alone, but by every word that cometh out of the mouth of God.—Rev. J. B. Brown.

But when lust,
By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul
talk,
But most by lewd and lavish arts of sin,
Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
The soul grows clotted by contagion,
Imbodies and imbrutes, till she quite lose
The divine property of her first being.
—Milton.

Lust is a vice sooner condemned than banished; easily spoke against, but yet it will fawn as smoothly on our flesh as Circe on the Græcian travelers, when she detained them in the shape of beasts.—W. Mason.

Luxury

All luxury corrupts either the morals or the taste.—Joubert.

O luxury! thou curst by heaven's decree.—Goldsmith.

Avarice and luxury, those pests which have ever been the ruin of every great state.—Livy.

Fell luxury! more perilous to youth than storms or quicksands, poverty or chains.—Hannah More.

On the soft bed of luxury, most kingdoms have expired.—Young.

Luxury is a word of uncertain signification, and may be taken in a good as in a bad sense.—Hume.

Truly, one gets easier accustomed to a silken bed than to a sack of leaves. —Auerbach.

Sedition is bred in the lap of luxury and its chosen emissaries are the beggared spendthrift and the impoverished libertine.—Bancroft.

Luxury possibly may contribute to give bread to the poor; but if there were no luxury there would be no poor.—Henry Home.

Luxury is an enticing pleasure, a bastard mirth, which hath honey in her mouth, gall in her heart, and a sting in her tail.—Quarles.

We see the pernicious effects of luxury in the ancient Romans, who immediately found themselves poor as soon as this vice got footing among them.—Addison.

Luxury makes a man so soft that it is hard to please him, and easy to trouble him; so that his pleasures at last become his burden. Luxury is a nice master, hard to be pleased.—Sir G. Mackenzie.

By luxury we condemn ourselves to greater torments than have yet been invented by anger or revenge, or inflicted by the greatest tyrants upon the worst of men.—Sir W. Temple.

Luxury, so far as it reaches the people, will do good to the race of people; it will strengthen and multiply them. Sir, no nation was ever hurt by luxury; for, as I said before, it can reach but a very few.—Johnson.

What will not luxury taste? Earth, sea, and air,
Are daily ransack'd for the bill of fare;
Blood stuff'd in skins is British Christians' food,
And France robs marshes of the croaking brood. —Gay.

Sofas 'twas half a sin to sit upon,
So costly were they; carpets, every stitch
Of workmanship so rare, they make you wish
You could glide o'er them like a golden fish. —Byron.

You cannot spend money in luxury without doing good to the poor. Nay, you do more good to them by spending it in luxury—you make them exert industry, whereas by giving it, you keep them idle.—Johnson.

Luxury, that alluring pest with fair forehead, which, yielding always to the will of the body, throws a deadening influence over the senses, and weakens the limbs more than the drugs of Circe's cup.—Claudian.

The more various our artificial necessities, the wider is our circle of pleasure; for all pleasure consists in obviating necessities as they rise; luxury, therefore, as it increases our wants, increases our capacity for happiness.—Goldsmith.

Garrick showed Dr. Johnson his fine house, gardens, statues, pictures, etc., at Hampton Court. "Ah! David, David," said the doctor, "these are the things which make a deathbed terrible."—John Bate.

Luxury and dissipation, soft and gentle as their approaches are, and silently as they throw their silken chains about the heart, enslave it more than the most active and turbulent vices.—Hannah More.

I know it is more agreeable to walk upon carpets than to lie upon dungeon

floors, I know it is pleasant to have all the comforts and luxuries of civilization; but he who cares only for these things is worth no more than a butterfly, contented and thoughtless, upon a morning flower; and who ever thought of rearing a tombstone to a last summer's butterfly?—Beecher.

There, in her den, lay pompous luxury,
Stretch'd out at length; no vice could boast such high
And genial victories as she had won;
Of which proud trophies there at large were shown,
Besides small states and kingdoms ruined
Those mighty monarchies that had o'erspread
The spacious earth, and stretch'd their conquering arms
From pole to pole, by her ensnaring charms
Were quite consum'd; there lay imperial Rome,
That vanquish'd all the world, by her o'ercome;
Fetter'd was th' old Assyrian lion there;
The Grecian leopard, and the Persian bear;
With others numberless, lamenting by,
Examples of the power of luxury. —May.

Let us consider what we call vicious luxury. No gratification, however sensual, can of itself be esteemed vicious. A gratification is only vicious when it engrosses all a man's expense, and leaves no ability for such acts of duty and generosity as are required by his situation and fortune. The same care and toil that raise a dish of peas at Christmas would give bread to a whole family during six months.—Hume.

Lying

The truth in masquerade.—Byron.

Liars are verbal forgers.—Chatfield.

Past all shame, so past all truth.—Shakespeare.

Lies can destroy, but not create.—Tupper.

A good memory is needed once we have lied.—Corneille.

Lies exist only to be extinguished.—Carlyle.

It is not right or manly to lie even about Satan.—James A. Garfield.

None but cowards lie.—Murphy.

Lying's a certain mark of cowardice.—Southern.

Lying, like license, has its degrees.—George Sand.

Be sure no lie can ever reach old age.—Sophocles.

A liar is a bravo towards God and a coward towards men.—Bacon.

A lie that is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies.—Tennyson.

He will lie, sir, with such volubility that you would think truth were a fool.—Shakespeare.

There are people who lie simply for the sake of lying.—Pascal.

Do the devils lie? No; for then even hell could not subsist.—Sir T. Browne.

Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying!—Shakespeare.

A lie is the abandonment and, as it were, the annihilation of the dignity of man.—Kant.

A lie is like a vizard, that may cover the face indeed, but can never become it.—South.

He who has not a good memory should never take upon him the trade of lying.—Montaigne.

Liars are the cause of all the sins and crimes in the world.—Epictetus.

Sin has many tools, but a lie is the handle which fits them all.—Holmes.

A lie has no legs, and cannot stand; but it has wings, and can fly far and wide.—Warburton.

Lying is the strongest acknowledgement of the force of truth.—Hazlitt.

The most mischievous liars are those who keep sliding on the verge of truth.—J. C. and A. W. Hare.

Even a liar tells a hundred truths to one lie: he has to, to make the lie good for anything.—Henry Ward Beecher.

The gain of lying is nothing else but not to be trusted of any, nor to be believed when we say the truth.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

The most intangible, and therefore the worst, kind of a lie is a half truth. This is the peculiar device of a "conscientious" detractor. — Washington Allston.

It is more from carelessness about truth, than from intentional lying, that there is so much falsehood in the world.—Johnson.

When thou art obliged to speak, be sure to speak the truth; for equivocation is half-way to lying, and lying is the whole way to hell.—William Penn.

They begin with making falsehood appear like truth, and end with making truth itself appear like falsehood.—Shenstone.

Although the devil be the father of lies, he seems, like other great inventors, to have lost much of his reputation by the continual improvements that have been made upon him.—Swift.

No villainy or flagitious action was ever yet committed but, upon a due inquiry into the cause of it, it will be found that a lie was first or last the principal engine to effect it.—South.

Our opinions are not our own, but in the power of sympathy. If a person tells us a palpable falsehood, we not only dare not contradict him, but we dare hardly disbelieve him to his face. A lie boldly uttered has the effect of truth for the instant.—Hazlitt.

A lie always needs a truth for a handle to it. The worst lies are those whose blade is false, but whose handle is true.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Habitual liars invent falsehoods not to gain any end or even to deceive their hearers, but to amuse themselves. It is partly practice and partly habit. It requires an effort in them to speak the truth.—Hazlitt.

After a tongue has once got the knack of lying, it is not to be imagined how impossible almost it is to reclaim it. Whence it comes to pass, that we see some men, who are otherwise very honest, so subject to this vice.—Montaigne.

A lie is a very short wick in a very small lamp. The oil of reputation is very soon sucked up and gone. And just as soon as a man is known to lie, he is like a two-foot pump in a hundred-foot well. He cannot touch bottom at all.—Henry Ward Beecher.

It is a hard matter for a man to lie all over, nature having provided king's evidence in almost every member. The hand will sometimes act as a vane, to show which way the wind blows, even when every feature is set the other way; the knees smite together and sound the alarm of fear under a fierce countenance; the legs shake with anger when all above is calm.—Washington Allston.

Lying is a disgraceful vice, and one that Plutarch paints in most disgraceful colors, when he says that it is "affording testimony that one first despises God, and then fears men." It is not possible more happily to describe its horrible, disgusting, and abandoned nature; for can we imagine anything more vile than to be cowards with regard to men, and brave with regard to God.—Montaigne.

All lies disgrace a gentleman, white or black, although I grant there is a difference. To say the least of it, it is a dangerous habit, for white lies are but the gentlemen ushers to black ones. I know of but one point on which a lie is excusable, and that it, when you wish to deceive the enemy. Then, your duty to your country warrants your lying till you are black in the face; and, for the very reason that it goes against your grain, it becomes, as it were, a sort of virtue.—Marryat.

M

Madness

Without one glimpse of reason or of heaven.—Moore.

O, that way madness lies; let me shun that.—Shakespeare.

Why, this is very midsummer madness.—Shakespeare.

Moody madness laughing wild.—Gray.

Though this be madness, yet there is method in it.—Shakespeare.

Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.—Shakespeare.

There is a pleasure in being mad,
Which none but madmen know.
—Dryden.

Insane people easily detect the nonsense of other people.—Dr. John Hallam.

Insanity is often the logic of an accurate mind overtasked.—O. W. Holmes.

The dreamer is a madman quiescent; the madman is a dreamer in action.—F. H. Hedge.

O this poor brain! ten thousand shapes of fury are whirling there, and reason is no more.—Fielding.

That he is mad, 'tis true; 'tis true, 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis 'tis true. —Shakespeare.

Now see that noble and most sovereign reason, like sweet bells jangled, out of time, and harsh.—Shakespeare.

Montesquieu wittily observes that, by building professed madhouses, men tacitly insinuate that all who are out of their senses are to be found only in those places.—Warton.

I am not mad; I would to heaven I were!
For then, 'tis like I should forget myself;
O, if I could, what grief should I forget!
—Shakespeare.

Alas, how is't with you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse? —Shakespeare.

How pregnant, sometimes, his replies are!
A happiness that often madness hits on,
Which sanity and reason could not be
So prosp'rously deliv'r'd of.
—Shakespeare.

Madness is consistent; which is more than can be said for poor reason. Whatever may be the ruling passion at the time continues equally so throughout the whole delirium, though it should last for life. Madmen are always constant in love; which no man in his senses ever was. Our passions and principles are steady in frenzy; but begin to shift and waver, as we return to reason.—Sterne.

Of lunacy,
Innumerous were the causes; humbled pride,
Ambition disappointed, riches lost,
And bodily disease, and sorrow, oft
By man inflicted on his brother man;
Sorrow, that made the reason drunk, and yet
Left much untasted. So the cup was fill'd.
—Pollok.

Many a man is mad in certain instances, and goes through life without having it perceived. For example, a

madness has seized a person of supposing himself obliged literally to pray continually; had the madness turned the opposite way, and the person thought it a crime ever to pray, it might not improbably have continued unobserved.—Dr. Johnson.

Magistrate

A just and wise magistrate is a blessing as extensive as the community to which he belongs; a blessing which includes all other blessings whatsoever that relate to this life.—Atterbury.

Magnanimity

A great mind will neither give an affront nor bear it.—Henry Home.

Magnanimity is above circumstance; and any virtue which depends on that is more of constitution than of principle.—Jane Porter.

Of all virtues, magnanimity is the rarest. There are a hundred persons of merit for one who willingly acknowledges it in another.—Hazlitt.

Magnanimity is sufficiently defined by its name, nevertheless one can say it is the good sense of pride, the most noble way of receiving praise.—La Rochefoucauld.

A brave man thinks no one his superior who does him an injury; for he has it then in his power to make himself superior to the other by forgiving it.—Alexander Pope.

If you desire to be magnanimous, undertake nothing rashly, and fear nothing thou undertakest; fear nothing but infamy; dare anything but injury; the measure of magnanimity is neither to be rash nor timorous.—Quarles.

Magnolia

Majestic flower! How purely beautiful
Thou art, as rising from thy bower of green,
Those dark and glossy leaves so thick and full,
Thou standest like a high-born forest queen
Among thy maidens clustering round so fair,—
I love to watch thy sculptured form unfolding,
And look into thy depths, to image there
A fairy cavern, and while thus beholding,
And while thy breeze floats o'er thee, matchless flower,
I breathe the perfume, delicate and strong,
That comes like incense from thy petal-bower;
My fancy roams those southern woods along,
Beneath that glorious tree, where deep among
The unsunned leaves thy large white flower-cups hung!
—C. P. Cranch.

Maidenhood

The blushing beauties of a modest maid.—Dryden.

In maiden meditation, fancy free. —Shakespeare.

A maiden hath no tongue—but thought.—Shakespeare.

Nature has thrown a veil of modest beauty over maidenhood and moss-roses.—Willis.

A maiden never bold; of spirit so still and quiet that her motion blushed at herself.—Shakespeare.

Poor maids have more lovers than husbands.—John Webster.

Oh, the spells that haunt the trembling tale a bright-eyed maiden tells!—Edwin Arnold.

The soul whose bosom lust did never touch is God's fair bride; and maiden souls are such.—Decker.

Maids want nothing but husbands; and when they have them they want everything.—Shakespeare.

Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare,
And mammon wins his way where seraphs might despair. —Byron.

A child no more! a maiden now—
A graceful maiden, with a gentle brow;
A cheek tinged lightly and a dove-like eye;
And all hearts bless her as she passes by.
—Mary Howitt.

Let the words of a virgin, though in a good cause, and to as good purpose, be neither violent, many, nor first, nor last; it is less shame for a

virgin to be lost in a blushing silence than to be found in a bŏld eloquence. —Quarles.

She had grown, in her unstained seclusion, bright and pure as a first opening lilac, when it spreads its clear leaves to the sweetest dawn of May.—Percival.

The young girl who begins to experience the necessity of loving seeks to hide it; but the desire of pleasing betrays the secret of her heart, and sometimes reveals her hopes.—Beauchêne.

Majority

One on God's side is a majority.—Wendell Phillips.

Votes should be weighed, not counted!—Schiller.

Justice, not the majority, should rule.—Bovee.

One and God make a majority.—Frederick Douglass.

If the majority is insane, the sane must go to the hospital.—Horace Mann.

The voice of the majority is no proof of justice.—Schiller.

It never troubles the wolf how many the sheep be.—Virgil.

A man in the right, with God on his side, is in the majority, though he be alone, for God is multitudinous above all populations of the earth.—Beecher.

A better principle than this, that "the majority shall rule," is this other, that justice shall rule. "Justice," says the code of Justinian, "is the constant and perpetual desire to render every man his due."—Bovee.

Malice

Malice is poisoned by her own venom.—Lavater.

Truth, wisdom, love, seek reasons; malice only seeks causes.—Lavater.

Malice blunts the point of wit.—Douglas Jerrold.

Wit loses its point when dipped in malice.—Sheridan.

Malice, scorned, puts out itself; but, argued, gives a kind of credit to a false accusation.—Massinger.

For malice will with joy the lie receive,
Report, and what it wishes true believe.
—Yalden.

Malice drinketh up the greater part of its own poison.—Socrates.

Malice is of the boomerang character, and is apt to turn upon the projector.—Thackeray.

Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice. —Shakespeare.

Publish not men's secret faults, for by disgracing them you make yourself of no repute.—Saadi.

When malice is joined to envy, there is given forth poisonous and feculent matter, as ink from the cuttle-fish.—Plutarch.

There is an alchemy of quiet malice by which women can concoct a subtle poison from ordinary trifles.—Hawthorne.

Wit loses its respect with the good, when seen in company with malice; and to smile at the jest which plants a thorn in another's breast is to become a principal in the mischief.—Sheridan.

Malice and hatred are very fretting and vexatious, and apt to make our minds sore and uneasy; but he that can moderate these affections will find ease in his mind.—Tillotson.

It is to be believed or told that there is such malice in men as to rejoice in misfortunes, and from another's woes to draw delight.—Terence.

Even in the midst of compassion we feel within I know not what tart-

sweet titillation of malicious pleasure in seeing others suffer; children have the same feeling.—Montaigne.

Malice is the devil's picture. Lust makes men brutish, and malice makes them devilish. Malice is mental murder; you may kill a man and never touch him; "Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer."—T. Watson.

When malice has reason on its side, it looks forth bravely, and displays that reason in all its luster. When austerity and self-denial have not realized true happiness, and the soul returns to the dictates of nature, the reaction is fearfully extravagant.—Pascal.

Malice, in its false witness, promotes its tale with so cunning a confusion; so mingles truths with falsehoods, surmises with certainties, causes of no moment with matters capital, that the accused can absolutely neither grant nor deny, plead innocence nor confess guilt.—Sir P. Sidney.

But for that blindness which is inseparable from malice, what terrible powers of evil would it possess! Fortunately for the world, its venom, like that of the rattlesnake, when most poisonous, clouds the eye of the reptile, and defeats its aim.—Simms.

The venom that chills and curdles the warm current of life in man is secreted only in creeping and cold-blooded creatures; and the inveterate malignity that never forgets or forgives is found only in base and ignoble natures, whose aims are selfish, whose means are indirect, cowardly, and treacherous.—George S. Hillard.

There is no small degree of malicious craft in fixing upon a season to give a mark of enmity and ill-will: a word—a look, which at one time would make no impression, at another time wounds the heart, and, like a shaft flying with the wind, pierces deep, which, with its own natural force, would scarce have reached the object aimed at.—Sterne.

As the malicious disposition of mankind is too well known, and the cruel pleasure which they take in destroying the reputation of others, too use we are to make of this knowledge is, to afford no handle for reproach; for bad as the world is, it seldom falls on any one who hath not given some slight cause for censure.—Fielding.

Mammon

What treasures here do Mammon's sons behold!
Yet know that all that glitters is not gold. —Quarles.

Mammon led them on—
Mammon, the least erected Spirit that fell
From Heaven; for even in Heaven his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of Heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine or holy else enjoyed
In vision beatific. —Milton.

Cursed Mammon be, when he with treasures
To restless action spurs our fate!
Cursed when for soft, indulgent leisures,
He lays for us the pillows straight.
—Goethe.

Man

An honest man's the noblest work of God.—Pope.

The finest fruit earth holds up to its Maker is a finished man.—Humboldt.

God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man.—Shakespeare.

Lords of humankind.—Goldsmith.

Man is more than constitutions.—Whittier.

Man is man, and master of his fate.—Tennyson.

A man's a man for a' that.—Burns.

The Highest Being reveals himself in man.—Carlyle.

The precious porcelain of human clay.—Byron.

Men, in general, are but great children.—Napoleon.

Mankind is unamendable.—Pope.

All true manliness grows around a core of divineness.—Charles H. Parkhurst.

Man is a piece of the universe made alive.—Emerson.

Look what a little vain dust we are!—Addison.

Poor pensioner on the bounty of an hour.—Young.

Man is an animal that cooks his victuals.—Burke.

No man is so great as mankind.—Theodore Parker.

Man,—the aristocrat amongst the animals.—Heine.

The lot of man, to suffer and to die.—Pope.

Man is to man either a god or a wolf.—Erasmus.

Man is a reasoning rather than a reasonable animal.—Alexander Hamilton.

God never made anything else so beautiful as man.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear.—Byron.

Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die.—Young.

Man is a substance clad in shadows.—John Sterling.

A Christian is the gentlest of men; but then he is a man.—C. H. Spurgeon.

Before man made us citizens, great Nature made us men.—James Russell Lowell.

Man, in sooth, marvelous, vain, fickle, and unstable subject.—Montaigne.

Three fifths of him genius, and two fifths sheer fudge.—Lowell.

Mankind are earthen jugs with spirits in them.—Hawthorne.

I am a part of all that I have met.—Tennyson.

The noble man is only God's image.—Ludwig Tieck.

The proper study of mankind is man.—Pope.

We are the miracle of miracles, the great inscrutable mystery of God.—Carlyle.

Trouble teaches men how much there is in manhood.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Men may rise on stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things.—Tennyson.

Man is the merriest species of creation; all above and below him are serious.—Addison.

For we are animals no less, although of different species.—Samuel Butler.

Man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes and pompous in the grave.—Sir Thomas Browne.

When faith is lost, when honor dies, the man is dead!—Whittier.

The style is the man himself.—Buffon.

Lord of himself,—that heritage of woe!—Byron.

Man has been lent, not given, to life.—Publius Syrus.

Where soil is, men grow,
Whether to weeds or flowers. —Keats.

Half dust, half deity, alike unfit to sink or soar.—Byron.

Fond man! the vision of a moment made!
Dream of a dream! and shadow of a shade!
—Young.

The manly part is to do with might and main what you can do.—Emerson

Beloved brother, let us not forget that man can never get away from himself.—Goethe.

Man—living, feeling man—is the easy sport of the overmastering present.—Schiller.

Man is the image and glory of God, but the woman is the glory of the man.—Bible.

Man is the jewel of God, who has created this material world to keep his treasure in.—Theodore Parker.

Obedience, submission, discipline, courage—these are among the characteristics which make a man.—Samuel Smiles.

Man was born for two things—thinking and acting—Cicero.

There are but three classes of men, the retrograde, the stationary, and the progressive.—Lavater.

Man is his own star, and that soul that can
Be honest, is the only perfect man.
—Fletcher.

Art may make a suit of clothes; but nature must produce a man.—Hume.

The man, whom I call deserving the name, is one whose thoughts and exertions are for others rather than himself.—Walter Scott.

Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long. —Goldsmith.

Unless above himself he can erect himself, how poor a thing is man!—Daniel.

Men are the sport of circumstances, when the circumstances seem the sport of men.—Byron.

Men are made by nature unequal. It is vain, therefore, to treat them as if they were equal.—Froude.

Of all the things which a man has, next to the gods his soul is the most divine and most truly his own.—Plato.

The only competition worthy of a wise man is with himself.—Mrs. Jameson.

Man's moral nature is a riddle which only eternity can solve.—Thoreau.

Nature ne'er meant her secrets to be found,
And man's a riddle which man can't expound. —R. T. Paine.

That crawling insect, who from mud began, warmed by my beams, and kindled into man!—Dryden.

All go into one place; all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again.—Bible.

The hearts of men are their books, events are their tutors, great actions are their eloquence.—Macaulay.

They say, best men are moulded out of faults,
And, for the most, become much more the better,
For being a little bad. —Shakespeare.

There is but one temple in the universe, and that is the body of man.—Novalis.

Man is not an organism; he is an intelligence served by organs.—Sir W. Hamilton.

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful, is man!
—Young.

Every man is a volume, if you know how to read him.—Channing.

Let each man think himself an act of God,
His mind a thought, his life a breath of God. —Bailey.

The history of the race is but that of the individual "writ large."—G. H. Lewes.

Creation lives, grows, and multiplies; man is but a witness.—Victor Hugo.

We touch heaven when we lay our hand on a human body!—Novalis.

Sent into the world to be a growing and exhaustless force.—Chapin.

Man is of soul and body, formed for deeds of high resolve, on fancy's boldest wing.—Shelley.

Vast chain of being, which from God began, Nature's ethereal, human, angel, man.—Pope.

God's men are better than the devil's men, and they ought to act as though they thought they were.—Henry Ward Beecher.

To despise our species is the price we must often pay for our knowledge of it.—Colton.

He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.
—Shakespeare.

Vain, weak-built isthmus, which dost proudly rise
Up between two eternities!
—Abraham Cowley.

Man is an animal that makes bargains; no other animal does this,—one dog does not change a bone with another.—Adam Smith.

Man is the metre of all things, the hand is the instrument of instruments, and the mind is the form of forms.—Aristotle.

The gods are immortal men, and men are mortal gods.—Heraclitus.

God gave man an upright countenance to survey the heavens, and to look upward to the stars.—Ovid.

In their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker shone,
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude serene and pure.
—Milton.

Man should be ever better than he seems; and shape his acts, and discipline his mind, to walk adorning earth, with hope of heaven.—Sir Aubrey de Vere.

Born to be ploughed with years, and sown with cares, and reaped by Death, lord of the human soil.—Byron.

Bounded in his nature, infinite in his desires, man is a fallen god who has a recollection of heaven.—Lamartine.

It has always struck me that there is a far greater distinction between man and man than between many men and most other animals.—Basil Hall.

Men are but children of a larger growth;
Our appetites are apt to change as theirs,
And full as craving, too, and full as vain.
—Dryden.

But we all are men,
In our own natures frail; and capable
Of our flesh, few are angels.
—Shakespeare.

Man that is born of a woman, is of few days and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not.—Bible.

What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving, how express and admirable; in action how like an angel, in apprehension how like a God!—Shakespeare.

Man has wants deeper than can be supplied by wealth or nature or domestic affections. His great relations are to his God and to eternity.—Mark Hopkins.

Man is that name of power which rises above them all, and gives to every one the right to be that which God meant he should be.—Henry Ward Beecher.

His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that nature might stand up
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"
—Shakespeare.

God's creature is one. He makes man, not men. His true creature is unitary and infinite, revealing himself, indeed, in every finite form, but compromised by none.—Henry James.

A man may twist as he pleases, and do what he pleases, but he inevitably comes back to the track to which nature has destined him.—Goethe.

Make yourself an honest man, and then you may be sure that there is one rascal less in the world.—Carlyle.

There are but three general events which happen to mankind: birth, life, and death. Of their birth they are insensible, they suffer when they die, and neglect to live.—La Bruyère.

Man is the crowning of history and the realization of poetry, the free and living bond which unites all nature to that God who created it for Himself. —F. Godet.

There is the supreme and indissoluble consanguinity between men, of which the heathen poet saith, we are all His generation.—Bacon.

So weak is man, so ignorant and blind, that did not God sometimes withhold in mercy what we ask, we should be ruined at our own request. —Hannah More.

He is a man who knows how to die for his God and his country; his heart, his lips, his arms, are faithful unto death.—Ernest Arndt.

If man should commence by studying himself, he would see how impossible it is to go further.—Pascal.

The way of the superior man is threefold, but I am not equal to it. Virtuous, he is free from anxieties; wise, he is free from perplexities; bold, he is free from fear.—Confucius.

The soul of man createth its own destiny of power; and as the trial is intenser here, his being hath a nobler strength in heaven.—N. P. Willis.

A man is a great thing upon the earth and through eternity; but every jot of the greatness of man is unfolded out of woman.—Walt Whitman.

What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form, and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!—Shakespeare.

Mankind divides itself into two classes,—benefactors and malefactors. The second class is vast; the first a handful.—Emerson.

It is better to be a self-made man,—filled up according to God's original pattern,— than to be half a man, made after some other man's pattern.—J. G. Holland.

He is the whole encyclopedia of facts. The creation of a thousand forests is in one acorn; and Egypt, Greece, Rome, Gaul, Britain, America, lie folded already in the first man.—Emerson.

Oh, we are ridiculous animals; and if the angels have any fun in them, how we must divert them!—Horace Walpole.

Man himself is the crowning wonder of creation; the study of his nature the noblest study the world affords.—Gladstone.

Man passes away; his name perishes from record and recollection; his history is as a tale that is told, and his very monument becomes a ruin.—Washington Irving.

A pygmy standing on the outward crust of this small planet, his far-reaching spirit stretches outward to the infinite, and there alone finds rest. —Carlyle.

But what am I?
An infant crying in the night;
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry.
—Tennyson.

The very substance which last week was grazing in the field, waving in the milk pail, or growing in the garden, is now become part of the man.—Dr. Watts.

What were unenlightened man? A savage, roaming through the woods and wilds in quest of prey.—Thomson.

Of all the animals which fly in the air, walk on the land, or swim in the sea, from Paris to Peru, from Japan to Rome, the most foolish animal in my opinion is man.—Boileau.

It is an error to suppose that a man belongs to himself. No man does. He belongs to his wife, or his children, or his relations, or to his creditors, or to society in some form or other.—G. A. Sala.

'Tis man's pride,
His highest, worthiest, noblest boast,
The privilege he prizes most,
To stand by helpless woman's side.
—Mrs. Holford.

Let us not undervalue the dignity of human nature. Man although fallen, still retains some traces of his primeval glory and excellence—broken columns of a celestial temple, magnificent, even in its ruins.—John McC. Holmes.

Let us (since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us and to die)
Expatiate free o'er all this scene of man;
A mighty maze! but not without a plan.
—Pope.

The history of mankind is little else than a narrative of designs which have failed, and hopes that have been disappointed.—Johnson.

Without our hopes, without our fears,
Without the home that plighted love endears,
Without the smile from partial beauty won,
O! what were man?—a world without a sun.
—Campbell.

All that hath been majestical
In life or death, since time began,
Is native in the simple heart of all,
The angel-heart of man.
—James Russell Lowell.

Man is a central creature between the animals, that is to say, the most perfect form, which unites the traits of all in the most complete epitome.—Herder.

Man is too near all kinds of beasts, —a fawning dog, a roaring lion, a thieving fox, a robbing wolf, a dissembling crocodile, a treacherous decoy, and a rapacious vulture.—Cowley.

For man is a plant, not fixed in the earth, nor immovable, but heavenly, whose head, rising as it were from a root upwards, is turned towards heaven.—Plutarch.

Whenever I contemplate man in the actual world or the ideal, I am lost amidst the infinite multiformity of his life, but always end in wonder at the essential unity of his nature.—Henry Giles.

Do you know what a man is? Are not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man? —Shakespeare.

In the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat bread,
Till thou return unto the ground; for thou
Out of the ground wast taken; know thy birth,
For dust thou art, and shalt to dust return.
—Milton.

A man ought to carry himself in the world as an orange-tree would if it could walk up and down in the garden,— swinging perfume from every little censer it holds up to the air.—Beecher.

Man is physically as well as metaphysically a thing of shreds and patches, borrowed unequally from good and bad ancestors, and a misfit from the start.—Emerson.

Man is improvable. Some people think he is only a machine, and that the only difference between a man and a mill is, that one is carried by blood and the other by water.—Horace Mann.

An individual man is a fruit which it cost all the foregoing ages to form and ripen. He is strong, not to do, but to live; not in his arms, but in his heart; not as an agent, but as a fact. —Emerson.

Man, if he compare himself with all that he can see, is at the zenith of power; but if he compare himself with all that he can conceive, he is at the nadir of weakness.—Colton.

Man is greater than a world, than systems of worlds; there is more mystery in the union of soul with the physical than in the creation of a universe.—Henry Giles.

As there is much beast and some devil in man, so is there some angel and some God in him. The beast and the devil may be conquered, but, in this life, never wholly destroyed.—Coleridge.

Consider, man; weigh well thy frame,
The king, the beggar, is the same;
Dust form'd us all. Each breathes his day,
Then sinks into his native clay. —Gay.

Man,—whose heaven-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,—
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn!
—Burns.

The record of life runs thus: Man creeps into childhood,— bounds into youth,— sobers into manhood,— softens into age,— totters into second childhood, and slumbers into the cradle prepared for him,— thence to be watched and cared for.—Henry Giles.

I consider how little man is, yet, in his own mind, how great. He is lord and master of all things, yet scarce can command anything.—Burke.

What a chimera is man! what a confused chaos! what a subject of contradiction! a professed judge of all things, and yet a feeble worm of the earth! the great depositary and guardian of truth, and yet a mere huddle of uncertainty! the glory and the scandal of the universe!—Pascal.

Man is by nature weak; he is born in and to a state of dependence; he therefore naturally seeks and looks about for help, and where he observes the greatest power, it is there that he applies and prays for protection.—H. Brooke.

In that vast march, the van forgets the rear; the individual is lost; and yet the multitude is many individuals. He faints and falls and dies; man is forgotten; but still mankind move on, still worlds revolve, and the will of God is done in earth and heaven.—G. W. Curtis.

The older I grow — and I now stand upon the brink of eternity — the more comes back to me that sentence in the Catechism which I learned when a child, and the fuller and deeper its meaning becomes, "What is the chief end of man? To glorify God and enjoy Him forever." —Thomas Carlyle.

Every man's powers have relation to some kind of work; and whenever he finds that kind of work which he can do best — that to which his powers are best adapted — he finds that which will give him the best development, and that by which he can best build up, or make, his manhood.—J. G. Holland.

A sacred spark created by his breath,
The immortal mind of man his image bears;
A spirit living 'midst the forms of death,
Oppressed, but not subdued, by mortal cares. —Sir H. Davy.

The Divine government of the world is like a stream that rolls under us; men are only bubbles that rise on its surface; some are brighter and larger, and sparkle longer in the sun than others; but all must break; whilst the mighty current rolls on in its wonted majesty!—David Thomas.

He is compounded of two very different ingredients, spirit and matter; but how such unallied and disproportioned substances should act upon each other, no man's learning yet could tell him.—Jeremy Collier.

A man would have no pleasures in discovering all the beauties of the universe, even in heaven itself, unless he had a partner to whom he might communicate his joys.—Cicero.

They that deny a God, destroy man's nobility, for certainly man is of kin to the beasts by his body; and if he be not of kin to God by His spirit, he is an ignoble creature.—Bacon.

Man, considered not merely as an organized being, but as a rational agent and a member of society, is perhaps the most wonderfully contrived, and to us the most interesting specimen of Divine wisdom that we have any knowledge of.—Whately.

Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,—
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground;
Another race the following spring supplies;
They fall successive; and successive rise.
—Homer.

Chaos of thought and passion, all confused;
Still by himself abused and disabused;
Created half to rise, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurled;
The glory, jest and riddle of the world!
—Pope.

But man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,—
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep.
—Shakespeare.

Man is the highest product of his own history. The discoverer finds nothing so grand or tall as himself, nothing so valuable to him. The greatest star is at the small end of the telescope,—the star that is looking, not looked after nor looked at.—Theodore Parker.

Every want, not of a low kind, physical as well as moral, which the human breast feels, and which brutes do not feel, and cannot feel, raises man by so much in the scale of existence, and is a clear proof, and a direct instance, of the favor of God toward his so much favored human offspring.—Daniel Webster.

Can anything be imagined so ridiculous that this miserable and wretched creature, who is not so much as master of himself, but subject to the injuries of all things, should call himself master and emperor of the world, of which he has not power to know the least part, much less to command the whole?—Montaigne.

A man that is temperate, generous, valiant, chaste, faithful, and honest, may, at the same time, have wit, humour, mirth, good breeding, and gallantry. While he exerts these latter qualities, twenty occasions might be invented to show he is master of the other noble virtues.—Steele.

Pouter, tumbler, and fantail are from the same source;
The racer and hack may be traced to one Horse;
So men were developed from monkeys of course,
Which nobody can deny.
—Lord Neaves.

Omit a few of the most abstruse sciences, and mankind's study of man occupies nearly the whole field of literature. The burden of history is what man has been; of law, what he does; of physiology, what he is; of ethics, what he ought to be; of revelation, what he shall be.—George Finlayson.

Man doom'd to care, to pain, disease, and strife,
Walks his short journey through the vale of life,
Watchful, attends the cradle and the grave,
And passing generations longs to save:
Last dies himself; yet wherefore should we mourn?
For man must to his kindred dust return;
Submit to the destroying hand of fate,
As ripen'd ears the harvest-sickle wait.
—Euripides.

Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw;
Some livelier plaything gives his Youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite;
Scarfs, Garters, Gold amuse his riper stage;
And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age;
Pleas'd with this Bauble still, as that before;
Till tir'd he sleeps, and Life's poor play is o'er.
—Pope.

Great men stand like solitary towers in the city of God, and secret passages running deep beneath external nature, give their thoughts intercourse with higher intelligences, which strengthens and consoles them, and of which the labourers on the surface do not even dream.—Longfellow.

Now the basest thought possible concerning man is, that he has no spiritual

nature; and the foolishest misunderstanding of him possible is, that he has, or should have, no animal nature. For his nature is nobly animal, nobly spiritual,— coherently and irrevocably so; neither part of it may, but at its peril, expel, despise, or defy the other.—Ruskin.

God hath given to mankind a common library, his creatures; and to every man a proper book, himself, being an abridgement of all the others: if thou read with understanding, it will make thee a great master of philosophy, and a true servant to the divine Author; if thou but barely read, it will make thee thy own wise man, and the Author's fool.—Quarles.

Man perfected by society is the best of all animals; he is the most terrible of all when he lives without law and without justice. If he finds himself an individual who cannot live in society, or who pretends he has need of only his own resources, do not consider him as a member of humanity; he is a savage beast or a god.—Aristotle.

O rich and various man! thou palace of sight and sound, carrying in thy senses the morning and the night, and the unfathomable galaxy; in thy brain, the geometry of the city of God; in thy heart, the power of love and the realms of right and wrong. An individual man is a fruit which it cost all the foregoing ages to form and ripen. He is strong, not to do, but to live; not in his arms, but in his heart; not as an agent, but as a fact. —Emerson.

"We touch heaven when we lay our hand on a human body!" This sounds much like a mere flourish of rhetoric; but it is not so. If well meditated, it will turn out to be a scientific fact; the expression, in such words as can be had, of the actual truth of the thing. We are the miracle of miracles,— the great inscrutable mystery of God. We cannot understand it, we know not how to speak of it; but we may feel and know, if we like, that it is verily so.—Carlyle.

It is of dangerous consequence to represent to man how near he is to the level of beasts, without showing him at the same time his greatness. It is likewise dangerous to let him see his greatness without his meanness. It is more dangerous yet to leave him ignorant of either; but very beneficial that he should be made sensible of both.—Pascal.

While some animals exhibit individual powers in higher perfection, man stands for their superior, not only in combining in his own body all the senses and faculties which they possess, but in being endowed with moral and intellectual powers which are denied to them, and which at once place him at the head of the living creation, and constitute him a moral, religious, intelligent, and responsible being.— Combe.

Man was sent into the world to be a growing and exhaustless force. The world was spread out around him to be seized and conquered. Realms of infinite truth burst open above him, inviting him to tread those shining coasts along which Newton dropped his plummet, and Herschel sailed,— a Columbus of the skies.—Chapin.

A man in old age is like a sword in a shop window. Men that look upon the perfect blade do not imagine the process by which it was completed. Man is a sword, daily life is the workshop, and God is the artificer; and those cares which beat upon the anvil, and file the edge, and eat in, acid-like, the inscription upon his hilt,— these are the very things that fashion the man.—Beecher.

O man! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time,
Misspending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious youthful prime!
Alternate follies take the sway;
Licentious passions burn;
Which tenfold force give nature's law,
That man was made to mourn.
. . . . . —Burns.

Men are born with two eyes, but with one tongue, in order that they should see twice as much as they say;

but from their conduct one would suppose that they were born with two tongues, and one eye; for those talk the most who observe the least, and obtrude their remarks upon everything, who have seen into nothing.—Colton.

But if, indeed, there be a nobler life in us than in these strangely moving atoms; if, indeed, there is an eternal difference between the fire which inhabits them, and that which animates us,— it must be shown, by each of us in his appointed place, not merely in the patience, but in the activity of our hope, not merely by our desire, but our labor, for the time when the dust of the generations of men shall be confirmed for foundations of the gates of the city of God.—John Ruskin.

Man is an animal, formidable both from his passions and his reasons; his passions often urging him to great evils, and his reason furnishing means to achieve them. To train this animal, and make him amenable to order, to inure him to a sense of justice and virtue, to withhold him from ill courses by fear, and encourage him in his duty by hopes; in short to fashion and model him for society, hath been the aim of civil and religious institutions; and, in all times, the endeavour of good and wise men. The aptest method for attaining this end hath been always judged a proper education. —Bishop Berkely.

It is a painful fact, but there is no denying it, the masts are the tools of circumstances; thistle-down on the breeze, straw on the river, their course is shaped for them by the currents and eddies of the stream of life; but only in proportion as they are things, not men and women. Man was meant to be not the slave, but the master, of circumstances, and in proportion as he recovers his humanity, in every sense of the great obsolete word,— in proportion as he gets back the spirit of manliness, which is self-sacrifice, affection, loyalty to an idea beyond himself, a God above himself, so far will he rise above circumstances, and wield them at his will.—Kingsley.

Management

As in the greater world for man, so in the little world of man,—as in the outward riches of the one, so in the inner treasures of the other, many possess much, and enjoy but little; many have much, and use but little; others use much, and but little well. I shall not so much endeavor to have much wherewithal to do as to do much with that little I have. It shall not so much grieve me that I am a poor treasurer, as joy me if I had been a good steward. I could wish I had more to use well, but more wish well to use that I have. If he were so blamed that employed not one talent well, what would become of me if I had ten and abused them?—Arthur Warwick.

Manners

Fine manners are the mantle of fair minds.—Alcott.

There is a nobility in the world of manners.—Schiller.

Manners are the ornament of action. —Samuel Smiles.

Striking manners are bad manners. —Robert Hall.

Good manners are a part of good morals.—Whately.

It is the manner which is better than all.—Sir P. Sidney.

A company attitude is rarely anybody's best.—Miss Sedgwick.

It is a rule of manners to avoid exaggeration.—Emerson.

Manners,— the final and perfect flower of noble character.—William Winter.

Manners are stronger than laws.— Alexander Carlile.

Better were it to be unborn than to be ill-bred.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

Better too much form than too little.—Whately.

Good manners require space and time.—Lamartine.

What's female beauty but an air divine?—Young.

The mildest manners with the bravest mind.—Homer.

Politeness goes far, yet costs nothing.—Samuel Smiles.

Intercourse with women is the element of good manners.—Goethe.

Manners form the great charm of women.—Goethe.

Men make laws; women make manners.—Ségur.

Good manners are made up of petty sacrifices.—Emerson.

Serenity of manners is the zenith of beauty.—Frederika Bremer.

The company of chaste women is the proper atmosphere of good manners.—Goethe.

Good breeding shows itself most where, to an ordinary eye, it appears the least.—Addison.

A man's own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners.—Chesterfield.

To be good and disagreeable is high treason against the royalty of virtue. —Hannah More.

A man's worth is estimated in this world according to his conduct.—La Bruyère.

Grace is to the body what good sense is to the mind.—La Rochefoucauld.

It is wonderful how much talent runs into manners.—Emerson.

Polished brass will pass upon more people than rough gold.—Chesterfield.

Fit for the mountains and the barb'rous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd.
—Shakespeare.

Men are like wine,—not good before the lees of clownishness be settled.—Feltham.

Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues we write in water.—Shakespeare.

Civility is but a desire to receive civility, and to be esteemed polite.—Rochefoucauld.

Fine manners need the support of fine manners in others.—Emerson.

Virtue itself offends, when coupled with forbidding manners.—Bishop Middleton.

In manners, tranquillity is the supreme power.—Madame de Maintenon.

Nothing so much prevents our being natural as the desire of appearing so.—Rochefoucauld.

Manners with fortunes, humors turn with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times. —Pope.

Unbecoming forwardness oftener proceeds from ignorance than impudence.—Lord Greville.

A well-bred man is always sociable and complaisant.—Montaigne.

Just as politeness imitates kindness, so does grace imitate modesty.—Joubert.

Manners easily and rapidly mature into morals.—Horace Mann.

A moral, sensible, and well-bred man
Will not affront me, and no other can.
—Cowper.

Air and manners are more expressive than words.—S. Richardson.

If fine manners are so admirable in men, how much more effective are they in women!—Mme. Récamier.

What once were vices, are now the manners of the day.—Seneca.

Many young persons believe themselves natural when they are only impolite and coarse.—Rochefoucauld.

It is gentle manners which prove so irresistible in women.—Theophile Gautier.

A man's manners are a mirror, in which he shows his likeness to the intelligent observer.—Goethe.

In the society of ladies, want of sense is not so unpardonable as want of manners.—Lavater.

Few are qualified to shine in company; but it is in most men's power to be agreeable.—Swift.

There is certainly something of exquisite kindness and thoughtful benevolence in that rarest of gifts,—fine breeding.—Lytton.

All good conversation, manners, and action come from a spontaneity which forgets usages and makes the moment great.—Emerson.

They ask Lucman, the fabulist, From whom did you learn manners? He answered: From the unmannerly. —Saadi.

To be always thinking about your manners is not the way to make them good; because the very perfection of manners is not to think about yourself.—Whately.

As a man's salutation, so is the total of his character; in nothing do we lay ourselves so open as in our manner of meeting and salutation.—Lavater.

An imposing air should always be taken as an evidence of imposition. Dignity is often a veil between us and the real truth of things.—Whipple.

Good manners is the art of making those people easy with whom we converse. Whoever makes the fewest persons uneasy, is the best bred in the company.—Swift.

There is a policy in manner. I have heard one, not inexperienced in the pursuit of fame, give it his earnest support, as being the surest passport to absolute and brilliant success.—Tuckerman.

Eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners, living as they rise;
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can;
But vindicate the ways of God to man.
—Pope.

Nothing, except what flows from the heart, can render even external manners truly pleasing.—Blair.

The manner of a vulgar man has freedom without ease, and the manner of a gentleman has ease without freedom.—Chesterfield.

Truth, justice, and reason lose all their force, and all their lustre, when they are not accompanied with agreeable manners.—Thomson.

Good breeding consists in having no particular mark of any profession, but a general elegance of manners.—Dr. Johnson.

O form! How often dost thou with thy ease, thy habit, wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls to thy false seeming!—Shakespeare.

The charm of fine manners is music and sculpture and picture to many who do not pretend to appreciation of these arts.—Emerson.

A gentleman has ease without familiarity, is respectful without meanness, genteel without affection, insinuating without seeming art.—Chesterfield.

A well-bred carriage is difficult to imitate; for in strictness it is negative, and it implies a long-continued previous training.—Goethe.

Real good-breeding is independent of the forms and refinements of what has assumed to itself the name of society. —George MacDonald.

Simplicity of manner is the last attainment. Men are very long afraid of being natural, from the dread of being taken for ordinary.—Jeffrey.

One principal part of good breeding is to suit our behavior to the three several degrees of men: our superiors, our equals, and those below us.—Swift.

A man's fortune is frequently decided by his first address. If pleasing, others at once conclude he has merit: but if ungraceful, they decide against him.—Chesterfield.

Good breeding is the result of much good sense, some good nature, and a little self-denial for the sake of others, and with a view to obtain the same indulgence from them.—Chesterfield.

There is no policy like politeness; and a good manner is the best thing in the world, either to get a good name, or to supply the want of it.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Wisdom, valor, justice and learning cannot keep a man in countenance that is possessed of these excellences, if he wants that inferior art of life and behavior called good breeding.—Steele.

The person who screams, or uses the superlative degree, or converses with heat puts whole drawing-rooms to flight. If you wish to be loved, love measure.—Emerson.

Nothing sharpens the arrow of sarcasm so keenly as the courtesy that polishes it; no reproach is like that we clothe with a smile, and present with a bow.—Chesterfield.

What a rare gift, by the by, is that of manners! how difficult to define, how much more difficult to impart! Better for a man to possess them than wealth, beauty, or talent; they will more than supply all.—Bulwer-Lytton.

The scholar without good breeding is a pedant; the philosopher, a cynic; the soldier, a brute; and every man disagreeable.—Chesterfield.

As the sword of the best-tempered metal is most flexible, so the truly generous are most pliant and courteous in their behavior to their inferiors.—Thomas Fuller.

Prepare yourself for the world, as the athletes used to do for their exercises; oil your mind and your manners, to give them the necessary suppleness and flexibility; strength alone will not do.—Chesterfield.

Nobody ought to have been able to resist her coaxing manner; and nobody had any business to try. Yet she never seemed to know it was her manner at all. That was the best of it.—Dickens.

I really think next to the consciousness of doing a good action, that of doing a civil one is the most pleasing; and the epithet which I should covet the most next to that of Aristides, would be that of well-bred.—Chesterfield.

Manners are the shadows of virtues; the momentary display of those qualities which our fellow-creatures love and respect. If we strive to become, then, what we strive to appear, manners may often be rendered useful guides to the performance of our duties.—Sydney Smith.

Manners are the root, laws only the trunk and branches. Manners are the archetypes of laws. Manners are laws in their infancy; laws are manners fully grown,—or, manners are children, which, when they grow up, become laws.—Horace Mann.

The manner of saying or of doing anything goes a great way in the value of the thing itself. It was well said of him that called a good office that was done harshly, and with an ill-will a stony piece of bread; it is necessary for him that is hungry to re-

ceive it, but it almost chokes a man in the going down.—Seneca.

Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain;
The least of which, haunting a nobleman,
Loseth men's hearts, and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides;
Beguiling them of commendation.
—Shakespeare.

Manners are the happy ways of doing things; each one a stroke of genius or of love, now repeated and hardened into usage, they form at last a rich varnish, with which the routine of life is washed, and its details adorned. If they are superficial, so are the dew-drops which give such a depth to the morning meadows.—Emerson.

The distinguishing trait of people accustomed to good society is a calm, imperturbable quiet which pervades all their actions and habits, from the greatest to the least. They eat in quiet, move in quiet, live in quiet, and lose their wife, or even their money, in quiet; while low persons cannot take up either a spoon or an affront without making such an amazing noise about it.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Manners are of more importance than laws. Upon them, in a great measure, the laws depend. The law touches us but here and there, and now and then. Manners are what vex or soothe, corrupt or purify, exalt or debase, barbarize or refine us, by a constant, steady, uniform, insensible operation, like that of the air we breathe in. They give their whole form and color to our lives. According to their quality, they aid morals; they supply them or they totally destroy them.—Burke.

March

The stormy March is come at last,
With wind, and cloud, and changing skies;
I hear the rushing of the blast,
That through the snowy valley flies.
—Bryant.

Ah, March! we know thou art
Kind-hearted, spite of ugly looks and threats,
And, out of sight, art nursing April's violets.
—Helen Hunt Jackson.

Slayer of the winter, art thou here again?
O welcome, thou that bring'st the summer nigh!
The bitter wind makes not the victory vain,
Nor will we mock thee for thy faint blue sky.
—William Morris.

The hazel-blooms, in threads of crimson hue,
Peep through the swelling buds, foretelling Spring,
Ere yet a white-thorn leaf appears in view,
Or March finds throstles pleased enough to sing.
—Clare.

All in the wild March-morning I heard the angels call;
It was when the moon was setting, and the dark was over all;
The trees began to whisper, and the wind began to roll,
And in the wild March-morning I heard them call my soul.
—Tennyson.

Ah, passing few are they who speak,
Wild, stormy month! in praise of thee;
Yet though thy winds are loud and bleak,
Thou art a welcome month to me.
For thou, to northern lands, again
The glad and glorious sun dost bring,
And thou hast joined the gentle train
And wear'st the gentle name of Spring.
—Bryant.

Martyrs

For some not to be martyred is a martyrdom.—Donne.

It is the cause, and not the death, that makes the martyr.—Napoleon I.

It is not the death that makes the martyr, but the cause.—Canon Dale.

Who falls for love of God, shall rise a star.—Ben Jonson.

The martyrs to vice far exceed the martyrs to virtue, both in endurance and in number.—Colton.

Christianity has made martyrdom sublime, and sorrow triumphant.—Chapin.

There are daily martyrdoms occurring of more or less self-abnegation, and of which the world knows nothing.—Chapin.

It is admirable to die the victim of one's faith; it is sad to die the dupe of one's ambition.—Lamartine.

Those who completely sacrifice themselves are praised and admired; that is the sort of character men like to find in others.—Rahel.

When we read, we fancy we could be martyrs; when we come to act, we cannot bear a provoking word.—Hannah More.

It is more difficult, and calls for higher energies of soul, to live a martyr than to die one.—Horace Mann.

Arnobius tells us that this martyrdom first of all made them seriously inquisitive into that religion which could endue the mind with so much strength and overcome the fear of death.—Addison.

God discovers the martyr and confessor without the trial of flames and tortures, and will hereafter entitle many to the reward of actions which they had never the opportunity of performing.—Addison.

And they stoned Stephen, calling upon God, and saying, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit. And he kneeled down, and cried with a loud voice, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge. And when he had said this, he fell asleep. —Bible.

O, how much those men are to be valued who, in the spirit with which the widow gave up her two mites, have given up themselves! How their names sparkle! How rich their very ashes are! How they will count up in heaven!—Chapin.

He strove among God's suffering poor
One gleam of brotherhood to send;
The dungeon oped its hungry door
To give the truth one martyr more,
Then shut,—and here behold the end!
—Lowell.

If martyrdom is now on the decline, it is not because martyrs are less zealous, but because martyr-mongers are more wise. The light of intellect has put out the fire of persecution, as other fires are observed to smoulder before the light of the same.—Colton.

He that dies a martyr proves that he was not a knave, but by no means that he was not a fool; since the most absurd doctrines are not without such evidence as martyrdom can produce. A martyr, therefore, by the mere act of suffering, can prove nothing but his own faith.—Colton.

To die for truth is not to die for one's country, but to die for the world. Truth, like the Venus de Medici, will pass down in thirty fragments to posterity; but posterity will collect and recompose them into a goddess. Then, also, thy temple, O eternal Truth! that now stands half below the earth, made hollow by the sepulchres of its witnesses, will raise itself in the total majesty of its proportions, and will stand in monumental granite; and every pillar on which it rests will be fixed in the grave of a martyr.—Richter.

No language can fitly express the meanness, the baseness, the brutality, with which the world has ever treated its victims of one age and boasts of the next. Dante is worshipped at that grave to which he was hurried by persecution. Milton, in his own day, was "Mr. Milton, the blind adder, that spit his venom on the king's person"; and soon after, "the mighty orb of song." These absurd transitions from hatred to apotheosis, this recognition just at the moment when it becomes a mockery, saddens all intellectual history.—Whipple.

Martyrs! who left for our reaping
Truths you had sown in your blood—
Sinners! whom long years of weeping
Chasten'd from evil to good—
* * * * * *
Say, through what region enchanted
Walk ye, in Heaven's sweet air?
Say, to what spirits 'tis granted,
Bright souls, to dwell with you there?
—Moore.

His wife and children, being eleven in number, ten able to walk, and one sucking on her breast, met him by the way as he went towards Smithfield: this sorrowful sight of his own flesh and blood, dear as they were to him, could yet nothing move him but that

he constantly and cheerfully took his death with wonderful patience, in the defence and support of Christ's Gospel.—Martyrdom of John Rogers.

Master

If thou art a master, be sometimes blind; if a servant, sometimes deaf.—Fuller.

There is nothing so good to make a horse fat, as the eye of his master.—Diogenes.

The many still must labor for the one! It is nature's doom.—Byron.

It is a common law of nature, which no time will ever change, that superiors shall rule their inferiors.—Dionysius.

The measure of a master is his success in bringing all men round to his opinion twenty years later.—Emerson.

I follow him to serve my turn upon him; we cannot all be masters, nor all masters cannot be truly followed.—Shakespeare.

We must truly serve those whom we appear to command; we must bear with their imperfections, correct them with gentleness and patience, and lead them in the way to heaven.—Fénelon.

It is not only paying wages, and giving commands, that constitutes a master of a family, but prudence, equal behavior, with a readiness to protect and cherish them, is what entitles a man to that character in their very hearts and sentiments.—Steele.

It is proper for every one to consider, in the case of all men, that he who has not been a servant cannot become a praiseworthy master; and it is meet that we should plume ourselves rather on acting the part of a servant properly than that of the master, first, towards the laws, (for in this way we are servants of the gods), and next, towards our elders.—Plato.

Mathematics

Mathematics may be briefly defined as the science of quantities, and is one of the most important of disciplining studies which engage the practical student.—Rufus Choate.

Mathematics has not a foot to stand upon which is not purely metaphysical.—De Quincey.

Mathematics are the most abstracted of knowledge.—Bacon.

He that gives a portion of his time and talent to the investigation of mathematical truth will come to all other questions with a decided advantage.—Colton.

The mathematics are friends of religion, inasmuch as they charm the passions, restrain the impetuosity of imagination, and purge the mind from error and prejudice.—Arbuthnot.

As an exercise of the reasoning faculties, pure mathematics is an admirable exercise, because it consists of reasoning alone, and does not encumber the student with any exercise of judgment.—Whately.

The study of the properties of numbers, Plato tells us, habituates the mind to the contemplation of pure truth, and raises us above the material universe. He would have his disciples apply themselves to this study, not that they may be able to buy or sell, not that they may qualify themselves to be shopkeepers or travelling merchants, but that they may learn to withdraw their minds from the ever-shifting spectacle of this visible and tangible world, and to fix them on the immutable essences of things.—Macaulay.

Matrimony

It is not good that the man should be alone.—Bible.

The bloom or blight of all men's happiness.—Byron.

What, therefore, God hath joined together let not man put asunder.—Bible.

Hearts with equal love combined kindle never-dying fires.—Carew.

Of earthly goods the best, is a good wife.—Simonides.

Wedlock's a lane where there is no turning.—Miss Mulock.

Marriages are made in heaven.—Tennyson.

He that takes a wife takes care.—Franklin.

If you wish to ruin yourself, marry a rich wife.—Michelet.

Marriages are best of dissimilar material.—Theodore Parker.

Married in haste, we repent at leisure.—Congreve.

It is hard to wive and thrive both in a year.—Tennyson.

An obedient wife commands her husband.—Tennyson.

Well-married, a man is winged: ill-matched, he is shackled.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Hasty marriage seldom proveth well. —Shakespeare.

Marriage is a desperate thing.—John Selden.

Man is the circled oak; woman the ivy.—Aaron Hill.

Marriage is the nursery of heaven! —Jeremy Taylor.

A light wife doth make a heavy husband—Shakespeare.

A young man married is a man that's marred.—Shakespeare.

Hanging and wiving go by destiny. —Shakespeare.

Marriage is a feast where the grace is sometimes better than the dinner.—Colton.

Men are April when they woo, December when they wed.—Shakespeare.

Husbands and wives talk of the cares of matrimony, and bachelors and spinsters bear them.—Wilkie Collins.

Strong are the instincts with which God has guarded the sacredness of marriage.—Maria M'Intosh.

No man can either live piously or die righteous without a wife.—Richter.

I chose my wife, as she did her wedding gown, for qualities that would wear well.—Goldsmith.

Hail, wedded love, mysterious law, true source of human offspring!—Milton.

A man finds himself seven years older the day after his marriage.—Bacon.

The instances, that second marriage move, are base respects of thrift, but none of love.—Shakespeare.

A wife is a gift bestowed upon a man to reconcile him to the loss of paradise.—Goethe.

The world well tried, the sweetest thing in life
Is the unclouded welcome of a wife.
—Willis.

Humble wedlock is far better than proud virginity.—St. Augustine.

Never marry but for love; but see that thou lovest what is lovely.—William Penn.

Should all despair that have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind would hang themselves.—Shakespeare.

If you would have the nuptial union last,
Let virtue be the bond that ties it fast.
—Rowe.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of paradise that has survived the fall.
—Cowper.

Men are generally more careful of the breed of their horses and dogs than of their children.—William Penn

As the husband is, the wife is; thou art mated with a clown.—Tennyson.

The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie.—Shakespeare.

Go down the ladder when thou marriest a wife; go up when thou choosest a friend.—Rabbi Ben Azai.

It is in vain for a man to be born fortunate, if he be unfortunate in his marriage.—Dacier.

Ay, marriage is the life-long miracle,
The self-begetting wonder, daily fresh.
—Charles Kingsley.

Two consorts in heaven are not two, but one angel.—Swedenborg.

There are good marriages, but there are no delightful ones.—Rochefoucauld.

Maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives.—Shakespeare.

Oh! how many torments lie in the small circle of a wedding ring.—Colley Cibber.

I will fasten on this sleeve of thine;
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine.
—Shakespeare.

There swims no goose so gray, but soon or late
She finds some honest gander for her mate.
—Pope.

When men enter into the state of marriage, they stand nearest to God.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Matrimony,—the high sea for which no compass has yet been invented.—Heine.

Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown.
—Shakespeare.

She that weds well will wisely match her love,
Nor be below her husband nor above.
—Ovid.

A husband is a plaster that cures all the ills of girlhood.—Molière.

Marriage must be a relation either of sympathy or of conquest.—George Eliot.

O marriage! marriage! what a curse is thine,
Where hands alone consent and hearts abhor. —Hill.

Wedlock's a saucy, sad, familiar state,
Where folks are very apt to scold and hate.
—Dr. Wolcot.

God has set the type of marriage everywhere throughout the creation.—Luther.

She's not well married, that lives married long;
But she's best married, that dies married young. —Shakespeare.

When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married.—Shakespeare.

Heaven will be no heaven to me if I do not meet my wife there.—Andrew Jackson.

No navigator has yet traced lines of latitude and longitude on the conjugal sea.—Balzac.

There is more of good nature than of good sense at the bottom of most marriages.—Thoreau.

For parents to restrain the inclinations of their children in marriage is an usurped power.—Fielding.

The Italians have this proverb: In buying houses and taking a wife, shut your eyes and commend yourself to God.—Duclos.

Let still the woman take an elder than herself; so wears she to him, so sways she level in her husband's heart.—Shakespeare.

It goes far towards reconciling me to being a woman, when I reflect that I am thus in no danger of ever marrying one.—Lady Montagu.

Men should keep their eyes wide open before marriage, and half shut afterwards.—Mlle. Scudéri.

If people only made prudent marriages, what a stop to population there would be!—Thackeray.

God, the best maker of all marriages, combine your hearts in one, your realms in one.—Shakespeare.

Marriage, by making us more contented, causes us often to be less enterprising.—Bovée.

When a man and woman are married, their romance ceases and their history commences.—Rochebrune.

There cannot be any great happiness in the married life except each in turn give up his or her own humors and lesser inclinations.—Richardson.

When thou choosest a wife, think not only of thyself, but of those God may give thee of her, that they reproach thee not for their being.—Tupper.

Marriage is the best state for man in general; and every man is a worse man in proportion as he is unfit for the married state.—Johnson.

Love in marriage should be the accomplishment of a beautiful dream, and not, as it too often proves, the end.—Alphonse Karr.

The reason why so few marriages are happy is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.—Swift.

The first bond of society is marriage; the next, our children; then the whole family and all things in common.—Cicero.

Her gentle spirit commits itself to yours to be directed, as from her lord, her governor, her king.—Shakespeare.

Marriage to maids is like a war to men;
The battle causes fear, but the sweet hopes
Of winning at the last, still draws 'em in.
—Nat. Lee.

He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune; for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief.—Bacon.

They that marry ancient people, merely in expectation to bury them, hang themselves, in hope that one will come out and cut the halter.—Thomas Fuller.

For what thou art is mine:
Our state cannot be sever'd; we are one,
One flesh; to lose thee were to lose myself.
—Milton.

It happens, as with cages, the birds without despair to get in, and those within despair of getting out.—Montaigne.

And, to all married men, be this a caution,
Which they should duly tender as their life,
Neither to doat too much, nor doubt a wife.
—Massinger.

I have met with women whom I really think would like to be married to a Poem, and to be given away by a Novel.—Keats.

From my experience, not one in twenty marries the first love; we build statues of snow and weep to see them melt.—Walter Scott.

But happy they, the happiest of their kind!
Whom gentle stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
—Thomson.

As a walled town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honorable than the bare brow of a bachelor.—Shakespeare.

But earthlier happy is the rose distilled than that which, withering on the virgin thorn, grows, lives, and dies in single blessedness.—Shakespeare.

To be man's tender mate was woman born, and in obeying nature she best serves the purposes of heaven.—Schiller.

It is to be feared that they who marry where they do not love will love where they do not marry.—Fuller.

To love early and marry late is to hear a lark singing at dawn, and at night to eat it roasted for supper.—Richter.

However old a conjugal union, it still garners some sweetness. Winter has some cloudless days, and under the snow a few flowers still bloom.—Mme. de Staël.

From that day forth, in peace and joyous bliss
They liv'd together long without debate;
Nor private jars, nor spite of enemies,
Could shake the safe assurance of their state. —Spenser.

The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear;
And something, ev'ry day they live,
To pity, and perhaps forgive. —Cowper.

Man and wife are equally concerned, to avoid all offence of each other, in the beginning of their conversation. Every little thing can blast an infant blossom.—Jeremy Taylor.

Such a large sweet fruit is a complete marriage, that it needs a very long summer to ripen in and then a long winter to mellow and season it. —Theodore Parker.

Every effort is made in forming matrimonial alliances to reconcile matters relating to fortune, but very little is paid to the congeniality of dispositions, or to the accordance of hearts.—Massillon.

No jealousy their dawn of love o'ercast,
Nor blasted were their wedded days with strife;
Each season look'd delightful as it past,
To the fond husband, and the faithful wife. —Beattie.

Happy and thrice happy are they who enjoy an uninterrupted union, and whose love, unbroken by any complaints, shall not dissolve until the last day.—Horace.

A good wife is like the ivy which beautifies the building to which it clings, twining its tendrils more lovingly as time converts the ancient edifice into a ruin.—Dr. Johnson.

God has set the type of marriage everywhere throughout the creation. Each creature seeks its perfection in another. The very heavens and earth picture it to us.—Luther.

Let us no more contend, nor blame
Each other, blamed enough elsewhere, but strive
In offices of love, how we may lighten
Each other's burden, in our share of woe.
—Milton.

She is mine own,
And I as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar and the rocks pure gold.
—Shakespeare.

A man may be cheerful and contented in celibacy, but I do not think he can ever be happy; it is an unnatural state, and the best feelings of his nature are never called into action.—Southey.

Wedlock's a saucy, sad, familiar state,
Where folks are very apt to scold and hate:—
Love keeps a modest distance, is divine,
Obliging, and says ev'ry thing that's fine.
—Peter Pindar.

An unhappy gentleman, resolving to wed nothing short of perfection, keeps his heart and hand till both get so old and withered that no tolerable woman will accept them.—Nathaniel Hawthorne.

The joys of marriage are the heaven on earth,
Life's paradise, great princess, the soul's quiet,
Sinews of concord, earthly immortality,
Eternity of pleasures. —John Ford.

Marriage, from love, like vinegar from wine—
A sad, sour, sober beverage—by time
Is sharpened from its high celestial flavor
Down to a very homely household savor.
—Byron.

All of a tenor was their after-life,
No day discolor'd with domestic strife;
No jealousy, but mutual truth believed,
Secure repose, and kindness undeceiv'd.
—Dryden.

The man at the head of the house can mar the pleasure of the household; but he cannot make it. That must

rest with the woman, and it is her greatest privilege.—Helps.

I am asham'd, that women are so simple
To offer war, where they should kneel for peace
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
—Shakespeare.

What is wedlock forced, but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.
—Shakespeare.

She shall watch all night:
And if she chance to nod I'll rail and brawl
And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is the way to kill a wife with kindness.
—Shakespeare.

It resembles a pair of shears, so joined that they cannot be separated; often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing any one who comes between them.—Sydney Smith.

A man of sense and education should meet a suitable companion in a wife. It is a miserable thing when the conversation can only be such as whether the mutton should be boiled or roasted, and probably a dispute about that.—Dr. Johnson.

An idol may be undeified by many accidental causes. Marriage, in particular, is a kind of counter-apotheosis, or a deification inverted. When a man becomes familiar with his goddess, she quickly sinks into a woman. —Addison.

Marriage enlarges the scene of our happiness and miseries. A marriage of love is pleasant; a marriage of interest, easy; and a marriage where both meet, happy. A happy marriage has in it all the pleasures of friendship, all the enjoyments of sense and reason, and, indeed, all the sweets of life.—Addison.

The most unhappy circumstance of all is, when each party is always laying up fuel for dissension, and gathering together a magazine of provocations to exasperate each other with when they are out of humor.—Steele.

As a looking-glass, if it is a true one, faithfully represents the face of him that looks in it, so a wife ought to fashion herself to the affection of her husband not to be cheerful when he is sad, nor sad when he is cheerful. —Erasmus.

As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman;
Though she bends him she obeys him
Though she draws him, yet she follows,
Useless each without the other!
—Longfellow.

Here love his golden shafts employs, here lights
His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
Reigns here and revels. —Rowley.

Therefore God's universal law
Gave to the man despotic power
Over his female in due awe,
Not from that right to part an hour,
Smile she or lour. —Milton.

In the opinion of the world, marriage ends all; as it does in a comedy. The truth is precisely the reverse. It begins all. So they say of death, "It is the end of all things." Yes, just as much as marriage.—Madame Swetchine.

That alliance may be said to have a double tie, where the minds are united as well as the body; and the union will have all its strength when both the links are in perfection together.—Colton.

Are we not one? are we not join'd by heav'n?
Each interwoven with the other's fate?
Are we not mix'd like streams of meeting rivers
Whose blended waters are no more distinguish'd,
But roll into the sea one common flood?
—Rowe.

He that marries is like the doge who was married to the Adriatic. He knows not what there is in that which he marries; mayhap treasures and pearls, mayhap monsters and tempests, await him.—Heinrich Heine.

I believe marriages would in general be as happy, and often more so, if they were all made by the lord

chancellor, upon a due consideration of the characters and circumstances, without the parties having any choice in the matter.—Dr. Johnson.

The moment a woman marries, some terrible revolution happens in her system; all her good qualities vanish, presto, like eggs out of a conjuror's box. 'Tis true that they appear on the other side of the box, but for the husband they are gone forever.—Bulwer.

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know
That marriage rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A paradise below. —Cotton.

Up to twenty-one, I hold a father to have power over his children as to marriage; after that age, authority and influence only. Show me one couple unhappy merely on account of their limited circumstances, and I will show you ten who are wretched from other causes.—Coleridge.

It is a mistake to consider marriage merely as a scheme of happiness. It is also a bond of service. It is the most ancient form of that social ministration which God has ordained for all human beings, and which is symbolized by all the relations of nature. —Chapin.

It is the most momentous question a woman is ever called upon to decide, whether the faults of the man she loves are beyond remedy and will drag her down, or whether she is competent to be his earthly redeemer and lift him to her own level.—Holmes.

Save the love we pay to heaven, there is none purer, holier, than that a virtuous woman feels for him she would cleave through life to. Sisters part from sisters, brothers from brothers, children from their parents, but such woman from the husband of her choice never!—Sheridan Knowles.

When it shall please God to bring thee to man's estate, use great providence and circumspection in choosing thy wife. For from thence will spring all thy future good or evil; and it is an action of life, like unto a stratagem of war; wherein a man can err but once!—Sir P. Sidney.

It is a delightful thought, that, during the familiarity of constant proximity, the heart gathers up in silence the nutriment of love, as the diamond, even beneath water, imbibes the light it emits. Time, which deadens hatred, secretly strengthens love.—Richter.

Across the threshold led,
And every tear kissed off as soon as shed,
His house she enters, there to be a light,
Shining within, when all without is night;
A guardian angel o'er his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasures, and his cares dividing! —Rogers.

He is the half-part of a blessed man
Left to be finished by such a she;
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
O, two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in!
—Shakespeare.

Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband;
And, when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she, but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?
—Shakespeare.

Before I trust my Fate to thee,
Or place my hand in thine,
Before I let thy Future give
Color and form to mine,
Before I peril all for thee,
Question thy soul to-night for me.
—Adelaide Ann Procter.

Marriage is the strictest tie of perpetual friendship, and there can be no friendship without confidence, and no confidence without integrity: and he must expect to be wretched, who pays to beauty, riches, or politeness that regard which only virtue and piety can claim.—Dr. Johnson.

Mothers who force their daughters into interested marriage, are worse than the Ammonites who sacrificed their children to Moloch—the latter undergoing a speedy death, the former suffering years of torture, but too fre-

quently leading to the same result.—Lord Rochester.

True it is, as society is instituted, marriage becomes somewhat of a lottery, for all its votaries are either the victims of Cupid or cupidity; in either instance, they are under the blinding influence of passion, and consequently but little subject to the control of reason.—Frederic Saunders.

The good husband keeps his wife in the wholesome ignorance of unnecessary secrets. They will not be starved with the ignorance, who perchance may surfeit with the knowledge of weighty counsels, too heavy for the weaker sex to bear. He knows little who will tell his wife all he knows.—Steele.

Deceive not thyself by over-expecting happiness in the marriage state. Look not therein for contentment greater than God will give, or a creature in this world can receive, namely, to be free from all inconveniences. Marriage is not, like the hill of Olympus, wholly clear without clouds. —Fuller.

Jars concealed are half reconciled; 'tis a double task, to stop the breach at home and men's mouths abroad. To this end, a good husband never publicly reproves his wife. An open reproof puts her to do penance before all that are present; after which, many study rather revenge than reformation.—Fuller.

Were a man not to marry a second time, it might be concluded that his first wife had given him a disgust for marriage; but by taking a second wife he pays the highest compliment to the first by showing that she made him so happy as a married man that he wishes to be so a second time.—Dr. Johnson.

The good wife is none of our dainty dames, who love to appear in a variety of suits every day new; as if a good gown, like a stratagem in war, were to be used but once. But our good wife sets up a sail according to the keel of her husband's estate; and if of high parentage, she doth not so remember what she was by birth, that she forgets what she is by match.—Fuller.

Two persons who have chosen each other out of all the species with a design to be each other's mutual comfort and entertainment have, in that action, bound themselves to be good-humored, affable, discreet, forgiving, patient, and joyful, with respect to each other's frailties and perfections, to the end of their lives.—Addison.

Thou are mine, thou hast given thy word,
Close, close in my arms thou are clinging;
Alone for my ear thou art singing
A song which no stranger hath heard:
But afar from me yet, like a bird,
Thy soul in some region unstirr'd
On its mystical circuit is winging.
—E. C. Stedman.

A married man falling into misfortune is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than a single one, chiefly because his spirits are soothed and retrieved by domestic endearments, and his self-respect kept alive by finding that although all abroad be darkness and humiliation, yet there is a little world of love at home over which he is a monarch.—Jeremy Taylor.

We are not very much to blame for our bad marriages. We live amid hallucinations, and this especial trap is laid to trip up our feet with, and all are tripped up first or last. But the mighty mother, who had been so sly with us, as if she felt she owed us some indemnity, insinuates into the Pandora box of marriage some deep and serious benefits, and some great joys.—Emerson.

As a great part of the uneasiness of matrimony arises from mere trifles, it would be wise in every young married man to enter into an agreement with his wife, that in all disputes of this kind the party who was most convinced they were right should always surrender the victory. By which means both would be more forward to give up the cause.—Fielding.

Marriage has in it less of beauty, but more of safety, than the single life; it hath not more ease, but less danger; it is more merry and more sad; it is fuller of sorrows and fuller of joys; it lies under more burdens, but is supported by all the strengths of love and charity; and those burdens are delightful.—Jeremy Taylor.

There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,
When two, that are link'd in one heavenly tie,
With heart never changing, and brow never cold,
Love on thro' all ills, and love on till they die.
One hour of a passion so sacred is worth
Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss;
And oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this—it is this! —Moore.

Cling closer, closer, life to life,
Cling closer, heart to heart;
The time will come, my own wed Wife,
When you and I must part!
Let nothing break our band but Death,
For in the world above
'Tis the breaker Death that soldereth
Our ring of Wedded Love.
—Gerald Massey.

To tell the truth, however, family and poverty have done more to support me than I have to support them. They have compelled me to make exertions that I hardly thought myself capable of; and often when on the eve of despairing, they have forced me, like a coward in a corner, to fight like a hero, not for myself, but for my wife and little ones.—Power.

The best time for marriage will be towards thirty, for as the younger times are unfit, either to choose or to govern a wife and family, so, if thou stay long, thou shalt hardly see the education of thy children, who, being left to strangers, are in effect lost; and better were it to be unborn than ill-bred; for thereby thy posterity shall either perish, or remain a shame to thy name.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

Marriages on earth—because they are the seminaries of the human race and of the angels of heaven also; because, likewise, they proceed from a spiritual origin, that is, from the marriage of good and truth; and since, in addition, the Lord's divine proceeding principally flows into conjugal love—are most holy in the estimation of the angels.—Swedenborg.

Oh, happy, happy, thrice happy state,
When such a bright Planet governs the fate
Of a pair of united lovers!
'Tis theirs' in spite of the Serpent's hiss,
To enjoy the pure primeval kiss
With as much of the old original bliss
As mortality ever recovers! —Hood.

The husband's sullen, dogged, shy,
The wife grows flippant in reply;
He loves command and due restriction,
And she as well likes contradiction.
She never slavishly submits;
She'll have her way, or have her fits.
He his way tugs, she t'other draws;
The man grows jealous and with cause.
—Gay.

She that hath a wise husband must entice him to an eternal dearness by the veil of modesty and the grave robes of chastity, the ornament of meekness and the jewels of faith and charity. She must have no painting but blushings; her brightness must be purity, and she must shine round about with sweetness and friendship; and she shall be pleasant while she lives, and desired when she dies.—Jeremy Taylor.

To the nuptial bower
I led her, blushing like the morn; all Heaven,
And happy constellations on that hour
Shed their selectest influence; the earth
Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill;
Joyous the birds; fresh gales and gentle airs
Whisper'd it to the woods, and from their wings
Flung rose, flung odours from the spicy shrub. —Milton.

My fond affection thou hast seen,
Then judge of my regret
To think more happy thou hadst been
If we had never met!
And has that thought been shared by thee?
Ah, no! that smiling cheek
Proves more unchanging love for me
Than labor'd words could speak.
—Thos. Haynes Bayly.

A good wife is heaven's last best gift to man; his angel and minister of graces innumerable; his gem of many virtues; his casket of jewels; her

voice his sweet music; her smiles his brightest day; her kiss the guardian of his innocence; her arms the pale of his safety, the balm of his health, the balsam of his life; her industry, his surest wealth; her economy, his safest steward; her lips, his faithful counselors; her bosom, the softest pillow of his cares; and her prayers, the ablest advocates of heaven's blessings on his head.—Jeremy Taylor.

Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign: one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance: commits his body
To painful labor, both by sea and land;
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe,
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;
Too little payment for so great a debt.
—Shakespeare.

Why do not words, and kiss, and solemn pledge,
And nature that is kind in woman's breast,
And reason that in man is wise and good,
And fear of Him who is a righteous Judge,—
Why do not these prevail for human life,
To keep two hearts together, that began
Their spring-time with one love.
—Wordsworth.

Oh, the music and beauty of life lose their worth,
When one heart only joys in their smile;
But the union of hearts gives that pleasure its birth,
Which beams on the darkest and coldest of earth
Like the sun on his own chosen isle;
It gives to the fireside of winter the light,
The glow and the glitter of spring—
O sweet are the hours, when two fond hearts unite,
As softly they glide, in their innocent flight
Away on a motionless wing. —Bohn.

Marriage is the mother of the world, and preserves kingdoms, and fills cities and churches, and heaven itself. * * * Marriage, like the useful bee, builds a house, and gathers sweetness from every flower, and labors and unites into societies and republics, and sends out colonies, and feeds the world with delicacies, and obeys their king, and keeps order, and exercises many virtues, and promotes the interest of mankind, and is that state of good things to which God hath designed the present constitution of the world.—Jeremy Taylor.

Cursed be the man, the poorest wretch in life,
The crouching vassal to the tyrant wife,
Who has no will but by her high permission;
Who has not sixpence but in her possession;
Who must to her his dear friend's secret tell;
Who dreads a curtain lecture worse than hell.
Were such the wife had fallen to my part,
I'd break her spirit or I'd break her heart.
—Burns.

How near am I to happiness
That earth exceeds not? not another like it.
The treasures of the deep are not so precious,
As are the conceal'd comforts of a man
Lock'd up in woman's love. I scent the air
Of blessings, when I come but near the house;
What a delicious breath marriage sends forth.
The violet-bed's not sweeter. Honest wedlock
Is like a banqueting-house built in a garden,
On which the spring's chaste flowers take delight
To cast their modest odors. —Middleton.

But happy they! the happiest of their kind!
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend
'T is not the coarser tie of human laws,
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
That binds their peace, but harmony itself,
Attuning all their passions into love
Where friendship full exerts her softest power
Perfect esteem enlivened by desire
Ineffable, and sympathy of soul;
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will
With boundless confidence; for nought but love
Can answer love, and render bliss secure.
—Thomson.

Have ever more care that thou be beloved of thy wife, rather than thyself besotted on her; and thou shalt judge of her love by these two observations: first, if thou perceive she have a care of thy estate, and exercise herself therein; the other, if she study to please thee, and be sweet unto thee in conversation, without thy instruction; for love needs no teaching nor precept.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

And now your matrimonial Cupid,
Lash'd on by time, grows tired and stupid.
For story and experience tell us
That man grows old and woman jealous.
Both would their little ends secure;
He sighs for freedom, she for power:
His wishes tend abroad to roam,
And hers to domineer at home.—Prior.

Ev'n in the happiest choice, where fav'ring heaven
Has equal love and easy fortune giv'n,—
Think not, the husband gain'd, that all is done;
The prize of happiness must still be won:
And, oft, the careless find it to their cost,
The lover in the husband may be lost;
The graces might alone his heart allure;
They and the virtues, meeting, must secure. —Lord Lyttelton.

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1. The very nearest approach to domestic happiness on earth is in the cultivation on both sides of absolute unselfishness.
2. Never both be angry at once.
3. Never talk at one another, either alone or in company.
4. Never speak loud to one another unless the house is on fire.
5. Let each one strive to yield oftenest to the wishes of the other.
6. Let self-denial be the daily aim and practice of each.
7. Never find fault unless it is perfectly certain that a fault has been committed, and always speak lovingly.
8. Never taunt with a past mistake.
9. Neglect the whole world besides rather than one another.
10. Never allow a request to be repeated.
11. Never make a remark at the expense of each other,—it is a meanness.
12. Never part for a day without loving words to think of during absence.
13. Never meet without a loving welcome.
14. Never let the sun go down upon any anger or grievance.
15. Never let any fault you have committed go by until you have frankly confessed it and asked forgiveness.
16. Never forget the happy hours of early love.
17. Never sigh over what might have been, but make the best of what is.
18. Never forget that marriage is ordained of God, and that His blessing alone can make it what it should ever be.
19. Never be contented till you know you are both walking in the narrow way.
20. Never let your hopes stop short of the eternal home.—Cottager and Artisan.

Maxims

Good maxims are the germs of all excellence.—Joubert.

Strongly stamped, medallion-like sayings.—Emerson.

Collect as precious pearls the words of the wise and virtuous.—Abd-el-Kader.

Axioms are delightful in theory, but impossible in practice.—Rivarol.

Maxims are the condensed good sense of nations.—Sir J. Mackintosh.

Maxims are often quoted by those who stand in more need of their application.—James Ellis.

A maxim is like the seed of a plant, which the soul it is thrown into must expand into leaves and flowers and fruit.—Mme. de Sartory.

Maxims are to the intellect what laws are to actions; they do not enlighten, but they guide and direct, and, although themselves blind, are protective.—Joubert.

I am of opinion that there is no proverb which is not true, because they are all sentences drawn from experience itself, the mother of all the sciences.—Cervantes.

A maxim is a conclusion upon observation of matters of fact, and is merely speculative; a "principle" carries knowledge within itself, and is prospective.—Coleridge.

May

O month when they who love must love and wed.—Helen Hunt Jackson.

As full of spirit as the month of May.—Shakespeare.

But winter lingering chills the lap of May.—Goldsmith.

For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.—Tennyson.

Among the changing months, May stands confessed
The sweetest, and in fairest colors dressed.
—Thomson.

When April steps aside for May,
Like diamonds all the rain-drops glisten;
Fresh violets open every day:
To some new bird each hour we listen.
—Lucy Larcom.

Sweet May hath come to love us,
Flowers, trees, their blossoms don;
And through the blue heavens above us
The very clouds move on.
—Heine.

For thee, sweet month, the groves green liveries wear.
If not the first, the fairest of the year;
For thee the Graces lead the dancing hours,
And Nature's ready pencil paints the flowers.
When thy short reign is past, the feverish sun
The sultry tropic fears, and moves more slowly on. —Dryden.

'Tis like the birthday of the world,
When earth was born in bloom;
The light is made of many dyes,
The air is all perfume:
There's crimson buds, and white and blue,
The very rainbow showers
Have turned to blossoms where they fell,
And sown the earth with flowers.
—Hood.

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May, that doth inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing,
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.
—Milton.

Meanness

The mean man suffers more from his selfishness than he from whom meanness withholds some important benefit.—Emerson.

A nation cannot afford to do a mean thing.—Charles Sumner.

An infallible characteristic of meanness is cruelty.—Johnson.

There has never been a man mean and at the same time virtuous.—Confucius.

There are some things I am afraid of: I am afraid to do a mean thing.—James A. Garfield.

We can easily forgive want of means; but littleness, with means, is disgusting.—Mme. de Lambert.

Who gives a trifle meanly, is meaner than the trifle.—Lavater.

There is something in meanness which excites a species of resentment that never subsides, and something in cruelty which stirs up the heart to the highest agony of human hatred.—Thomas Paine.

I have great hope of a wicked man, slender hope of a mean one. A wicked man may be converted and become a prominent saint. A mean man ought to be converted six or seven times, one right after the other, to give him a fair start and put him on an equality with a bold, wicked man.—Beecher.

I have so great a contempt and detestation for meanness, that I could sooner make a friend of one who had committed murder, than of a person who could be capable, in any instance, of the former vice. Under meanness, I comprehend dishonesty; under dishonesty, ingratitude; under ingratitude, irreligion; and under this latter, every species of vice and immorality in human nature.—Sterne.

Meddlers

A long-tongued, babbling gossip.—Shakespeare.

We should enjoy more peace if we did not busy ourselves with the words

and deeds of other men, which appertain not to our charge.—Jeremy Taylor.

Ah, how happy would many lives be if individuals troubled themselves as little about other people's affairs as about their own!—Lichtenberg.

Medicine

I firmly believe that if the whole materia medica could be sunk to the bottom of the sea, it would be all the better for mankind and all the worse for the fishes.—O. W. Holmes.

The poets did well to conjoin music and medicine, because the office of medicine is but to tune the curious harp of man's body.—Bacon.

The medicine increases the disease. —Virgil.

Learn from the beasts the physic of the field.—Pope.

Time is generally the best doctor.—Ovid.

Some remedies are worse than the disease.—Syrus.

Extreme remedies are very appropriate for extreme diseases.—Hippocrates.

By medicine life may be prolonged, yet death
Will seize the doctor too. —Shakespeare.

So liv'd our sires, ere doctors learn'd to kill,
And multiplied with theirs the weekly bill.
—Dryden.

Joy, temperance, and repose,
Slam the door on the doctor's nose.
—Longfellow.

Physicians, of all men, are most happy; whatever good success soever they have, the world proclaimeth; and what faults they commit, the earth covereth.—Quarles.

The disease and its medicine are like two factions in a besieged town; they tear one another to pieces, but both unite against their common enemy, nature.—Jeffrey.

Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.
The wise for cure on exercise depend;
God never made his work for man to mend.
—Dryden.

Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest; evils that take leave,
On their departure most of all show evil.
—Shakespeare.

But nothing is more estimable than a physician who, having studied nature from his youth, knows the properties of the human body, the diseases which assail it, the remedies which will benefit it, exercises his art with caution, and pays equal attention to the rich and the poor.—Voltaire.

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?
Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.
Throw physic to the dogs; I'll none of it.
—Shakespeare.

Mediocrity

Mediocrity is beneath a brave soul. —Lady Blessington.

Half talent is no talent.—Lavater.

I find that most people are made only for the common uses of life.—John Foster.

Nothing is thoroughly approved but mediocrity. The majority have established this.—Pascal.

Mediocrity makes the most of its native possessions.—Pascal.

Mediocrity is excellence to the eyes of mediocre people.—Joubert.

Most people would succeed in small things, if they were not troubled with great ambitions.—Longfellow.

Mediocrity can talk; but it is for genius to observe.—Disraeli.

Mediocrity is less sensitive than genius, and therefore suffers less under

nearly any possible exigency.—William Winter.

A quiet mediocrity is still to be preferred before a troubled superfluity.—Suckling.

The art of putting well into play mediocre qualities often begets more reputation than true merit achieves.—Rochefoucauld.

Mediocrity is not allowed to poets, either by the gods or men.—Horace.

Minds of moderate calibre ordinarily condemn everything which is beyond their range.—Rochefoucauld.

Persevering mediocrity is much more respectable, and unspeakably more useful, than talented inconstancy.—Dr. James Hamilton.

The virtue of the soul does not consist in flying high, but walking orderly; its grandeur does not exercise itself in grandeur, but in mediocrity. —Montaigne.

Mediocrity is now, as formerly, dangerous, commonly fatal, to the poet; but among even the successful writers of prose, those who rise sensibly above it are the very rarest exceptions.—Gladstone.

How many of these minds are there to whom scarcely any good can be done! They have no excitability. You are attempting to kindle a fire of stone. You must leave them as you find them, in permanent mediocrity.—John Foster.

Among many parallels which men of imagination have drawn between the natural and moral state of the world, it has been observed that happiness as well as virtue consists in mediocrity. —Dr. Johnson.

The highest order of mind is accused of folly, as well as the lowest. Nothing is thoroughly approved but mediocrity. The majority has established this, and it fixes its fangs on whatever gets beyond it either way.—Pascal.

We meet with few utterly dull and stupid souls: the sublime and transcendent are still fewer; the generality of mankind stand between these two extremes: the interval is filled with multitudes of ordinary geniuses, but all very useful, and the ornaments and supports of the commonwealth.—La Bruyère.

There are circumstances of peculiar difficulty and danger, where a mediocrity of talent is the most fatal quantum that a man can possibly possess. Had Charles the First and Louis the Sixteenth been more wise or more weak, more firm or more yielding, in either case they had both of them saved their heads.—Colton.

The maxim of Cleobulus, "Mediocrity is best," has been long considered a universal principle, extending through the whole compass of life and nature. The experience of every age seems to have given it new confirmation, and to show that nothing, however specious or alluring, is pursued with propriety or enjoyed with safety beyond certain limits.—Dr. Johnson.

Meditation

He is divinely bent on meditation.—Shakespeare.

Chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy.—Shakespeare.

In maiden meditation, fancy-free.—Shakespeare.

Meditation is the tongue of the soul and the language of our spirit.—Jeremy Taylor.

Thy thoughts to nobler meditations give,
And study how to die, not how to live.
—Lord Lansdowne.

Meditation is the soul's perspective glass, whereby, in her long remove, she discerneth God, as if He were nearer at hand.—Owen Feltham.

The man of meditation is happy, not for an hour or a day, but quite

round the circle of his years.—Isaac Taylor.

Divinely bent to meditation;
And in no worldly suits would he be mov'd,
To draw him from his holy exercise.
—Shakespeare.

It is not he that reads most, but he that meditates most on Divine truth, that will prove the choicest, wisest, strongest Christian.—Bishop Hall.

Where a man has a passion for meditating without the capacity of thinking, a particular idea fixes itself fast, and soon creates a mental disease.—Goethe.

Though reading and conversation may furnish us with many ideas of men and things, yet it is our own meditation must form our judgment. —Dr. I. Watts.

Meditation is that exercise of the mind by which it recalls a known truth,—as some kinds of creatures do their food, to be ruminated upon. —Bishop Horne.

Meditation is the life of the soul; action is the soul of meditation; honor is the reward of action; so meditate, that thou mayst do; so do, that thou mayst purchase honor; for which purchase, give God the glory.—Quarles.

The art of meditation may be exercised at all hours, and in all places; and men of genius, in their walks, at table, and amidst assemblies, turning the eye of the mind inwards, can form an artificial solitude; retired amidst a crowd, calm amidst distraction, and wise amidst folly.—Isaac Disraeli.

Profound meditation in solitude and silence frequently exalts the mind above its natural tone, fires the imagination, and produces the most refined and sublime conceptions. The soul then tastes the purest and most refined delight, and almost loses the idea of existence in the intellectual pleasure it receives. The mind on every motion darts through space into eternity; and raised, in its free enjoyment of its powers by its own enthusiasm, strengthens itself in the habitude of contemplating the noblest subjects, and of adopting the most heroic pursuits.—Zimmermann.

Meditation is the tongue of the soul and the language of our spirit; and our wandering thoughts in prayer are but the neglects of meditation and recessions from that duty; and according as we neglect meditation, so are our prayers imperfect, meditation being the soul of prayer and the intention of our spirit.—Jeremy Taylor.

Happy the heart that keeps its twilight hour,
And, in the depths of heavenly peace reclined,
Loves to commune with thoughts of tender power,—
Thoughts that ascend, like angels beautiful,
A shining Jacob's-ladder of the mind!
—Paul H. Hayne.

Meditation is a busy search in the storehouse of phantasy for some ideas of matters, to be cast in the moulds of resolution into some forms of words or actions; in which search, when I have used my greatest diligence, I find this is the best conclusion, that to meditate on the best is the best of meditations; and a resolution to make a good end is a good end of my resolutions.—Arthur Warwick.

Meekness

O blessed well of love! O flower of grace.—Spenser.

He was oppressed, and He was afflicted, yet He opened not His mouth: He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so He openeth not His mouth.—Bible.

Meekness is the grace which, from beneath God's footstool, lifts up a candid and confiding eye, accepting God's smile of Fatherly affection, and adoring those perfections which it cannot comprehend.—James Hamilton.

The flower of meekness on a stem of grace.—James Montgomery.

Meeting

The joy of meeting not unmixed with pain.—Longfellow.

In life there are meetings which seem
Like a fate. —Lord Lytton.

Absence, with all its pains,
Is by this charming moment wip'd away.
—Thomson.

The joys of meeting pay the pangs of absence; else who could bear it? —Rowe.

Ah me! the world is full of meetings such as this,—a thrill, a voiceless challenge and reply, and sudden partings after!—Willis.

As two floating planks meet and part on the sea,
O friend! so I met and then drifted from thee. —Wm. R. Alger.

Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing,
Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the darkness:
So on the ocean of life, we pass and speak one another,
Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and a silence. —Longfellow.

Sir, you are very welcome to our house; it must appear in other ways than words, therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.—Shakespeare.

Melancholy

Demoniac frenzy, moping melancholy.—Milton.

Melancholy is the nurse of frenzy. —Shakespeare.

Melancholy is the pleasure of being sad.—Victor Hugo.

A lazy frost, a numbness of the mind.—Dryden.

I can suck melancholy out of a song. —Shakespeare.

There is not a string attuned to mirth but has its chord of melancholy.—Hood.

Great men are always of a nature originally melancholy.—Aristotle.

Melancholy is the convalescence of grief.—Madame Dufrénoy.

Melancholy is a fearful gift. What is it but the telescope of truth!—Byron.

No grief so soft, no pain so sweet, as love's delicious melancholy.—Mrs. Osgood.

How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable seem to me all the uses of this world!—Shakespeare.

It is impious in a good man to be sad.—Shakespeare.

Employment and hardships prevent melancholy.—Johnson.

Nothing is so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.—Samuel Fletcher.

Melancholy advanceth men's conceits more than any humor whatever. —Burton.

O melancholy, who ever yet could sound thy bottom?—Shakespeare.

We're not ourselves when Nature, being oppressed, commands the mind to suffer with the body.—Shakespeare.

Religion is no friend to laziness and stupidity, or to supine and sottish despondencies of mind.—Jeremy Taylor.

Melancholy
Is not, as you conceive, indisposition
Of body, but the mind's disease.
—John Ford.

Melancholy spreads itself betwixt heaven and earth, like envy between man and man, and is an everlasting mist.—Byron.

Oh, if you knew the pensive pleasure
That fills my bosom when I sigh,
You would not rob me of a treasure
Monarchs are too poor to buy.
—Sam'l Rogers.

In sooth, I know not why I am so sad; it wearies me. You say it wearies you; but how I caught it, found it, or came by it, what stuff 'tis

made of, whereof it is born, I am to learn.—Shakespeare.

If you are melancholy for the first time, you will find, upon a little inquiry, that others have been melancholy many times, and yet are cheerful now.—Leigh Hunt.

Melancholy sees the worst of things, —things as they may be, and not as they are. It looks upon a beautiful face, and sees but a grinning skull.—Bovee.

There were moments of despondency when Shakespeare thought himself no poet, and Raphael no painter; when the greatest wits have doubted the excellence of their happiest efforts. —Colton.

With eyes uprais'd, as one inspir'd,
Pale melancholy sat retir'd,
And from her wild sequester'd seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul. —Collins.

When soured by disappointment, we must endeavor to pursue some fixed and pleasing course of study, that there may be no blank leaf in our book of life. Painful and disagreeable ideas vanish from the mind that can fix its attention upon any subject.—Zimmermann.

Whatever is highest and holiest is tinged with melancholy. The eye of genius has always a plaintive expression, and its natural language is pathos. A prophet is sadder than other men; and He who was greater than all prophets was "a man of sorrow and acquainted with grief."—Mrs. L. M. Child.

Ah, there are moments for us here, when, seeing
Life's inequalities, and woe, and care,
The burdens laid upon our mortal being
Seem heavier than the human heart can bear. —Phœbe Cary.

There are some people who think that they should be always mourning, that they should put a continual constraint upon themselves, and feel a disgust for those amusements to which they are obliged to submit. For my own part, I confess that I know not how to conform myself to these rigid notions. I prefer something more simple, which I also think would be more pleasing to God.—Fénelon.

O'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,
Long-sounding aisles, and intermingled graves,
Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws
A death-like silence and a dread repose;
Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
Shades ev'ry flower, and darkens ev'ry green;
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods. —Pope.

I once gave a lady two-and-twenty receipts against melancholy: one was a bright fire; another, to remember all the pleasant things said to her; another, to keep a box of sugar-plums on the chimney-piece and a kettle simmering on the hob. I thought this mere trifling at the moment, but have in after life discovered how true it is that these little pleasures often banish melancholy better than higher and more exalted objects; and that no means ought to be thought too trifling which can oppose it either in ourselves or in others.—Sydney Smith.

I have neither the scholar's melancholy,
Which is emulation; nor the musician's,
Which is fantastical; nor the courtier's,
Which is pride; nor the soldier's, which is Ambition; nor the lawyer's, which is politic;
Nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's,
Which is all these: but it is a melancholy
Of mine own; compounded of many simples,
Extracted from many objects, and, indeed,
The sundry contemplation of my travels;
In which my often rumination wraps me
In a most hum'rous sadness.
—Shakespeare.

Memory

Memory, bosom-spring of joy.—Coleridge.

No canvas absorbs color like memory.—Willmott.

Nothing now is left but a majestic memory.—Longfellow.

Grant but memory to us, and we can lose nothing by death.—Whittier.

A sealed book, at whose contents we tremble.—L. E. Landon.

Memory, the warder of the brain! —Shakespeare.

Memory is what makes us young or old.—Alfred de Musset.

Our memories are independent of our wills.—Sheridan.

And fondly mourn the dear delusions gone.—Prior.

We ne'er forget, tho' there we are forgot.—Byron.

Tho' lost to sight to mem'ry dear
Thou ever wilt remain.
—Geo. Linley.

O memory, thou bitter sweet,—both a joy and a scourge!—Madame de Staël.

The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.
—Tate and Brady.

Memory tempers prosperity, mitigates adversity, controls youth, and delights old age.—Lactantius.

Memory is ever active, ever true. Alas, if it were only as easy to forget!—Ninon de Lenclos.

To live in hearts we leave behind,
Is not to die. —Campbell.

But O for the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still!—Tennyson.

To endeavor to forget any one is the certain way to think of nothing else.—La Bruyère.

It is the treasure-house of the mind, wherein the monuments thereof are kept and preserved.—Thomas Fuller.

Memory is not so brilliant as hope, but it is more beautiful, and a thousand times more true.—George D. Prentice.

Good things have to be engraved on the memory; bad ones stick there of themselves.—Charles Reade.

The leaves of memory seem to make a mournful rustle in the dark.—Long fellow.

When musing on companions gone,
We doubly feel ourselves alone.
—Scott.

A man's real possession is his memory. In nothing else is he rich, in nothing else is he poor.—Alexander Smith.

And scenes, long past, of joy and pain,
Came wildering o'er his aged brain.
—Scott.

The memory is the receptacle and sheath of all science.—Cicero.

What exile from his country is able to escape from himself.—Horace.

Thou comest as the memory of a dream, which now is sad because it hath been sweet.—Shelley.

Memory seldom fails when its office is to show us the tombs of our buried hopes.—Lady Blessington.

How can such deep-imprinted images sleep in us at times, till a word, a sound, awake them?—Lessing.

Memory is the treasury and guardian of all things.—Cicero.

We must always have old memories and young hopes.—Arsène Houssaye.

Experience teaches that a strong memory is generally joined to a weak judgment.—Montaigne.

Hail, Memory, hail! in thy exhaustless mine from age to age unnumbered treasures shine.—Rogers.

The life of the dead is placed in the memory of the living.—Cicero.

Of all the faculties of the mind, memory is the first that flourishes and the first that dies.—Colton.

While memory watches o'er the sad review of joys that faded like the morning dew.—Campbell.

Remembrance wakes with all her busy train, swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.—Goldsmith.

Memory is a paradise out of which fate cannot drive us.—Dumas, Fils.

Through the shadowy past, like a tomb-searcher, memory ran, lifting each shroud that time had cast o'er buried hopes.—Moore.

I have a room whereinto no one enters save I myself alone. There sits a blessed memory on a throne; there my life centres.—Christina G. Rossetti.

Remember thee!
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records.
—Shakespeare.

A memory without blot or contamination must be an exquisite treasure, an inexhaustible source of pure refreshment.—Charlotte Bronte.

As the dew to the blossoms, the bud to the bee,
As the scent to the rose, are those memories to me. —Amelia B. Welby.

There is nothing steadfast in life but our memories. We are sure of keeping intact only that which we have lost.—Madame Swetchine.

Memory is the cabinet of imagination, the treasury of reason, the registry of conscience, and the council-chamber of thought.—Basile.

A land of promise, a land of memory,
A land of promise flowing with the milk
And honey of delicious memories!
—Tennyson.

Slight withal may be the things which bring back on the heart the weight which it would fling aside forever.—Byron.

Memory is the primary and fundamental power, without which there could be no other intellectual operation.—Johnson.

The memory is a treasurer to whom we must give funds, if we would draw the assistance we need.—Rowe.

Memory can glean, but can never renew. It brings us joys faint as is the perfume of the flowers, faded and dried, of the summer that is gone.—Beecher.

There are moments of life that we never forget, which brighten and brighten as time steals away.—J. G. Percival.

The erection of a monument is superfluous; the memory of us will last, if we have deserved it in our lives.—Pliny the Younger.

When time has assuaged the wounds of the mind, he who unseasonably reminds us of them, opens them afresh. —Ovid.

Ah! memories of sweet summer eves,
Of moonlit wave and willowy way,
Of stars and flowers, and dewy leaves,
And smiles and tones more dear than they! —Whittier.

The pure memories given
To help our joy on earth, when earth is past
Shall help our joy in heaven.
—Margaret J. Preston.

Though varying wishes, hopes, and fears,
Fever'd the progress of these years,
Yet now, days, weeks, and months but seem
The recollection of a dream. —Scott.

A place in thy memory, Dearest!
Is all that I claim:
To pause and look back when thou hearest
The sound of my name.
—Gerald Griffin.

What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.
—Cowper.

Oft in the stilly night
E'er slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me. —Moore.

Sweet memory, wafted by the gentle gale,
Oft up the stream of time I turn my sail,
To view the fairy haunts of long-lost hours,
Blest with far greener shades, far lovlier flowers. —Rogers.

Memory is the power to revive again in our minds those ideas which after imprinting have disappeared, or have been laid aside out of sight.—Locke.

Memory, like a purse, if it be overfull that it cannot shut, all will drop out of it; take heed of a gluttonous curiosity to feed on many things, lest the greediness of the appetite of thy memory spoil the digestion thereof. —Thomas Fuller.

Lull'd in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are link'd by many a hidden chain;
Awake but one, and lo, what myriads rise!
Each stamps its image as the other flies!
—Rogers.

How are such an infinite number of things placed with such order in the memory, notwithstanding the tumult, marches, and counter-marches of the animal spirits?—Jeremy Collier.

There are moments of life that we never forget,
Which brighten, and brighten, as time steals away;
They give a new charm to the happiest lot,
And they shine on the gloom of the loneliest day. —J. G. Percival.

Oh, how cruelly sweet are the echoes that start
When Memory plays an old tune on the heart! —Eliza Cook.

In literature and art memory is a synonyme for invention. It is the life-blood of imagination, which faints and dies when the veins are empty.—Willmott.

Hail, Memory, hail! in thy exhaustless mine
From age to age unnumber'd treasures shine!
Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,
And Place and Time are subject to thy sway! —Rogers.

The memory of past favors is like a rainbow, bright, vivid, and beautiful; but it soon fades away. The memory of injuries is engraved on the heart, and remains forever.—Haliburton.

When time who steals our years away
Shall steal our pleasures too,
The mem'ry of the past will stay
And half our joys renew.
—Moore.

How a thing grows in the human memory, in the human imagination, when love, worship, and all that lies in the human heart, is there to encourage it.—Carlyle.

And when the stream
Which overflowed the soul was passed away
A consciousness remained that it had left,
Deposited upon the silent shore
Of memory, images and precious thoughts,
That shall not die, and cannot be destroyed.
—Wordsworth.

It is a suggestive idea to track those worn feet backward through all the paths they have trodden ever since they were the tender and rosy little feet of a baby, and (cold as they now are) were kept warm in his mother's hand.—Nath. Hawthorne.

In that instant, o'er his soul
Winters of Memory seem'd to roll,
And gather in that drop of time
A life of pain, an age of crime.
O'er him who loves, or hates, or fears,
Such moment pours the grief of years.
—Byron.

The memory is perpetually looking back when we have nothing present to entertain us. It is like those repositories in animals that are filled with food, on which they may ruminate when their present pastures fail.—Addison.

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean; tears from the depth of some divine despair rise in the heart and gather in the eyes in looking on the happy autumn fields, and thinking of the days that are no more.—Tennyson.

There is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song; there is a remembrance of the dead, to which we turn even from the charms of the living. These we would not exchange for the song of pleasure or the bursts of revelry.—Washington Irving.

It is a fact, well attested by experience, that the memory may be seriously injured by pressing upon it too hardly and continuously in early life. Whatever theory we hold as to this great function of our nature, it is certain that its powers are only gradually developed, and that if forced

into premature exercise they are impaired by the effort.—Sir H. Holland.

I remember, I remember,
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day,
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!
—Hood.

When I remember all
The friends so link'd together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather
I feel like one who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed. —Moore.

The course of none has been along so beaten a road that they remember not fondly some resting-places in their journeys, some turns of their path in which lovely prospects broke in upon them, some soft plats of green refreshing to their weary feet. Confiding love, generous friendship, disinterested humanity, require no recondite learning, no high imagination, to enable an honest heart to appreciate and feel them.—Talfourd.

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
I've bourne a weary lot;
But in my wanderings far or near
Ye never were forgot.
The fount that first burst frae this heart
Still travels on its way
And channels deeper as it rins
The luve o' life's young day.
—Wm. Motherwell.

It is an old saying, that we forget nothing, as people in fever begin suddenly to talk the language of their infancy; we are stricken by memory sometimes, and old affections rush back on us as vivid as in the time when they were our daily talk, when their presence gladdened our eyes, when their accents thrilled in our ears,—when, with passionate tears and grief, we flung ourselves upon their hopeless corpses. Parting is death,—at least, as far as life is concerned. A passion comes to an end; it is carried off in a coffin, or, weeping in a postchaise, it drops out of life one way or the other, and the earth-clods close over it, and we see it no more. But it has been part of our souls, and it is eternal.—Thackeray.

Certainly it is one of the most blessed things about "the faith that is in Christ Jesus," that it makes a man remember his own sinfulness with penitence, not with pain—that it makes the memory of past transgressions full of solemn joy, because the memory of past transgressions but brings to mind the depth and rushing fullness of that river of love which has swept them all away as far as the east is from the west. Oh, my brother, you cannot forget your sins; but it lies within your own decision whether the remembrance shall be thankfulness and blessedness, or whether it shall be pain and loss forever.—Alexander Maclaren.

Mercantile

Despatch is the soul of business.—Earl of Chesterfield.

No mortal thing can bear so high a price,
But that with mortal thing it may be bought.
—Sir Walter Raleigh.

To business that we love we rise betime,
And go to 't with delight.
—Shakespeare.

That which is everybody's business, is nobody's business.—Izaak Walton.

A manufacturing district * * * sends out, as it were, suckers into all its neighborhood.—Hallam.

Traffic's thy god; and thy god confound thee!—Shakespeare.

In every age and clime we see,
Two of a trade can ne'er agree.
—Gay.

There is no better ballast for keeping the mind steady on its keel, and saving it from all risk of crankiness, than business.—Lowell.

They (corporations) cannot commit treason, nor be outlawed, nor excommunicated, for they have no souls. —Sir Edward Coke.

Business dispatched is business well done, but business hurried is business ill done.—Bulwer-Lytton.

To found a great empire for the sole purpose of raising up a people of customers, may at first sight appear a project fit only for a nation of shopkeepers.—Adam Smith.

Mercy

Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.—Bible.

The greatest attribute of Heaven is mercy.—Beaumont and Fletcher.

Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.—Shakespeare.

Let us be merciful as well as just. —Longfellow.

Mercy turns her back to the unmerciful.—Quarles.

A God all mercy is a God unjust. —Young.

Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.—Shakespeare.

'Tis godlike to have power, but not to kill.—Beaumont and Fletcher.

Mercy to him that shows it, is the rule.—Cowper.

Mercy often inflicts death.—Seneca.

Who will not mercy unto others show, how can he mercy ever hope to have?—Spenser.

If mercy were not mingled with His power, this wretched world could not subsist one hour.—Sir W. Davenant.

Great minds erect their never-failing trophies on the firm base of mercy. —Massinger.

If thou hast fear of those who command thee, spare those who obey thee.—Rabbi Ben Azai.

If the end of one mercy were not the beginning of another, we were undone.—Philip Henry.

Hate shuts her soul when dove-eyed Mercy pleads.—Charles Sprague.

We hand folks over to God's mercy, and show none ourselves.—George Eliot.

Mercy more becomes a magistrate than the vindictive wrath which men call justice.—Longfellow.

Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God!
My soul flies through these wounds to seek out thee. —Shakespeare.

We do pray for mercy; and that same prayer doth teach us all to render the deeds of mercy.—Shakespeare.

Among the attributes of God, although they are all equal, mercy shines with even more brilliancy than justice.—Cervantes.

Lenity will operate with greater force, in some instances, than rigor. It is therefore my first wish to have my whole conduct distinguished by it. —Washington.

Good Heaven, whose darling attribute we find is boundless grace, and mercy to mankind, abhors the cruel. —Dryden.

Kinds hearts are here; yet would the tenderest one
Have limits to its mercy; God has none.
—A. A. Procter.

God's mercy is a holy mercy, which knows how to pardon sin, not to protect it; it is a sanctuary for the penitent, not for the presumptuous.—Bishop Reynolds.

Nothing humbles and breaks the heart of a sinner like mercy and love. Souls that converse much with sin and wrath, may be much terrified; but souls that converse much with grace and mercy, will be much humbled.—Thomas Brooks.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.
—Pope.

There is no better rule to try a doctrine by than the question, Is it merciful, or is it unmerciful? If its character is that of mercy, it has the

image of Jesus, who is the way, the truth, and the life.—Hosea Ballou.

How would you be if He, which is the top of judgment, should but judge you as you are? O, think on that, and mercy then will breathe within your lips like man new made.—Shakespeare.

It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice.
—Shakespeare.

Merciful heaven!
Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft myrtle. —Shakespeare.

When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view I'm lost,
In wonder, love and praise.
—Addison.

No ceremony that to great ones belongs,—not the king's crown nor the deputed sword, the marshal's truncheon nor the judge's robe, become them with one half so good a grace as mercy does.—Shakespeare.

We may imitate the Deity in all His attributes; but mercy is the only one in which we can pretend to equal Him. We cannot, indeed, give like God; but surely we may forgive like Him.—Sterne.

The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes;
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown.
—Shakespeare.

Think not the good,
The gentle deeds of mercy thou hast done,
Shall die forgotten all; the poor, the pris'ner,
The fatherless, the friendless, and the widow,
Who daily own the bounty of thy hand,
Shall cry to heav'n, and pull a blessing on thee. —Rowe.

As the sun's rays will irradiate even the murky pool, and make its stagnant waters to shine like silver, so doth God's goodness and tender mercy, towards the greatest sinner, and the blackest heart, make his own image visible there!—Hosea Ballou.

The sun is the eye of the world; and he is indifferent to the negro or the cold Russian; to them that dwell under the line, and them that stand near the tropics,—the scalded Indian, or the poor boy that shakes at the foot of the Riphean hills; so is the mercy of God.—Jeremy Taylor.

O mercy, heav'ly born! Sweet attribute.
Thou great, thou best prerogative of power!
Justice may guard the throne, but join'd with thee,
On rocks of adamant, it stands secure,
And braves the storm beneath.
—Somerville.

As freely as the firmament embraces the world, so mercy must encircle friend and foe. The sun pours forth impartially his beams through all the regions of infinity; heaven bestows the dew equally on every thirsty plant. Whatever is good and comes from on high is universal and without reserve; but in the heart's recesses darkness dwells.—Schiller.

'Tis mercy! mercy!
The mark of heav'n impressd on human kind,
Mercy, that glads the world, deals joy around;
Mercy that smooths the dreadful brow of power,
And makes dominion light; mercy that saves,
Binds up the broken heart, and heals despair. —Rowe.

Merit

There is a proud modesty in merit. —Dryden.

Merit was ever modest known.—Gay.

On their own merits modest men are dumb.—George Colman.

Merit challenges envy.—Dryden.

There is merit without elevation, but there is no elevation without some merit.—Rochefoucauld.

Nature makes merit, and fortune puts it to work.—Rochefoucauld.

The world more frequently recompenses the appearance of merit, than merit itself.—Rochefoucauld.

Merit is born with men; happy those with whom it dies!—Queen Christina.

Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.—Pope.

True merit, like a river, the deeper it is, the less noise it makes.—Lord Halifax.

The sufficiency of my merit is to know that my merit is not sufficient.—St. Augustine.

It never occurs to fools that merit and good fortune are closely united.—Goethe.

Be thou the first true merit to befriend,
His praise is lost who waits till all commend.
—Pope.

The sufficiency of merit is to know that my merit is not sufficient.—Quarles.

The mark of extraordinary merit is to see those most envious of it constrained to praise.—La Rochefoucauld.

I love the lineage of heroes, but I love merit more.—Frederick the Great.

Whoever gains the palm by merit, let him hold it.—Nelson.

Contemporaries appreciate the man rather than his merit; posterity will regard the merit rather than the man.—Colton.

The best evidence of merit is a cordial recognition of it whenever and wherever it may be found.—Bovee.

Oh, that estates, degrees, and offices were not derived corruptly, and that clear honor were purchased by the merit of the wearer!—Shakespeare.

The art of being able to make a good use of moderate abilities wins esteem and often confers more reputation than real merit.—La Bruyère.

I am told so many ill things of a man, and I see so few in him, that I begin to suspect he has a real but troublesome merit, as being likely to eclipse that of others.—Bruyère.

Good actions crown themselves with lasting bays
Who deserves well, needs not another's praise.
—Heath.

There's a proud modesty in merit!
Averse from asking, and resolv'd to pay
Ten times the gifts it asks.
—Dryden.

Merit is never so conspicuous as when coupled with an obscure origin, just as the moon never appears so lustrous as when it emerges from a cloud.—Bovee.

Merit has rarely risen of itself, but a pebble or a twig is often quite sufficient for it to spring from to the highest ascent. There is usually some baseness before there is any elevation.—Landor.

Real merit of any kind cannot long be concealed; it will be discovered, and nothing can depreciate it, but a man's exhibiting it himself. It may not always be rewarded as it ought; but it will always be known.—Chesterfield.

Real merit requires as much labor, to be placed in a true light, as humbug to be elevated to an unworthy eminence; only the success of the false is temporary, that of the true, immortal.—F. A. Durivage.

If you wish particularly to gain the good graces and affection of certain people, men or women, try to discover their most striking merit, if they have one, and their dominant weakness, for every one has his own, then do justice to the one, and a little more than justice to the other.—Chesterfield.

I know not why we should delay our tokens of respect to those who deserve them, until the heart that our sympathy could have gladdened has ceased to beat. As men cannot read the epitaphs inscribed upon the marble that covers them, so the tombs that we erect to virtue often only

prove our repentance that we neglected it when with us.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Merit is a work for the sake of which Christ gives rewards. But no such work is to be found, for Christ gives by promise. Just as if a prince should say to me, "Come to me in my castle, and I will give you a hundred florins." I do a work, certainly, in going to the castle, but the gift is not given me as the reward of my work in going, but because the prince promised it to me.—Martin Luther.

O, that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that dear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover, that stand bare?
How many be commanded, that command?
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honour? and how much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varnish'd? —Shakespeare.

Distinguished merit will ever rise to oppression, and will draw lustre from reproach. The vapors which gather round the rising sun, and follow him in his course, seldom fail at the close of it to form a magnificent theatre for his reception, and to invest with variegated tints and with a softened effulgence the luminary which they cannot hide.—Robert Hall.

Mermaid

I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.
—Shakespeare.

Slow sail'd the weary mariners and saw,
Betwixt the green brink and the running foam,
Sweet faces, rounded arms, and bosoms prest
To little harps of gold; and while they mused
Whispering to each other half in fear,
Shrill music reach'd them on the middle sea.
—Tennyson.

Who would be
A mermaid fair,
Singing alone,
Combing her hair
Under the sea,
In a golden curl
With a comb of pearl,
On a throne?
I would be a mermaid fair;
I would sing to myself the whole of the day;
With a comb of pearl I would comb my hair;
And still as I comb I would sing and say,
"Who is it loves me? who loves not me?"
—Tennyson.

Merriment

As merry as the day is long.—Shakespeare.

I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad.—Shakespeare.

Nothing is more hopeless than a scheme of merriment.—Johnson.

As 'tis ever common
That men are merriest when they are from home. —Shakespeare.

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.
—Shakespeare.

And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life. —Shakespeare.

Hostess, clap to the doors: watch to-night, pray to-morrow. Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? Shall we have a play extempore?—Shakespeare.

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods, and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
—Milton.

Metaphor

Figured and metaphorical expressions do well to illustrate more abstruse and unfamiliar ideas, which

the mind is not yet thoroughly accustomed to.—Locke.

An epithet or metaphor drawn from nature ennobles art; an epithet or metaphor drawn from art degrades nature.—Johnson.

Metaphor gives light and strength to description.—John Brent.

Metaphor is no argument, though it be sometimes the gunpowder to drive one home, and imbed it in the memory.—Lowell.

Of metaphors, those generally conduce most to energy or vivacity of style which illustrate an intellectual by a sensible object.—Whately.

Metaphysics

All parts of knowledge have their origin in metaphysics.—De Quincey.

Metaphysics,—the science which determines what can and what cannot be known of being and the laws of being.—Coleridge.

He knew what's what, and that's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly. —Butler.

Metaphysics, in whatever latitude the term be taken, is a science, or complement of sciences, exclusively occupied with mind.—Sir W. Hamilton.

The fame of Locke is visibly on the decline; the speculations of Malebranche are scarcely heard of in France; and Kant, the greatest metaphysical name on the Continent, sways a doubtful sceptre amidst a host of opponents.—Robert Hall.

Method

Method is the arithmetic of success. —H. W. Shaw.

Methods are the masters of masters. —Talleyrand.

Make the most of time, it flies away so fast; yet method will teach you to win time.—Goethe.

Method is the hinge of business, and there is no method without order and punctuality.—Hannah More.

To live is not to learn, but to apply.—E. Legouvé.

Method, like perseverance, wins in the long run.—Duclos.

Dispatch is the soul of business; and nothing contributes more to dispatch than method. Lay down a method for everything, and stick to it inviolably, as far as unexpected incidents may allow.—Lord Chesterfield.

Irregularity and want of method are only supportable in men of great learning or genius, who are often too full to be exact, and therefore choose to throw down their pearls in heaps before the reader rather than be at the pains of stringing them.—Addison.

You must elect your work; you shall take what your brains can, and drop all the rest. Only so can that amount of vital force accumulate which can make the step from knowing to doing. No matter how much faculty of idle seeing a man has, the step from knowing to doing is rarely taken. It is a step out of a chalk circle of imbecility into fruitfulness. —Emerson.

Method means primarily a way or path of transit. From this we are to understand that the first idea of method is a progressive transition from one step to another in any course. If in the right course, it will be the true method; if in the wrong, we cannot hope to progress. —Coleridge.

Though every one who possesses merit is not necessarily a great man, yet every great man must possess it in a very superior degree, whether he be a poet, a philosopher, a statesman, a general; for every great man exhibits the talent of organization or construction, whether it be in a poem, a philosophical system, a policy, or a strategy. And without method there is no organization nor construction. —Bulwer-Lytton.

Method is essential, and enables a larger amount of work to be got through with satisfaction. "Method,"

said Cecil (afterward Lord Burleigh), "is like packing things in a box; a good packer will get in half as much again as a bad one." Cecil's despatch of business was extraordinary; his maxim being, "The shortest way to do many things is to do only one thing at once."—Samuel Smiles.

Midnight

About the noon of night.—Ben Jonson.

In the dead vast and middle of the night.—Shakespeare.

Hushed as midnight silence.—Dryden.

That hour, of night's black arch the keystone.—Burns.

Now had night measured, with her shadowy cone, half-way up hill this vast sublunar vault.—Milton.

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve;
Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time.
—Shakespeare.

Midnight! the outpost of advancing day!
The frontier town and citadel of night!
—Longfellow.

Midnight brought on the dusky hour friendliest to sleep and silence.—Milton.

Midnight,—strange mystic hour,—when the veil between the frail present and the eternal future grows thin.—Mrs. Stowe.

This dead of midnight is the noon of thought, and wisdom mounts her zenith with the stars.—Mrs. Barbauld.

It is the hour when from the boughs
The nightingale's high note is heard;
It is the hour when lovers' vows
Seem sweet in every whisper'd word.
—Byron.

It is now the very witching time of night; when churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out contagion to this world: now could I drink hot blood, and do such business as the bitter day would quake to look on.—Shakespeare.

The night, proceeding on with silent pace, stood in her noon, and viewed with equal face her sleepy rise and her declining race.—Dryden.

'Tis midnight now. The bent and broken moon,
Batter'd and black, as from a thousand battles,
Hangs silent on the purple walls of Heaven.
—Joaquin Miller.

O wild and wondrous midnight,
There is a might in thee
To make the charmed body
Almost like spirit be,
And give it some faint glimpses
Of immortality! —Lowell.

The stifled hum of midnight, when traffic has lain down to rest, and the chariot wheels of Vanity, still rolling here and there through distant streets, are bearing her to halls roofed in and lighted to the due pitch for her; and only vice and misery, to prowl or to moan like night birds, are abroad.—Carlyle.

Military

The sex is ever to a soldier kind.—Homer.

And the stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel.
—Scott.

Ay me! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron!
—Butler.

His breast with wounds unnumber'd riven,
His back to earth, his face to heaven.
—Byron.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried.
—Chas. Wolfe.

May that soldier a mere recreant prove
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
—Shakespeare.

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more;
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking.
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.
—Scott.

Yet what can they see in the longest kingly line in Europe, save that it

runs back to a successful soldier?—Scott.

He slept an iron sleep,—
Slain fighting for his country.
—Homer.

As we pledge the health of our general, who fares as rough as we,
What can daunt us, what can turn us, led to death by such as he?
—Charles Kingsley.

God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his knell is knoll'd.—Shakespeare.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest
With his martial cloak around him.
—Chas. Wolfe.

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing:
The bravest are the tenderest,—
The loving are the daring.
—Bayard Taylor.

The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay;
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.—Goldsmith.

Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth.
—Shakespeare.

"What are the bugles blowin' for?" said Files-on-Parade.
"To turn you out, to turn you out," the Colour Sergeant said.
"What makes you look so white, so white?" said Files-on-Parade.
'I'm dreadin' what I've got to watch," the Colour-Sergeant said.
"For they're hangin' Danny Deever, you can hear the dead march play.
The regiment's in 'ollow square—They're hangin' him to-day;
They're taken of his buttons off an' cut his stripes away.
And they're hangin' Danny Deever in the morning."—Rudyard Kipling.

Give them great meals of beef and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves and fight like devils.—Shakespeare.

All quiet along the Potomac they say
Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot as he walks on his beat, to and fro
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.
—Ethel Lynn Beers.

Millennium

It is, indeed, right that we should look for, and hasten, so far as in us lies, the coming of the day of God; but not that we should check any human effort by anticipations of its approach. We shall hasten it best by endeavoring to work out the tasks that are appointed for us here; and, therefore, reasoning as if the world were to continue under its existing dispensation, and the powers which have just been granted to us were to be continued through myriads of future ages.—Ruskin.

Wearily have the years passed, I know; wearily to the pale watcher on the hill who has been so long gazing for the daybreak; wearily to the anxious multitudes who have been waiting for his tidings below. Often has the cry gone up through the darkness, "Watcher, what of the night?" and often has the disappointing answer come, "It is night still; here the stars are clear above me, but they shine afar, and yonder the clouds lower heavily, and the sad night winds blow." But the time shall come, and perhaps sooner than we look for it, when the countenance of that pale watcher shall gather into intenser expectancy, and when the challenge shall be given, with the hopefulness of a nearer vision, "Watcher, what of the night?" and the answer will come, "The darkness is not so dense as it was; there are faint streaks on the horizon's verge; mist is in the valleys, but there is a radiance on the distant hill. It comes nearer—that promise of the day. The clouds roll rapidly away, and they are fringed with amber and gold. It is, it is the blest sunlight that I feel around me—Morning! It is morning!"—Wm. M. Punshon.

Mind

Systems exercise the mind, but faith enlightens and guides it.—Voltaire.

The mind is the eyesight of the soul. —Schiller.

The mind is the atmosphere of the soul.—Joubert.

Mind moves matter.—Virgil.

It is the mind that makes the body rich.—Shakespeare.

The mind is the proper judge of the man.—Seneca.

Mind unemployed is mind unenjoyed.—Bovee.

The forehead is the gate of the mind.—Cicero.

The garden of the mind.—Tennyson.

Few minds wear out; more rust out.—Bovee.

We disjoint the mind like the body. —Joubert.

My mind to me an empire is.—Southwell.

A narrow mind begets obstinacy.—Dryden.

Stern men with empires in their brains.—Lowell.

The march of the human mind is slow.—Burke.

The pen is the tongue of the mind. —Cervantes.

Each mind has its own method.—Emerson.

The mind alone can not be exiled. —Ovid.

The sick mind can not bear anything harsh.—Ovid.

The diseases of the mind are more and more destructive than those of the body.—Cicero.

The common mind is the true Parian marble, fit to be wrought into likeness to a god.—George Bancroft.

'Tis but a base ignoble mind that mounts no higher than a bird can soar.—Shakespeare.

The mind doth shape itself to its own wants, and can bear all things. —Joanna Baillie.

Minds that have nothing to confer find little to perceive.—Wordsworth.

A mind once cultivated will not lie fallow for half an hour.—Bulwer-Lytton.

How many minds—almost all the great ones—were formed in secrecy and solitude!—Matthew Arnold.

The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.—Milton.

Minds of moderate calibre ordinarily condemn everything which is beyond their range.—La Rochefoucauld.

It is the mind that maketh good or ill,
That maketh wretch or happy, rich or poor.—Spenser.

The mind grows narrow in proportion as the soul grows corrupt.—Rousseau.

Guard well thy thoughts: our thoughts are heard in heaven.—Young.

We plainly perceive that the mind strengthens and decays with the body. Lucretius.

The brain is the citadel of the senses: this guides the principle of thought.—Pliny the Elder.

What is this little, agile, precious fire, this fluttering motion which we call the mind?—Prior.

Cultivation is as necessary to the mind as food is to the body.—Cicero.

We measure minds by their stature; it would be better to esteem them by their beauty.—Joubert.

Babylon in all its desolation is a sight not so awful as that of the human mind in ruins.—Scorpe Davies

A well-balanced mind is the best remedy against affliction.—Plautus.

The first sure symptom of a mind in health,
Is rest of heart, and pleasure felt at home.
—Young.

Great minds lower, instead of elevate, those who do not know how to support them.—Rochefoucauld.

The mind wears the colors of the soul, as a valet those of his master.—Madame Swetchine.

Minds which never rest are subject to many digressions.—Joubert.

Do not overwork the mind any more than the body; do everything with moderation.—Bacon.

As sight is in the eye, so is the mind in the soul!—Sophocles.

The more accurately we search into the human mind, the stronger traces we everywhere find of His wisdom who made it.—Burke.

The mind of man is ignorant of fate and future destiny, and can not keep within due bounds when elated by prosperity.—Virgil.

The mind wishes for what it has missed, and occupies itself with retrospective contemplation.—Petronius Arbiter.

The mind, like all other things, will become impaired, the sciences are its food,—they nourish, but at the same time they consume it.—Bruyère.

The mind does not know what diet it can feed on until it has been brought to the starvation point.—Holmes.

Different minds incline to different objects; one pursues the vast alone, the wonderful, the wild; another sighs for harmony and grace, and gentlest beauty.—Akenside.

It is ordained in the eternal constitution of things, that men of intemperate minds cannot be free; their passions forge their fetters.—Burke.

As the soil, however rich it may be, cannot be productive without culture, so the mind without cultivation can never produce good fruit.—Seneca.

The very might of the human intellect reveals its limits.—Madame Swetchine.

As the mind must govern the hands, so in every society the man of intelligence must direct the man of labor.—Dr. Johnson.

Mind is the great leveller of all things; human thought is the process by which human ends are alternately answered.—Daniel Webster.

The mind is the master over every kind of fortune: itself acts in both ways, being the cause of its own happiness and misery.—Seneca.

The true, strong, and sound mind is the mind that can embrace equally great things and small.—Sam'l Johnson.

Our minds are like our stomachs; they are whetted by the change of food, variety supplies both with fresh appetite.—Quintilian.

A weak mind is like a microscope, which magnifies trifling things, but cannot receive great ones.—Chesterfield.

Every mind was made for growth, for knowledge; and its nature is sinned against when it is doomed to ignorance.—Channing.

Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with my span,
I must be measur'd by my soul:
The mind's the standard of the man.
—Watts.

It is the mind that makes us rich and happy, in what condition soever we are, and money signifies no more to it than it does to the gods.—Seneca.

The mind has its arrangement; it proceeds from principles to demonstrations. The heart has a different mode of proceeding.—Pascal.

The great business of a man is to improve his mind and govern his manners; all other projects and pursuits, whether in our power to compass or not, are only amusements.—Pliny.

Nothing can be so quick and sudden as the operations of the mind, especially when hope, or fear, or jealousy, to which the other two are but journeymen, set it to work.—Fielding.

A well-cultivated mind is, so to speak, made up of all the minds of preceding ages; it is only one single mind which has been educated during all this time.—Fontenelle.

The mind is but a barren soil; a soil which is soon exhausted, and will produce no crop, or only one, unless it be continually fertilized and enriched with foreign matter.—Sir J. Reynolds.

I had rather believe all the fables in the Legends and the Talmud and the Alcoran, than that this universal frame is without a mind.—Bacon.

There are some cloudy days for the mind as well as for the world; and the man who has the most genius is twenty times a day in the clouds.—Beaumelle.

Every great mind seeks to labor for eternity. All men are captivated by immediate advantages; great minds alone are excited by the prospect of distant good.—Schiller.

Our minds are like certain vehicles,—when they have little to carry they make much noise about it, but when heavily loaded they run quietly.—Elihu Burritt.

The intellectual faculty is a goodly field, capable of great improvement; and it is the worst husbandry in the world to sow it with trifles and impertinences.—Sir M. Hale.

The shadows of the mind are like those of the body. In the morning of life they all lie behind us; at noon we trample them under foot; and in the evening they stretch long, broad, and deepening before us.—Longfellow.

The mind is like a sheet of white paper in this, that the impressions it receives the oftenest, and retains the longest, are black ones.—J. C. and A. W. Hare.

How fleet is a glance of the mind!
Compared with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-winged arrows of light.
—Cowper.

The mind has a certain vegetative power, which cannot be wholly idle. If it is not laid out and cultivated into a beautiful garden, it will of itself shoot up in weeds or flowers of a wild growth.—Steele.

There is nothing so elastic as the human mind. Like imprisoned steam, the more it is pressed the more it rises to resist the pressure. The more we are obliged to do, the more we are able to accomplish.—T. Edwards.

If the minds of men were laid open, we should see but little difference between them and that of the fool; there are infinite reveries and numberless extravagancies pass through both.—Addison.

Sublime is the dominion of the mind over the body, that for a time, can make flesh and nerve impregnable, and string the sinews like steel, so that the weak become so mighty.—Mrs. Stowe.

No barriers, no masses of matter, however enormous, can withstand the powers of the mind; the remotest corners yield to them; all things succumb, the very heaven itself is laid open.—Manilius.

Canst thou not minster to a mind diseased;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the foul bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart?
—Shakespeare.

We ought, in humanity, no more to despise a man for the misfortunes of the mind than for those of the body, when they are such as he cannot help; were this thoroughly considered we should no more laugh at a man for

having his brains cracked than for having his head broke.—Pope.

He that has no resources of mind, is more to be pitied than he who is in want of necessaries for the body; and to be obliged to beg our daily happiness from others, bespeaks a more lamentable poverty than that of him who begs his daily bread.—Colton.

My mind to me a kingdom is;
Such perfect joy therein I find,
That it excels all other bliss
That God or Nature hath assign'd,
Though much I want that most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.
—Wm. Byrd.

The failure of his mind in old age is often less the result of natural decay than of disuse. Ambition has ceased to operate; contentment brings indolence; indolence, decay of mental power, ennui, and sometimes death. Men have been known to die, literally speaking, of disease induced by intellectual vacancy.—Sir Benjamin Brodie.

The sovereign good of man is a mind that subjects all things to itself and is itself subject to nothing; such a man's pleasures are modest and reserved, and it may be a question whether he goes to heaven, or heaven comes to him; for a good man is influenced by God Himself, and has a kind of divinity within him.—Seneca.

The immortal mind, superior to his fate,
Amid the outrage of external things,
Firm as the solid base of this great world,
Rests on his own foundation. Blow, ye winds!
Ye waves! ye thunders! roll your tempests on!
Shake, ye old pillars of the marble sky!
Till at its orbs and all its worlds of fire
Be loosen'd from their seats; yet still serene,
The unconquer'd mind looks down upon the wreck;
And ever stronger as the storms advance,
Firm through the closing ruin holds his way,
When nature calls him to the destin'd goal.—Akenside.

A lofty mind always thinks nobly, it easily creates vivid, agreeable, and natural fancies, places them in their best light, clothes them with all appropriate adornments, studies others' tastes, and clears away from its own thoughts all that is useless and disagreeable.—La Rochefoucauld.

Mankind are in the end always governed by superiority of intellectual faculties, and none are more sensible of this than the military profession. When, on my return from Italy, I assumed the dress of the Institute, and associated with men of science, I knew what I was doing: I was sure of not being misunderstood by the lowest drummer boy in the army.—Napoleon I.

Ministers

It is not the way to convert a sinner to knock him down first and then reason with him.—S. Irenæus Prime.

I do not envy a clergyman's life as an easy life, nor do I envy the clergyman who makes it an easy life. —Samuel Johnson.

Your great employment is to bring the individual souls of men to Christ. —E. N. Kirk.

But the unfaithful priest, what tongue
Enough shall execrate?—Pollok.

The life of a pious minister is visible rhetoric.—Hooker.

Surely that preaching which comes from the soul works most on the soul. —Fuller.

The priesthood hath in all nations, and all religions, been held highly venerable.—Atterbury.

I find on inquiring among successful pastors, successful in the sense of winning men to Christ in profession, that they depend largely on personal contact.—D. A. Goodsell.

There are passages of the Bible that are soiled forever by the touches of the hands of ministers who delight in the cheap jokes they have left behind them.—Phillips Brooks.

The minister is to be a live man, a real man, a true man, a simple man,

great in his love, great in his life, great in his work, great in his simplicity, great in his gentleness.—John Hall.

This is the ministry and its work—not to drill hearts and minds and consciences into right forms of thought and mental postures, but to guide to the living God who speaks.—F. W. Robertson.

Of right and wrong he taught
Truths as refined as ever Athens heard;
And (strange to tell!) he practised what he preach'd. —Armstrong.

Love and meakness
Become a churchman better than ambition;
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away.—Shakespeare.

It would be well if some who have taken upon themselves the ministry of the Gospel, that they would first preach to themselves, then afterwards to others.—Cardinal Pole.

Men of God have always, from time to time, walked among men, and made their commission felt in the heart and soul of the commonest hearer.—Emerson.

The day that witnesses the conversion of our ministers into political and philosophical speculators or scientific lecturers, will witness the final decay of clerical weight and influence.—Bayne.

I venerate the man whose heart is warm,
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life
Coincident, exhibit lucid proof
That he is honest in the sacred cause.
—Cowper.

At church with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray. —Goldsmith.

The minister who would be most like the Master must go and, like Him, lay the warm, kindly hand on the leper, the diseased, the wretched. He must touch the blind eyes with something from himself. The tears must be in his own eyes over the dead who are to be raised to spiritual life. Jesus is our great exemplar.—John Hall.

Nor to rebuke the rich offender fear'd;
His preaching much, but more his practice wrought,
(A living sermon of the truths he taught,)
For this by rules severe his life he squar'd,
That all might see the doctrine which they heard. —Dryden.

He that negotiates between God and man,
As God's ambassador, the grand concerns
Of judgment and of mercy, should beware
Of lightness in his speech. 'Tis pitiful
To court a grin where you should woo a soul;
To break a jest, when pity would inspire
Pathetic exhortation; and address
The skittish fancy with facetious tales,
When sent with God's commission to the heart. —Cowper.

One great want of the times is a commanding ministry—a ministry of a piety at once sober and earnest, and of mightiest moral power. Give us these men, "full of faith and of the Holy Ghost," who will proclaim old truths with new energy, not cumbering them with massive drapery nor hiding them beneath piles of rubbish. Give us these men! men of sound speech, who will preach the truth as it is in Jesus, not with faltering tongue and averted eye, as if the mind blushed at its own credulity—not distilling into it an essence so subtle and so speedily decomposed that a chemical analysis alone can detect the faint odor which tells it has been there—but who will preach it apostlewise, that is, "first of all," at once a principle shrined in the heart and a motive mighty in the life—the source of all morals and the inspiration of all charity—the sanctifier of every relationship, and the sweetener of every toil. Give us these men! men of zeal untiring—whose hearts of constancy quail not although dull men sneer, and proud men scorn, and timid men blush, and cautious men deprecate, and wicked men revile.—Wm. M. Punshon.

Minority

Votes should be weighed, not counted!—Schiller.

This minority is great and formidable. I do not know whether, if I

aimed at the total overthrow of a kingdom, I should wish to be encumbered with a large body of partisans. —Burke.

Miracles

Miracle is the pet child of faith.—Goethe.

Every believer is God's miracle.—Bailey.

The miracles of earth are the laws of heaven.—Jean Paul Richter.

When I look to my guiltiness, I see that my salvation is one of our Saviour's greatest miracles, either in heaven or earth.—Rutherford.

Miracles are ceased; and therefore we must needs admit the means, how things are perfected.—Shakespeare.

What is a miracle?—'Tis a reproach,
'Tis an implicit satire on mankind;
And while its satisfies, it censures too.
—Young.

Great floods have flown
From simple sources, and great seas have dried
When miracles have by the greatest been denied. —Shakespeare.

Man is the miracle in nature. God
Is the One Miracle to man. Behold,
"There is a God," thou sayest. Thou sayest well:
In that thou sayest all. To Be is more
Of wonderful, than being, to have wrought,
Or reigned, or rested.—Jean Ingelow.

What is thy thought? There is no miracle?
There is a great one, which thou hast not read,
And never shalt escape. Thyself, O man,
Thou art the miracle. Ay, thou thyself,
Being in the world and of the world, thyself,
Hast breathed in breath from Him that made the world.
Thou art thy Father's copy of Himself,—
Thou art thy Father's miracle.
—Jean Ingelow.

A miracle is a supernatural event, whose antecedent forces are beyond our finite vision, whose design is the display of almighty power for the accomplishment of almighty purposes, and whose immediate result, as regards man, is his recognition of God as the Supreme Ruler of all things, and of His will as the only supreme law.—A. E. Kittredge.

We must not sit down, and look for miracles. Up, and be doing, and the Lord will be with thee. Prayer and pains, through faith in Christ Jesus, will do anything.—John Eliot.

Mirth

Mirth is God's medicine.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Mirth itself is too often but melancholy in disguise.—Leigh Hunt.

Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt;
And ev'ry grin so merry, draws one out.
—Dr. Wolcot.

Man is the merriest species of the creation; all above or below him are serious.—Addison.

Mirth is the sweet wine of human life. It should be offered sparkling with zestful life unto God.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Fun gives you a forcible hug, and shakes laughter out of you, whether you will or no.—Garrick.

Frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life. —Shakespeare.

Mirth is a Proteus, changing its shape and manner with the thousand diversities of individual character, from the most superfluous gayety to the deepest, most earnest humor.—E. P. Whipple.

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles.
—Milton.

Blessed be mirthfulness! It is one of the renovators of the world. Men will let you abuse them if only you will make them laugh.—Henry Ward Beecher.

I love such mirth as does not make friends ashamed to look upon one another next morning.—Izaak Walton.

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Harmless mirth is the best cordial against the consumption of the spirit; wherefore jesting is not unlawful, if it trespasseth not in quantity, quality or season.—Fuller.

The greatness that would make us grave,
Is but an empty thing.
What more than mirth would mortals have?
The cheerful man's a king.
—Bickerstaff.

Let me play the fool
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
—Shakespeare.

A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal:
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest.
—Shakespeare.

There is nothing like fun, is there? I haven't any myself, but I do like it in others. O, we need it! We need all the counterweights we can muster to balance the sad relations of life. God has made many sunny spots in the heart; why should we exclude the light from them?—Haliburton.

From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot he is all mirth; he has twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him: he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks his tongue speaks.—Shakespeare.

Mirth is God's medicine. Everybody ought to bathe in it. Grim care, moroseness, anxiety,—all this rust of life, ought to be scoured off by the oil of mirth. It is better than emery. Every man ought to rub himself with it. A man without mirth is like a wagon without springs, in which one is caused disagreeably to jolt by every pebble over which it runs.—Beecher.

Mirthfulness is in the mind, and you cannot get it out. It is the blessed spirit that God has set in the mind to dust it, to enliven its dark places, and to drive asceticism, like a foul fiend, out at the back door. It is just as good, in its place, as conscience or veneration. Praying can no more be made a substitute for smiling than smiling can for praying.—Beecher.

Misanthropy

Man delights not me,—nor woman neither.—Shakespeare.

Let the misanthrope shun men and abjure; the most are rather lovable than hateful.—Tupper.

I am *misanthropos,* and hate mankind,
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee something.
—Shakespeare.

Men possessing minds which are morose, solemn, and inflexible, enjoy, in general, a greater share of dignity than of happiness.—Bacon.

The opinions of the misanthropical rest upon this very partial basis, that they adopt the bad faith of a few as evidence of the worthlessness of all.—Bovee.

There cannot live a more unhappy creature than an ill-natured old man, who is neither capable of receiving pleasures, nor sensible of doing them to others.—Sir W. Temple.

Sombre thoughts and fancies often require a little real soil or substance to flourish in; they are the dark pine-trees which take root in, and frown over the rifts of the scathed and petrified heart, and are chiefly nourished by the rain of unavailing tears, and the vapors of fancy.—J. F. Boyes.

We readily excuse paralytics from labor; and shall we be angry with a hypochondriac for not being cheerful in company? Must we stigmatize such an unfortunate person as peevish, positive, and unfit for society? His disorder may no more suffer him to be merry, than the gout will suffer another to dance. The advising a melancholic to be cheerful is like bidding a coward to be courageous, or a dwarf be taller.—Wollaston.

Out of the ashes of misanthropy benevolence rises again; we find many virtues where we had imagined all was vice, many acts of disinterested friend-

ship where we had fancied all was calculation and fraud—and so gradually from the two extremes we pass to the proper medium; and, feeling that no human being is wholly good or wholly base, we learn that true knowledge of mankind which induces us to expect little and forgive much. The world cures alike the optimist and the misanthrope.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Mischief

She who means no mischief does it all.—Aaron Hill.

To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
—Shakespeare.

O, mischief! thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
—Shakespeare.

When to mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit instruments of ill!
—Pope.

Few men are so clever as to know all the mischief they do.—Rochefoucauld.

The sower of the seed is assuredly the author of the whole harvest of mischief.—Demosthenes.

The mischief of children is seldom actuated by malice; that of grown-up people always is.—Rivarol.

Mischief and malice grow on the same branch of the tree of evil.—Aaron Hill.

Man is no match for woman where mischief reigns.—Balzac.

In life it is difficult to say who do you the most mischief,—enemies with the worst intentions, or friends with the best.—Bulwer-Lytton.

The opportunity to do mischief is found a hundred times a day, and that of doing good once a year.—Voltaire.

Miser

Avarice is the miser's dream.—Hazlitt.

A mere madness, to live like a wretch, and die rich.—Burton.

The miser robs himself.—Lavater.

O cursed hunger of pernicious gold!—Dryden.

Groan under gold, yet weep for want of bread.—Young.

A miser grows rich by seeming poor; an extravagant man grows poor by seeming rich.—Shenstone.

He heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them.—Bible.

Misers mistake gold for their good; whereas it is only the means of obtaining it.—Rochefoucauld.

History tells us of illustrious villains, but there never was an illustrious miser.—St. Evremond.

The life of a miser is a play of which we applaud only the closing scene.—Sanial-Dubay.

Misers, as death approaches, are heaping up a chest of reasons to stand in more awe of him.—Shenstone.

Foul cankering rust the hidden treasure frets;
But gold that's put to use more gold begets.
—Shakespeare.

The miser, poor fool, not only starves his body, but also his own soul.—Theodore Parker.

The cleverness of avarice is but the cunning of imbecility. — Bulwer-Lytton.

Of all the vices, avarice is the most generally detested; it is the effect of an avidity common to all men; it is because men hate those from whom they can expect nothing. The greedy misers rail at sordid misers.—Helvetius.

Famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thine eyes,
Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back;
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law.—Shakespeare.

A miser is sometimes a grand personification of fear. He has a fine horror of poverty; and he is not con-

tent to keep want from the door, or at arm's length, but he places it, by heaping wealth upon wealth, at a sublime distance!—Lamb.

A thorough miser must possess considerable strength of character to bear the self-denial imposed by his penuriousness. Equal sacrifices, endured voluntarily in a better cause, would make a saint or a martyr.—W. B. Clulow.

Money never can be well managed if sought solely through the greed of money for its own sake. In all meanness there is a defect of intellect as well as of heart. And even the cleverness of avarice is but the cunning of imbecility.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Misery

The miserable are sacred.—Seneca.

Misery makes sport to mock itself.—Shakespeare.

Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows.—Shakespeare.

Half our misery from our foibles springs.—Hannah More.

One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow. —Shakespeare.

He that is down need fear no fall.—Bunyan.

Man is only miserable so far as he thinks himself so.—Sannazaro.

Misery still delights to trace
Its semblance in another's case.
—Cowper.

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions. —Shakespeare.

The gods from heaven survey the fatal strife, and mourn the miseries of human life.—Dryden.

When a few words will rescue misery out of her distress, I hate the man who can be a churl of them.—Sterne.

There are a good many real miseries in life that we cannot help smiling at, but they are the smiles that make wrinkles and not dimples.—O. W. Holmes.

This iron world brings down the stoutest hearts to lowest state; for misery doth bravest minds abate.—Spenser.

Miserable men commiserate not themselves; bowelless unto others, and merciless unto their own bowels.—Sir Thomas Browne.

Misery is caused for the most part, not by a heavy crash of disaster, but by the corrosion of less visible evils, which canker enjoyment and undermine security.—Dr. Johnson.

Misery and ignorance are always the cause of great evils. Misery is easily excited to anger, and ignorance soon yields to perfidious counsels.—Addison.

One more Unfortunate
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death. —Hood.

Misery is so little appertaining to our nature, and happiness so much so, that we in the same degree of illusion only lament over that which has pained us, but leave unnoticed that which has rejoiced us.—Richter.

If misery be the effect of virtue, it ought to be reverenced; if of ill-fortune, to be pitied; and if of vice, not to be insulted, because it is perhaps itself a punishment adequate to the crime by which it was produced.—Dr. Johnson.

Small miseries, like small debts, hit us in so many places and meet us at so many turns and corners, that what they want in weight they make up in number, and render it less hazardous to stand one cannon ball than a volley of bullets.—Colton.

Man is so great that his greatness appears even in the consciousness of his misery. A tree does not know itself to be miserable. It is true that it is misery indeed to know one's self to be miserable; but then it is great-

ness also. In this way, all man's miseries go to prove his greatness. They are the miseries of a mighty potentate, of a dethroned monarch.—Pascal.

Nothing is a misery,
Unless our weakness apprehend it so:
We cannot be more faithful to ourselves,
In anything that's manly, than to make
Ill-fortune as contemptible to us
As it makes us to others.
—Beaumont and Fletcher.

The misery of human life is made up of large masses, each separated from the other by certain intervals. One year the death of a child; years after, a failure in trade; after another longer or shorter interval, a daughter may have married unhappily; in all but the singularly unfortunate, the integral parts that compose the sum-total of the unhappiness of a man's life are easily counted and distinctly remembered.—Coleridge.

Misfortune

We have seen better days.—Shakespeare.

The lowest ebb is the turn of the tide.—Longfellow.

Misfortunes should always be expected.—Johnson.

Our greatest misfortunes come to us from ourselves.—Rousseau.

Misfortunes have their dignity and their redeeming power.—George S. Hillard.

A soul exasperated in ills, falls out
With everything, its friend, itself.
—Addison.

Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low.—Shakespeare.

Our bravest lessons are not learned through success, but misadventure.—Alcott.

Oh, give me thy hand, one writ with me in sour misfortune's book.—Shakespeare.

If misfortune comes, she brings along the bravest virtues.—Thomson.

Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune; but great minds rise above it.—Washington Irving.

Who hath not known ill-fortune, never knew
Himself, or his own virtue. —Mallet.

We have all of us sufficient fortitude to bear the misfortunes of others. —La Rochefoucauld.

Misery and misfortune is all one; and of misfortune fortune hath only the gift.—Sir P. Sidney.

Many men, seemingly impelled by fortune, hasten forward to meet misfortune half way.—Rousseau.

It is good to see in the misfortunes of others what we should avoid.—Syrus.

When one is past, another care we have;
Thus woe succeeds a woe, as wave a wave.
—Herrick.

Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low.—Shakespeare.

Heaven sends us misfortunes as a moral tonic.—Lady Blessington.

After all, our worst misfortunes never happen, and most miseries lie in anticipation.—Balzac.

The less we parade our misfortunes the more sympathy we command.—Orville Dewey.

Most of our misfortunes are more supportable than the comments of our friends upon them.—Colton.

I believe, indeed, that it is more laudable to suffer great misfortunes than to do great things.—Stanislaus.

Misfortune makes of certain souls a vast desert through which rings the voice of God.—Balzac.

Men do not go out to meet misfortune as we do. They learn it; and we—we divine it.—Mme. Swetchine.

The greatest misfortune of all is not to be able to bear misfortune.—Bias.

How true it is that, sooner or later, the most rebellious must bow beneath the yoke of misfortune!—De Staël.

The quivering flesh, though torture-torn, may live, but souls, once deeply wounded, heal no more.—Ebenezer Elliott.

Mishaps are like knives, that either serve us or cut us, as we grasp them by the blade or the handle.—Lowell.

There is nothing so wretched or foolish as to anticipate misfortunes. What madness it is in your expecting evil before it arrives!—Seneca.

When I was happy I thought I knew men, but it was fated that I should know them in misfortune only.—Napoleon.

Some souls are ennobled and elevated by seeming misfortunes, which then become blessings in disguise.—Chapin.

When any calamity has been suffered, the first thing to be remembered is, how much has been escaped.—Johnson.

We exaggerate misfortune and happiness alike. We are never either so wretched or so happy as we say we are.—Balzac.

Men are prostrated by misfortune; women bend, but do not break, and martyr-like live on.—Anna Cora Mowatt.

Misfortune is never mournful to the soul that accepts it; for such do always see that every cloud is an angel's face.—St. Jerome.

The good man, even though overwhelmed by misfortune, loses never his inborn greatness of soul. Camphor-wood burnt in the fire becomes all the more fragrant.—Sataka.

There is a chill air surrounding those who are down in the world; and people are glad to get away from them, as from a cold room.—George Eliot.

I am convinced that we have a degree of delight, and that no small one, in the real misfortunes and pains of others.—Burke.

I do not myself believe there is any misfortune. What men call such is merely the shadowside of a good.—George MacDonald.

We should learn, by reflecting on the misfortunes which have attended others, that there is nothing singular in those which befall ourselves.—Melmoth.

It is seldom that God sends such calamities upon man as men bring upon themselves and suffer willingly.—Jeremy Taylor.

The diamond of character is revealed by the concussion of misfortune, as the splendor of the precious jewel of the mine is developed by the blows of the lapidary.—F. A. Durivage.

Misfortunes are, in morals, what bitters are in medicine: each is at first disagreeable; but as the bitters act as corroborants to the stomach, so adversity chastens and ameliorates the disposition.—From the French.

Misfortune, like a creditor severe,
But rises in demand for her delay;
She makes a scourge of past prosperity
To sting thee more and double thy distress.
—Young.

It is often better to have a great deal of harm happen to one; a great deal may arouse you to remove what a little will only accustom you to endure.—Lord Greville.

When misfortunes happen to such as dissent from us in matters of religion, we call them judgments; when to those of our own sect, we call them trials; when to persons neither way distinguished, we are content to attribute them to the settled course of things.—Shenstone.

In misfortune we often mistake dejection for constancy; we bear it without daring to look on it; like cowards, who suffer themselves to be murdered without resistance.—Rochefoucauld.

If all men would bring their misfortunes together in one place, most would be glad to take his own home again, rather than to take a proportion out of the common stock.—Solon.

Flowers never emit so sweet and strong a fragrance as before a storm. Beauteous soul! when a storm approaches thee, be as fragrant as a sweet-smelling flower.—Richter.

What man's life is not overtaken by one or more of those tornadoes that send us out of the course, and fling us on rocks to shelter as best we may?—Thackeray.

Then was I as a tree whose boughs did bend with fruit; but in one night, a storm or robbery, call it what you will, shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves, and left me bare to weather.—Shakespeare.

I may grieve with the smart of an evil as soon as I feel it, but I will not smart with the grief of an evil as soon as I hear of it. My evil, when it cometh, may make my grief too great; why, then, should my grief, before it comes, make my evil greater?—Arthur Warwick.

My May of life is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf; and that which should accompany old age, as honor, love, obedience, troops of friends, I must not look to have; but in their stead, curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honor, breath which the poor heart would fain deny and dare not.—Shakespeare.

But strong of limb
And swift of foot misfortune is, and, far
Outstripping all, comes first to every land,
And there wreaks evil on mankind, which prayers
Do afterwards redress. —Homer.

Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And welt'ring in his blood;
Deserted at his utmost need,
But those his former bounty fed;
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
—Dryden.

There is a Russian proverb which says that misfortune is next door to stupidity; and it will generally be found that men who are constantly lamenting their ill luck are only reaping the consequences of their own neglect, mismanagement, improvidence, or want of application.—Samuel Smiles.

Missions

Palestine was the West Point and Annapolis for the world. In that little country God was training up a people out of whom, when the fullness of the time should come, His gospel cadets should emerge, fitted by all the training of all their national history for going out among the heathen and proclaiming the unsearchable riches of Christ.—Wm. M. Taylor.

A man may make his way across the Atlantic in a skiff, for all I know; but if you are intending to cross the sea, take my advice, and secure passage in a first-class steamer, and you will be more likely to get there. So it is with these heathen millions. I do not know but some of them may drift, and we shall find them in the city of God. But I do know that by giving them the gospel, by building up and supporting among them a Christian church, we shall greatly multiply their chances for heaven.—C. H. Fowler.

Every impulse and stroke of missionary power on earth is from the heart of Christ. He sows, and there is a harvest. He touches nations, and there arises a brotherhood, not only civilized by His light, but sanctified by His love. The isles of the ocean wait for Him. He spreads His net and gathers of every kind, and lo! the burden of the sea is not only fishes, but fishermen, who go and gather and come again. If there are activity, free giving, ready going, a full treasury, able men who say, "Here am I, send me," it is because through all the organization Christ lives, and His personal Spirit works. There is no other possible spring for that enthusiasm.—Bishop Huntington.

The movement has indeed been slow, and not such as man would have ex-

pected; but it has been analogous to the great movements of God in His providence and in His works. So, if we may credit the geologists, has this earth reached its present state. So have moved on the great empires. So retribution follows crime. So rise the tides. So grows the tree with long intervals of repose and apparent death. So comes on the spring, with battling elements and frequent reverses, with snow-banks and violets, and, if we had no experience, we might be doubtful what the end would be. But we know that back of all this, beyond these fluctuations, away in the serene heavens, the sun is moving steadily on; that these very agitations of the elements and seeming reverses, are not only the sign, but the result of his approach, and that the full warmth and radiance of the summer noontide are sure to come. So, O Divine Redeemer, Sun of Righteousness, come Thou! So will He come. It may be through clouds and darkness and tempest; but the heaven where He is, is serene; He is "traveling in the greatness of His strength;" and as surely as the throne of God abides, we know He shall yet reach the height and splendor of the highest noon, and that the light of millennial glory shall yet flood the earth.—Mark Hopkins.

Mistake

To step aside is human.—Burns.

All flesh doth frailty breed!—Spenser.

Any man may commit a mistake, but none but a fool will continue in it.—Cicero.

Being a mortal, you have stumbled; in this mortal life it is a wonder when a man has been happy throughout his life.—Bato.

We learn wisdom from failure much more than from success; we often discover what will do by finding out what will not do; and probably he who never made a mistake never made a discovery. Horne Tooke used to say of his studies in intellectual philosophy, that he had become all the better acquainted with the country through having had the good luck sometimes to lose his way.—Samuel Smiles.

Mistrust

It is more disgraceful to distrust than to be deceived by our friends.—La Rochefoucauld.

I hold it cowardice,
To rest mistrustful, where a noble heart
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love.
—Shakespeare.

The world is an old woman, that mistakes any gilt farthing for a gold coin; whereby, being often cheated, she will henceforth trust nothing but the common copper.—Carlyle.

Mob

The multitude is always in the wrong.—Roscommon.

Mobs are multiplied ignorance.—Sir W. Jones.

The scum that rises upmost, when the nation boils.—Dryden.

The mob has nothing to lose, everything to gain.—Goethe.

License they mean when they cry liberty.—Milton.

The multitude unaw'd is insolent;
Once seiz'd with fear, contemptible and vain.
—Mallet.

The blind monster with uncounted heads, the still discordant, wavering multitude.—Shakespeare.

The mob is man voluntarily descending to the nature of the beast.—Emerson.

It has been very truly said that the mob has many heads, but no brains.—Rivarol.

Mankind in the gross is a gaping monster, that loves to be deceived, and has seldom been disappointed.—Mackenzie.

It is the proof of a bad cause when it is applauded by the mob.—Seneca.

The mob have neither judgment nor principle,—ready to bawl at night for the reverse of what they desired in the morning.—Tacitus.

The mob is a monster, with the hands of Briareus, but the head of Polyphemus,—strong to execute, but blind to perceive.—Colton.

The dregs may stir themselves as they please; they fall back to the bottom by their own coarseness.—Joubert.

'Tis ever thus: indulgence spoils the base;
Raising up pride, and lawless turbulence,
Like noxious vapors from the fulsome marsh
When morning shines upon it.
—Joanna Baillie.

Let there be an entire abstinence from intoxicating drinks throughout this country during the period of a single generation, and a mob would be as impossible as combustion without oxygen.—Horace Mann.

The mob is a sort of bear; while your ring is through its nose, it will even dance under your cudgel; but should the ring slip, and you lose your hold, the brute will turn and rend you.—Jane Porter.

Inconstant, blind,
Deserting friends at need, and duped by foes;
Loud and seditious, when a chief inspired
Their headlong fury, but, of him deprived,
Already slaves that lick'd the scourging hand.
—Thomson.

What would you have, you curs,
That like nor peace, nor war? the one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese: you are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun.
—Shakespeare.

A mob is usually a creature of very mysterious existence, particularly in a large city. Where it comes from, or whither it goes, few men can tell. Assembling and dispersing with equal suddenness. it is as difficult to follow to its various sources as the sea itself; nor does the parallel stop here, for the ocean is not more fickle and uncertain, more terrible when roused, more unreasonable or more cruel.—Dickens.

The many-headed multitude, whom inconstancy only doth by accident guide to well-doing! Who can set confidence there, where company takes away shame, and each may lay the fault upon his fellow?—Sir P. Sidney.

It is an easy and vulgar thing to please the mob, and not a very arduous task to astonish them; but essentially to benefit and to improve them is a work fraught with difficulty, and teeming with danger.—Colton.

They praise, and they admire they know not what,
And know not whom, but as one leads the other;
And what delight to be by such extoll'd,
To live upon their tongues, and be their talk,
Of whom to be disprais'd were no small praise?
—Milton.

When roused to rage the maddening populace storms, their fury, like a rolling flame, bursts forth unquenchable; but give its violence ways, it spends itself, and as its force abates, learns to obey and yields it to your will.—Euripides.

Mocking-Bird

Then from the neighboring thicket the mocking-bird, wildest of singers,
Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the water,
Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious music,
That the whole air and the woods and the waves seemed silent to listen.
—Longfellow.

Winged mimic of the woods! thou motley fool!
Who shall thy gay buffoonery describe?
Thine ever-ready notes of ridicule
Pursue thy fellows still with jest and jibe:
Wit, sophist, songster, Yorick of thy tribe
Thou sportive satirist of Nature's school;
To thee the palm of scoffing we ascribe,
Arch-mocker and mad abbot of misrule!
—Robert Wilde, D. D.

Living echo, bird of eve,
Hush thy wailing, cease to grieve;
Pretty warbler, wake the grove
To notes of joy, to songs of love.
—Thomas Morton.

Moderation

The just medium.—Louis Philippe.

Moderation is the pleasure of the wise.—Voltaire.

True happiness springs from moderation.—Goethe.

To live long, it is necessary to live slowly.—Cicero.

All the operations of Nature are gradual.—Bacon.

The most haste, ever the worst speed.—Churchill.

Tranquil pleasures last the longest. —Bovee.

Moderate pleasure relaxes the spirit, and moderates it.—Seneca.

They are sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing.—Shakespeare.

In everything the middle course is best: all things in excess bring trouble to men.—Plautus.

Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl-chain of all virtues.—Fuller.

It is best to rise from life as from a banquet, neither thirsty nor drunken.—Aristotle.

Moderation consists in being moved as angels are moved.—Joubert.

There are times when moderation must be hypocrisy.—Bayle St. John.

There is a German proverb which says that Take-it-Easy and Live-Long are brothers.—Bovee.

There is a mean in all things. Even virtue itself hath its stated limits; which not being strictly observed, it ceases to be virtue.—Horace.

Fortify yourself with moderation; for this is an impregnable fortress.—Epictetus.

Everything that exceeds the bounds of moderation has an unstable foundation.—Seneca.

The superior man wishes to be slow in his words and earnest in his conduct.—Confucius.

Unlimited activity, of whatever kind, must end in bankruptcy.—Goethe.

Health, longevity, beauty, are other names for personal purity; and temperance is the regimen for all.—A. Bronson Alcott.

Equally inured by moderation either state to bear, prosperous or adverse.—Milton.

Moderation is commonly firm; and firmness is commonly successful.—Dr. Johnson.

Moderation is the key-note of lasting enjoyment.—Hosea Ballou.

Who loves the golden mean is safe from the poverty of a tenement, is free from the envy of a palace.—Horace.

Moderation resembles temperance. We are not so unwilling to eat more, as afraid of doing ourselves harm by it.—Rochefoucauld.

Only actions give life strength; only moderation gives it a charm.—Richter.

The boundary of man is moderation. When once we pass that pale our guardian angel quits his charge of us.—Feltham.

Moderation is the inseparable companion of wisdom, but with it genius has not even a nodding acquaintance. —Colton.

It is a little stream, which flows softly, but freshens everything along its course.—Mme. Swetchine.

A thing moderately good is not so good as it ought to be. Moderation in temper is always a virtue; but moderation in principle is always a vice.—Thomas Paine.

It is certainly a very important lesson to learn how to enjoy ordinary things, and to be able to relish your being, without the transport of some passion, or gratification of some appetite.—Steele.

There is a limit to enjoyment, though the sources of wealth be boundless,
And the choicest pleasures of life lie within the ring of moderation. —Tupper.

Moderation cannot have the credit of combating and subduing ambition,—they are never found together. Moderation is the languor and indolence of the soul, as ambition is its activity and ardor.—Rochefoucauld.

Education and study, and the favors of the muses, confer no greater benefit on those that seek them than these humanizing and civilizing lessons, which teach our natural qualities to submit to the limitations prescribed by reason, and to avoid the wildness of extremes.—Plutarch.

For aught I see, they are as sick, that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing; it is no mean happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean; superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.—Shakespeare.

Let a man take time enough for the most trivial deed, though it be but the paring of his nails. The buds swell imperceptibly, without hurry or confusion,—as if the short spring days were an eternity.—Thoreau.

Moderation, which consists in an indifference about little things, and in a prudent and well-proportioned zeal about things of importance, can proceed from nothing but true knowledge, which has its foundation in self-acquaintance.—Lord Chatham.

To go beyond the bounds of moderation is to outrage humanity. The greatness of the human soul is shown by knowing how to keep within proper bounds. So far from greatness consisting in going beyond its limits, it really consists in keeping within it.—Pascal.

Modesty

Modesty is the conscience of the body.—Balzac.

Praise thyself never.—Seneca.

Modesty is of the color of virtue.—Diogenes.

Modesty is the citadel of beauty and virtue.—Demades.

Modesty is policy, no less than virtue.—Simms.

Everything that is exquisite hides itself.—Joseph Roux.

'T is modesty that makes them seem divine.—Shakespeare.

Virtue which shuns the day.—Addison.

A modest man never talks of himself.—La Bruyère.

Avoid pretension; Nature never pretends.—Lavater.

True modesty is a discerning grace.—Cowper.

Modesty is not only an ornament, but also a guard to virtue.—Addison.

What can be found equal to modesty, uncorrupt faith, the sister of justice, and undisguised truth?—Horace.

No padlocks, bolts, or bars can secure a maiden so well as her own reserve.—Cervantes.

Immodest words admit of no defence;
For want of decency is want of sense.
—Wentworth Dillon.

The woman and the soldier who do not defend the first pass will never defend the last.—Fielding.

Modesty is a sweet song-bird no open cage-door can tempt to flight.—Hafiz.

Modesty is a diamond setting to female beauty.—Fanny Kemble Butler.

Modesty is bred of self-reverence. Fine manners are the mantle of fair minds.—Alcott.

Modesty once extinguished knows not how to return.—Seneca.

Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn. —Goldsmith.

True modesty avoids everything that is criminal; false modesty everything that is unfashionable.—Addison.

I think that few people are aware how early it is right to respect the modesty of an infant.—Harriet Martineau.

Nothing can atone for the want of modesty, without which beauty is ungraceful and wit detestable.—Steele.

No age, sex, or condition is above or below the absolute necessity of modesty; but without it one is vastly beneath the rank of man.—Barton.

That chastity of look which seems to hang, a veil of purest light, over all her beauties, and by forbidding most inflames desires.—Young.

The crimson glow of modesty o'erspread
Her cheek, and gave new lustre to her charms. —Dr. Thomas Franklin.

"God will punish," say the Orientals, "him who sees and him who is seen." Beautiful and terrible recommendation of modesty!—Joubert.

Modesty never rages, never murmurs, never pouts when it is ill-treated; it pines, it beseeches, it languishes.—Steele.

Modesty is silent when it would be improper to speak; the humble, without being called upon, never recollects to say anything of himself.—Lavater.

Let us be careful to distinguish modesty, which is ever amiable, from reserve, which is only prudent.—Shenstone.

Modesty is a bright dish-cover, which makes us fancy there is something very nice underneath it.—Douglas Jerrold.

Modesty is a kind of shame or bashfulness proceeding from the sense a man has of his own defects compared with the perfections of him whom he comes before.—South.

The greatest ornament of an illustrious life is modesty and humility, which go a great way in the character even of the most exalted princes.—Napoleon.

The modest man has everything to gain, and the arrogant man everything to lose; for modesty has always to deal with generosity, and arrogance with envy.—Rivarol.

Be simple and modest in your deportment, and treat with indifference whatever lies between virtue and vice. Love the human race; obey God.—Marcus Antoninus.

Women and men of retiring timidity are cowardly only in dangers which affect themselves, but the first to rescue when others are endangered.—Richter.

Modesty in women has two special advantages,—it enhances beauty and veils uncomeliness.—Fontenelle.

How beautiful is modesty! It winneth upon all beholders; but a word or a glance may destroy the pure love that should have been for thee.—Tupper.

Modesty is the lowest of the virtues, and is a confession of the deficiency it indicates. He who undervalues himself is justly undervalued by others.—Hazlitt.

God intended for women two preventatives against sin, modesty and remorse; in confession to a mortal

priest the former is removed by his absolution, the latter is taken away.—Miranda of Piedmont.

The first of all virtues is innocence; the next is modesty. If we banish modesty out of the world, she carries away with her half the virtue that is in it.—Addison.

You little know what you have done, when you have first broke the bounds of modesty; you have set open the door of your fancy to the devil, so that he can, almost at his pleasure ever after, represent the same sinful pleasure to you anew.—Baxter.

Wrap thyself in the decent veil that the arts or the graces weave for thee, O human nature! It is only the statue of marble whose nakedness the eye can behold without shame and offence!—Bulwer-Lytton.

Virtue she finds too painful an endeavor,
Content to dwell in decencies for ever.
—Pope.

Can it be that modesty may more betray
Our sense than woman's lightness?
—Shakespeare.

It is often found that modesty and humility not only do no good, but are positively hurtful, when they are shown to the arrogant who have taken up a prejudice against you, either from envy or from any other cause.—Machiavelli.

The violet droops its soft and bashful brow,
But from its heart sweet incense fills the air;—
So rich within—so pure without—art thou,
With modest mien and soul of virtue rare.
—Mrs. Osgood.

True modesty is a discerning grace
And only blushes in the proper place;
But counterfeit is blind, and skulks through fear,
Where 'tis a shame to be asham'd t' appear:
Humility the parent of the first,
The last by vanity produc'd and nurs'd.
—Cowper.

The mark of the man of the world is absence of pretension. He does not make a speech; he takes a low business tone, avoids all brag, is nobody, dresses plainly, promises not at all, performs much, speaks in monosyllables, hugs his fact. He calls his employment by its lowest name, and so takes from evil tongues their sharpest weapon.—Emerson.

A just and reasonable modesty does not only recommend eloquence, but sets off every great talent which a man can be possessed of; it heightens all the virtues which it accompanies; like the shades in paintings, it raises and rounds every figure and makes the colors more beautiful, though not so glaring as they would be without.—Addison.

The gravest events dawn with no more noise than the morning star makes in rising. All great developments complete themselves in the world, and modestly wait in silence, praising themselves never, and announcing themselves not at all. We must be sensitive, and sensible, if we would see the beginnings and endings of great things. That is our part.—Beecher.

Bashfulness is not so much the effect of an ill education, as the proper gift and provision of wise nature. Every stage of life has its own set of manners, that is suited to it, and best becomes it. Each is beautiful in its season; and you might as well quarrel with the child's rattle, and advance him directly to the boy's top and span-farthing, as expect from diffident youth the manly confidence of riper age.—Bishop Hurd.

The chariest maid is prodigal enough
If she unveil her beauty to the moon:
Virtue itself scapes not calumnious strokes:
The canker galls the infants of the Spring,
Too oft before their buttons be disclosed;
And in the morn and liquid dew of Youth,
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Be wary then: best safety lies in fear.
—Shakespeare.

Moments

When Youth and Pleasure meet to chase the glowing hours with flying feet.—Byron.

I see that time divided is never long, and that regularity abridges all things.—Mme. de Staël.

There is not a moment without some duty.—Cicero.

Arrow-swift the present sweepeth, and motionless forever stands the past. —Schiller.

A moment is a mighty thing
Beyond the soul's imagination;
For in it, though we trace it not,
How much there crowds of varied lot
How much of life, life cannot see,
Darts onward to eternity!
—Robert Montgomery.

The ill usage of every minute is a new record against us in heaven.—Zimmermann.

The present moment is a powerful deity.—Goethe.

Money

The life-blood of the nation.—Swift.

Greatest god below the sky.—Spenser.

The almighty dollar!—Washington Irving.

The picklock that never fails.—Massinger.

Wisdom, knowledge, power,—all combined.—Byron.

Money is a necessity; so is dirt.—Haliburton.

Ready money is Aladdin's lamp.—Byron.

We are all slaves to the shining metal.—Douglas Jerrold.

The dangers gather as the treasures rise.—Dr. Johnson.

Money is life to us wretched mortals.—Hesiodus.

If money go before, all ways do lie open.—Shakespeare.

This bank-note world.—Fitz-Greene Halleck.

Put not your trust in money, but put your money in trust.—Holmes.

Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.—Shakespeare.

Money lost is bewailed with unfeigned tears.—Juvenal.

Money, Paul, can do anything.—Dickens.

Excess of wealth is cause of covetousness.—Marlowe.

What's money without happiness?—Bulwer-Lytton.

Money makes a man laugh.—John Shelden.

Money makes up in a measure all other wants in men.—Wycherley.

The wretched impotence of gold.—Young.

Labor not to be rich: cease from thine own wisdom.—Solomon.

All-powerful money supplies the place of birth and beauty.—Horace.

Mammon is the largest slaveholder in the world.—Frederic Saunders.

Money is a handmaiden, if thou knowest to use it; a mistress if thou knowest not.—Horace.

The use of money is all the advantage there is in having money.—Benjamin Franklin.

If you make money your god, it will plague you like the devil.—Fielding.

Gold is the fool's curtain, which hides all his defects from the world.—Feltham.

A wise man should have money in his head, but not in his heart.—Swift.

For gold the merchant ploughs the main, the farmer ploughs the manor. —Burns.

Money is power, and rare are the heads that can withstand the possession of great power.—Beaconfield.

Mammon wins his way where seraphs might despair.—Byron.

He that wants money, means and content, is without three good friends. —Shakespeare.

Money is the god of our time, and Rothschild is his prophet.—Heine.

The deepest depth of vulgarism is that of setting up money as the ark of the covenant.—Carlyle.

Make all you can, save all you can, give all you can.—Wesley.

Money is a good servant, but a dangerous master.—Bouhours.

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that Honor feels.—Tennyson.

All love has something of blindness in it, especially the love of money.

To despise money on some occasions is a very great gain.—Terence.

Money brings honor, friends, conquest, and realms.—Milton.

Money is a bottomless sea, in which honor, conscience, and truth may be drowned.—Kozlay.

Money is not required to buy one necessity of the soul.—Thoreau.

There is no place invincible, wherein an ass loaded with gold may enter. —Stephen Collett.

Money often costs too much, and power and pleasure are not cheap.—Emerson.

The philosophy which affects to teach us a contempt of money does not run very deep.—Henry Taylor.

What can money do to console a man with a headache?—George MacDonald.

Many people take no care of their money till they come nearly to the end of it, and others do just the same with their time.—Goethe.

One spade of gold undermines faster than a hundred mattocks of steel.—Lilly.

The persons who have the most sublime contempt for money are the same that have the strongest appetite for the pleasures it enables them to procure.—Shenstone.

Money is a defence, but the excellency of knowledge is that wisdom giveth life.—Bible.

As men advance in life, all passions resolve themselves into money. Love, ambition, even poetry, end in this.—Beaconsfield.

If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some; for he that goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing.—Franklin.

Get to live; then live and use it, else it is not true that thou hast gotten. Surely use alone makes money not a contemptible stone.—George Herbert.

The god of this world is riches, pleasure, and pride, wherewith it abuses all the creatures and gifts of God.—Luther.

Covetous men need money least, yet most affect it; and prodigals, who need it most, do least regard it.—Theodore Parker.

Commerce has set the mark of selfishness, the signet of its all-enslaving power, upon a shining ore, and called it gold.—Shelley.

By doing good with his money, a man as it were stamps the image of God upon it, and makes it pass current for the merchandise of heaven.—Rutledge.

Money, in truth, can do much, but it cannot do all. We must know the province of it, and confine it there, and even spurn it back when it wishes to get farther.—Carlyle.

The love of money is the root of all evil; which while some coveted after

they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows.—Bible.

Trade it may help, society extend,
But lures the pirate, and corrupts the friend:
It raises armies in a nation's aid,
But bribes a senate, and the land's betray'd. —Pope.

What a dignity it gives an old lady, that balance at the bankers! How tenderly we look at her faults if she is a relative; what a kind, good-natured old creature we find her!—Thackeray.

Money and time are the heaviest burdens of life, and the unhappiest of all mortals are those who have more of either than they know how to use. —Johnson.

Gold is a wonderful clearer of the understanding; it dissipates every doubt and scruple in an instant, accommodates itself to the meanest capacities, silences the loud and clamorous, and brings over the most obstinate and inflexible.—Addison.

Money, which represents the prose of life, and which is hardly spoken of in parlors without an apology, is, in its effects and laws, as beautiful as roses.—Emerson.

It is my opinion that a man's soul may be buried and perish under a dung-heap, or in a furrow of the field, just as well as under a pile of money. —Hawthorne.

Money does all things,—for it gives and it takes away; it makes honest men and knaves, fools and philosophers; and so forward, *mutatis mutandis*, to the end of the chapter.—L'Estrange.

Money was made, not to command our will,
But all our lawful pleasures to fulfil.
Shame and woe to us, if we our wealth obey;
The horse doth with the horseman run away. —Abraham Cowley.

Money does all things for reward; some are pious and honest so long as they thrive upon it, but if the devil himself gives better wages, they soon change their party.—Seneca.

Whoever has sixpence is sovereign over all men,—to the extent of the sixpence; commands cooks to feed him, philosophers to teach him, kings to mount guard over him,—to the extent of sixpence.—Carlyle.

To cure us of our immoderate love of gain, we should seriously consider how many goods there are that money will not purchase, and these the best; and how many evils there are that money will not remedy, and these the worst.—Colton.

O money, money, how blindly thou hast been worshipped, and how stupidly abused! Thou are health and liberty and strength, and he that has thee may rattle his pockets at the foul fiend!—Lamb.

The Romans worshipped their standard; and the Roman standard happened to be an eagle. Our standard is only one tenth of an eagle,—a dollar,—but we make all even by adoring it with tenfold devotion.—E. A. Poe.

The love of money is a vertiginous pool, sucking all in to destroy it. It is troubled and uneven, giddy and unsafe; serving no end but its own, and that also in a restless and uneasy motion.—Jeremy Taylor.

Character is money; and according as the man earns or spends the money, money in turn becomes character. As money is the most evident power in the world's uses, so the use that he makes of money is often all that the world knows about a man.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Genius scorns the power of gold: it is wrong. Gold is the war-scythe on its chariot, which mows down the millions of its foes, and gives free passage to the sun-coursers with which it leaves those heavenly fields of light for the gross battlefields of earth.—Ouida.

But for money and the need of it, there would not be half the friendship

in the world. It is powerful for good if divinely used. Give it plenty of air, and it is sweet as the hawthorn; shut it up, and it cankers and breeds worms.—George MacDonald.

That I might live alone once with my gold!
O, 'tis a sweet companion! kind and true:
A man may trust it when his father cheats him,
Brother, or friend, or wife. O wondrous pelf!
That which makes all men false, is true itself.
—Ben Jonson.

This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions; bless the accurs'd;
Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With senators on the bench.
—Shakespeare.

The avaricious love of gain, which is so feelingly deplored, appears to us a principle which, in able hands, might be guided to the most salutary purposes. The object is to encourage the love of labor, which is best encouraged by the love of money.—Sydney Smith.

When money represents many things, not to love it would be to love nearly nothing. To forget true needs can be only a feeble moderation; but to know the value of money and to sacrifice it always, maybe to duty, maybe even to delicacy,—that is real virtue.—De Senancour.

Money never made a man happy yet, nor will it. There is nothing in its nature to produce happiness. The more a man has, the more he wants. Instead of its filling a vacuum, it makes one. If it satisfies one want, it doubles and trebles that want another way. That was a true proverb of the wise man, rely upon it; "Better is little with the fear of the Lord, than great treasure and trouble there with."—Franklin.

Money is both the generation and corruption of purchased honor; honor is both the child and slave of potent money: the credit which honor hath lost, money hath found. When honor grew mercenary, money grew honorable. The way to be truly noble is to contemn both.—Quarles.

We must learn that competence is better than extravagance, that worth is better than wealth, that the golden calf we have worshiped has no more brains than that one of old which the Hebrews worshiped. So beware of money and of money's worth as the supreme passion of the mind. Beware of the craving for enormous acquisition.—Bartol.

The value of a dollar is to buy just things; a dollar goes on increasing in value with all the genius and all the virtue of the world. A dollar in a university is worth more than a dollar in a jail; in a temperate, schooled, law-abiding community than in some sink of crime, where dice, knives, and arsenic are in constant play.—Emerson.

Midas longed for gold, and insulted the Olympians. He got gold, so that whatever he touched became gold, and he, with his long ears, was little the better for it. Midas had insulted Apollo and the gods; the gods gave him his wish, and a pair of long ears. which also were a good appendage to it. What a truth in these old fables! —Carlyle.

Monomania

Adhesion to one idea is monomania; to few, slavery.—Bovee.

The man with but one idea in his head is sure to exaggerate that to topheaviness, and thus he loses his equilibrium.—Aaron Hill.

The greatest part of mankind labor under one delirium or another; and Don Quixote differed from the rest, not in madness, but the species of it. The covetous, the prodigal, the superstitious, the libertine, and the coffeehouse politician, are all Quixotes in their several ways.—Fielding.

Month

Thirty days hath November,
April, June, and September,
February hath xxviii. alone,
And all the rest have xxxi.
—Richard Grafton.

Fourth, eleventh, ninth, and sixth,
Thirty days to each affix;
Every other thirty-one
Except the second month alone.
—Common in Chester County, Pa.

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November;
All the rest have thirty-one
Excepting February alone:
Which hath but twenty-eight, in fine,
Till leap year gives it twenty-nine.
—Common in New England States.

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November;
February eight-and-twenty all alone,
And all the rest have thirty-one:
Unless that leap-year doth combine,
And give to February twenty-nine.
—Return from Parnassus.

Monuments

Brave deeds are the monuments of brave men.—Napoleon I.

Tombs are the clothes of the dead: a grave is but a plain suit, and a rich monument is one embroidered.—Thomas Fuller.

Monuments, like men, submit to fate.—Pope.

Monuments and eulogy belong to the dead.—Daniel Webster.

Footprints of history on the pages of time.—Macaulay.

Monuments themselves memorials need.—Crabbe.

Wouldst thou behold his monument? Look around!—Rogers.

Monuments are the grappling-irons that bind one generation to another.—Joubert.

When old Time shall lead him to his end, goodness and he fill up one monument.—Shakespeare.

If I have done any honorable exploit, that is my monument; but if I have done none, all your statues will signify nothing.—Agesilaus.

Those only deserve a monument who do not need one, that is, who have raised themselves a monument in the minds and memories of men.—Hazlitt.

Monuments may be builded to express the affection or pride of friends, or to display their wealth, but they are only valuable for the characters which they perpetuate.—Garfield.

If by good government I could raise a memorial in my people's hearts, that would be the statue for me.—Czar Peter III.

If a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument than the bell rings and the widow weeps. * * * An hour in clamor, and a quarter in rheum.—Shakespeare.

Tombs decked by the arts can scarcely represent death as a formidable enemy; we do not, indeed, like the ancients, carve sports and dances in the sarcophagus, but thought is diverted from the bier by works that tell of immortality, even from the altar of death.—Mme. de Staël.

Monuments! what are they? the very pyramids have forgotten their builders, or to whom they were dedicated. Deeds, not stones, are the true monuments of the great.—Motley.

There is great incongruity in this idea of monuments, since those to whom they are usually dedicated need no such recognition to embalm their memory; and any man who does, is not worthy of one.—Hawthorne.

I have completed a monument more lasting than brass, and more sublime than the regal elevation of pyramids, which neither the wasting shower, the unavailing north-wind, or an innumerable succession of years, and the flight of seasons, shall be able to demolish.—Horace.

The monument means a world of memories, a world of deeds, a world of tears, and a world of glories. * * * By the subtle chemistry that no man knows, all the blood that was shed by our brethren, all the lives that were devoted, all the grief that was felt, at

last crystallized itself into granite, rendering immortal the great truth for which they died, and it stands there to-day.—Garfield.

When we see the many grave-stones which have fallen in, which have been defaced by the footsteps of the congregation, which lie buried under the ruins of the churches, that have themselves crumbled together over them; we may fancy the life after death to be as a second life, into which man enters in the figure, or the picture, or the inscription, and lives longer there than when he was really alive. But this figure also, this second existence, dies out too, sooner or later. Time will not allow himself to be cheated of his rights with the monuments of men or with themselves.—Goethe.

Moon

Like a great phantom slowly sweeping through the sky.—Tennyson.

The silver empress of the night.—Tickell.

The silver-footed queen.—Milton.

Moonlight is sculpture; sunlight is painting.—Hawthorne.

The maiden moon in her mantle of blue.—Joaquin Miller.

Ye moon and stars, bear witness to the truth.—Dryden.

O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon.—Shakespeare.

The moon, like to a silver bow new bent in heaven.—Shakespeare.

The full-orb'd moon with her nocturnal ray
Shed o'er the scene a lovely flood of day.
—Wheelwright.

Waning moons their settled periods keep, to swell the billows and ferment the deep.—Addison.

Day glimmered in the east, and the white moon hung like a vapor in the cloudless sky.—Rogers.

The queen of night shines fair with all her virgin stars about her.—Otway.

It is the very error of the moon; she comes more near earth than she was wont, and makes men mad.—Shakespeare.

That orbed maiden, with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon.
—Shelley.

The young moon has fed
Her exhausted horn
With the sunset's fire.
—Shelley.

O! moon old boughs lisp forth a holier din,
The while they feel thine airy fellowship:
Thou dost bless everywhere with silver lip,
Kissing dead things to life.
—John Keats.

Cynthia, fair regent of the night, oh, may thy silver lamp from heaven's high bower direct my footsteps in the midnight hour.—Gay.

How like a queen comes forth the lonely Moon
From the slow opening curtains of the clouds;
Walking in beauty to her midnight throne!
—George Croly.

The silver light, which, hallowing tree and tower,
Sheds beauty and deep softness o'er the whole,
Breathes also to the heart, and o'er it throws
A loving languor which is not repose.
—Byron.

And be their rest unmov'd
By the white moonlight's dazzling power:
None, but the loving and belov'd,
Should be awake at this sweet hour.
—Moore.

Still and pale
Thou movest in thy silver veil,
Queen of the night! the filmy shroud
Of many a mild, transparent cloud
Hides, yet adorns thee. —Praed.

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* * * now glow'd the firmament
With living sapphires; Hesperus, that led
The starry host rode brightest, till the Moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
Apparent queen, unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.
—Milton.

The moon, the governess of floods, pale in her anger, washes all the air,

that rheumatic diseases do abound; and, through this distemperature, we see the seasons alter.—Shakespeare.

See yonder fire! It is the moon
Slow rising o'er the eastern hill.
It glimmers on the forest tips,
And through the dewy foliage drips
In little rivulets of light,
And makes the heart in love with night.
—Longfellow.

Like the young moon,
When on the sunlit limits of the night
Her white shell trembles amid crimson air,
And whilst the sleeping tempest gathers might,
Doth, as the herald of its coming, bear
The ghost of its dead mother, whose dim form
Bends in dark ether from her infant's chair.
—Shelley.

Now through the passing cloud she seems to stoop,
Now up the pure cerulean rides sublime.
Wide the pale deluge floats, and streaming mild
O'er the sky'd mountain to the shadowy vale,
While rocks and floods reflect the quivering gleam
The whole air whitens with a boundless tide
Of silver radiance, trembling round the world.
—Thomson.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
—Addison.

The cold chaste Moon, the Queen of Heaven's bright isles,
Who makes all beautiful on which she smiles!
That wandering shrine of soft, yet icy flame,
Which ever is transform'd yet still the same,
And warms, but not illumines.
—Shelley.

I know not that there is anything in nature more soothing to the mind than the contemplation of the moon, sailing, like some planetary bark, amidst a sea of bright azure. The subject is certainly hackneyed; the moon has been sung by poet and poetaster. Is there any marvel that it should be so?—Simms.

The rising moon has hid the stars,
Her level rays, like golden bars
Lie on the landscape green,
With shadows brown between,
And silver white the river gleams,
As if Diana, in her dreams,
Had dropt her silver bow
Upon the meadows low.
—Longfellow.

The Queen of night, whose large command
Rules all the sea, and half the land,
And over moist and crazy brains,
In high spring-tides, at midnight reigns,
Was now declining to the west,
To go to bed, and take her rest.
—Butler.

Beholding the moon rise
Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the meadows:
Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossom'd the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels. —Longfellow.

My own lov'd light,
That very soft and solemn spirit worships,
That lovers love so well—strange joy is thine,
Whose influence o'er all tides of soul hath power,
Who lend'st thy light to rapture and despair;
The glow of hope and wan hue of sick fancy
Alike reflect thy rays: alike thou lightest
The path of meeting or of parting love—
Alike on mingling or on breaking hearts
Thou smil'st in throned beauty!
—Maturin.

Morality

Morality is the vestibule of religion. —Chapin.

Morality is the object of government.—Emerson.

Women are the guardians of morality.—Prince de Ligne.

What can laws do without morals? —Franklin.

By the very constitution of our nature, moral evil is its own cure.—Chalmers.

Ten men have failed from defect in morals where one has failed from defect in intellect.—Horace Mann.

Good manners are a part of good morals.—Whately.

Know that morality is a curb, not a spur.—Joubert.

There are many religions, but there is only one morality.—Ruskin.

There is nothing which strengthens faith more than the observance of morality.—Addison.

The health of a community is an almost unfailing index of its morals. —James Martineau.

Morality will be very difficult for the man who does not pray.—Hugh R. Haweis.

Morality must always precede and accompany religion, and yet religion is much more than morality.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Moral supremacy is the only one that leaves monuments, and not ruins, behind it.—Lowell.

Morality is good, and is accepted of God, as far as it goes; but the difficulty is, it does not go far enough.—Henry Ward Beecher.

The moral influence of woman over man is almost always salutary.—J. Stuart Mill.

I have no two separate moral standards for the sex.—Caroline H. Dall.

If we are told a man is religious, we still ask what are his morals.—Boufflers.

To give a man a full knowledge of true morality, I would send him to no other book than the New Testament. —Locke.

All sects are different, because they come from men; morality is everywhere the same, because it comes from God.—Voltaire.

Moral virtues are so many sweet flowers strewed over a dead corpse, which hide the loathsomeness of it, but inspire not life into it.—Flavel.

Morality is character and conduct, such as is required by the circle or community in which the man's life happens to be placed.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Morality, when vigorously alive, sees farther than intellect, and provides unconsciously for intellectual difficulties.—Froude.

It is generally a feminine eye that first detects the moral deficiencies hidden under the "dear deceit" of beauty. —George Eliot.

The true grandeur of humanity is in moral elevation, sustained, enlightened, and decorated by the intellect of man.—Charles Sumner.

Morality may exist in an atheist without any religion, and in a theist with a religion quite unspiritual.—Frances Power Cobbe.

Do not be too moral. You may cheat yourself out of much life so. Aim above morality. Be not simply good; be good for something.—Thoreau.

In moral action divine law helpeth exceedingly the law of reason to guide life, but in the supernatural it alone guideth.—Hooker.

Morality is the fruit of religion: to desire the former without the latter is to desire an orange without an orange-tree.—Joseph Roux.

The system of morality to be gathered from the ancient sages falls very short of that delivered in the gospel. —Swift.

Morality rests upon a sense of obligation; and obligation has no meaning except as implying a divine command, without which it would cease to be.—J. A. Froude.

Morality without religion is only a kind of dead reckoning,—an endeavor to find our place on a cloudy sea by measuring the distance we have run, but without any observation of the heavenly bodies.—Longfellow.

The ideal of morality has no more dangerous rival than the ideal of highest strength, of most powerful life. It is the maximum of the savage.—Novalis.

The moral law is written on the tablets of eternity. For every false word or unrighteous deed, for cruelty and oppression, for lust or vanity, the price has to be paid at last.—Froude.

Whatever may be the laws and customs of a country, women always give the tone to morals. Whether slaves or free, they reign, because their empire is that of the affections.—Aimé-Martin.

Beautiful it is, and a gleam from the same eternal pole-star visible amid the destinies of men, that all talent, all intellect, is in the first place moral. What a world were this otherwise!—Carlyle.

It is a notable circumstance that mothers who are themselves open to severe comments as to their moral character, are generally most solicitous as to the virtuous behavior of their daughters.—Rivarol.

Moral principles require reasoning and discourse to discover the certainty of their truths; they lie not open as natural characters engraven on the mind.—Locke.

I find the doctors and the sages
Have differ'd in all climes and ages,
And two in fifty scarce agree
On what is pure morality.
—Moore.

In cases of doubtful morality, it is usual to say, Is there any harm in doing this? This question may sometimes be best answered by asking ourselves another: Is there any harm in letting it alone?—Colton.

Infinite toil would not enable you to sweep away a mist; but, by ascending a little, you may often overlook it altogether. So it is with our moral improvement, we wrestle fiercely with a vicious habit, which could have no hold upon us if we ascended into a higher moral atmosphere.—Helps.

Let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle.—Washington.

If we are told a man is religious we still ask what are his morals? But if we hear at first that he has honest morals, and is a man of natural justice and good temper, we seldom think of the other question, whether he be religious and devout.—Shaftesbury.

We are come too late, by several thousand years, to say anything new in morality. The finest and most beautiful thoughts concerning manners have been carried away before our times, and nothing is left for us but to glean after the ancients, and the most ingenious of the moderns.—Bruyère.

Everywhere the tendency has been to separate religion from morality, to set them in opposition even. But a religion without morality is a superstition and a curse; and anything like an adequate and complete morality without religion is impossible. The only salvation for man is in the union of the two as Christianity unites them.—Mark Hopkins.

The morality of an action depends upon the motive from which we act. If I fling half a crown to a beggar with intention to break his head, and he picks it up and buys victuals with it, the physical effect is good; but with respect to me, the action is very wrong.—Johnson.

All systems of morality are fine. The gospel alone has exhibited a complete assemblage of the principles of morality, divested of all absurdity. It is not composed, like your creed, of a few common-place sentences put into bad verse. Do you wish to see that which is really sublime? Repeat the Lord's Prayer.—Napoleon Bonaparte.

The system of morality which Socrates made it the business of his life

to teach was raised upon the firm basis of religion. The first principles of virtuous conduct which are common to all mankind are, according to this excellent moralist, laws of God; and the conclusive argument by which he supports this opinion is, that no man departs from these principles with impunity.—Enfield.

Socrates taught that true felicity is not to be derived from external possessions, but from wisdom, which consists in the knowledge and practice of virtue; that the cultivation of virtuous manners is necessarily attended with pleasure as well as profit; that the honest man alone is happy; and that it is absurd to attempt to separate things which are in nature so closely united as virtue and interest. —Enfield.

In that fearful loneliness of spirit, when those who should have been his friends and counsellors only frown upon his misgivings. * * * and everything seems wrapped in hideous uncertainty, I know but one way in which a man may come forth from his agony scathless: it is by holding fast to those things which are certain still—the grand, simple landmarks of morality. In the darkest hour through which a human soul can pass, whatever else is doubtful, this at least is certain. If there be no God and no future state, yet even then it is better to be generous than selfish, better to be chaste than licentious, better to be true than false, better to be brave than to be a coward. Blessed beyond all earthly blessedness is the man who in the tempestuous darkness of the soul has dared to hold fast to these venerable landmarks.—Frederick W. Robertson.

Every age and every nation has certain characteristic vices, which prevail almost universally, which scarcely any person scruples to avow, and which even rigid moralists but faintly censure. Succeeding generations change the fashion of their morals with the fashion of their hats and their coaches; take some other kind of wickedness under their patronage, and wonder at the depravity of their ancestors.—Macaulay.

Morning

Rise, happy morn! rise, holy morn! —Tennyson.

The eye of day hath oped its lids. —Shakespeare.

The early morning has gold in its mouth.—Franklin.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn.—Gray.

O word and thing most beautiful! —Susan Coolidge.

When rosy morning glimmered o'er the dales.—Pope.

The meek-eyed Morn appears, mother of dews.—Thomson.

Under the opening eyelids of the morn.—Milton.

Yon gray lines that fret the clouds are messengers of day.—Shakespeare.

The dewy morn, with breath all incense and with cheek all bloom.—Byron.

Sweet is the breath of Morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds.
—Milton.

Jocund day stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-top.—Shakespeare.

The morrow, fair with purple beams, dispersed the shadows of the misty night.—Spenser.

Morn in the white wake of the morning star
Came furrowing all the orient into gold.
—Tennyson.

Sweet as dew-drops on the flowery lawns when the sky opens, and the morning dawns.—Tickell.

Morn, waked by the circling hours, with rosy hand unbarred the gates of light.—Milton.

When the glad sun, exulting in his might, comes from the dusky-curtained tents of night.—Emma C. Embury.

The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn, doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat wake the god of day. —Shakespeare.

Mornings are mysteries; the first world's youth,
Man's resurrection, and the future's bud
Shroud in their births.
—Henry Vaughan.

Spill not the morning (the quintessence of the day) in recreation, for sleep itself is recreation. Add not, therefore, sauce to sauces.—Fuller.

Bright as does the morning star appear,
Out of the east with flaming locks bedight,
To tell the dawning day is drawing near.
—Spenser.

Darkness is fled. Now flowers unfold their beauties to the sun, and blushing kiss the beam he sends to wake them.—Sheridan.

Behold the morning! Rise up, O youth, and quickly fill thyself with this rosy wine sparkling from the crystal cup of the dawn!—Omar Khayam.

Its brightness, mighty divinity! has a fleeting empire over the day, giving gladness to the fields, color to the flowers, the season of the loves, harmonious hour of wakening birds.—Calderon.

For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast, and yonder shines Aurora's harbinger; at whose approach ghosts, wandering here and there, troop home to churchyards.—Shakespeare.

So, on the eastern summit, clad in gray, morn, like a horseman girt for travel, comes, and from his tower of mist night's watchman hurries down. —H. K. White.

Mighty Nature bounds as from her birth,
The sun is in the heavens, and life on earth;
Flowers in the valley, splendor in the beam,
Health on the gale, and freshness in the stream. —Byron.

Let the day have a blessed baptism by giving your first waking thoughts into the bosom of God. The first hour of the morning is the rudder of the day.—Beecher.

Now the bright Morning-star, Day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow Cowslip, and the pale Primrose.
—Milton.

Morn on the mountain, like a summer bird,
Lifts up her purple wing, and in the vales
The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate wooer,
Kisses the blushing leaf. —Longfellow.

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly;
The sun, emerging, opes an azure sky;
A fresher green the smiling leaves display,
And glittering as they tremble, cheer the day. —Parnell.

I was always an early riser. Happy the man who is! Every morning day comes to him with a virgin's love, full of bloom and freshness. The youth of nature is contagious, like the gladness of a happ child.—Bulwer-Lytton.

The morn is up again, the dewy morn,
With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom,
Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,
And living as if earth contain'd no tomb,—
And glowing into day. —Byron.

The rosy-fingered morn did there disclose
Her beauty, ruddy as a blushing bride,
Gilding the marigold, painting the rose,
With Indian chrysolites her cheeks were dy'd. —Baron.

Nor is a day lived if the dawn is left out of it, with the prospects it opens. Who speaks charmingly of nature or of mankind, like him who comes bibulous of sunrise and the fountains of waters?—Alcott.

O how beautiful is morning!
How the sunbeams strike the daisies
And the kingcups fill the meadow
Like a golden-shielded army
Marching to the uplands fair.
—D. M. Mulock.

At the morning hour, when the half-awakened sun, trampling down the lingering shadows of the west, spreads

his ruby-tinted tresses over jessamines and roses, drying with cloths of gold Aurora's tears of mingled fire and snow, which the sun's rays converted into pearls.—Calderon.

The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,
Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light;
And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path, and Titan's fiery wheels. —Shakespeare.

Measure your health by your sympathy with morning and spring. If there is no response in you to the awakening of nature, if the prospect of an early morning walk does not banish sleep, if the warble of the first bluebird does not thrill you, know that the morning and spring of your life are past.—Thoreau.

At last the golden oriental gate
Of greatest heaven 'gan to open fair;
And Phœbus, fresh as bridegroom to his mate,
Came dancing forth shaking his dewy hair,
And hurl'd his glist'ring beams through gloomy air. —Spenser.

Lo, here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty;
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold. —Shakespeare.

Let your sleep be necessary and healthful, not idle and expensive of time, beyond the needs and conveniences of nature; and sometimes be curious to see the preparation which the sun makes when he is coming forth from his chambers of the east.—Jeremy Taylor.

I see the spectacle of morning from the hilltop over against my house, from daybreak to sunrise, with emotions which an angel might share. The long slender bars of cloud float like fishes in the sea of crimson light. From the earth, as a shore, I look out into that silent sea. I seem to partake its rapid transformations; the active enchantment reaches my dust, and I dilate and conspire with the morning wind.—Emerson.

The eastern hanging crescent climbeth higher;
See, purple on the azure softly steals,
And Morning, faintly touched with quivering fire,
Leans on the frosty summits of the hills,
Like a young girl over her hoary sire.
—Roscoe.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace.
—Shakespeare.

What various scenes, and O! what scenes of Woe,
Are witness'd by that red and struggling beam!
The fever'd patient, from his pallet low,
Through crowded hospitals beholds it stream;
The ruined maiden trembles at its gleam,
The debtor wakes to thought of gyve and jail,
The love-lorn wretch starts from tormenting dream;
The wakeful mother, by the glimmering pale,
Trims her sick infant's couch, and soothes his feeble wail. —Scott.

Day!
Faster and more fast,
O'er night's brim, day boils at last;
Boils, pure gold, o'er the cloud-cup's brim
Where spurting and suppress'd it lay—
For not a froth-flake touched the rim
Of yonder gap in the solid gray
Of the eastern cloud, an hour away;
But forth one wavelet, then another, curled,
Till the whole sunrise, not to be suppress,
Rose, reddened, and its seething breast
Flickered in bounds, grew gold, then overflowed the world.
—Robert Browning.

Moroseness

Moroseness is the evening of turbulence.—Landor.

Mortality

To smell a fresh turf of earth is wholesome for the body; no less are thoughts of mortality cordial to the soul. "Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return."—Fuller.

Short is the life of those who possess great accomplishments, and sel-

dom do they reach a good old age. Whatever thou lovest, pray that thou mayest not set too high a value on it. —Martial.

This muddy vesture of decay.—Shakespeare.

All, that in this world is great or gay,
Doth, as a vapor, vanish and decay.
—Spenser.

What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a king, and now is clay! —Shakespeare.

Who breathes must suffer; and who thinks, must mourn;
And he alone is bless'd, who ne'er was born. —Prior.

Like bubbles on the sea of matter borne,
They rise, they break, and to that sea return. —Pope.

All that's bright must fade—
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest.
—Moore.

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair.
—Longfellow.

'Tis but an hour ago, since it was nine;
And, after one hour more, 'twill be eleven;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot. —Shakespeare.

To contemplation's sober eye,
Such is the race of man;
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began,
Alike the busy and the gay,
But flutter through life's little day.
—Gray.

'Tis a stern and a startling thing to think
How often mortality stands on the brink
Of its grave without any misgiving;
And yet in this slippery world of strife,
In the stir of human bustle so rife,
There are daily sounds to tell us that Life
Is dying, and Death is living! —Hood.

When we see our enemies and friends gliding away before us, let us not forget that we are subject to the general law of mortality, and shall soon be where our doom will be fixed forever.—Johnson.

Mother

A mother is a mother still—the holiest thing alive.—Coleridge.

Heaven is at the feet of mothers.—Roebuck.

All that I am, my mother made me.—J. Q. Adams.

Nature's loving proxy, the watchful mother.—Bulwer-Lytton.

The mother's heart is the child's schoolroom.—Beecher.

Men are what their mothers made them.—Emerson.

A babe is a mother's anchor.—Beecher.

Where there is a mother in the house, matters speed well.—A. Bronson Alcott.

One good mother is worth a hundred school masters.—George Herbert.

"An ounce of mother," says the Spanish proverb, "is worth a pound of clergy."—T. W. Higginson.

Youth fades; love droops; the leaves of friendship fall:
A mother's secret hope outlives them all.
—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

But one on earth is better than the wife; that is the mother.—Leopold Schefer.

I would desire for a friend the son who never resisted the tears of his mother.—Lacretelle.

The future destiny of the child is always the work of the mother.—Napoleon.

At first babes feed on the mother's bosom, but always on her heart.—Beecher.

If there be aught surpassing human deed or word or thought it is a mother's love!—Marchioness de Spadara.

A mother's prayers, silent and gentle, can never miss the road to the throne of all bounty.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Maternal love! thou word that sums all bliss.—Pollok.

Mother is the name of God in the lips and hearts of little children.—Thackeray.

France needs nothing so much to promote her regeneration as good mothers.—Napoleon I.

What instruction the baby brings to the mother!—T. W. Higginson.

No language can express the power and beauty and heroism of a mother's love.—Chapin.

The bearing and the training of a child is woman's wisdom.—Tennyson.

The only love which on this teeming earth asks no return for passion's wayward birth.—Mrs. Norton.

His sweetest dreams were still of that dear voice that soothed his infancy.—Southey.

I have not wept these forty years; but now my mother comes afresh into my eyes.—Dryden.

A mother's love, in a degree, sanctifies the most worthless offspring.—Hosea Ballou.

And all my mother came into mine eyes
And gave me up to tears.
—Shakespeare.

Unhappy is the man for whom his own mother has not made all other mothers venerable.—Richter.

If the whole world were put into one scale, and my mother into the other, the world would kick the beam.—Lord Langdale.

Mother love * * * hath this unlikeness to any other love: Tender to the object, it can be infinitely tyrannical to itself, and thence all its power of self-sacrifice.—Lew Wallace.

A woman's love
Is mighty, but a mother's heart is weak,
And by its weakness overcomes.
—James Russell Lowell.

I think it must somewhere be written that the virtues of mothers shall, occasionally, be visited on their children, as well as the sins of fathers.—Dickens.

A mother is as different from anything else that God ever thought of, as can possibly be. She is a distinct and individual creation.—Henry Ward Beecher.

There is in all this cold and hollow world no fount of deep, strong, deathless love, save that within a mother's heart.—Mrs. Hemans.

What are Raphael's Madonnas but the shadow of a mother's love, fixed in permanent outline forever?—T. W. Higginson.

When God thought of mother, He must have laughed with satisfaction, and framed it quickly—so rich, so deep, so divine, so full of soul, power, and beauty, was the conception.—Henry Ward Beecher.

The future of society is in the hands of the mothers. If the world was lost through woman, she alone can save it.—De Beaufort.

The mother's love is at first an absorbing delight, blunting all other sensibilities; it is an expansion of the animal existence.—George Eliot.

The child takes most of his nature of the mother, besides speech, manners, and inclination.—Herbert Spencer.

A grandam's name is little less in love than is the doting title of a mother; they are as children but one step below.—Shakespeare.

One lamp, thy mother's love, amid the stars shall lift its pure flame changeless, and before the throne of

God burn through eternity.—N. P. Willis.

Happy he
With such a mother! faith in womankind
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
Comes easy to him, and though he trip and fall,
He shall not blind his soul with clay.
—Tennyson.

There is a sight all hearts beguiling—
A youthful mother to her infant smiling,
Who with spread arms and dancing feet,
A cooing voice, returns its answer sweet.
—Baillie.

O wondrous power! how little understood,—
Entrusted to the mother's mind alone,
To fashion genius, form the soul for good,
Inspire a West, or train a Washington!
—Mrs. Hale.

A mother has, perhaps, the hardest earthly lot; and yet no mother worthy of the name ever gave herself thoroughly for her child who did not feel that, after all, she reaped what she had sown.—Henry Ward Beecher.

She was my friend—I had but her—no more,
No other upon earth—and as for heaven,
I am as they that seek a sign, to whom
No sign is given. My mother! Oh, my mother!
—Taylor.

I miss thee, my mother! thy image is still
The deepest impress'd on my heart,
And the tablet so faithful in death must be chill,
Ere a line of that image depart.
—Eliza Cook.

The instruction received at the mother's knee, and the paternal lessons, together with the pious and sweet souvenirs of the fireside, are never effaced entirely from the soul.—Lamennais.

It is generally admitted, and very frequently proved, that virtue and genius, and all the natural good qualities which men possess, are derived from their mothers.—Hook.

No mother who stands upon low ground herself can hope to place her children upon a loftier plane. They may reach it, but it will not be through her.—Julia C. R. Dorr.

In after-life you may have friends—fond, dear friends; but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which none but a mother bestows.—Macaulay.

Who ran to help me when I fell,
And would some pretty story tell,
Or kiss the place to make it well?
My mother. —Jane Taylor.

Maternal love! thou word that sums all bliss,
Gives and receives all bliss,—fullest when most
Thou givest! spring-head of all felicity,
Deepest when most is drawn! emblem of God!
O'erflowing most when greatest numbers drink! —Pollok.

A mother should give her children a superabundance of enthusiasm, that after they have lost all they are sure to lose on mixing with the world, enough may still remain to prompt and support them through great actions.—J. C. Hare.

Even He who died for us upon the cross, in the last hour, in the unutterable agony of death, was mindful of His mother, as if to teach us that this holy love should be our last worldly thought—the last point of earth from which the soul should take its flight for heaven.—Longfellow.

A mother's love is indeed the golden link that binds youth to age; and he is still but a child, however time may have furrowed his cheek, or silvered his brow, who can yet recall, with a softened heart, the fond devotion or the gentle chidings of the best friend that God ever gives us.—Bovee.

The mother, in her office, holds the key
Of the soul; and she it is who stamps the coin
Of character, and makes the being who would be a savage,
But for her gentle cares, a Christian man.
Then crown her Queen o' the world.
—Old Play.

The tie which links mother and child is of such pure and immaculate strength as to be never violated, except by those whose feelings are withered by vitiated society. Holy, simple, and beautiful in its construction, it is the

emblem of all we can imagine of fidelity and truth.—Washington Irving.

Observe how soon, and to what a degree, this influence begins to operate! Her first ministration for her infant is to enter, as it were, the valley of the shadow of death, and win its life at the peril of her own! How different must an affection thus founded be from all others!—Mrs. Sigourney.

My mother!—manhood's anxious brow
And sterner cares have long been mine,
Yet turn I to thee fondly now,
As when upon thy bosom's shrine
My infant griefs were gently hush'd to rest,
And thy low whisper'd prayers my slumber blessed. —George W. Bethune.

The loss of a mother is always keenly felt, even if her health be such as to incapacitate her from taking an active part in the care of the family. She is the sweet rallying-point for affection, obedience, and a thousand tendernesses. Dreary the blank when she is withdrawn!—Lamartine.

Sweet is the image of the brooding dove!
Holy as heaven a mother's tender love!
The love of many prayers, and many tears,
Which changes not with dim declining years—
The only love, which, on this teeming earth,
Asks no return for passion's wayward birth. —Mrs. Norton.

A mother's love—how sweet the name!
What is a mother's love?
—A noble, pure and tender flame,
Enkindled from above,
To bless a heart of earthly mould;
The warmest love that can grow cold;
This is a mother's love.
—James Montgomery.

They say that man is mighty,
He governs land and sea,
He wields a mighty scepter
O'er lesser powers that be;
But a mightier power and stronger
Man from his throne has hurled,
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world.
—Wm. Ross Wallace.

Mother, when your children are irritable, do not make them more so by scolding and fault-finding, but correct their irritability by good nature and mirthfulness. Irritability comes from errors in food, bad air, too little sleep, a necessity for change of scene and surroundings; from confinement in close rooms, and lack of sunshine. —Herbert Spencer.

Never, never has one forgotten his pure, right-educating mother! On the blue mountains of our dim childhood, towards which we ever turn and look, stand the mothers who marked out to us from thence our life; the most blessed age must be forgotten ere we can forget the warmest heart. You wish, O woman, to be ardently loved, and forever, even till death. Be, then, the mothers of your children.—Richter.

Would, Mother, thou couldst hear me tell
How oft, amid my brief career,
For sins and follies lov'd too well,
Hath fallen the free, repentant tear.
And, in the waywardness of youth,
How better thoughts have given to me
Contempt for error, love for truth,
'Mid sweet remembrances of thee.
—James Aldrich.

Mighty is the force of motherhood! It transforms all things by its vital heat; it turns timidity into fierce courage, and dreadless defiance into tremulous submission; it turns thoughtlessness into foresight, and yet stills all anxiety into calm content; it makes selfishness become self-denial, and gives even to hard vanity the glance of admiring love.—George Eliot.

She led me first to God;
Her words and prayers were my young spirit's dew—
For when she us'd to leave
The fireside every eve,
I knew it was for prayer that she withdrew.
How often has the thought
Of my mourn'd mother brought
Peace to my troubled spirit, and new power
The tempter to repel!
Mother, thou knowest well
That thou hast bless'd me since my natal hour. —John Pierpont.

A father may turn his back on his child, brothers and sisters may become inveterate enemies, husbands may desert their wives, wives their husbands. But a mother's love en-

dures through all; in good repute, in bad repute, in the face of the world's condemnation, a mother still loves on, and still hopes that her child may turn from his evil ways, and repent; still she remembers the infant smiles that once filled her bosom with rapture, the merry laugh, the joyful shout of his childhood, the opening promise of his youth; and she can never be brought to think him all unworthy.—Washington Irving.

I miss thee, my mother, when young health has fled.
And I sink in the languor of pain,
Where, where is the arm that once pillowed my head,
And the ear that once heard me complain?
Other hands may support me, gentle accents may fall—
For the fond and the true are still mine:
I've a blessing for each; I am grateful to all,—
But whose care can be soothing as thine?
—Eliza Cook.

When Eve was brought unto Adam, he became filled with the Holy Spirit, and gave her the most sanctified, the most glorious of appellations. He called her Eva—that is to say, the Mother of All. He did not style her wife, but simply mother—mother of all living creatures. In this consists the glory and the most precious ornament of woman.—Luther.

Motive

In the motive lies the good or ill.—Dr. Johnson.

Pure motives do not insure perfect results.—Bovee.

What makes life dreary is the want of motive.—George Eliot.

A good intention clothes itself with sudden power.—Emerson.

In the eye of that Supreme Being to whom our whole internal frame is uncovered, dispositions hold the place of actions.—Blair.

Whatever touches the nerves of motive, whatever shifts man's moral position, is mightier than steam or caloric or lightning.—Chapin.

Take from men ambition and vanity and you will have neither heroes nor patriots.—Seneca.

Who sweeps a room, as for Thy laws, makes that and the action fine. —George Herbert.

Take away the motive, and you take away the sin.—Cervantes.

No labor is hard, no time is long, wherein the glory of eternity is the mark we level at.—Quarles.

Real motives, however seemingly apparent, are still hidden.—Alfred Mercier.

Selfishness is the grand moving principle of nine-tenths of our actions. —Rochefoucauld.

What society wants is a new motive, not a new cant.—Macaulay.

The whole world is put in motion by the wish for riches and the dread of poverty.—Dr. Johnson.

He who does evil that good may come pays a toll to the devil to let him into heaven.—Hare.

Many actions, like the Rhone, have two sources,—one pure, the other impure.—Hare.

The two great movers of the human mind are the desire of good, and the fear of evil.—Johnson.

However brilliant an action, it should not be esteemed great unless the result of a great motive.—La Rochefoucauld.

In a promise, what you thought, and not what you said, is always to be considered.—Cicero.

Prudent men lock up their motives, letting familiars have a key to their hearts, as to their garden.—Shenstone.

In general, we do well to let an opponent's motives alone. We are seldom just to them. Our own motives on such occasions are often worse

than those we assail.—W. E. Channing.

Let the motive be in the deed, and not in the event. Be not one whose motive for action is the hope of reward.—Krishna.

The true worth of a soul is revealed as much by the motive it attributes to the actions of others as by its own deeds.—J. Petit-Senn.

Never fear to bring the sublimest motive to the smallest duty, and the most infinite comfort to the smallest trouble.—Phillips Brooks.

The mingled incentives which lead to action are often too subtle and lie too deep for us to analyze.—Lavater.

If a man speaks or acts with a pure thought, happiness follows him like a shadow that never leaves him.—Buddha.

He that does good for good's sake seeks neither praise nor reward, though sure of both at last.—William Penn.

It is motive alone that gives real value to the actions of men, and disinterestedness puts the cap to it.—Bruyère.

We should often have reason to be ashamed of our most brilliant actions if the world could see the motives from which they spring.—Rochefoucauld.

All merit ceases the moment we perform an act for the sake of its consequences. Truly, in this respect "we have our reward."—Wilhelm von Humboldt.

The difference there is betwixt honor and honesty seems to be chiefly the motive; the mere honest man does that from duty which the man of honor does for the sake of character.—Shenstone.

God made man to go by motives, and he will not go without them, any more than a boat without steam, or a balloon without gas.—Beecher.

Man, it is not thy works, which are mortal, infinitely little, and the greatest no greater than the least, but only the spirit thou workest in, that can have worth or continuance.—Carlyle.

For there's nothing we read of in torture's inventions,
Like a well-meaning dunce, with the best of intentions. —Lowell.

The impulse to perform a worthy action often springs from our best nature, but is afterwards tainted by the spur of selfishness or sinister interest.—Emile Souvestre.

Motives are better than actions. Men drift into crime. Of evil they do more than they contemplate, and of good they contemplate more than they do.—Bovee.

We must not inquire too curiously into motives. They are apt to become feeble in the utterance; the aroma is mixed with the grosser air. We must keep the germinating grain away from the light.—George Eliot.

What if a man save my life with a draught that was prepared to poison me? The providence of the issue does not at all discharge the obliquity of the intent. And the same reason holds good even in religion itself. It is not the incense, or the offering that is acceptable to God, but the purity and devotion of the worshipper.—Seneca.

Motives are symptoms of weakness, and supplements for the deficient energy of the living principle, the law within us. Let them then be reserved for those momentous acts and duties in which the strongest and best-balanced natures must feel themselves deficient, and where humility no less than prudence prescribes deliberation. —Coleridge.

The motives of the best actions will not bear too strict an inquiry. It is allowed that the cause of most actions, good or bad, may be resolved into the love of ourselves; but the self-love of some men inclines them to please others, and the self-love of others is

wholly employed in pleasing themselves. This makes the great distinction between virtue and vice.—Swift.

Men's minds are as variant as their faces. Where the motives of their actions are pure, the operation of the former is no more to be imputed to them as a crime, than the appearance of the latter; for both, being the work of nature, are alike unavoidable.—Geo. Washington.

The attendant on William Rufus, who discharged at a deer an arrow, which glanced against a tree and killed the king, was no murderer, because he had no such design. And, on the other hand, a man who should lie in wait to assassinate another, and pull the trigger of a gun with that intent, would be morally a murderer, not the less though the gun should chance to miss fire.—Whately.

As the grand discordant harmony of the celestial bodies may be explained by the simple principles of gravity and impulse, so also in that more wonderful and complicated microcosm, the heart of man, all the phenomena of morals are perhaps resolvable into one single principle, the pursuit of apparent good: for although customs universally vary, yet man in all climates and countries is essentially the same.—Colton.

Mountain

On every mountain-height is rest.—Goethe.

Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!—Pope.

Men meet; mountains, never.—Lewis Cass.

Round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.
—Goldsmith.

See the mountains kiss high heavens, and the waves clasp one another.—Shelley.

Whoever has not ascended mountains knows little of the beauties of Nature.—William Howitt.

Whose sun-bright summit mingles with the sky.—Campbell.

Without mountains the air could not be purified, nor the flowing of the rivers sustained.—Ruskin.

A proud heart and a lofty mountain are never fruitful.—George Eliot.

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.
—Campbell.

Mountains have a grand, stupid, lovable tranquillity.—O. W. Holmes.

The hills, rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun.—Bryant.

The ragged cliff has thousand faces in a thousand hours.—Emerson.

Mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations, who had else
Like kindred drops been mingled into one.
—Cowper.

Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains;
They crown'd him long ago
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow. —Byron.

No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May;
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest. —Goldsmith.

Your peaks are beautiful, ye Apennines!
In the soft light of these serenest skies;
From the broad highland region, black with pines,
Fair as the hills of Paradise they rise,
Bathed in the tint Peruvian slaves behold
In rosy flushes on the virgin gold.
—William Cullen Bryant.

I know a mount, the gracious Sun perceives
First when he visits, last, too, when he leaves
The world; and, vainly favored, it repays
The day-long glory of his steadfast gaze
By no change of its large calm front of snow. —Robert Browning.

Mountains never shake hands. Their roots may touch; they may keep together some way up; but at length they part company, and rise into individual, insulated peaks. So is it

with great men.—J. C. and A. W. Hare.

He who first met the Highland's swelling blue,
Will love each peak that shows a kindred hue;
Hail in each crag a friend's familiar face,
And clasp the mountain in his mind's embrace. —Byron.

Above me are the Alps,
The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
And thron'd Eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow!
All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
Gather round these summits, as to show
How Earth may pierce to Heaven, yet leave vain man below. —Byron.

Mourner

Great sorrow makes sacred the sufferer.—Owen Meredith.

He mourns the dead who lives as they desire.—Young.

How wretched is the man who never mourned!—Young.

Smit with exceeding sorrow unto death.—Tennyson.

They truly mourn, that mourn without a witness.—Baron.

There is a tear for all that die;
A mourner o'er the humblest grave.
—Byron.

I have that honorable grief lodged here which burns worse than tears drown.—Shakespeare.

Many a smiling face hides a mourning heart; but grief alone teaches us what we are.—Schiller.

Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead; excessive grief the enemy to the living.—Shakespeare.

Sorrows when shared are less burdensome, though joys divided are increased.—J. G. Holland.

To be impatient at the death of a person concerning whom it was certain he must die, is to mourn because thy friend was not born an angel.—Jeremy Taylor.

Heavy sorrow is silent, and the deepest mourning is the most solitary. —Charles Buxton.

The true way to mourn the dead is to take care of the living who belong to them.—Burke.

Away! we know that tears are vain, that death ne'er heeds nor hears distress.—Byron.

Of permanent mourning there is none; no cloud remains fixed. The sun will shine to-morrow.—Richter.

Excess of grief for the deceased is madness; for it is an injury to the living, and the dead know it not.—Xenophon.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead,
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled.
—Shakespeare.

Why is the hearse with scutcheons blazon'd round,
And with the nodding plume of ostrich crown'd?
No: the dead know it not, nor profit gain;
It only serves to prove the living vain.
—Gay.

Do not, for ever, with thy veiled lids
Seek for thy noble father in the dust;
Thou know'st 'tis common; all that lives must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.
—Shakespeare.

O, very gloomy is the House of Woe,
Where tears are falling while the bell is knelling,
With all the dark solemnities which show
That Death is in the dwelling!
O, very, very dreary is the room
Where Love, domestic Love, no longer nestles,
But smitten by the common stroke of doom,
The corpse lies on the trestles! —Hood.

To be left alone in the wide world with scarcely a friend,—this makes the sadness which, striking its pang into the minds of the young and the affectionate, teaches them too soon to watch and interpret the spirit-signs of their own hearts.—Hawthorne.

He that lacks time to mourn, lacks time to mend.
Eternity mourns that. 'Tis an ill cure
For life's worst ills to have no time to feel them. —Sir Henry Taylor.

Let us weep in our darkness—but weep not for him!
Not for him—who, departing, leaves millions in tears!
Not for him—who has died full of honor and years!
Not for him—who ascended Fame's ladder so high,
From the round at the top he has stepped to the sky. —N. P. Willis.

Murder

Carcasses bleed at the sight of the murderer.—Burton.

I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways.—Shakespeare.

No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize.—Shakespeare.

Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.—Shakespeare.

Murder itself is past all expiation,
The greatest crime that nature doth abhor.
—Goffe.

Is there a crime
Beneath the roof of heaven, that stains the soul
Of man, with more infernal hue, than damn'd
Assassination? —Cibber.

Murther, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ.
—Shakespeare.

Murder may pass unpunish'd for a time,
But tardy justice will o'ertake the crime.
—Dryden.

Murder, like talent, seems occasionally to run in families.—George Henry Lewes.

One to destroy is murder by the law,
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe;
To murder thousands takes a specious name,
War's glorious art, and gives immortal fame. —Young.

Every unpunished murder takes away something from the security of every man's life.—Daniel Webster.

Blood, though it sleep a time, yet never dies.—Chapman.

Nor cell, nor chain, nor dungeon speaks to the murderer like the voice of solitude.—Maturin.

Other sins only speak, murder shrieks out.
The element of water moistens the earth,
But blood flies upwards and bedews the heavens. —Webster.

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red.—Shakespeare.

Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell!
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark
To cry, hold, hold! —Shakespeare.

'Twas not enough
By subtle fraud to snatch a single life;
Puny impiety! whole kingdoms fell
To sate the lust of power: more horrid still,
The foulest stain and scandal of our nature,
Became its boast. One murder made a villain;
Millions a hero. —Dr. Porteus.

The scream of rage, the groan, the strife,
The blow, the gasp, the horrid cry,
The panting, throttled prayer for life,
The dying's heaving sigh,
The murderer's curse, the dead man's fix'd, still glare,
And fears, and death's cold sweat—they all are there! —Dana.

Twice it call'd, so loudly call'd,
With horrid strength, beyond the pitch of nature;
And murder! murder! was the dreadful cry.
A third time it return'd with feeble strength,
But o' the sudden ceas'd, as though the words
Were smother'd rudely in the grappl'd throat,
And all was still again, save the wild blast
Which at a distance growl'd—
Oh! it will never from my mind depart!
That dreadful cry, all i' the instant still'd.
—Joanna Baillie.

Music

The soul of art best loved when love is by.—Rev. T. B. Brown.

Sweet music! sacred tongue of God. —Charles G. Leland.

Music is well said to be the speech of angels.—Carlyle.

Music's golden tongue.—Keats.

Music is the universal language of mankind.—Longfellow.

It is the medicine of the breaking heart.—Sir A. Hunt.

The hidden soul of harmony.—Milton.

The language spoken by angels.—Longfellow.

Is there a heart that music cannot melt?—Beattie.

The ordered music of the marching orbs.—Edwin Arnold.

All of heaven we have below.—Addison.

Music is the poetry of the air.—Jean Paul Richter.

Music is the poor man's Parnassus. —Emerson.

I am never merry when I hear sweet music.—Shakespeare.

Why should the devil have all the good tunes?—Rowland Hill.

The stormy music of the drum.—Campbell.

For discords make the sweetest airs.—Butler.

Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.
—Congreve.

Music, which gentler on the spirit lies than tired eyelids upon tired eyes. —Tennyson.

Music should strike fire from the heart of man, and bring tears from the eyes of woman.—Beethoven.

There is music in all things, if men had ears.—Byron.

Let me have music dying, and I seek no more delight.—Keats.

Music so softens and disarms the mind
That not an arrow does resistance find.
—Waller.

O music, sphere descended maid,
Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid.
—Collins.

Music!—O, how faint, how weak, language fades before thy spell!—Moore.

Music is the child of prayer, the companion of religion.—Chateaubriand.

Let me die to the sounds of the delicious music.—Last words of Mirabeau.

It is in learning music that many youthful hearts learn love.—Ricard.

I was all ear, and took in strains that might create a soul under the ribs of death.—Milton.

Music washes away from the soul the dust of every-day life.—Auerbach.

How sour sweet music is, when time is broke, and no proportion kept! —Shakespeare.

Music waves eternal wands,—
Enchantress of the souls of mortals!
—E. C. Stedman.

There is a sadness in sweet sound
That quickens tears. —T. B. Aldrich.

Music, where soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory. —Shelley.

Music is the metre of this poetic movement, and is an invisible dance, as dancing is a silent music.—Richter.

Music stands in a much closer connection with pure sensation than any of the other arts.—H. L. F. Helmholtz.

Music, rather than poetry, should be called "the happy art."—Richter.

Had I children, my utmost endeavors would be to make them musicians. —Horace Walpole.

Is there a heart that music cannot melt?
Alas! how is that rugged heart forlorn.
—Beattie.

Sentimentally I am disposed to harmony, but organically I am incapable of a tune.—Lamb.

Sweetest melodies are those that are by distance made more sweet.—Wordsworth.

Melodies die out, like the pipe of Pan, with the ears that love them and listen for them.—George Eliot.

Music, among those who were styled the chosen people, was a religious art. —Addison.

See deep enough, and you see musically; the heart of nature being everywhere music, if you can only reach it.—Carlyle.

Men, even when alone, lighten their labors by song, however rude it may be.—Quintilian.

The harmony of things, as well as that of sound, from discord springs. —Sir J. Denham.

Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.—Tennyson.

How light the touches are that kiss
The music from the chords of life!
—Coventry Patmore.

Give me some music; music, moody food
Of us that trade in love.—Shakespeare.

Music is nothing else but wild sounds civilized into time and tune. —Thomas Fuller.

Music is not merely a study, it is an entertainment; wherever there is music there is a throng of listeners.—Bryant.

Music cleanses the understanding, inspires it, and lifts it into a realm which it would not reach if it were left to itself.—Henry Ward Beecher.

O Music! how it grieves me that imprudence, intemperance, gluttony, should open their channels into thy sacred stream.—Landor.

Music, when combined with a pleasurable idea, is poetry; music without the idea is simply music; the idea without the music is prose from its very definiteness.—Edgar Allan Poe.

Music was a thing of the soul; a rose-lipped shell that murmured of the eternal sea; a strange bird singing the songs of another shore.—J. G. Holland.

Music, in the best sense, does not require novelty; nay, the older it is, and the more we are accustomed to it, the greater its effect.—Goethe.

All musical people seem to be happy. It is the engrossing pursuit,—almost the only innocent and unpunished passion.—Sydney Smith.

Music is not a science any more than poetry is. It is a sublime instinct, like genius of all kinds.—Ouida.

Where painting is weakest,—namely, in the expression of the highest moral and spiritual ideas,—there music is sublimely strong.—Mrs. Stowe.

Music, if only listened to, and not scientifically cultivated, gives too much play to the feelings and fancy; the difficulties of the art draw forth the whole energies of the soul.—Richter.

Music is a kind of inarticulate unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the infinite, and lets us for moments gaze into that.—Carlyle.

Not the rich viol, trump, cymbal, nor horn,
Guitar, nor cittern, nor the pining flute,
Are half so sweet as tender human words.
—Barry Cornwall.

Music resembles poetry; in each
Are nameless graces which no methods teach,
And which a master-hand alone can reach.
—Pope.

Music is a discipline, and a mistress of order and good manners; she

makes the people milder and gentler, more moral and more reasonable.—Luther.

Lord, what music hast thou provided for Thy saints in heaven, when Thou affordest bad men such music on earth!—Izaak Walton.

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils.
—Shakespeare.

O, it came over my ear like the sweet south, that breathes upon a bank of violets, stealing and giving odor!—Shakespeare.

Music is the fourth great material want of our natures,—first food, then raiment, then shelter, then music.—Bovee.

Music exalts each joy, allays each grief,
Expels diseases, softens every pain,
Subdues the rage of poison and of plague.
—Armstrong.

If music be the food of love, play on, give me excess of it; that, surfeiting, the appetite may sicken, and so die.—Shakespeare.

I ever held this sentence of the poet as a canon of my creed, "that whom God loveth not, they love not music."—T. Morley.

It wakes a glad remembrance of our youth, calls back past joys, and warms us into transport.—Rowe.

Music when thus applied raises in the mind of the hearer great conceptions. It strengthens devotion, and advances praise into rapture.—Addison.

Music is a prophecy of what life is to be, the rainbow of promise translated out of seeing into hearing.—Mrs. L. M. Child.

Music is the only sensual gratification which mankind may indulge in to excess without injury to their moral or religious feelings.—Addison.

Music,—we love it for the buried hopes, the garnered memories, the tender feelings it can summon at a touch.—Miss L. E. Landon.

There is no feeling, perhaps, except the extremes of fear and grief, that does not find relief in music,—that does not make a man sing or play the better.—George Eliot.

Yea, music is the Prophet's art;
Among the gifts that God hath sent,
One of the most magnificent!
—Longfellow.

He is dead, the sweet musician!
* * * * * *
He has moved a little nearer
To the Master of all music.
—Longfellow.

O, pleasant is the welcome kiss
When day's dull round is o'er;
And sweet the music of the step
That meets us at the door.
—J. R. Drake.

Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews;
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones;
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands. —Shakespeare.

When griping griefs the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
* * * * * *
Then music, with her silver sound,
With speedy help doth lend redress.
—Shakespeare.

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but more endear'd,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone.
—Keats.

Music's force can tame the furious beast;
Can make the wolf or foaming boar restrain
His rage; the lion drop his crested mane
Attentive to the song. —Prior.

Music can noble hints impart,
Engender fury, kindle love;
With unsuspected eloquence can move,
And manage all the man with secret art.
—Addison.

Explain it as we may, a martial strain will urge a man into the front rank of battle sooner than an argument, and a fine anthem excite his devotion more certainly than a logical discourse.—Tuckerman.

Next to theology I give to music the highest place and honor. And we see how David and all the saints have wrought their godly thoughts into verse, rhyme, and song.—Luther.

Such is the sociableness of music, it conforms itself to all companies, both in mirth and mourning; complying to improve that passion with which it finds the auditors most affected.—Fuller.

Music is the only one of the fine arts in which not only man, but all other animals, have a common property,—mice and elephants, spiders and birds.—Richter.

And music too—dear music! that can touch
Beyond all else the soul that loves it much—
Now heard far off, so far as but to seem
Like the faint, exquisite music of a dream.
—Moore.

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
As if that soul were fled.
—Moore.

Music, of all the liberal arts, has the greatest influence over the passions, and is that to which the legislator ought to give the greatest encouragement.—Napoleon.

It is a bird-flight of the soul, when the heart declares itself in song. The affections that clothe themselves with wings are passions that have been subdued to virtues.—Simms.

Music is God's best gift to man, the only art of heaven given to earth, the only art of earth that we take to heaven. But music, like all our gifts, is given us in the germ. It is for us to unfold and develop it by instruction and cultivation.—Charles W. Landon.

Music is one of the fairest and most glorious gifts of God, to which Satan is a bitter enemy; for it removes from the heart the weight of sorrow, and the fascination of evil thoughts.—Luther.

The direct relation of music is not to ideas, but emotions. Music, in the works of its greatest masters, is more marvellous, more mysterious, than poetry.—Henry Giles.

Music is the harmonious voice of creation, an echo of the invisible world, one note of the divine concord which the entire universe is destined one day to sound.—Mazzini.

Music is the medicine of an afflicted mind, a sweet sad measure is the balm of a wounded spirit; and joy is heightened by exultant strains.—Henry Giles.

The lines of poetry, the periods of prose, and even the texts of Scripture most frequently recollected and quoted, are those which are felt to be pre-eminently musical.—Shenstone.

Some of the fathers went so far as to esteem the love of music a sign of predestination; as a thing divine, and reserved for the felicities of heaven itself.—Sir W. Temple.

Music is the art of the prophets, the only art that can calm the agitations of the soul; it is one of the most magnificent and delightful presents God has given us.—Luther.

Music religious heat inspires,
It wakes the soul, and lifts it high,
And wings it with sublime desires,
And fits it to bespeak the Deity.
—Addison.

Amongst the instrumentalities of love and peace, surely there can be no sweeter, softer, more effective voice than that of gentle, peace-breathing music.—Elihu Burritt.

Arcadians skilled in song will sing my woes upon the hills. Softly shall my bones repose, if you in future sing my loves upon your pipe.—Virgil.

God is its author, and not man; He laid
The key-note of all harmonies; He planned
All perfect combinations, and He made
Us so that we could hear and understand.
—J. G. Brainard.

In the germ, when the first trace of life begins to stir, music is the nurse of the soul: it murmurs in the ear, and the child sleeps; the tones are companions of his dreams,—they

are the world in which he lives.—Bettina.

Those who love music are gentle and honest in their tempers. I always loved music, and would not, for a great matter, be without the little skill which I possess in the art.—Luther.

Without the definiteness of sculpture and painting, music is, for that very reason, far more suggestive. Like Milton's Eve, an outline, an impulse, is furnished, and the imagination does the rest.—Tuckerman.

The cause of freedom, in music as elsewhere, is now very nearly triumphant; but at a time when its adversaries were many and powerful, we can hardly imagine the sacred bridge of liberty kept by a more stalwart trio than Schubert the Armorer, Chopin the Refiner, and Liszt the Thunderer.—Hugh R. Haweis.

Music is thus, in her health, the teacher of perfect order, and is the voice of the obedience of angels, and the companion of the course of the spheres of heaven; and in her depravity she is also the teacher of perfect disorder and disobedience.—Ruskin.

Music is a sacred, a divine, a God-like thing, and was given to man by Christ to lift our hearts up to God, and make us feel something of the glory and beauty of God, and of all which God has made.—Charles Kingsley.

A well-composed song strikes and softens the mind, and produces a greater effect than a moral work, which convinces our reason, but does not warm our feelings, nor affect the slightest alteration in our habits.—Napoleon I.

The time is probably not far distant when music will stand revealed perchance as the mightiest of the arts, and certainly as the one art peculiarly representative of our modern world, with its intense life, complex civilization, and feverish self-consciousness.—Hugh R. Haweis.

Music, once admitted to the soul, becomes a sort of spirit, and never dies. It wanders perturbedly through the halls and galleries of the memory, and is often heard again, distinct and living as when it first displaced the wavelets of the air.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Music is in all growing things;
And underneath the silky wings
Of smallest insects there is stirred
A pulse of air that must be heard;
Earth's silence lives, and throbs, and sings.
—Lathrop.

What rapturous flights of sound! what thrilling, pathetic chimes! what wild, joyous revelry of passion! what an expression of agony and woe! All the feelings of suffering and rejoicing humanity sympathized with and finding a voice in those tones.—Longfellow.

'Tis God gives skill,
But not without men's hands: He could not make
Antonio Stradivari's violins
Without Antonio. —George Eliot.

Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out.
—Milton.

And wheresoever, in his rich creation,
Sweet music breathes—in wave, or bird, or soul—
'Tis but the faint and far reverberation
Of that great tune to which the planets roll! —Frances S. Osgood.

Music moves us, and we know not why; we feel the tears, but cannot trace their source. Is it the language of some other state, born of its memory? For what can wake the soul's strong instinct of another world, like music?—Miss L. E. Landon.

There is in souls a sympathy with sounds,
And as the mind is pitch'd, the ear is pleas'd
With melting airs or martial, brisk or grave;
Some chord in unison with what we hear
Is touch'd within us, and the heart replies.
—Cowper.

I think sometimes could I only have music on my own terms; could I live in a great city, and know where I

could go whenever I wished the ablution and inundation of musical waves, that were a bath and a medicine.—Emerson.

There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full voiced quire below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.
—Milton.

We know they music made
In heaven, ere man's creation;
But when God threw it down to us that strayed,
It dropt with lamentation,
And ever since doth its sweetness shade
With sighs for its first station.
—Jean Ingelow.

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possest beyond the Muse's painting.
—Collins.

Curran's favorite mode of meditation was with his violin in his hand; for hours together would he forget himself, running voluntaries over the strings, while his imagination, collecting its tones, was opening all his faculties for the coming emergency at the bar.—Disraeli.

Music is the mediator between the spiritual and the sensual life. Although the spirit be not master of that which it creates through music, yet it is blessed in this creation, which, like every creation of art, is mightier than the artist.—Beethoven.

Of all the arts beneath the heaven,
That man has found, or God has given,
None draws the soul so sweet away,
As music's melting, mystic lay;
Slight emblem of the bliss above,
It soothes the spirit all to love.—Hogg.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And fate's severest rage disarm.
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please;
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above. —Pope.

I always loved music; whoso has skill in this art, is of a good temperament, fitted for all things. We must teach music in schools. A schoolmaster ought to have skill in music, or I would not regard him; neither should we ordain young men as preachers, unless they have been well exercised in music.—Martin Luther.

And sure there is music even in the beauty, and the silent note which Cupid strikes, far sweeter than the sound of an instrument; for there is music wherever there is harmony, order, or proportion; and thus far we may maintain the music of the spheres.—Sir Thomas Browne.

Tunes and airs have in themselves some affinity with the affections,—as merry tunes, doleful tunes, solemn tunes, tunes inclining men's minds to pity, warlike tunes,—so that it is no marvel if they alter the spirits, considering that tunes have a predisposition to the motion of the spirits.—Bacon.

By music, minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low:
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
Music her soft, assuasive voice applies;
Or, when the soul is press'd with cares,
Exalts her in enliv'ning airs. —Pope.

It reveals us to ourselves, it represents those modulations and temperamental changes which escape all verbal analysis, it utters what must else remain forever unuttered and unutterable; it feeds that deep, ineradicable instinct within us of which all art is only the reverberated echo, that craving to express, through the medium of the senses, the spiritual and eternal realities which underlie them. —Hugh R. Haweis.

Yet what is music, and the blended power
Of voice with instruments of wind and string,
What but an empty pageant of sweet noise?
'Tis past: and all that it has left behind
Is but an echo dwelling in the ear
Of the toy-taken fancy, and beside,
A void and countless hour life's brief day.
—Crowe.

Music, according to Wagner, is no longer to be considered merely a means of exciting "the pleasure which we derive from beautiful forms;" it is, instead, the most immediate means possessed by the will for the manifestation of its inner impulses. Far from

exercising a determining influence of its own, "the æsthetic form must itself be determined by the artist's inner intuition of the idea."—Albert R. Parsons.

Music!—O! how faint, how weak,
Language fades before thy spell!
Why should Feeling ever speak,
When thou can'st breathe her soul so well?
Friendship's balmy words may feign—
Love's are even more false than they;
Oh! 'tis only music's strain
Can sweetly soothe, and not betray.
—Moore.

Ring out ye crystal spheres!
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time;
And let the base of Heaven's deep organ blow,
And with your ninefold harmony,
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony. —Milton.

Lord Bacon had music often played in the room adjoining his study. Milton listened to his organ for his solemn inspirations; and music was ever necessary to Warburton. The symphonies which awoke in the poet sublime emotions might have composed the inventive mind of the great critic in the visions of his theoretical mysteries.—Disraeli.

If you love music, hear it; go to operas, concerts, and pay fiddlers to play to you; but I insist upon your neither piping nor fiddling yourself. It puts a gentleman in a very frivolous, contemptible light; brings him into a great deal of bad company; and takes up a great deal of time, which might be much better employed. —Chesterfield.

In part of Lord Kames' Elements of Criticism, he says that "music improves the relish of a banquet." That I deny,—any more than painting might do. They may both be additional pleasures, as well as conversation is, but are perfectly distinct notices; and cannot, with the least propriety, be said to mix or blend with the repast, as none of them serve to raise the flavor of the wine, the sauce, the meat, or help to quicken appetite. But music and painting both add a spirit to devotion, and elevate the ardor.—Sterne.

Is it any weakness, pray, to be wrought on by exquisite music? to feel its wondrous harmonies searching the subtlest windings of your soul, the delicate fibres of life where no memory can penetrate, and binding together your whole being, past and present, in one unspeakable vibration; melting you in one moment with all the tenderness, all the love, that has been scattered through the toilsome years, concentrating in one emotion of heroic courage or resignation all the hard-learned lessons of self-renouncing sympathy, blending your present joy with past sorrow, and your present sorrow with all your past joy?—George Eliot.

Mutability

Man must be prepared for every event of life, for there is nothing that is durable.—Menander.

The uncertainty of events disturbs the purest enjoyments.—De Lévis.

All our life goeth like Penelope's web,—what one hour effects the next destroys.—St. Augustine.

Look at the fate of summer flowers, which blow at daybreak, droop ere even-song.—Wordsworth.

In human life there is a constant change of fortune; and it is unreasonable to expect an exemption from the common fate. Life itself decays, and all things are daily changing.—Plutarch.

The blessings of health and fortune, as they have a beginning, so they must also have an end. Everything rises but to fall, and increases but to decay. —Sallust.

Time, whose millioned accidents creep in betwixt vows, and change decrees of kings, tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharpest intents, divert strong minds to the course of altering things.—Shakespeare.

Nothing maintains its bloom forever; age succeeds to age.—Cicero.

Can we wonder that men perish and are forgotten, when their noblest and most enduring works decay? Death comes even to monumental structures, and oblivion rests on the most illustrious names.—Ausonius.

When Anaxagoras was told of the death of his son, he only said, "I knew he was mortal." So we in all casualties of life should say "I knew my riches were uncertain, that my friend was but a man." Such considerations would soon pacify us, because all our troubles proceed from their being unexpected.—Plutarch.

All things that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral;
Our instruments, to melancholy bells;
Our wedding cheer, to sad burial feast;
Our solemn hymns, to sullen dirges change;
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary. —Shakespeare.

Mutability is the badge of infirmity. It is seldom that a man continues to wish and design the same thing two days alike. Now he is for marrying; and now a mistress is preferred to a wife. Now he is ambitious and aspiring; presently the meanest servant is not more humble than he. This hour he squanders his money away; the next he turns miser. Sometimes he is frugal and serious; at other times profuse, airy, and gay.—Charron.

Mystery

Mystery hovers over all things here below.—Lamartine.

Mystery and innocence are not akin. —Hosea Ballou.

There is a profound charm in mystery.—Chatfield.

Mystery has great charms for womanhood.—Sir Walter Scott.

The heavens are full of floating mysteries.—T. B. Read.

There is no religion without mystery. God Himself is the great secret of Nature.—Chateaubriand.

There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy.—Shakespeare.

Where there is mystery, it is generally supposed that there must also be evil.—Byron.

It is the dim haze of mystery that adds enchantment to pursuit.—Rivarol.

All things unrevealed belong to the kingdom of mystery.—J. G. Holland.

All is mystery; but he is a slave who will not struggle to penetrate the dark veil.—Beaconsfield.

Providence is a greater mystery than revelation.—Richard Cecil.

Where secrecy or mystery begins, vice or roguery is not far off.—Dr. Johnson.

A religion without its mysteries is a temple without a God.—Robert Hall.

God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform.—Cowper.

That great chain of causes, which, linking one to another, even to the throne of God Himself, can never be unraveled by any industry of ours.—Burke.

A proper secrecy is the only mystery of able men; mystery is the only secrecy of weak and cunning ones.—Chesterfield.

The mysteries of Nature and of humanity are not lessened, but increased, by the discoveries of philosophic skill. —Talfourd.

Mystery such as is given of God is beyond the power of human penetration, yet not in opposition to it.—Mme. de Staël.

Mystery is the antagonist of truth. It is a fog of human invention, that obscures truth, and represents it in distortion.—Thomas Paine.

Mystery magnifies danger, as a fog the sun; the hand that warned Bel-

shazzar derived its horrifying influence from the want of a body.—Colton.

The mystery of the Bible should teach us, at one and the same time, our nothingness and our greatness; producing humility and animating hope.—Henry Melville.

For every grain of sand is a mystery; so is every daisy in summer, and so is every snow-flake in winter. Both upwards and downwards, and all around us, science and speculation pass into mystery at last.—Wm. Mountford.

Whoever believes in a God at all, believes in an infinite mystery; and if the existence of God is such an infinite mystery, we can very well expect and afford to have many of His ways mysterious to us.—Ichabod Spencer.

The nature of Christ is, I grant it, from one end to another, a web of mysteries; but this mysteriousness does not correspond to the difficulties which all existence contains. Let it be rejected, and the whole world is an enigma; let it be accepted, and we possess a wonderful explanation of the history of man.—Napoleon Bonaparte.

Were there no mysteries in the Bible, we should doubt its being the transcript of the Eternal Mind. The "mystery of godliness" adapts it to our ruined race. Those mysteries of the Bible are like the mountains of the world; they give grandeur to the landscape and fertility to the soil.—Joseph Dare.

Most men take least notice of what is plain, as if that was of no use; but puzzle their thoughts to be themselves in those vast depths and abysses which no human understanding can fathom.—Bishop Sherlock.

The Bible tells me explicitly that Christ was God; and it tells me, as explicitly that Christ was man. It does not go on to state the *modus* or manner of the union. I stop, therefore, where the Bible stops. I bow before a God-man as my Mediator, but I own as inscrutable the mysteries of His person.—Henry Melvill.

We injure mysteries, which are matters of faith, by any attempt at explanation in order to make them matters of reason. Could they be explained, they would cease to be mysteries; and it has been well said that a thing is not necessarily against reason because it happens to be above it. —Colton.

To a man who is uncorrupt and properly constituted, woman always remains something of a mystery and a romance. He never interprets her quite literally. She, on her part, is always striving to remain a poem, and is never weary of bringing out new editions of herself in novel bindings.—James Parton.

Can anything be more mysterious than the union of soul and body, unless it be the still greater mystery, which some have professed to believe, that matter can be so organized as to produce the amazing intellectual results which we witness in man? In believing our own existence we believe a mystery as great as any that the Christian religion presents.—William Wirt.

We live in the midst of infinite existence; and widely as we can see, and vastly as we have discovered, we have but crossed the threshold, we have but entered the vestibule of the Creator's temple. In this temple there is an everlasting worship of life, an anthem of many choruses, a hymn of incense that goes up forever.—Henry Giles.

Mythology

Mythology is not religion. It may rather be regarded as the ancient substitute, the poetical counterpart, for dogmatic theology.—Hare.

The heathen mythology not only was not true, but was not even supported as true; it not only deserved no faith, but it demanded none. The very pretension to truth, the very demand of faith, were characteristic distinctions of Christianity.—Whately.

N

Names

He lives who dies to win a lasting name.—Drummond.

O name forever sad, forever dear!—Pope.

I cannot tell what the dickens his name is.—Shakespeare.

Certain names always awake certain prejudices.—Joseph Roux.

Ravished with the whistling of a name.—Pope.

Some to the fascination of a name surrender judgment hoodwinked.—Cowper.

Good name in man and woman is the immediate jewel of their souls.—Shakespeare.

"A person with a bad name is already half hanged," saith the old proverb.—Whipple.

'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print;
A book's a book, although there's nothing in 't. —Byron.

Great names degrade instead of elevating those who know not how to sustain them.—La Rochefoucauld.

I do beseech you—chiefly that I may set it in my prayers—what is your name?—Shakespeare.

Some men do as much begrudge others a good name, as they want one themselves; and perhaps that is the reason of it.—William Penn.

To possess a good cognomen is a long way on the road of success in life.—Chamfort.

Named softly as the household name of one whom God had taken.—Mrs. Browning.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.—Bible.

Go back; the virtue of your name
Is not here passable. —Shakespeare.

One of the few, the immortal names, that were not born to die.—Halleck.

A great name without merit is like an epitaph on a coffin.—Mme. de Puisieux.

May see thee now, though late, redeem thy name,
And glorify what else is damn'd to fame.
—Richard Savage.

Out of his surname they have coined an epithet for a knave, and out of his Christian name a synonyme for the Devil.—Macaulay.

In honest truth, a name given to a man is no better than a skin given to him; what is not natively his own falls off and comes to nothing.—Landor.

A virtuous name is the precious only good, for which queens and peasants' wives must contest together. —Schiller.

He left the name at which the world grew pale, to point a moral or adorn a tale.—Dr. Johnson.

Imagine for a moment Napoleon I. to have borne the name of Jenkins, or Washington to have sustained the appellation of John Smith!—Artemus Ward.

Who hath not own'd, with rapture-smitten frame,
The power of grace, the magic of a name.
—Campbell.

A name is a kind of face whereby one is known; wherefore taking a false name is a kind of visard whereby men disguise themselves.—Thomas Fuller.

I have a passion for the name of "Mary,"
For once it was a magic sound to me,
And still it half calls up the realms of fairy,
Where I beheld what never was to be.
—Byron.

In ancient days the Pythagoreans were used to change names with each other,—fancying that each would share the virtues they admired in the other.—Thoreau.

The generality of men are wholly governed by names in matters of good and evil, so far as the qualities relate to and affect the actions of men.—South.

Who swerves from innocence, who makes divorce
Of that serene companion—a good name.
Recovers not his loss; but walks with shame,
With doubt, with fear, and haply with remorse.
—Wordsworth.

Oh! never breathe a dead one's name,
When those who lov'd that one are nigh;
It pours a lava through the frame
That chokes the breast and fills the eye.
—Eliza Cook.

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls;
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.
—Shakespeare.

My name and memory I leave to men's charitable speeches, to foreign nations, and to the next age.—Bacon.

He that has complex ideas, without particular names for them, would be in no better case than a book-seller who had volumes that lay unbound and without titles, which he could make known to others only by showing the loose sheets.—Locke.

'Tis but thy name that is my enemy,—
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet.
—Shakespeare.

Make Hamilton Bamilton, make Douglas Puglas, make Percy Bercy, and Stanley Tanley, and where would be the long-resounding march and energy divine of the roll-call of the peerage?—G. A. Sala.

A man's name is not like a mantle, which merely hangs about him, and which one perchance may safely twitch and pull, but a perfectly fitting garment, which like the skin has grown over and over him, at which one cannot rake and scrape without injuring the man himself.—Goethe.

Call me pet names, dearest! Call me thy bird,
That flies to thy breast at one cherishing word,
That folds its wild wings there, ne'er dreaming of flight,
That tenderly sings there in loving delight!
Oh! my sad heart keeps pining for one fond word,—
Call me pet names, dearest! Call me thy bird!
—Mrs. Osgood.

Brutus and Cæsar: what should be in Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
Now in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great?—Shakespeare.

It is quite as easy to give our children musical and pleasing names as

those that are harsh and difficult; and it will be found by the owners, when they have grown to knowledge, that there is much in a name.—Locke.

He that is ambitious for his son, should give him untried names,
For those have serv'd other men, haply may injure by their evils;
Or otherwise may hinder by their glories; therefore set him by himself,
To win for his individual name some clear praise. —Tupper.

Nation

Nations, as well as individuals, are mortal.—Oliver B. Seward.

Nations, like individuals, interest us in their growth.—Landor.

Like men, nations are purified and strengthened by trials.—Samuel Smiles.

When nations are to perish in their sins, 'tis in the Church the leprosy begins.—Cowper.

Nationality is the aggregated individuality of the greatest men of the nation.—Kossuth.

Individuals may form communities, but it is institutions alone that can create a nation.—Earl of Beaconsfield.

A nation is a thing that lives and acts like a man, and men are the particles of which it is composed.—J. G. Holland.

No nation can be destroyed while it possesses a good home life.—J. G. Holland.

The greater number of nations, as of men, are only impressible in their youth; they become incorrigible as they grow old.—Rousseau.

Nations, like individuals, are powerful in the degree that they command the sympathies of their neighbors.—Bovee.

There was never a nation great until it came to the knowledge that it had nowhere in the world to go for help.—Charles Dudley Warner.

In the youth of a State, arms do flourish; in the middle age of a State, learning; and then both of them together for a time; in the declining age of a State, mechanical arts and merchandise.—Bacon.

A nation's character is the sum of its splendid deeds; they constitute one common patrimony, the nation's inheritance. They awe foreign powers; they arouse and animate our own people.—Henry Clay.

In the life of a nation ideas are not the only things of value. Sentiment also is of great value; and the way to foster sentiment in a people, and to develop it in the young, is to have a well-recorded past, and to be familiar with it.—Joseph Anderson.

A people that studies its own past, and rejoices in the nation's proud memories, is likely to be a patriotic people, the bulwark of law, and the courageous champion of right in the hour of need.—Joseph Anderson.

Whatever of true glory has been won by any nation of the earth; whatever great advance has been made by any nation in that which constitutes a high Christian civilization, has been always at the cost of sacrifice; has cost the price marked upon it in God's inventory of national good.—J. G. Holland.

It may be too much to expect that nations should be governed in their relations towards each other by the precepts of Christian morality, but surely it is not too much to ask that they should conform to the code of courtesy and good breeding recognized among gentlemen in the intercourse of social life.—Geo. S. Hillard.

Nationality

Nationality is the aggregated individuality of the greatest men of the nation.—Kossuth.

There is a great difference between nationality and race. Nationality is the miracle of political independence. Race is the principle of physical analogy.—Earl of Beaconsfield.

Native Land

Cling to thy native land, for it is the land of thy fathers!—Schiller.

My native land, good-night!—Byron.

How dear is our native land to all noble hearts!—Voltaire.

The love for our native land strengthens our individual and national character.—Alexander Hamilton.

Let our last sleep be in the graves of our native land!—Osceola.

Breathes there a man, with soul so dead, who never to himself hath saith, This is my own, my native land!—Sir Walter Scott.

A man's love for his native land lies deeper than any logical expression, among those pulses of the heart which vibrate to the sanctities of home, and to the thoughts which leap up from his father's graves.—Chapin.

Nature

Nature is God's Old Testament.—Theodore Parker.

Nature is a revelation of God.—Longfellow.

Nature alone is permanent.—Longfellow.

The living, visible garment of God.—Goethe.

Nature, the vicar of the Almighty Lord.—Chaucer.

Nature and wisdom never are at strife.—Juvenal.

There is but one book for genius,—nature.—Madame Deluzy.

Nature is frugal, and her wants are few.—Young.

Art may err, but nature cannot miss.—Dryden.

Nature is a vast repository of manly enjoyments.—Henry Ward Beecher.

The poetry of earth is never dead.—Keats.

Nature and wisdom always say the same.—Juvenal.

We by art unteach what Nature taught.—Dryden.

Love can be founded upon Nature only.—Shenstone.

Nature is always wise in every part.—Lord Thurlow.

Looks through nature up to nature's God.—Pope.

Nature means Necessity.—Bailey.

There is no solitude in nature.—Schiller.

Every form as nature made it is correct.—Propertius.

Nature never gives everything at once.—Johnson.

Nature is a volume of which God is the author.—Harvey.

Nothing in nature is unbeautiful.—Tennyson.

The natural alone is permanent.—Longfellow.

To hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature.—Shakespeare.

Nature ever provides for her own exigencies.—Seneca.

Nature tells every secret once.—Emerson.

The laws of nature are the thoughts of God.—Zschokke.

Extremes in nature equal ends produce.—Pope.

Laws of nature are God's thoughts thinking themselves out in the orbits and the tides.—Charles H. Parkhurst.

Nature, in her most dazzling aspects or stupendous parts, is but the

background and theatre of the tragedy of man.—John Morley.

Nature is the chart of God, mapping out all His attributes.—Tupper.

Nature cannot be surprised in undress. Beauty breaks in everywhere. —Emerson.

Nature is man's religious book, with lessons for every day.—Theodore Parker.

Nature has given us the seeds of knowledge, not knowledge itself.—Seneca.

Nature, through all her kingdoms, insures herself.—Emerson.

Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her.—Wordsworth.

Flowers, leaves, fruit are therefore air-woven children of light.—Moleschott.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.—Shakespeare.

Nature is but a name for an effect, whose cause is God.—Cowper.

All Nature is but art unknown to thee;
All chance direction, which thou canst not see. —Pope.

Nature is a mutable cloud which is always and never the same.—Emerson.

Accuse not Nature, she hath done her part;
Do thou but thine! —Milton.

Nature has given man no better thing than shortness of life.—Pliny the Elder.

E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.
—Gray.

In nature things move violently to their place, and calmly in their place. —Bacon.

Go forth under the open sky, and list to nature's teaching.—Bryant.

So true it is, that nature has caprices which art cannot imitate.—Macaulay.

All nature is a vast symbolism; every material fact has sheathed within it a spiritual truth.—Chapin.

Nature ever faithful is
To such as trust her faithfulness.
—Emerson.

All art, all education, can be merely a supplement to nature.—Aristotle.

Where nature is sovereign, there is no need of austerity and self-denial. —Froude.

You may turn nature out of doors with violence, but she will return.—Horace.

Virtue, as understood by the world, is a constant struggle against the laws of nature.—De Finod.

Nature is too thin a screen; the glory of the One breaks in everywhere. —Emerson.

Not a ray is dimmed, not an atom worn; nature's oldest force is as good as new.—Emerson.

Come forth into the light of things; let nature be your teacher.—Wordsworth.

Nature and wisdom are not, but should be, companions.—Smollett.

A tree is a nobler object than a prince in his coronation-robes.—Pope.

Drive away what springs from nature; it returns at a gallop.—P. N. Destouches.

Nothing in nature, much less conscious being, was e'er created solely for itself.—Young.

Nature and nature's laws lay hid in night; God said, Let Newton be; and all was light.—Pope.

All things are artificial, for nature is the art of God.—Sir T. Browne.

Where order in variety we see, and where, though all things differ, all agree.—Pope.

No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.
—Longfellow.

All things in the natural world symbolize God, yet none of them speak of Him but in broken and imperfect words.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Stand still, and consider the wondrous works of God.—Bible.

Nature and truth are one, and immutable, and inseparable as beauty and love.—Mrs. Jameson.

Nature is no spendthrift, but takes the shortest way to her ends.—Emerson.

Nature repairs her ravages,—repairs them with her sunshine and with human labor.—George Eliot.

Hear ye not the hum
Of mighty workings? —Keats.

Hill and valley, seas and constellations, are but stereotypes of divine ideas appealing to and answered by the living soul of man.—Chapin.

There is a majesty and mystery in nature, take her as you will. The essence of poetry comes breathing to a mind that feels from every province of her empire.—Carlyle.

The path of nature is, indeed, a narrow one, and it is only the immortals that seek it, and, when they find it, do not find themselves cramped therein.—Lowell.

Nature, the handmaid of God Almighty, does nothing but with good advice, if we make research into the true reason of things.—James Howell.

Read nature; nature is a friend to truth;
Nature is Christian, preaches to mankind;
And bids dead matter aid us in our creed.
—Young.

Nature is just to all mankind, and repays them for their industry. She renders them industrious by annexing rewards in proportion to their labor.—Montesquieu.

Nature is an Æolian harp, a musical instrument whose tones are the re-echo of higher strings within us.—Novalis.

And not from Nature up to Nature's God,
But down from Nature's God look Nature through. —Robert Montgomery.

Nature, like a kind and smiling mother, lends herself to our dreams and cherishes our fancies.—Victor Hugo.

If we did not take great pains, and were not at great expense to corrupt our nature, our nature would never corrupt us.—Clarendon.

Nature knows no pause in progress and development, and attaches her curse on all inaction.—Goethe.

If we see nature as pausing, immediately all mortifies and decays; but seen as progressing, she is beautiful. —Thoreau.

Thou fool! Nature alone is antique, and the oldest art a mushroom; that idle crag thou sittest on is six thousand years of age.—Carlyle.

Since a true knowledge of nature gives us pleasure, a lively imitation of it in poetry or painting must produce a much greater.—Dryden.

I follow nature as the surest guide, and resign myself with implicit obedience to her sacred ordinances.—Cicero.

O Lord, how manifold are Thy works; in wisdom, hast Thou made them all; the earth is full of Thy riches.—Bible.

I have often thought that the nature of women was inferior to that of men in general, but superior in particular.—Greville.

Everything made by man may be destroyed by man; there are no ineffaceable characters except those en-

graved by nature; and nature makes neither princes nor rich men nor great lords.—Rousseau.

Nature has perfections, in order to show that she is the image of God; and defects, in order to show that she is only His image.—Pascal.

Nature is the most thrifty thing in the world; she never wastes anything; she undergoes change, but there's no annihilation, the essence remains—matter is eternal.—Binney.

The day is Thine, the night also is Thine;
Thou hast prepared the light and the sun,
Thou hast set all the borders of the earth,
Thou hast made summer and winter.
—Bible.

Unerring Nature, still divinely bright,
One clear, unchanged, and universal light,
Life, force, and beauty must to all impart,
At once the source, and end, and test of art.
—Pope.

Nature forever puts a premium on reality. What is done for effect is seen to be done for effect; what is done for love is felt to be done for love.—Emerson.

There is religion in everything around us,—a calm and holy religion in the unbreathing things of nature, which man would do well to imitate. —Ruskin.

The scientific study of Nature tends not only to correct and ennoble the intellectual conceptions of man; it serves also to ameliorate his physical condition.—J. W. Draper.

It is a great mortification to the vanity of man, that his utmost art and industry can never equal the meanest of nature's productions, either for beauty or value.—Hume.

O Nature, gracious mother of us all,
Within thy bosom myriad secrets lie
Which thou surrenderest to the patient eye
That seeks and waits.
—Margaret J. Preston.

Divine Providence has spread her table everywhere, not with a juiceless green carpet, but with succulent herbage and nourishing grass, upon which most beasts feed.—Sir T. Moore.

You will find something far greater in the woods than you will find in books. Stones and trees will teach you that which you will never learn from masters.—St. Bernard.

Search out the wisdom of nature, there is depth in all her doings; she seemeth prodigal of power, yet her rules are the maxims of frugality.—Tupper.

Nature is a frugal mother, and never gives without measure. When she has work to do, she qualifies men for that and sends them equipped.—Emerson.

The more a man follows nature, and is obedient to her laws, the longer he will live; the farther he deviates from these, the shorter will be his existence.—C. W. Hufeland.

Nature paints not
In oils, but frescoes the great dome of heaven
With sunsets, and the lovely forms of clouds
And flying vapors. —Longfellow.

How mean the order and perfection sought
In the best product of the human thought,
Compar'd to the great harmony that reigns
In what the spirit of the world ordains!
—Prior.

Nature is avariciously frugal; in matter, it allows no atom to elude its grasp; in mind, no thought or feeling to perish. It gathers up the fragments, that nothing be lost.—David Thomas.

No, no! I do nature injustice. She gave us inventive faculty, and set us naked, and helpless on the shore of this great ocean,—the world; swim those who can, the heavy may go to the bottom.—Schiller.

Look at nature with science as a lens. The rock swarms, the clod dances; the mineral is but the vegetable stepping down, and the animal an ascending plant; the man, a beast extended; and the angel, a developed human soul.—Bartol.

This world could not exist if it were not so simple. The ground has been

tilled a thousand years, yet its powers remain ever the same; a little rain, a little sun, and each spring it grows green again.—Goethe.

What is nature? Art thou not the living government of God? O Heaven, is it in very deed He then that ever speaks through thee,—that lives and loves in thee, that lives and loves in me?—Carlyle.

Nature is a tropical swamp in sunshine, on whose purlieus we hear the song of summer birds and see prismatic dewdrops; but her interiors are terrific,—full of hydras and crocodiles. —Emerson.

I wondered over again for the hundredth time what could be the principle which, in the wildest, most lawless, fantastically chaotic, apparently capricious work of nature, always kept it beautiful.—George MacDonald.

There is no more lovely worship of God than that for which no image is required, but which springs up in our breast spontaneously when nature speaks to the soul, and the soul speaks to nature face to face.—Goethe.

Nature, exerting an unwearied power,
Forms, opens, and gives scent to every flower;
Spreads the fresh verdure of the field, and leads
The dancing Naiads through the dewy meads. —Cowper.

Nature gives to every time and season some beauties of its own; and from morning to night, as from the cradle to the grave, is but a succession of changes so gentle and easy that we can scarcely mark their progress. —Dickens.

Lavish thousands of dollars on your baby clothes, and after all the child is prettiest when every garment is laid aside. That becoming nakedness, at least, may adorn the chubby darling of the poorest home.—T. W. Higginson.

Nature always springs to the surface and manages to show what she is. It is vain to stop or try to drive her back. She breaks through every obstacle, pushes forward, and at last makes for herself a way.—Boileau.

Surely there is something in the unruffled calm of nature that overawes our little anxieties and doubts; the sight of the deep-blue sky and the clustering stars above seems to impart a quiet to the mind.—T. Edwards.

Nature, like a loving mother, is ever trying to keep land and sea, mountain and valley, each in its place, to hush the angry winds and waves, balance the extremes of heat and cold, of rain and drought, that peace, harmony, and beauty may reign supreme.—Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

God is infinite; and the laws of nature, like nature itself, are finite. These methods of working, therefore, —which correspond to the physical element in us,—do not exhaust His agency. There is a boundless residue of disengaged energy beyond.—James Martineau.

Nature imitates herself. A grain thrown into good ground brings forth fruit; a principle thrown into a good mind brings forth fruit. Everything is created and conducted by the same Master; the root, the branch, the fruits,—the principles, the consequences.—Pascal.

In nature, all is managed for the best with perfect frugality and just reserve, profuse to none, but bountiful to all; never employing on one thing more than enough, but with exact economy retrenching the superfluous, and adding force to what is principal in everything.—Shaftesbury.

Who loves not the shady trees,
The smell of flowers, the sound of brooks,
The song of birds, and the hum of bees,
Murmuring in green and fragrant nooks,
The voice of children in the spring,
Along the field-paths wandering?
—T. Millar.

It were happy if we studied nature more in natural things; and acted according to nature, whose rules are few, plain, and most reasonable. Let us begin where she begins, go her pace, and close always where she ends, and

we cannot miss of being good naturalists.—William Penn.

Nature, at all events, humanly speaking, is manifestly very fond of color; for she has made nothing without it. Her skies are blue; her fields, green; her waters vary with her skies; her animals, vegetables, minerals, are all colored. She paints a great many of them in apparently superfluous hues, as if to show the dullest eye how she loves color.—Leigh Hunt.

Lo! the poor Indian—whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears Him in the wind;
His soul proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk or milky way;
Yet simple nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-topped hill, an humbler heav'n. —Pope.

Though nature is constantly beautiful, she does not exhibit her highest powers of beauty constantly; for then they would satiate us, and pall upon our senses. It is necessary to their appreciation that they should be rarely shown. Her finest touches are things which must be watched for; her most perfect passages of beauty are the most evanescent.—Ruskin.

I can pass days
Stretch'd in the shade of those old cedar trees,
Watching the sunshine like a blessing fall,—
The breeze like music wandering o'er the boughs,
Each tree a natural harp,—each different leaf
A different note, blent in one vast thanksgiving. —Miss Landon.

If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows, that thou wouldst forget,
If thou wouldst read a lesson, that will keep
Thy heart from fainting, and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills! No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.
—Longfellow.

The truths of nature are one eternal change, one infinite variety. There is no bush on the face of the globe exactly like another bush; there are no two trees in the forest whose boughs bend into the same network, nor two leaves on the same tree which could not be told one from the other, nor two waves in the sea exactly alike.—Ruskin.

Nature eschews regular lines; she does not shape her lines by a common model. Not one of Eve's numerous progeny in all respects resembles her who first culled the flowers of Eden. To the infinite variety and picturesque inequality of nature we owe the great charm of her uncloying beauty.—Whittier.

It seems strange that a butterfly's wing should be woven up so thin and gauzy in the monstrous loom of nature, and be so delicately tipped with fire from such a gross hand, and rainbowed all over in such a storm of thunderous elements. The marvel is that such great forces do such nice work.—Theodore Parker.

The works of nature and the works of revelation display religion to mankind in characters so large and visible that those who are not quite blind may in them see and read the first principles and most necessary parts of it, and from thence penetrate into those infinite depths filled with the treasures of wisdom and knowledge.—Locke.

Nature does not capriciously scatter her secrets as golden gifts to lazy pets and luxurious darlings, but imposes tasks when she presents opportunities, and uplifts him whom she would inform. The apple that she drops at the feet of Newton is but a coy invitation to follow her to the stars.—Whipple.

To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware.
—Bryant.

Nature is sanitive, refining, elevating. How cunningly she hides every wrinkle of her inconceivable antiquity under roses and violets and morning dew! Every inch of the mountains is scarred by unimaginable convulsions, yet the new day is purple with the bloom of youth and love.—Emerson.

Our old mother nature has pleasant and cheery tones enough for us when she comes in her dress of blue and gold over the eastern hill-tops; but when she follows us upstairs to our beds in her suit of black velvet and diamonds, every creak of her sandals and every whisper of her lips is full of mystery and fear.—Holmes.

So Nature deals with us, and takes away
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
Leads us to rest so gently, that we go,
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
Being too full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends the what we know. —Longfellow.

See, through this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
Above, how high! progressive life may go!
Around, how wide; how deep extend below!
Vast chain of being! which from God began,
Nature's ethereal, human, angel, man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
No glass can reach, from infinite to Thee,
From Thee to nothing. —Pope.

Nature is no sentimentalist,—does not cosset or pamper us. We must see that the world is rough and surly, and will not mind drowning a man or a woman, but swallows your ships like a grain of dust. The cold, inconsiderate of persons, tingles your blood, benumbs your feet, freezes a man like an apple. The diseases, the elements, fortune, gravity, lightning, respect no persons.—Emerson.

I trust in Nature for the stable laws
Of beauty and utility. Spring shall plant
And Autumn garner to the end of time.
I trust in God—the right shall be the right
And other than the wrong, while He endures;
I trust in my own soul, that can perceive
The outward and the inward, Nature's good
And God's. —Robert Browning.

The laws of nature are just, but terrible. There is no weak mercy in them. Cause and consequence are inseparable and inevitable. The elements have no forbearance. The fire burns, the water drowns, the air consumes, the earth buries. And perhaps it would be well for our race if the punishment of crimes against the laws of man were as inevitable as the punishment of crimes against the laws of nature,—were man as unerring in his judgments as nature.—Longfellow.

Those who devote themselves to the peaceful study of nature have but little temptation to launch out upon the tempestuous sea of ambition; they will scarcely be hurried away by the more violent or cruel passions, the ordinary failings of those ardent persons who do not control their conduct; but, pure as the objects of their researches, they will feel for everything about them the same benevolence which they see nature display toward all her productions.—Cuvier.

"Behold the lilies of the field; they toil not, neither do they spin, yet your heavenly Father careth for them." He expatiates on a single flower, and draws from it the delightful argument of confidence in God. He gives us to see that taste may be combined with piety, and that the same heart may be occupied with all that is serious in the contemplations of religion, and be at the same time alive to the charms and loveliness of nature.—Dr. Chalmers.

By fate, not option, frugal Nature gave
One scent to hyson and to wall-flower,
One sound to pine-groves and to waterfalls,
One aspect to the desert and the lake.
It was her stern necessity: all things
Are of one pattern made; bird, beast, and flower,
Song, picture, form, space, thought, and character
Deceive us, seeming to be many things,
And are but one. —Emerson.

The best thing is to go from nature's God down to nature; and if you once get to nature's God, and believe Him, and love Him, it is surprising how easy it is to hear music in the waves, and songs in the wild whisperings of the winds; to see God everywhere in the stones, in the rocks, in the rippling brooks, and hear Him everywhere, in the lowing of cattle in the rolling of thunder, and in the fury of tempests. Get Christ first, put Him in the right place, and you will find Him to be the wisdom of God in

your own experience.—C. H. Spurgeon.

What profusion is there in His work! When trees blossom there is not a single breastpin, but a whole bosom full of gems; and of leaves they have so many suits that they can throw them away to the winds all summer long. What unnumbered cathedrals has He reared in the forest shades, vast and grand, full of curious carvings, and haunted evermore by tremulous music; and in the heavens above, how do stars seem to have flown out of His hand faster than sparks out of a mighty forge!—Beecher.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;
That chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth as in th' ethereal frame;
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart.
—Pope.

Like two cathedral towers these stately pines
Uplift their fretted summits tipped with cones;
The arch beneath them is not built with stones,
Not Art but Nature traced these lovely lines,
And carved this graceful arabesque of vines;
No organ but the wind here sighs and moans,
No sepulchre conceals a martyr's bones,
No marble bishop on his tomb reclines.
Enter! the pavement, carpeted with leaves,
Gives back a softened echo to thy tread!
Listen! the choir is singing; all the birds,
In leafy galleries beneath the eaves,
Are singing! listen, ere the sound be fled,
And learn there may be worship without words. —Longfellow.

It is good for any man to be alone with nature and himself, or with a friend who knows when silence is more sociable than talk, "In the wilderness alone, there where nature worships God." It is well to be in places where man is little and God is great, —where what he sees all around him has the same look as it had a thousand years ago, and will have the same, in all likelihood, when he has been a thousand years in his grave. It abates and rectifies a man, if he is worth the process.—Sydney Smith.

All things are engaged in writing their history. The planet, the pebble, goes attended by its shadow. The rolling rock leaves its scratches on the mountain; the river, its channel in the soil; the animal, its bones in the stratum; the fern and leaf, their modest epitaph in the coal. The falling drop makes its sculpture in the sand or the stone. Not a foot steps into the snow or along the ground, but prints, in characters more or less lasting, a map of its march. Every act of the man inscribes itself in the memories of its fellows, and in his own manners and face. The air is full of sounds, the sky of tokens, the ground is all memoranda and signatures, and every object covered over with hints which speak to the intelligent.—Emerson.

Navigation

Here's to the pilot that weathered the storm.—Canning.

The winds and waves are always on the side of the ablest navigators.—Gibbon.

A strong nor'wester's blowing, Bill!
Hark! don't yet hear it roar now?
Lord help 'em, how I pities them
Unhappy folks on shore now!
—William Pitt.

Skill'd in the globe and sphere, he gravely stands,
And, with his compass, measures seas and lands. —Dryden.

And as great seamen, using all their wealth
And skills in Neptune's deep invisible paths,
In tall ships richly built and ribbed with brass,
To put a girdle round about the world.
—Geo. Chapman.

Thou bringest the sailor to his wife,
And travell'd men from foreign lands,
And letters unto trembling hands;
And, thy dark freight, a vanish'd life.
—Tennyson.

The royal navy of England has ever been its greatest defence and orna-

ment; it is its ancient and natural strength; the floating bulwark of the island.—Sir Wm. Blackstone.

Behold the threaden sails,
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
Breasting the lofty surge.—Shakespeare.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast
And fills the white and rustling sails,
And bends the gallant mast!
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England in the lee.
—Allan Cunningham.

Speed on the ship;—But let her bear
No merchandise of sin,
No groaning cargo of despair
Her roomy hold within;
No Lethean drug for Eastern lands,
Nor poison-draught for ours;
But honest fruits of toiling hands
And Nature's sun and showers.
—Whittier.

She comes majestic with her swelling sails,
The gallant Ship: along her watery way,
Homeward she drives before the favouring gales;
Now flirting at their length the streamers play,
And now they ripple with the ruffling breeze.
—Southey.

Neatness

Neatness is a crowning grace of womanhood.—Fontenelle.

We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly.—Shakespeare.

As a general thing, an individual who is neat in his person is neat in his morals.—H. W. Shaw.

We must avoid fastidiousness; neatness, when it is moderate, is a virtue; but when it is carried to an extreme, it narrows the mind.—Fénelon.

Necessity

Necessity, thou mother of the world!—Shelley.

Necessity is stronger than duty.—Seneca.

Nature means Necessity.—Bailey.

Necessity does everything well.—Emerson.

Necessity is stronger than human nature.—Dionysius.

Necessity, the mother of invention.—Wycherly.

There is no virtue like necessity.—Shakespeare.

Not even the gods contend with necessity.—Simonides.

Necessity has no law.—Franklin.

Necessity never made a good bargain.—Franklin.

Necessity is the last and strongest weapon.—Livy.

The argument of the weak.—Sheridan.

Accident is veiled necessity.—Marie Ebner-Eschenbach.

Necessity makes dastards valiant men.—Herrick.

He must needs go that the devil drives.—Shakespeare.

Fate and necessity are unconquerable.—Joubert.

Necessity is often the spur to genius.—Balzac.

To maken virtue of necessity.—Chaucer.

Necessity does not submit to debate.—Garibaldi.

Necessity urges desperate measures.—Cervantes.

Necessity can sharpen the wits even of children.—Timothy Dwight.

Even God is said to be unable to use force against necessity.—Plato.

Our necessities are few, but our wants are endless.—H. W. Shaw.

What fate imposes, men must needs abide; it boots not to resist both wind and tide.—Shakespeare.

The necessities that exist are in general created by the superfluities that are enjoyed.—Zimmermann.

Soul of the world, divine Necessity,
Servant of God, and master of all things.
—Bailey.

Necessity is the argument of tyrants, it is the creed of slaves.—William Pitt.

Necessity may render a doubtful act innocent, but it cannot make it praiseworthy.—Joubert.

Necessity—thou best of peacemakers,
As well as surest promoter of invention.
—Scott.

Learn on how little man may live, and how small a portion nature requires.—Lucan.

Necessity, like electricity, is in ourselves and all things, and no more without us than within us.—Bailey.

Fear is the underminer of all determinations; and necessity, the victorious rebel of all laws.—Sir P. Sidney.

Necessity is cruel, but it is the only test of inward strength. Every fool may live according to his own likings. —Goethe.

Necessity of action takes away the fear of the act, and makes bold resolution the favorite of fortune.—Quarles.

What was once to me mere matter of the fancy now has grown the vast necessity of heart and life.—Tennyson.

Necessity is the only real sovereign in the world, the only despot for whom there is no law.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Necessity, that great refuge and excuse for human frailty, breaks through all law; and he is not to be accounted in fault whose crime is not the effect of choice, but force.—Pascal.

Necessity, oftener than facility, has been the mother of invention; and the most prolific school of all has been the school of difficulty.—Samuel Smiles.

The mother of useful arts is necessity; that of the fine arts is luxury. For father, the former has intellect; the latter, genius, which itself is a kind of luxury.—Schopenhauer.

We ought to be thankful to nature for having made those things which are necessary easy to be discovered; while other things that are difficult to be known are not necessary.—Epicurus.

When God will educate a man, He compels him to learn bitter lessons. He sends him to school to the Necessities rather than to the Graces, that by knowing all suffering he may know also the eternal consolations.—Celia Burleigh.

No picture of life can have any veracity that does not admit the odious facts. A man's power is hooped in by a necessity, which, by many experiments, he touches on every side, until he learns its arc.—Emerson.

There is no contending with necessity, and we should be very tender how we censure those that submit to it. It is one thing to be at liberty to do what we will, and another thing to be tied up to do what we must.—L'Estrange.

The iron hand of necessity commands, and her stern decree is supreme law, to which the gods even must submit. In deep silence rules the uncounselled sister of eternal fate. Whatever she lays upon thee, endure; perform whatever she commands.—Goethe.

Manhood begins when we have, in a way, made truce with necessity; begins, at all events, when we have surrendered to necessity, as the most part only do; but begins joyfully and hopefully only when we have reconciled ourselves to necessity, and thus, in reality, triumphed over it, and felt

that in necessity we are free.—Carlyle.

We are ruined, not by what we really want, but by what we think we do. Therefore never go abroad in search of your wants; if they be real wants, they will come home in search of you. For he that buys what he does not want, will soon want what he cannot buy.—Colton.

The word "necessary" is miserably applied. It disordereth families, and overturneth government, by being so abused. Remember that children and fools want everything because they want judgment to distinguish; and therefore there is no stronger evidence of a crazy understanding than the making too large a catalogue of things necessary.—Lord Halifax.

Necessity is always the first stimulus to industry, and those who conduct it with prudence, perseverance and energy will rarely fail. Viewed in this light, the necessity of labor is not a chastisement, but a blessing,—the very root and spring of all that we call progress in individuals and civilization in nations.—Samuel Smiles.

Negligence

Negligence is the rest of the soul, that corrodes through all her best resolves.—Feltham.

A wise and salutary neglect.—Burke.

Every man has something to do which he neglects, every man has faults to conquer which he delays to combat.—Johnson.

In persons grafted in a serious trust,
Negligence is a crime. —Shakespeare.

The best ground untilled, soonest runs out into rank weeds. A man of knowledge that is negligent or uncorrected, cannot but grow wild and godless.—Bishop Hall.

The heavens, with their everlasting faithfulness, look down on no sadder contradiction than the sluggard and the slattern in their prayers.—James Martineau.

A little neglect may breed great mischief. For want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lost; and for want of a horse the rider was lost, being overtaken and slain by the enemy; all for want of a little care about a horse-shoe nail.—Benjamin Franklin.

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace:
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free;
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all the adulteries of art;
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.
—Ben Jonson.

Negro

The image of God cut in ebony.—Fuller.

We've scrubb d the negroes till we've nearly kill'd em,
And finding that we cannot wash them white,
We mean to gild 'em. —Thos. Hood.

In the negro countenance you will often meet with strong traits of benignity. I have felt yearnings of tenderness towards some of these faces, or rather masks, that have looked out kindly upon one in casual encounters in the streets and highways.—Lamb.

The negro is an exotic of the most gorgeous and superb countries of the world, and he has deep in his heart a passion for all that is splendid, rich, and fanciful; a passion which, rudely indulged by an untrained taste, draws on him the ridicule of the colder and more correct white race.—Mrs. Stowe.

Neighbor

Christianity teaches us to love our neighbor as ourself; modern society acknowledges no neighbor.—Beaconsfield.

Nerves

So delicate is the fine tracery of the nervous structure, that the damage of a single fibre or a set of fibres destroys the unity of the whole. It is like a grand orchestra, in which one instrument alone out of time or tune disturbs the harmony of the rest, and

the finest musical composition in the world is entirely spoiled by its discord. And this serious evil is apparent, not only in old age, but even in the young, in whom the disastrous consequences of injury to the brain, etc., are far more important both to themselves and to the world.—Dr. Forbes Winslow.

Neutrality

The heart is never neutral.—Shaftesbury.

Neutral men are the devil's allies.—Chapin.

The cold neutrality of an impartial judge.—Burke.

Neutrality, as a lasting principle, is an evidence of weakness.—Kossuth.

A wise neuter joins with neither, but uses both, as his honest interest leads him.—William Penn.

Neutrality is dangerous, whereby thou becomest a necessary prey to the conqueror.—Quarles.

It is well to be independent also well not to be neutral.—Kossuth.

As for the ass's behavior in such nice circumstances, whether he would starve sooner than violate his neutrality to the two bundles of hay, I shall not presume to determine.—Addison.

Neutrality is no favorite with Providence, for we are so formed that it is scarcely possible for us to stand neuter in our hearts, although we may deem it prudent to appear so in our actions. —Colton.

There is in some men a dispassionate neutrality of mind, which, though it generally passes for good temper, can neither gratify nor warm us: it must indeed be granted that these men can only negatively offend; but then it should also be remembered that they cannot positively please.—Lord Greville.

Neutrality in things good or evil is both odious and prejudicial; but in matters of an indifferent nature is safe and commendable. Herein taking of parts maketh sides, and breaketh unity. In an unjust cause of separation, he that favoreth both parts may perhaps have least love of either side, but hath most charity in himself. —Bishop Hall.

News

News, the manna of a day.—Green.

News as wholesome as the morning air.—Chapman.

Ill news is winged with fate, and flies apace.—Dryden.

Evil news rides post, while good news bates.—Milton.

Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd tolling a departed friend.
—Shakesperae.

Tell him, there's a post come from my master, with his horn full of news. —Shakespeare.

Master, master! news, old news, and such news as you never heard of. —Shakespeare.

Ill news are swallow-winged, but what is good walks on crutches.—Massinger.

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news; give to a gracious message
An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves when they be felt.
—Shakespeare.

The news! our morning, noon and evening cry,
Day after day repeats it till we die.
For this the city, the critic, and the fop,
Dally the hour away in tonsor's shop;
For this the gossip takes her daily route,
And wears your threshold and your patience out;
For this we leave the parson in the lurch,
And pause to prattle on our way to church;
Even when some coffin'd friend we gather round,
We ask—"what news?"—then lay him in the ground. —Sprague.

When ill news comes too late to be serviceable to your neighbor, keep it to yourself.—Zimmermann.

There is nothing new except what is forgotten.—Mademoiselle Bertin.

The nature of bad news affects the teller.—Shakespeare.

Newspaper

Newspapers are the world's mirrors. —James Ellis.

The educators of the common people.—Theodore Parker.

The most efficacious secular book that ever was published in America is the newspaper.—Henry Ward Beecher.

In these times we fight for ideas, and newspapers are our fortresses.—Heine.

In the long, fierce struggle for freedom of opinion, the press, like the Church, counted its martyrs by thousands.—Garfield.

The highest reach of a news-writer is an empty reasoning on policy, and vain conjectures on the public management.—La Bruyère.

The newspaper is a greater treasure to the people than uncounted millions of gold.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Printer's ink is the great apostle of progress, whose pulpit is the press.—Horace Greeley.

Every editor of newspapers pays tribute to the devil.—La Fontaine.

Four hostile newspapers are more to be feared than a thousand bayonets. —Napoleon I.

Newspapers will ultimately engross all literature.—Lamartine.

Newspapers are to the body politic what arteries are to the human body, their function being to carry blood and sustenance and repair to every part of the body.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Over no nation does the press hold a more absolute control than over the people of America, for the universal education of the poorest classes makes every individual a reader.—Washington Irving.

These papers of the day have uses more adequate to the purposes of common life than more pompous and durable volumes.—Dr. Johnson.

The careful reader of a few good newspapers can learn more in a year than most scholars do in their great libraries.—F. B. Sanborn.

Let me make the newspapers, and I care not what is preached in the pulpit or what is enacted in congress. —Wendell Phillips.

Turn to the press—its teeming sheets survey,
Big with the wonders of each passing day;
Births, deaths, and weddings, forgeries, fires and wrecks,
Harangues and hailstones, brawls and broken necks. —Sprague.

Only a newspaper! Quick read, quick lost,
Who sums the treasure that it carries hence?
Torn, trampled under feet, who counts thy cost,
Star-eyed Intelligence. —Mary Clemmer.

The follies, vices, and consequent miseries of multitudes, displayed in a newspaper, are so many admonitions and warnings, so many beacons, continually burning, to turn others from the rocks on which they have been shipwrecked.—Bishop Horne.

The press, important as is its office, is but the servant of the human intellect, and its ministry is for good or for evil, according to the character of those who direct it. The press is a mill which grinds all that is put into its hopper. Fill the hopper with poisoned grain, and it will grind it to meal, but there is death in the bread. —Bryant.

Before this century shall run out, journalism will be the whole press. Mankind will write their book day by day, hour by hour, page by page. Thought will spread abroad with the rapidity of light—instantly conceived,

instantly written, instantly understood at the extremeties of the earth.—Lamartine.

A newspaper, like a theatre, must mainly owe its continuance in life to the fact that it pleases many persons; and in order to please many persons it will, unconsciously perhaps, respond to their several tastes, reflect their various qualities, and reproduce their views. In a certain sense it is evolved out of the community that absorbs it, and, therefore, partaking of the character of the community, while it may retain many merits and virtues, it will display itself, as in some respects ignorant, trivial, narrow, and vulgar.—William Winter.

Trade hardly deems the busy day begun,
Till his keen eye along the sheet has run;
The blooming daughter throws her needle by,
And reads her schoolmate's marriage with a sigh;
While the grave mother puts her glasses on,
And gives a tear to some old crony gone.
The preacher, too, his Sunday theme lays down,
To know what last new folly fills the town;
Lively or sad, life's meanest, mightiest things,
The fate of fighting cocks, or fighting kings.
—Sprague.

New Year's Day

"A. D."—the world writes the letters carelessly as it turns the page to record for the first time the new year; but in these letters is the "open secret" of the ages, for this, too, is a "year of our Lord," an "acceptable year," a "year of grace."—Jesse B. Thomas, D. D.

If this be a happy new year, a year of usefulness, a year in which we shall live to make this earth better, it is because God will direct our pathway. How important, then, to feel our dependence upon Him!—Bishop Mathew Simpson.

A new year is upon us, with new duties, new conflicts, new trials, and new opportunities. Start on the journey with Jesus—to walk with Him, to work for Him, and to win souls to Him. The last year of the century, it may be the last of our lives! A happy year will it be to those who, through every path of trial, or up every hill of difficulty, or over every sunny height, march on in closest fellowship with Jesus, and who will determine that, come what may, they have Christ every day.—Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D.

Let us give it (the new year) nothing to keep which will not prove an honor to God's name and a blessing to the world; nothing which we shall not be willing to learn of again when we stand before the great white throne.—J. R. Miller, D. D.

Every day is a fresh beginning,
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
And spite of old sorrow, and older sinning,
And troubles forecasted, and possible pain,
Take heart with the day, and begin again.
—Susan Coolidge.

Let the new year be a year of freedom from sin, a year of service, a year of trust in God, and it will be a happy year from first to last. It may be the hardest year we have known, but it will be the happiest.—J. M. Buckley, D. D.

The wave is breaking on the shore,—
The echo fading from the chime—
Again the shadow moveth o'er
The dial-plate of time! —Whittier.

Enter upon thy paths, O year!
Thy paths, which all who breathe must tread,
Which lead the Living to the Dead,
I enter; for it is my doom
To tread thy labyrinthine gloom;
To note who round me watch and wait;
To love a few; perhaps to hate;
And do all duties of my fate.
—Barry Cornwall.

He who has found upon earth the city of his affections, and who with every onward step is only advancing toward a mist, may well look upon New Year's day as a day of sorrow. Well may it be a dark and gloomy day to the man who, as a poor and humble pilgrim, is journeying to some royal city where he has not a single friend to welcome his arrival or offer him the shelter of a roof. A poor and humble pilgrim am I; but, God be thanked! I know of One who long ago prepared for me a place. Hence it is

that as I pass the milestones each in succession becomes an altar, on which I present oblations of gratitude and praise. There are many, I am aware, to whom the thought of the flight of time is dispiriting. For me, I feel that He hath not given the spirit of fear, but of power.—Dr. A. Tholuck.

But just in proportion as we are not contented with our sphere, nor satisfied with ourselves, do we reach out longingly to a better sphere and a worthier course of life; and therefore it is that, to so many of us, the end of an old year brings a sense of relief, in that its shortcomings and failures are now to be left behind, while the approach of a new year suggests a hope of something different and better beyond, in the path we are treading.—Sunday School Times.

I see not a step before me
As I tread on another year,
But the past is still in God's keeping,
The future His mercy shall clear,
And what looks dark in the distance
May brighten as I draw near.
Mary G. Brainard.

There exists a very beautiful custom in Germany, which it would be well to imitate everywhere. On the first day of the New Year, whatever may have been the quarrels or estrangement between friends and relatives, mutual visits are interchanged, kindly greetings given and received—all is forgotten and forgiven. Let this custom begin with reconciliation to God, then friendship and fellowship may be found that shall be blessed and lasting.—Foster.

O, tender Christ, bless Thou this year!
Bless Thou its dawn, and bless
Its noontide and its evening, Lord;
And let each heart confess,
As days and weeks and months go by
To help the year grow old,
That of Thy glory, King of Kings,
The half not yet is told.
—Mary D. Brine.

Not till that last day, the day that closes our mortal existence, shall we fully understand the brevity of time. Yet time is our life; its passage is our death. The moment we began to live, that moment we began to die. We forget too often that the departure of time means the departure of our life. When the warm blood flows full and strong through all the swelling veins, and full-robed joy animates body and mind; when in the series of our days and years there occurs no startling circumstance to arrest our notice or awake our thought, we forget that we are not moored, but are ever gliding, though we notice not our motion, down the stream of time.—Chas. R. Stoddard, D. D.

Whatever the past year may have meant to you, make it dead history. But let the new year be a living issue. With a big, fresh sponge, dripping with the clear water of forgiveness, wipe clean the slate of your heart. Enter the year with a kind thought for every one. You need not kiss the hand that smote you, but grasp it in cordial good feeling, and let the electricity of your own resolves find its connecting current—which very often exists where we think it not. Make the new year a happy one in your home; be bright of disposition; carry your cares easy; let your heart be as sunshine, and your life will give warmth to all around you. And thus will you and yours be happy.—Ladies' Home Journal.

A Flower unblown: a Book unread:
A Tree with fruit unharvested:
A Path untrod: a House whose rooms
Lack yet the heart's divine perfumes:
A Landscape whose wide border lies
In silent shade 'neath silent skies:
A wondrous Fountain yet unsealed:
A Casket with its gifts concealed:—
This is the Year that for you waits
Beyond To-morrow's mystic gates.
—Horatio Nelson Powers.

No one ever regarded the first of January with indifference. It is that from which all date their time, and count upon what is left. It is the nativity of our common Adam. Of all sound of bells (bells the music highest bordering upon heaven), most solemn and touching is the peal which rings out the old year. I never heard it without a gathering-up of my mind to a concentration of all the images that have been diffused over the past twelve-month. All I have done

or suffered, performed or neglected—in that regretted time. I begin to know its worth as when a person dies. It takes a personal color; nor was it a poetical flight of a contemporary, when he exclaimed: "I saw the skirts of the departing year." It is no more than what in sober sadness, every one of us seems to be conscious of in that awful leave-taking.—Charles Lamb.

I want the New Year's opening days
To fill with love, and prayer, and praise.
Some little things to do for Thee,
For Thou hast done great things for me.

I want some other soul to bring
To Thee, my Saviour and my King.
Thou wilt not, Lord, my prayer deny,
For Thou canst all my wants supply.

In Jesus' name our prayer we raise,
Whose guiding hand has blessed our days.
And may we, Lord, in godly fear
Serve Thee through all this coming year.
—Selected.

The old year is dead, the new year is born. Humbly, fearfully, we sink on our knees, and slowly, in answer to our prayers, comes back something of the old faith of our childhood, and we rejoice that we are granted one more New Year's day on which to "begin again"—not in our childish way, with utter disregard of the past, but trustingly, patiently, knowing that we must ever carry with us our past, and rejoicing that, with God's help, we may make the future better because of the past. Then, as we rise from our knees, we look bravely forward to the veiled figure that stands at our threshold; we know nothing of what it brings, we know only that it is God's new year. May He bless it to us all!—Golden Rule.

Niagara

Flow on for ever in thy glorious robe
Of terror and of beauty; * * * God hath set
His rainbow on thy forehead; and the cloud
Mantles around thy feet. And He doth give
Thy voice of thunder power to speak of Him
Eternally, bidding the lip of man
Keep silence, and upon thy rocky altar pour
Incense of awe-struck praise.
—Mrs. Sigourney.

"Niagara! wonder of this western world,
And half the world beside! hail, beauteous queen
Of cataracts!" An angel who had been
O'er heaven and earth, spoke thus, his bright wings furled,
And knelt to Nature first, on this wild cliff unseen.
—Maria Brooks.

Nickname

Names alone mock destruction; they survive the doom of all creation.—H. Trevanion.

A nickname is the heaviest stone the devil can throw at a man.—Anon.

A good name will wear out; a bad one may be turned; a nickname lasts forever.—Zimmermann.

Nicknames stick to people, and the most ridiculous are the most adhesive. —Haliburton.

There is also an evil report; light, indeed, and easy to raise, but difficult to carry, and still more difficult to get rid of.—Hesiodus.

Night

O majestic night! nature's great ancestor!—Young.

Night, when deep sleep falleth on men.—Bible.

By night an atheist half believes a God.—Young.

Wisdom mounts her zenith with the stars.—Mrs. Barbauld.

Then stars arise, and the night is holy.—Longfellow.

The night is long that never finds the day.—Shakespeare.

The night comes on that knows no morn.—Tennyson.

Night is a lively masquerade of day. —J. Montgomery.

There never was night that had no morn.—D. M. Mulock.

Even lust and envy sleep.—Dryden

In the dead vast and middle of the night.—Shakespeare.

Night's black Mantle covers all alike.—Du Bartas.

The great shadow and profile of day. —Richter.

Sable-vested Night, eldest of things! —Milton.

The crickets sing, and man's overlabored sense repairs itself by rest.—Shakespeare.

O mysterious Night! thou art not silent; many tongues hast thou.—Joanna Baillie.

Awful Night! Ancestral mystery of mysteries.—George Eliot.

How absolute and omnipotent is the silence of night!—Longfellow.

Mind and night will meet, though in silence, like forbidden lovers.—Bailey.

Night drew her sable curtain down, and pinned it with a star.—Macdonald Clarke.

In her starry shade of dim and solitary loveliness, I learn the language of another world.—Byron.

Night is the Sabbath of mankind,
To rest the body and the mind.
—Butler.

There's husbandry in heaven;
Their candles are all out. —Shakespeare.

The night shows stars and women in a better light.—Byron.

O radiant Dark! O darkly fostered ray!
Thou hast a joy too deep for shallow Day.
—George Eliot.

I heard the trailing garments of the Night
Sweep through her marble halls.
—Longfellow.

The day is done, and the darkness falls from the wings of night.—Longfellow.

Come, civil night, thou sober-suited matron, all in black.—Shakespeare.

As his wife has been given to man as his best half, so night is the half of life, and by far the better part of life. —Goethe.

All is gentle; nought
Stirs rudely; but congenial with the night,
Whatever walks is gliding like a spirit.
—Byron.

I love night more than day—she is so lovely;
But I love night the most because she brings
My love to me in dreams which scarcely lie.
—Bailey.

Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober grey;
Nature in silence bid the world repose.
—Parnell.

When the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
In murthers and in outrage boldly here.
—Shakespeare.

'Tis now the very witching time of night
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world. —Shakespeare.

O holy Night! from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before!
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,
And they complain no more.
——Longfellow.

Now black and deep the night begins to fall, a shade immense; sunk in the quenching gloom, magnificent and vast, are heaven and earth.—Thomson.

Night is fair virtue's immemorial friend;
The conscious moon, through every distant age,
Has held a lamp to wisdom, and let fall
On contemplation's eye her purging ray.
—Young.

Now began
Night with her sullen wing to double-shade
The desert; fowls in their clay nests were couch'd,
And now wild beasts came forth, the woods to roam. —Milton.

The cripple, tardy-gaited night, who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp so tediously away.—Shakespeare.

When pleasure, like the midnight flower that scorns the eye of vulgar light, begins to bloom for sons of night and maids who love the moon.—Moore.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.
—Longfellow.

Fair eldest child of love, thou spotless night!
Empress of silence, and the queen of sleep;
Who, with thy black cheek's pure complexion,
Mak'st lovers' eyes enamour'd of thy beauty. —Marlowe.

The night is made for tenderness,—so still that the low whisper, scarcely audible, is heard like music,—and so deeply pure that the fond thought is chastened as it springs and on the lip made holy.—Willis.

The contemplation of night should lead to elevating rather than to depressing ideas. Who can fix his mind on transitory and earthly things, in presence of those glittering myriads of worlds; and who can dread death or solitude in the midst of this brilliant, animated universe, composed of countless suns and worlds, all full of light and life and motion?—Richter.

Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumb'ring world.
Silence, how dead! and darkness, how profound!
Nor eye, nor list'ning ear, an object finds;
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the gen'ral pulse
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause;
An awful pause! prophetic of her end.
—Young.

Night is the time for rest;
How sweet, when labours close,
To gather round an aching breast
The curtain of repose,
Stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head
Down on our own delightful bed!
—Montgomery.

Why does the evening, does the night, put warmer love in our hearts? Is it the nightly pressure of helplessness? or is it the exalting separation from the turmoils of life,—that veiling of the world in which for the soul nothing then remains but souls?—Richter.

How is night's sable mantle labour'd o'er,
How richly wrought with attributes divine!
What wisdom shines! what love! this mid-night pomp,
This gorgeous arch, with golden worlds inlaid!
Built with divine ambition. —Young.

The stars are forth, the moon above the tops
Of the snow-shining mountains—Beautiful!
I linger yet with nature, for the night
Hath been to me a more familiar face
Than that of man; and in her starry shade
Of dim and solitary loveliness,
I learn'd the language of another world.
—Byron.

O comfort-killing Night, image of hell!
Dim register and notary of shame!
Black stage for tragedies and murders fell!
Vast, sin-concealing chaos! nurse of blame!
Blind, muffled bawd! dark harbor for defame!
Grim cave of death! whispering conspirator
With close-tongued treason and the ravisher! —Shakespeare.

The crackling embers on the hearth are dead;
The indoor note of industry is still;
The latch is fast; upon the window-sill
The small birds wait not for their daily bread;
The voiceless flowers—how quietly they shed
Their nightly odours;—and the household rill
Murmurs continuous dulcet sounds that fill
The vacant expectation, and the dread
Of listening night.
—Hartley Coleridge.

Dark the Night, with breath all flowers,
And tender broken voice that fills
With ravishment the listening hours,—
Whisperings, wooings,
Liquid ripples, and soft ring-dove cooings
In low-toned rhythm that love's aching stills!
Dark the night
Yet is she bright,
For in her dark she brings the mystic star,
Trembling yet strong, as is the voice of love,
From some unknown afar.
—George Eliot.

How absolute and omnipotent is the silence of night! And yet the stillness seems almost audible! From all the measureless depths of air around us

comes a half-sound, a half-whisper, as if we could hear the crumbling and falling away of earth and all created things, in the great miracle of nature, decay and reproduction, ever beginning, never ending,—the gradual lapse and running of the sand in the great hour-glass of Time.—Longfellow.

How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air,
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain
Breaks the serene heaven:
In full-orb'd glory yonder moon divine
Rolls through the dark blue depths.
Beneath her steady ray
The desert circle spreads,
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky,
How beautiful is night! —Southey.

Nightingale

The nightingale is sovereign of song.—Spenser.

The nightingale, their only vesper-bell, sung sweetly to the rose the day's farewell.—Byron.

The love-lorn nightingale nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well.—Milton.

Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly, most musical, most melancholy!—Milton.

It was the nightingale, and not the lark, that pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear; nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree.—Shakespeare.

It is the hour when from the boughs
The nightingale's high note is heard;
It is the hour when lovers' vows
Seem sweet in every whisper'd word.
—Byron.

'Tis the merry nightingale that crowds and hurries and precipitates, with fast thick warble, his delicious notes, as he were fearful that an April night would be too short for him to utter forth his love-chant, and disburden his full soul of all its music.—Coleridge.

O nightingale, that on yon blooming spray warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,—thou with fresh hope the lover's heart doth fill!—Milton.

The nightingale, if she should sing by day, when every goose is cackling, would be thought no better a musician than the wren. How many things by season seasoned are to their right praise and true perfection!—Shakespeare.

Nobility

Nobility should be elective, not hereditary.—Zimmermann.

Noblest minds are easiest bent.—Homer.

All nobility in its beginnings was somebody's natural superiority.—Emerson.

Nobility, without virtue, is a fine setting without a gem.—Jane Porter.

He who is lord of himself, and exists upon his own resources, is a noble but a rare being.—Sir E. Brydges.

O lady, nobility is thine, and thy form is the reflection of thy nature!—Euripides.

What is highest and noblest in man conceals itself.—Richter.

Nature makes all the noblemen; wealth, education, or pedigree never made one yet.—H. W. Shaw.

For he who is honest is noble,
Whatever his fortunes or birth.
—Alice Cary.

We'll shine in more substantial honours,
And to be noble we'll be good.
—Thomas Percy.

Noble blood is an accident of fortune; noble actions characterize the great.—Goldoni.

Noble by birth, yet nobler by great deeds.—Longfellow.

The noblest character is stained by the addition of pride.—Claudianus.

If a man be endued with a generous mind, this is the best kind of nobility.—Plato.

A noble life crowned with heroic death rises above and outlives the

pride and pomp and glory of the mightiest empire of the earth.—James A. Garfield.

Be noble! and the nobleness that lives
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.
—Lowell.

Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.
—Tennyson.

Fond man! though all the heroes of your line
Bedeck your halls, and round your galleries shine
In proud display; yet take this truth from me—
Virtue alone is true nobility! —Gifford.

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise. —Longfellow.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long:
And so make life, death and that vast forever,
One grand, sweet song.
—Charles Kingsley.

Nobility of birth does not always ensure a corresponding nobility of mind; if it did, it would always act as a stimulus to noble actions; but it sometimes acts as a clog, rather than a spur.—Colton.

Of all varieties of fopperies, the vanity of high birth is the greatest. True nobility is derived from virtue, not from birth. Title, indeed, may be purchased, but virtue is the only coin that makes the bargain valid.—Burton.

Noble souls, through dust and heat,
Rise from disaster and defeat
The stronger;
And conscious still of the divine
Within them, lie on earth supine
No longer. —Longfellow.

Nobility is a river that sets with a constant and undeviating current directly into the great Pacific Ocean of time; but, unlike all other rivers, it is more grand at its source than at its termination.—Colton.

Talent and worth are the only eternal grounds of distinction. To these the Almighty has affixed His everlasting patent of nobility. Knowledge and goodness,—these make degrees in heaven, and they must be the graduating scale of a true democracy.—Miss Sedgwick.

Nature's noblemen are everywhere,—in town and out of town, gloved and rough-handed, rich and poor. Prejudice against a lord, because he is a lord, is losing the chance of finding a good fellow, as much as prejudice against a ploughman because he is a ploughman.—Willis.

Vain-glorious man, when fluttering wind does blow
In his light wings, is lifted up to sky;
The scorn of knighthood and true chivalry,
To think, without desert of gentle deed
And noble worth, to be advanced high,
Such praise is shame, but honour, virtue's meed,
Doth bear the fairest flower in honourable seed. —Spenser.

We must have kings, we must have nobles; nature is always providing such in every society; only let us have the real instead of the titular. In every society some are born to rule, and some to advise. The chief is the chief all the world over, only not his cap and plume. It is only this dislike of the pretender which makes men sometimes unjust to the true and finished man.—Emerson.

Nonsense

I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad. —Shakespeare.

A little nonsense now and then,
Is relish'd by the best of men.—Anon.

Nonsense and noise will oft prevail,
When honor and affection fail.—Lloyd.

The more sparingly we make use of nonsense, the better.—Coleridge.

Nonsense, when earnest, is impressive, and sometimes takes you in. It

you are in a hurry, you occasionally mistake it for sense.—Beaconsfield.

For daring nonsense seldom fails to hit,
Like scattered shot, and pass with some for wit. —Butler.

There are greater depths and obscurities, greater intricacies and perplexities, in an elaborate and well-written piece of nonsense, than in the most abstruse and profound tract of school divinity.—Addison.

Hudibras has defined nonsense, as Cowley does wit, by negatives. Nonsense, he says, is that which is neither true nor false. These two great properties of nonsense, which are always essential to it, give it such a peculiar advantage over all other writings, that it is incapable of being either answered or contradicted.—Addison.

Noon-time

A silence, the brief sabbath of an hour,
Reigns o'er the fields; the laborer sits within
His dwelling; he has left his steers awhile,
Unyoked, to bite the herbage, and his dog
Sleeps stretched beside the door-stone in the shade.
Now the gray marmot, with uplifted paws,
No more sits listening by his den, but steals
Abroad, in safety, to the clover-field,
And crops its juicy-blossoms.
—William Cullen Bryant.

Nothing

Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing.—Shakespeare.

Nothing! thou elder brother ev'n to shade!
Thou hadst a being ere the world was made,
And, well-fix'd, art alone of ending not afraid. —Rochester.

O mighty nothing! unto thee,
Nothing, we owe all things that be;
God spake once when He all things made,
He saved all when He nothing said,
The world was made of nothing then;
'Tis made by nothing now again.
—Crashaw.

If any man thinks that he can conceive well enough how there should be nothing, I will engage that what he means by nothing is as much something as anything that he ever thought of in his life; and I believe that if he knew what nothing was, it would be intuitively evident to him that it could not be. * * * Absolute nothing is the aggregate of all the contradictions in the world.—Jonathan Edwards.

Notoriety

A proverb and a byword among all people.—Bible.

Notoriety is short-lived; fame is lasting.—Bancroft.

The more you are talked about, the less powerful you are.—Beaconsfield.

What a heavy burden is a name that has become too soon famous!—Voltaire.

As for being much known by sight, and pointed out, I cannot comprehend the honor that lies withal; whatsoever it be, every mountebank has it more than the best doctor.—Cowley.

Even the greatest actions of a celebrated person labor under this disadvantage, that however surprising and extraordinary they may be, they are no more than what are expected from him.—Addison.

Novels

Romance is the poetry of literature. —Mme. Necker.

Fiction is a potent agent for good —in the hands of the good.—Mme. Necker.

Books of entertainment first led Adam Clarke to believe in a spiritual world.—G. W. Curtis.

Novels teach the youthful mind to sigh after happiness that never existed.—Goldsmith.

The habitual indulgence in such reading is a silent, mining mischief.—Hannah More.

Fiction is of the essence of poetry as well as of painting.—Dryden.

Honest fiction may be made to supplement the pulpit.—Willmott.

We gild our medicines with sweets; why not clothe truth and morals in

pleasant garments as well?—Chamfort.

Novels may teach us as wholesome a moral as the pulpit. There are "sermons in stones," in healthy books, and "good in everything."—Colton.

Weak minds may be injured by novel-reading; but sensible people find both amusement and instruction therein.—Beecher.

Lessons of wisdom have never such power over us as when they are wrought into the heart through the groundwork of a story.—Sterne.

Those who are too idle to read, save for the purpose of amusement, may in these works acquire some acquaintance with history, which, however inaccurate, is better than none.—Sir Walter Scott.

Novels do not force their fair readers to sin, they only instruct them how to sin; the consequences of which are fully detailed, and not in a way calculated to seduce any but weak minds; few of their heroines are happily disposed of.—Zimmermann.

Sir Anthony Absolute, two or three years before Evelina appeared, spoke the sense of the great body of sober fathers and husbands when he pronounced the circulating library an evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge.—Macaulay.

Out of the fictitious book I get the expression of the life, of the times, of the manners, of the merriment, of the dress, the pleasure, the laughter, the ridicules of society. The old times live again. Can the heaviest historian do more for me?—Thackeray.

A little grain of the romance is no ill ingredient to preserve and exalt the dignity of human nature, without which it is apt to degenerate into everything that is sordid, vicious and low.—Swift.

The new novel is sought more eagerly, and devoured more greedily, than the New Testament.—Guthrie.

Thackeray and Balzac will make it possible for our descendants to live over again the England and France of to-day. Seen in this light, the novelist has a higher office than merely to amuse his contemporaries.—P. G. Hamerton.

Do not fear to put novels into the hands of young people as an occasional holiday experiment, but above all, good poetry in all kinds,—epic, tragedy, lyric. If we can touch the imagination, we serve them; they will never forget it.—Emerson.

At present, the novels which we owe to English ladies form no small part of the literary glory of our country. No class of works is more honorably distinguished for fine observation, by grace, by delicate wit, by pure moral feeling.—Macaulay.

Novels are sweets. All people with healthy literary appetites love them; almost all women; a vast number of clever, hard-headed men. Judges, bishops, chancellors, mathematicians, are notorious novel readers, as well as young boys and girls, and their kind, tender mothers.—Thackeray.

Writers of novels and romances in general bring a double loss on their readers,—they rob them both of their time and money; representing men, manners and things that never have been, nor are likely to be; either confounding or perverting history and truth, inflating the mind, or committing violence upon the understanding.—Mary Wortley Montagu.

A fiction which is designed to inculcate an object wholly alien to the imagination sins against the first law of art; and if a writer of fiction narrow his scope to particulars so positive as polemical controversy in matters ecclesiastical, political or moral, his work may or may not be an able treatise, but it must be a very poor novel.—Bulwer-Lytton.

I suppose as long as novels last, and authors aim at interesting their public, there must always be in the story a virtuous and gallant hero; a wicked

monster, his opposite; and a pretty girl, who finds a champion. Bravery and virtue conquer beauty; and vice, after seeming to triumph through a certain number of pages, is sure to be discomfited in the last volume, when justice overtakes him, and honest folks come by their own.—Thackeray.

Legitimately produced, and truly inspired, fiction interprets humanity, informs the understanding, and quickens the affections. It reflects ourselves, warns us against prevailing social follies, adds rich specimens to our cabinets of character, dramatizes life for the unimaginative, daguerreotypes it for the unobservant, multiplies experience for the isolated or inactive, and cheers age, retirement and invalidism with an available and harmless solace.—Tuckerman.

We must have books for recreation and entertainment, as well as books for instruction and for business; the former are agreeable, the latter useful, and the human mind requires both. The cannon law and the codes of Justinian shall have due honor, and reign at the universities; but Homer and Virgil need not therefore be banished. We will cultivate the olive and the vine, but without eradicating the myrtle and the rose.—Balzac.

The importance of the romantic element does not rest upon conjecture. Pleasing testimonies abound. Hannah More traced her earliest impressions of virtue to works of fiction; and Adam Clarke gives a list of tales that won his boyish admiration. Books of entertainment led him to believe in a spiritual world; and he felt sure of having been a coward, but for romances. He declared that he had learned more of his duty to God, his neighbor and himself from Robinson Crusoe than from all the books, except the Bible, that were known to his youth.—Willmott.

Novelty

Novelty is the storehouse of pleasure.—Ninon de Lenclos.

It is not only old and early impressions that deceive us; the charms of novelty have the same power.—Pascal.

Novelty is both delightful and deceptive.—Balzac.

Change, change,—we all covet change.—Chamfort.

Newness hath an evanescent beauty.—Heinrich Heine.

Novelty is the great parent of pleasure.—South.

Novelties please less than they impress.—Dickens.

Novelty is an essential attribute of the beautiful.—Beaconsfield.

Human nature craves novelty.—Pliny.

All wonder is the effect of novelty upon ignorance.—Johnson.

Novelty is the foundation of the love of knowledge.—Sydney Smith.

Novelty has charms that our minds can hardly withstand.—Thackeray.

Human nature is fond of novelty.—Pliny the Elder.

New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let them be unmanly, yet are follow'd.
—Shakespeare.

Such is the nature of novelty that where anything pleases, it becomes doubly agreeable if new; but if it displeases, it is doubly displeasing upon that very account.—Hume.

All, with one consent, praise newborn gauds, though they are made and moulded of things past.—Shakespeare.

Novelty serves us for a kind of refreshment, and takes off from that satiety we are apt to complain of in our usual and ordinary entertainments.—Addison.

In science, as in common life, we frequently see that a novelty in system or in practice, cannot be duly appreciated till time has sobered the enthusiasm of its advocates.—Maud.

Novelty is indeed necessary to preserve eagerness and alacrity; but art and nature have stores inexhaustible by human intellects; and every moment produces something new to him who has quickened his faculties by diligent observation.—Dr. Johnson.

The enormous influence of novelty—the way in which it quickens observation, sharpens sensation, and exalts sentiment—is not half enough taken note of by us, and is to me a very sorrowful matter. And yet, if we try to obtain perpetual change, change itself will become monotonous.—Ruskin.

Novelty has charms that our minds can hardly withstand. The most valuable things, if they have for a long while appeared among us, do not make any impression as they are good, but give us a distaste as they are old. But when the influence of this fantastical humor is over, the same men or things will come to be admitted again by a happy return of our good taste.—Thackeray.

November

Fie upon thee, November! thou dost ape
The airs of thy young sisters;—thou hast stolen
The witching smile of May to grace thy lip,
And April's rare capricious loveliness
Thou'rt trying to put on!
—Julia C. R. Dorr.

The wild November comes at last
Beneath a veil of rain;
The night wind blows its folds aside,
Her face is full of pain.

The latest of her race, she takes
The Autumn's vacant throne:
She has but one short moon to live,
And she must live alone.—R. H. Stoddard.

In rattling showers dark November's rain,
From every stormy cloud, descends amain.
—Ruskin.

On my cornice linger the ripe black grapes ungathered;
Children fill the groves with the echoes of their glee,
Gathering tawny chestnuts, and shouting when beside them
Drops the heavy fruit of the tall black-walnut tree.
* * * * * *
Dreary is the time when the flowers of earth are withered.
—William Cullen Bryant.

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread;
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the gloomy day.
—William Cullen Bryant.

Nun

Love, to her ear, was but a name,
Combin'd with vanity and shame;
Her hopes, her fears, her joys, were all
Bounded within the cloister wall.—Scott.

Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun;
For aye to be in shady cloister mewed;
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice blessed they, that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage.
—Shakespeare.

O

Oak

The oak, when living, monarch of the wood;
The English oak, which, dead, commands the flood.
—Churchill.

Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,
Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest stars,
Dream, and so dream all night without a stir. —Keats.

The tall Oak, towering to the skies,
The fury of the wind defies,
From age to age, in virtue strong.
Inured to stand, and suffer wrong.
—Montgomery.

The monarch oak, the patriarch of the trees,
Shoots rising up, and spreads by slow degrees.
Three centuries he grows, and three he stays
Supreme in state; and in three more decays. —Dryden.

A sturdy oak, which nature forms
To brave a hundred winter's storms,
While round its head the whirlwinds blow,
Remains with root infix'd below:
When fell'd to earth, a ship it sails
Through dashing waves and driving gales
And now at sea, again defies
The threat'ning clouds and howling skies.
—Hoole.

A song to the oak, the brave old oak,
Who hath ruled in the greenwood long;
Here's health and renown to his broad green crown,
And his fifty arms so strong.
There's fear in his frown when the Sun goes down,
And the fire in the West fades out;
And he showeth his might on a wild midnight,
When the storms through his branches shout. —H. F. Chorley.

Oath

Oaths are but words, and words but wind.—Butler.

A liar is always lavish of oaths.—Corneille.

A good mouth-filling oath.—Shakespeare.

With oaths like rivets forced into your brain.—Cowper.

Recognized probity is the surest of all oaths.—Mme. Necker.

'Tis not the many oaths that makes the truth,
But the plain single vow that is vow'd true. —Shakespeare.

It is a great sin to swear unto a sin,
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.
—Shakespeare.

He that imposes an oath makes it,
Not he that for Convenience takes it.
—Butler.

Or, having sworn too hard a keeping oath,
Study to break it and not break my troth.
—Shakespeare.

Jack was embarrassed—never hero more,
And as he knew not what to say, he swore.
—Byron.

Oaths were not purposed more than law to keep the good and just in awe.
—Samuel Butler.

I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath;
Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack both. —Shakespeare.

A careless and blasphemous use of the name of the Divine Being is not

only sinful, but it is also *prima facie* evidence of vulgar associations.—Hosea Ballou.

It's a hard world, neighbors, if a man's oath must be his master.—Dryden.

What use of oaths, of promise, or of test, where men regard no God but interest?—Waller.

With a bloody flux of oaths vows deep revenge.—Quarles.

Rash oaths, whether kept or broken, frequently produce guilt.—Dr. Johnson.

Oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes, and hold-fast is the only dog.—Shakespeare.

Oaths are the counterfeit money with which we pay the sacrifice of love.—Ninon de Lenclos.

An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice. —Shakespeare.

I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness,
Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy;
* * * I have sworn thee fair.
—Shakespeare.

The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows;
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.
—Shakespeare.

Take not His name, who made thy mouth, in vain;
It gets thee nothing, and hath no excuse.
—Herbert.

I take the official oath to-day with no mental reservations and with no purpose to construe the Constitution by any hypercritical rules.—Abraham Lincoln.

And for the support of this declaration, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.—Thomas Jefferson.

For it comes to pass oft that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him.—Shakespeare.

An oath is a recognizance to heaven, binding us over in the courts above to plead to the indictment of our crimes.—Southern.

Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee. —Shakespeare.

You can have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the government; while I shall have the most solemn one to "preserve, protect, and defend" it.—Abraham Lincoln.

A father who whipped his son for swearing and swore at him while he whipped him, did more harm by his example than good by his correction.—Thomas Fuller.

An oath! why, it is the traffic of the soul, it is law within a man; the seal of faith, the bond of every conscience; unto whom we set our thoughts like hands.—Decker.

Of all men, a philosopher should be no swearer; for an oath, which is the end of controversies in law, cannot determine any here, where reason only must induce.—Sir Thomas Browne.

Come, swear it, damn thyself, lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves should fear to seize thee; therefore be double-damned, swear,—thou art honest.—Shakespeare.

They fix attention, heedless of your pain,
With oaths like rivets forced into the brain;
And e'en when sober truth prevails throughout,
They swear it, till affirmance breeds a doubt. —Cowper.

Lord Melbourne was so accustomed to garnish his conversation in this way that Sydney Smith once said to him, "We will take it for granted that everybody is damned, and now proceed with the subject."—L'Estrange.

The accusing spirit, which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath

blushed as he gave it in; and the recording angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word and blotted it out forever.—Sterne.

Nay, but weigh well what you presume to swear,
Oaths are of dreadful weight! and, if they are false,
Draw down damnation.
—Sir Thomas Overbury.

Myself, myself confound!
Heaven, and fortune, bar me happy hours!
Day, yield me not thy light; nor night, thy rest!
Be opposite all planets of good luck
To my proceeding, if, with pure heart's love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter!
—Shakespeare.

Whoever considers the number of absurd and ridiculous oaths necessary to be taken at present in most countries, on being admitted into any society or profession whatever, will be less surprised to find prevarication still prevailing, where perjury has led the way.—Abbé Raynal.

Obduracy

A callousness and numbness of soul.—Bentley.

Distends with pride, and hardening in his strength.—Milton.

There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart; he does not feel for man.—Cowper.

Argument does not soften, but rather hardens, the obdurate heart.—Dewey.

Fattened in vice, so callous and so gross, he sins and sees not, senseless of his loss.—Dryden.

God may, by almighty grace, hinder the absolute completion of sin in final obduracy.—South.

Obedience

To obey is better than sacrifice.—Bible.

Obedience completes itself in understanding.—Phillips Brooks.

Obedience is the mother of success.—Æschylus.

Obedience sums up our entire duty.—Hosea Ballou.

Obedience is the key to every door.—George MacDonald.

The first great law is to obey.—Schiller.

The virtue of Christianity is obedience.—J. C. Hare.

An obedient wife commands her husband.—Beaconsfield.

I hourly learn a doctrine of obedience.—Shakespeare.

I would rather obey than work miracles.—Luther.

To be a Christian is to obey Christ no matter how you feel.—H. W. Beecher.

Let them obey that know not how to rule.—Shakespeare.

True obedience is true liberty.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Obedience is the Christian's crown.—Schiller.

Command is anxiety; obedience, easy.—Paley.

Obedience alone gives the right to command.—Emerson.

Everywhere the flower of obedience is intelligence. Obey a man with cordial loyalty and you will understand him.—Phillips Brooks.

Charms by accepting, by submitting sways, yet has her humor most when she obeys.—Pope.

Woman's happiness consists in obeying; she objects to a man who yields too much.—Michelet.

Let thy child's first lesson be obedience, and the second will be what thou wilt.—Benjamin Franklin.

Women are perfectly well aware that the more they seem to obey the more they rule.—Michelet.

Light is a special help to obedience, and obedience is a singular help to increase light.—Flavel.

Obey thy parents; keep thy word justly; swear not.—Shakespeare.

When the ruler is obedient to God, God is his protector and friend.—Saadi.

All the good of which humanity is capable is comprised in obedience.—J. Stuart Mill.

No principle is more noble, as there is none more holy, than that of a true obedience.—Henry Giles.

I find the doing of the will of God leaves me no time for disputing about His plans.—George MacDonald.

We will obey the voice of the Lord our God, that it may be well with us.—Bible.

I know
My God commands, whose power no power resists. —Robert Greene.

Obedience, we may remember, is a part of religion, and therefore an element of peace; but love which includes obedience is the whole.—George Sewell.

We need only obey. There is guidance for each of us, and by lowly listening we shall hear the right word.—Emerson.

Prepare the soul calmly to obey; such offering will be more acceptable to God than every other sacrifice.—Metastasio.

That was a judicious mother who said, "I obey my children for the first year of their lives, but ever after I expect them to obey me."—Beecher.

The history of all the great characters of the Bible is summed up in this one sentence: They acquainted themselves with God, and acquiesced in His will in all things.—Richard Cecil.

He praiseth God best that serveth and obeyeth Him most: the life of thankfulness consists in the thankfulness of the life.—Burkitt.

Ascend, I follow thee, safe guide, the path
Thou lead'st me, and to the hand of heav'n submit. —Milton.

Obedience is not truly performed by the body of him whose heart is dissatisfied. The shell without a kernel is not fit for store.—Saadi.

Obedience insures greatness, whilst disobedience leads to a repulse. Whosoever possesseth the qualities of righteousness placeth his head on the threshold of obedience.—Saadi.

How will you find good? It is not a thing of choice; it is a river that flows from the foot of the Invisible Throne and flows by the path of obedience.—George Eliot.

As unto the bow the string is, so unto the man is woman; though she bends him, she obeys him; though she draws him, yet she follows,—useless each without the other.—Longfellow.

Women never really command until they have given their promise to obey; and they are never in more danger of being made slaves than when the men are at their feet.—Farquhar.

Obedience, as it regards the social relations, the rules of society, and the laws of nature and nature's God, should commence at the cradle and end only at the tomb.—Hosea Ballou.

Love naturally reverses the idea of obedience, and causes the struggle between any two who truly love each other to be, not who shall command, but who shall yield.—Frances Power Cobbe.

Be it remembered that we command nature, as it were, by obeying nature's laws; so the woman who would control her husband does so through obedience.—Haliburton.

Let the ground of all thy religious actions be obedience; examine not why

it is commanded, but observe it because it is commanded. True obedience neither procrastinates nor questions.—Francis Quarles.

'Tis the same, with common natures,
Use 'em kindly, they rebel,
But, be rough as nutmeg graters,
And the rogues obey you well.
—Aaron Hill.

"His kingdom come!" For this we pray in vain,
Unless He does in our affections reign.
How fond it were to wish for such a King,
And no obedience to His sceptre bring,
Whose yoke is easy, and His burthen light;
His service freedom, and His judgments right.
—Waller.

Obedience is our universal duty and destiny; wherein whoso will not bend must break; too early and too thoroughly we cannot be trained to know that "would," in this world of ours, is a mere zero to "should," and for most part as the smallest of fractions even to "shall."—Carlyle.

O God, the strength of all those who put their trust in Thee, mercifully accept our prayer; and because through the weakness of our mortal nature, we can do no good thing without Thee, grant us the help of Thy grace, that in keeping Thy commandments we may please Thee, both in will and deed; through Jesus Christ our Lord. —Book of Common Prayer.

Obedience is, indeed, founded on a kind of freedom, else it would become mere subjugation, but that freedom is only granted that obedience may be more perfect; and thus while a measure of license is necessary to exhibit the individual energies of things, the fairness and pleasantness and perfection of them all consist in their restraint.—Ruskin.

O Lord, who art our guide even unto death, grant us, I pray Thee, grace to follow Thee whithersoever Thou goest. In little daily duties to which Thou callest us, bow down our wills to simple obedience.—Christina G. Rossetti.

It is foolish to strive with what we cannot avoid; we are born subjects, and to obey God is perfect liberty; he that does this shall be free, safe and quiet; all his actions shall succeed to his wishes.—Seneca.

Heaven doth divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion;
To which is fix'd, as an aim or butt,
Obedience. —Shakespeare.

I believe that the fewer the laws in a home the better; but there is one law which should be as plainly understood as the shining of the sun is visible at noonday, and that is, implicit and instantaneous obedience from the child to the parent, not only for the peace of the home, but for the highest good of the child.—A. E. Kittredge.

Strengthen the female mind by enlarging it, and there will be an end to blind obedience; but as blind obedience is ever sought for by power, tyrants and sensualists are in the right when they endeavor to keep women in the dark, because the former only want slaves, and the latter a plaything.—Mary Wollstonecraft.

The first law that ever God gave to man was a law of pure obedience; it was a commandment naked and simple, wherein man had nothing to inquire after, or to dispute, forasmuch as to obey is the proper office of a rational soul, acknowledging a heavenly superior and benefactor. From obedience and submission spring all other virtues, as all sin does from self-opinion.—Montaigne.

Look carefully that love to God and obedience to His commands be the principle and spring from whence thy actions flow; and that the glory of God and the salvation of thy soul be the end to which all thy actions tend; and that the word of God be thy rule and guide in every enterprise and undertaking. "As many as walk by this rule, peace be unto them, and mercy." —Burkitt.

Filial obedience is the first and greatest requisite of a state; by this we become good subjects to our emperors, capable of behaving with just subordination to our superiors, and

grateful dependents on heaven; by this we become fonder of marriage, in order to be capable of exacting obedience from others in our turn; by this we become good magistrates, for early submission is the truest lesson to those who would learn to rule. By this the whole state may be said to resemble one family.—Goldsmith.

Obesity

As many suffer from too much as too little. A fat body makes a lean mind.—Bovee.

Falstaff sweats to death, and lards the lean earth as he walks along.—Shakespeare.

There is something cordial in a fat man, everybody likes him, and he likes everybody. Food does a fat man good; it clings to him; it fructifies upon him; he swells nobly out, and fills a generous space in life.—Henry Giles.

Let me have men about me that are fat; sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights; yonder Cassius has a lean and hungry look; he thinks too much; such men are dangerous.—Shakespeare.

Obligation

Obligation is the bitterest thraldom. Mme. Necker.

Most men remember obligations, but not often to be grateful for them.—W. G. Simms.

An obligation is something which constrains or induces us to act.—Jeffrey.

A tender conscience is a stronger obligation than a prison.—Thomas Fuller.

Obligation is thraldom, and thraldom is hateful.—Hobbes.

We are solemnly obliged to the children of those who have loved us.—Achilles Poincelot.

Base natures ever judge a thing above them, and hate a power they are too much obliged to.—Otway.

To owe an obligation to a worthy friend is a happiness, and can be no disparagement.—Charron.

You find in some a sort of graceless modesty, that makes them ashamed to requite an obligation.—Seneca.

Trifling favors are readily acknowledged, though cheaply esteemed; but important ones are most rarely remembered.—Ruffini.

It is no great misfortune to oblige ungrateful people, but an unsupportable one to be forced to be under an obligation to a scoundrel.—Bailey.

We are always much better pleased to see those whom we have obliged than those who have obliged us.—Rochefoucauld.

There is one thing diviner than duty, namely, the bond of obligation transmuted into liberty.—W. R. Alger.

What do I owe to my times, to my country, to my neighbors, to my friends? Such are the questions which a virtuous man ought to ask himself often.—Lavater.

It is a secret, well known to all great men, that by conferring an obligation they do not always procure a friend, but are certain of creating many enemies.—Fielding.

Every man has obligations which belong to his station. Duties extend beyond obligation, and direct the affections, desires and intentions as well as the actions.—Whewell.

Some pretend want of power to make a competent return; and you shall find in others a kind of graceless modesty, that makes a man ashamed of requiting an obligation, because it is a confession that he has received one.—Seneca.

To feel oppressed by obligation is only to prove that we are incapable of a proper sentiment of gratitude. To receive favors from the unworthy is simply to admit that our selfishness is superior to our pride. Most men re-

member obligations, but not often to be grateful for them. The proud are made sour by the remembrance and the vain silent.—Simms.

Oblivion

Oblivion is not to be hired.—Sir Thomas Browne.

Among our crimes oblivion may be set.—Dryden.

And steep my senses in forgetfulness.—Shakespeare.

A sweet forgetfulness of human care.—Pope.

And o'er the past oblivion stretch her wing.—Homer.

And blind oblivion swallowed cities up.—Shakespeare.

Fame is a vapor; popularity an accident; riches take wings; the only certainty is oblivion.—Horace Greeley.

Darkness of slumber and death, forever sinking and sinking.—Longfellow.

Oblivion is the rule, and fame the exception, of humanity.—Rivarol.

Oblivion is a second death, which great minds dread more than the first. —De Boufflers.

Through age both weak in body and oblivious.—Latimer.

What's past and what's to come is strew'd with husks
And formless ruin of oblivion.
—Shakespeare.

But from your mind's chilled sky
It needs must drop, and lie with stiffened wings
Among your soul's forlornest things;
A speck upon your memory, alack!
A dead fly in a dusty window-crack.
—Francis Thompson.

Without oblivion, there is no remembrance possible. When both oblivion and memory are wise, when the general soul of man is clear, melodious, true, there may come a modern Iliad as memorial of the past.—Carlyle.

It is the lot of man to suffer; it is also his fortune to forget. Oblivion and sorrow share our being, as darkness and light divide the course of time.—Beaconsfield.

Obscurity

The palpable obscure.—Milton.

Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity.—Shenstone.

Content thyself to be obscurely good.—Addison.

The obscurity of a writer is generally in proportion to his incapacity.—Quintilian.

The swallowing gulf of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion.—Shakespeare.

He who has lived obscurely and quietly has lived well.—Ovid.

How happy is the blameless vestal's lot!
The world forgetting, by the world forgot.
—Pope.

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.
—Gray.

Obscurity and Innocence, twin sisters, escape temptations which would pierce their gossamer armor, in contact with the world.—Chamfort.

I give the fight up; let there be an end,
A privacy, an obscure nook for me,
I want to be forgotten even by God.
—Robert Browning.

There is no defense against reproach but obscurity; it is a kind of concomitant to greatness, as satires and invectives were an essential part of a Roman triumph.—Addison.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie. —Pope.

To be nameless in worthy deeds exceeds an infamous history. The Canaanitish woman lives more happily without a name than Herodias with one; and who would not rather

have been the penitent thief than Pilate?—Sir Thomas Browne.

Some write their wrongs in marble: he more just,
Stoop'd down serene and wrote them in the dust,
Trod under foot, the sport of every wind,
Swept from the earth and blotted from his mind.
There, secret in the grave, he bade them lie,
And grieved they could not 'scape the Almighty eye. —Samuel Madden.

Observation

Each one sees what he carries in his heart.—Goethe.

Only so much do I know as I have lived.—Emerson.

The hearing ear and the seeing eye. —Bible.

Keep your eyes and ears open, if you desire to get on in the world.—Douglas Jerrold.

Objects imperfectly discerned take forms from the hope or fear of the beholder.—Johnson.

Those who cannot themselves observe can at least acquire the observation of others.—Beaconsfield.

The eyes of a man are of no use without the observing power.—Paxton Hood.

Observation—activity of both eyes and ears.—Horace Mann.

How hast thou purchased this experience?
By my penny of observation.—Shakespeare.

He alone is an acute observer who can observe minutely without being observed.—Lavater.

Swift defined observation to be an old man's memory.—James A. Garfield.

To learn by observation is traveling, people must also bring knowledge with them.—Bayard Taylor.

We pass by common objects or persons without noticing them; but the keen eye detects and notes types everywhere and among all classes.—Thackeray.

When general observations are drawn from so many particulars as to become certain and indisputable, these are jewels of knowledge.—Dr. Watts.

Observation made in the cloister or in the desert will generally be as obscure as the one and as barren as the other; but he that would paint with his pencil must study originals, and not be over-fearful of a little dust.—Colton.

Let Observation, with extensive view,
Survey mankind from China to Peru;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life.
—Dr. Johnson.

How little of our knowledge of mankind is derived from intentional accurate observation! Most of it has, unsought, found its way into the mind from the continual presentations of the objects to our unthinking view. It is a knowledge of sensation more than of reflection.—John Foster.

You should not only have attention to everything, but a quickness of attention, so as to observe at once all the people in the room—their motions, their looks and their words—and yet without staring at them and seeming to be an observer.—Chesterfield.

To behold, is not necessary to observe, and the power of comparing and combining is only to be obtained by education. It is much to be regretted that habits of exact observation are not cultivated in our schools; to this deficiency may be traced much of the fallacious reasoning, the false philosophy which prevails.—Humboldt.

It is the close observation of little things which is the secret of success in business, in art, in science, and in every pursuit in life. Human knowledge is but an accumulation of small facts made by successive generations of men—the little bits of knowledge and experience carefully treasured up

by them growing at length into a mighty pyramid.—Samuel Smiles.

An observant man, in all his intercourse with society and the world, carries a pencil constantly in his hand, and, unperceived, marks on every person and thing the figure expressive of its value, and therefore instantly on meeting that person or thing again, knows what kind and degree of attention to give it. This is to make something of experience.—John Foster.

Obstinacy

Stiff opinion, always in the wrong.—Dryden.

Obstinacy is the strength of the weak.—Lavater.

Contention is a hydra's head.—Robert Burton.

An obstinate man does not hold opinions, but they hold him.—Pope.

Obstinacy and vehemency in opinion are the surest proofs of stupidity.—Barton.

There are few, very few, that will own themselves in a mistake.—Swift.

Obstinacy is ever most positive when it is most in the wrong.—Madame Necker.

Obstinacy and contention are common qualities, most appearing in, and best becoming, a mean and illiterate soul.—Montaigne.

Firmness or stiffness of the mind is not from adherence to truth, but submission to prejudice.—Locke.

Narrowness of mind is often the cause of obstinacy; we do not easily believe beyond what we see.—Rochefoucauld.

The obstinacy of the indolent and weak is less conquerable than that of the fiery and bold.—Lavater.

Obstinacy in opinions holds the dogmatist in the chains of error, without hope of emancipation.—Glanvill.

People first abandon reason, and then become obstinate; and the deeper they are in error the more angry they are.—Blair.

Obstinacy is the strength of the weak. Firmness founded upon principle, upon the truth and right, order and law, duty and generosity, is the obstinacy of sages.—Lavater.

Obstinacy and heat in argument are surest proofs of folly. Is there anything so stubborn, obstinate, disdainful, contemplative, grave, or serious, as an ass?—Montaigne.

Fools are stubborn in their way,
As coins are harden'd by th' allay;
And obstinacy's ne'er so stiff
As when 'tis in a wrong belief.
—Butler.

You may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As, or by oath, remove, or counsel, shake
The fabric of his folly, whose foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith. —Shakespeare.

Whatever excites the spirit of contradiction is capable of producing the last effects of heroism; which is only the highest pitch of obstinacy, in a good or bad cause, in wisdom or folly.—Hazlitt.

His still refuted quirks he still repeats,
New-raised objections with new quibbles meets;
Till sinking in the quicksand he defends,
He dies disputing, and the contest ends.
—Cowper.

I believe that obstinacy, or the dread of control and discipline, arises not so much from self-willedness as from a conscious defect of voluntary power; as foolhardiness is not seldom the disguise of conscious timidity.—Coleridge.

There is something in obstinacy which differs from every other passion. Whenever it fails, it never recovers, but either breaks like iron, or crumbles sullkily away, like a fractured arch. Most other passions have their periods of fatigue and rest, their sufferings and their cure; but obstinacy has no resource, and the first wound is mortal.—Johnson.

If it be true that men of strong imaginations are usually dogmatists—and I am inclined to think it is so—it ought to follow that men of weak imaginations are the reverse; in which case we should have some compensation for stupidity. But it unfortunately happens that no dogmatist is more obstinate or less open to conviction than a fool.—Colton.

Obstinacy, sir, is certainly a great vice; and in the changeful state of political affairs it is frequently the cause of great mischief. It happens, however, very unfortunately, that almost the whole line of the great and masculine virtues—constancy, gravity, magnanimity, fortitude, fidelity, and firmness—are closely allied to this disagreeable quality, of which you have so just an abhorrence; and in their excess all these virtues very easily fall into it.—Burke.

Obtuseness

Obtuseness is sometimes a virtue.—Rivarol.

O ye gods! what thick encircling darkness blinds the minds of men!—Ovid.

You can reach stupidity only with a cannon ball.—H. W. Shaw.

For the greatest fool and rascal in creation there is yet a worse condition; and that is, not to know it, but to think himself a respectable man.—George MacDonald.

There are few things more singular than the blindness which, in matters of the highest importance to ourselves, often hides the truth that is plain as noon to all other eyes.—Rev. Dr. Croly.

Instead of watching the bird as it flies above our heads, we chase his shadow along the ground; and, finding we cannot grasp it, we conclude it to be nothing.—Hare.

Occupation

No woman or man need ever suffer from ennui or despair; the panacea is occupation.—Mme. de Surin.

The busy have no time for tears.—Byron.

Occupied people are not unhappy people.—Dewey.

Occupation is the scythe of time.—Napoleon.

All that is great in man comes through work; and civilization is its product.—Samuel Smiles.

Occupation is the armor of the soul.—Hillard.

One of the principal occupations of man is to divine woman.—Lacretelle.

The want of occupation is no less the plague of society than of solitude.—Rousseau.

Every base occupation makes one sharp in its practice, and dull in every other.—Sir P. Sidney.

Nature fits all her children with something to do.—Lowell.

The price of excellence is labor, and time that of immortality.—Fuseli.

No thoroughly occupied man was ever yet very miserable.—Landor.

Blessed is that man who knows his own distaff and has found his own spindle.—J. G. Holland.

To business that we love we rise betime, and go to 't with delight.—Shakespeare.

O God, impress upon me the value of time, and give regulation to all my thoughts and to all my movements.—Chalmers.

Occupation is the necessary basis of all enjoyment.—Leigh Hunt.

Want of occupation is the bane of both men and women, perhaps more especially of the latter.—Horace Mann.

If every man works at that for which nature fitted him, the cows will be well tended.—La Fontaine.

Occupation alone is happiness.—Dr. Johnson.

Be always resolute with the present hour. Every moment is of infinite value; for it is the representative of eternity.—Goethe.

The happiest man is he, who being above the troubles which money brings, has his hands the fullest of work.—Anthony Trollope.

The great happiness of life, I find, after all, to consist in the regular discharge of some mechanical duty.—Schiller.

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life purpose. Labor is life.—Carlyle.

Let parents who hate their offspring rear them to hate labor, and to inherit riches; and before long they will be stung by every vice, racked by its poison, and damned by its penalty.—H. W. Beecher.

I believe one reason why women are generally so much more cheerful than men is because they can work with the needle, and so endlessly vary their employment.—Sydney Smith.

Occupation is the best safeguard for women under all circumstances—mental or physical, or both. Cupid extinguishes his torch in the atmosphere of industry.—Mme. de Sévigné.

One only "right" we have to assert in common with mankind—and that is as much in our hands as theirs—is the right of having something to do.—Miss Mulock.

Woman is largely occupied with man's work; in the sweat of her face she eats bread. It is like taking a Damascus blade to hew timber withal. —Gail Hamilton.

Let every man be occupied, and occupied in the highest employment of which his nature is capable, and die with the consciousness that he has done his best.—Sydney Smith.

The crowning fortune of a man is to be born to some pursuit which finds him employment and happiness, whether it be to make baskets, or broadswords, or canals, or statues, or songs.—Emerson.

We must strive to make ourselves really worthy of some employment. We need pay no attention to anything else; the rest is the business of others.—Bruyère.

Employment, which Galen calls "nature's physician," is so essential to human happiness that indolence is justly considered as the mother of misery.—Burton.

Cheerfulness is the daughter of employment; and I have known a man come home in high spirits from a funeral, merely because he has had the management of it.—Dr. Horne.

No amount of preaching, exhortation, sympathy, benevolence, will render the condition of our working women what it should be, so long as the kitchen and needle are substantially their only resources.—Horace Greeley.

It is observed at sea that men are never so much disposed to grumble and mutiny as when least employed. Hence an old captain, when there was nothing else to do, would issue the order to "scour the anchor."—Samuel Smiles.

We protract the career of time by employment, we lengthen the duration of our lives by wise thoughts and useful actions. Life to him who wishes not to have lived in vain is thought and action.—Zimmermann.

The ugliest of trades have their moments of pleasure. Now, if I were a grave-digger, or even a hangman, there are some people I could work for with a great deal of enjoyment.—Douglas Jerrold.

You see men of the most delicate frames engaged in active and professional pursuits who really have no time for illness. Let them become

idle—let them take care of themselves, let them think of their health—and they die! The rust rots the steel which use preserves.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Who does not observe the immediate glow and security that is diffused over the life of woman, before restless or fretful, by engaging in gardening, building, or the lowest department of art? Here is something that is not routine—something that draws forth life towards the infinite. —Margaret Fuller Ossoli.

One man, perhaps, proves miserable in the study of law, who might have flourished in that of physic or divinity; another runs his head against the pulpit, who might have been serviceable to his country at the plough; and a third proves a very dull and heavy philosopher, who possibly would have made a good mechanic, and have done well enough at the useful philosophy of the spade or anvil. —South.

Let a man choose what condition he will, and let him accumulate around him all the goods and all the gratifications seemingly calculated to make him happy in it—if that man is left at any time without occupation or amusement, and reflects on what he is, the meager, languid felicity of his present lot will not bear him up. He will turn necessarily to gloomy anticipations of the future; and except, therefore, his occupation calls him out of himself, he is inevitably wretched. —Pascal.

It is a great temptation, in these days of fresh activity, for women to leave the more confined field of home duty, and take a place among the workers in apparently more extended spheres of usefulness; but it is, in most instances, a mere exchange of a birthright for a mess of pottage. The glory is very poor, very evanescent; the struggles, the pains, the sorrows, the heart-breaks, in full measure; the loss of sweet home associations and memories, very real and very sure.—Mrs. F. C. Croly.

Ocean

Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste.—Bryant.

Neptune's white herds lowing o'er the deep.—Ariosto.

How the waves of the sea kiss the shore!—Anacreon.

Wave rolling after wave in torrent rapture.—Milton.

The sea is flowing ever; the land retains it never.—Goethe.

Swelling in anger or sparkling in glee.—Bayard Taylor.

Ye who dwell at home, ye do not know the terrors of the main.—Southey.

Whilst breezy waves toss up their silvery spray.—Hood.

The free
Mighty, music-haunted sea.
—Anna Katharine Green.

The rolling billows beat the rugged shore, as they the earth would shoulder from her seat.—Spenser.

The land is dearer for the sea,
The ocean for the shore.
—Lucy Larcom.

How the giant element from rock to rock leaps with delirious bound!—Byron.

Love the sea? I dote upon it—from the beach.—Douglas Jerrold.

I never was on the dull, tame shore, but I loved the great sea more and more.—Barry Cornwall.

Ye waves
That o'er th' interminable ocean wreathe
Your crisped smiles. —Æschylus.

Once more upon the waters! yet once more!
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider. —Byron.

The sea drowns out humanity and time. It has no sympathy with either, for it belongs to eternity; and of that it sings its monotonous song forever and ever.—O. W. Holmes.

While black with storms the ruffled ocean rolls, and from the fisher's art defends her finny shoals.—Sir R. Blackmore.

And evermore the waters worship God;—
And bards and prophets tune their mystic lyres
While listening to the music of the waves!
—Mrs. Hale.

Whosoever commands the sea, commands the trade; whosoever commands the trade of the world, commands the riches of the world, and consequently the world itself.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

Neptune has raised up his turbulent plains; the sea falls and leaps upon the trembling shore. She remounts, groans, and with redoubled blows makes the abyss and the shaken mountains resound.—St. Lambert.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward; from a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers. —Byron.

The pleased sea on a white-breasted shore—
A shore that wears on her alluring brows
Rare shells, far brought, the love-gifts of the sea,
That blushed a tell-tale.
—Alexander Smith.

One height
Showed him the ocean, stretched in liquid light,
And he could hear its multitudinous roar,
Its plunge and hiss upon the pebbled shore.
—George Eliot.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore. —Byron.

The sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies.
—Barry Cornwall.

For now I stand as one upon a rock environed with a wilderness of sea, who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave, expecting ever when some envious surge will in his brinish bowels swallow him.—Shakespeare.

The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone. —Byron.

Behold the Sea,
The opaline, the plentiful and strong,
Yet beautiful as is the rose in June,
Fresh as the trickling rainbow of July:
Sea full of food, the nourisher of kinds,
Purger of earth, and medicine of men;
Creating a sweet climate by my breath,
Washing out harms and griefs from memory,
And, in my mathematic ebb and flow,
Giving a hint of that which changes not.
—Emerson.

October

October is the opal month of the year. It is the month of glory, of ripeness. It is the picture-month.—Henry Ward Beecher.

October's gold is dim—the forests rot,
The weary rain falls ceaseless, while the day
Is wrapped in damp. —David Gray.

And suns grow meek, and the meek suns grow brief,
And the year smiles as it draws near its death. —Bryant.

October is the month for painted leaves. * * * As fruits and leaves and the day itself acquire a bright tint just before they fall, so the year near its setting. October is its sunset sky; November the later twilight. —Henry D. Thoreau.

Autumn is here; we cull his lingering flowers.
* * * * * *
The sweet calm sunshine of October, now
Warms the low spot; upon its grassy mould
The purple oak-leaf falls; the birchen bough
Drops its bright spoil like arrow-heads of gold. —William Cullen Bryant.

October is nature's funeral month. Nature glories in death more than in life. The month of departure is more beautiful than the month of coming—October than May. Every green

thing loves to die in bright colors.—Henry Ward Beecher.

O'er hill and field October's glories fade;
O'er hill and field the blackbirds southward fly;
The brown leaves rustle down the forest glade,
Where naked branches make a fitful shade,
And the lost blooms of Autumn withered lie. —George Arnold.

October turned my maple's leaves to gold;
The most are gone now; here and there one lingers;
Soon these will slip from out the twig's weak hold,
Like coins between a dying miser's fingers.
—T. B. Aldrich.

There is no season when such pleasant and sunny spots may be lighted on, and produce so pleasant an effect on the feelings, as now in October. The sunshine is peculiarly genial; and in sheltered places, as on the side of a bank, or of a barn or house, one becomes acquainted and friendly with the sunshine. It seems to be of a kindly and homely nature. And the green grass strewn with a few withered leaves looks the more green and beautiful for them. In summer or spring nature is farther from one's sympathies.—Hawthorne.

Offence

The offender never pardons.—George Herbert.

All's not offence that indiscretion finds.—Shakespeare.

Love the offender, yet detest the offence.—Pope.

Oh, my offence is rank; it smells to heaven.—Shakespeare.

Where the offence is, let the great axe fall.—Shakespeare.

We never can willingly offend where we sincerely love.—Rowland Hill.

Who has not seen how women bully women? What tortures have men to endure compared to those daily repeated shafts of scorn and cruelty with which poor women are riddled by the tyrants of their sex?—Thackeray.

Who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification.—Bible.

What dire offence from amorous causes springs;
What mighty contests rise from trivial things! —Pope.

We are so desirous of vengeance that people often offend us by not giving offence.—Madame Deluzy.

Who fears t' offend takes the first step to please.—Cibber.

In such a time as this it is not meet that every nice offence should bear its comment.—Shakespeare.

When any one has offended me, I try to raise my soul so high that the offence cannot reach it.—Descartes.

If a man offend a harmless, pure, and innocent person, the evil falls back upon that fool, like light dust thrown up against the wind.—Buddha.

A very small offence may be a just cause for great resentment: it is often much less the particular instance which is obnoxious to us than the proof it carries with it of the general tenor and disposition of the mind from whence it sprung.—Greville.

Office

Office without pay makes thieves.—Heinsius.

The gratitude of place-expectants is a lively sense of future favors.—Horace Walpole.

Here and there some stern high patriot stood,
Who could not get the place for which he sued. —Byron.

Some few have a natural talent for office-holding; very many for office-seeking.—James Ellis.

The office should seek the man, not man the office.—Silas Wright.

When impious men bear sway, the post of honor is a private station.—Shakespeare.

When a king creates an office, Providence creates immediately a fool to buy it.—Colbert.

High office is like a pyramid; only two kinds of animals reach the summit—reptiles and eagles.—D'Alembert.

Every fresh appointment I make produces for me one cool friend and one hundred earnest enemies.—Marcus Morton.

It is the curse of service; preferment goes by letter and affection, not by the old gradation where each second stood heir to the first.—Shakespeare.

Five things are requisite to a good officer—ability, clean hands, despatch, patience, and impartiality.—William Penn.

If a due participation of office is a matter of right, how are vacancies to be obtained? Those by death are few; by resignation, none.—Jefferson.

All see, and most admire, the glare which hovers round the external happiness of elevated office.—Washington.

Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar? * * * And the creature run from the cur? There thou might'st behold the great image of authority: a dog's obeyed in office. —Shakespeare.

He who performs his duty in a station of great power must needs incur the utter enmity of many, and the high displeasure of more.—Atterbury.

If ever this free people, if this government itself is ever utterly demoralized, it will come from this human wriggle and struggle for office—that is, a way to live without work.—Abraham Lincoln.

Office of itself does much to equalize politicians. It by no means brings all characters to a level; but it does bring high characters down and low characters up towards a common standard.—Macaulay.

O place and greatness! millions of false eyes
Are stuck upon thee; volumes of reports
Run with these false and most contrarious quests
Upon thy doings: thousand escapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dream,
And wrack thee in their fancies.
—Shakespeare.

Old Age

They say, an old man is twice a child.—Shakespeare.

Old age is an incurable disease.—Seneca.

The fears of old age disturb us, yet how few attain it?—La Bruyère.

Age, like woman, requires fit surroundings.—Emerson.

A good old man, sir. He will be talking; as they say,
When the age is in, the wit is out.
—Shakespeare.

What makes old age so sad is, not that our joys, but that our hopes then cease.—Richter.

Age is a tyrant who forbids at the penalty of life all the pleasures of youth.—La Rochefoucauld.

We hope to grow old, and yet we fear old age; that is, we are willing to live, and afraid to die.—La Bruyère.

It is indeed the boundary of life, beyond which we are not to pass; which the law of nature has pitched for a limit not to be exceeded.—Montaigne.

Age is not all decay; it is the ripening, the swelling of the fresh life within, that withers and bursts the husk.—George MacDonald.

An aged Christian with the snow of time on his head may remind us that those points of earth are whitest that are nearest heaven.—E. H. Chapin.

Old age is the repose of life; the rest that precedes the rest that remains.—Robert Collyer.

When he is forsaken,
Withered and shaken,
What can an old man do but die?
—Hood.

It is a characteristic of old age to find the progress of time accelerated. The less one accomplishes in a given time, the shorter does the retrospect appear.—Wilhelm von Humboldt.

Old age, especially an honored old age, has so great authority that this is of more value than all the pleasures of youth.—Cicero.

The happiest end of life is this: when the mind and the other senses being unimpaired, the same nature which put it together takes asunder her own work.—Cicero.

The second childhood of a saint is the early infancy of a happy immortality, as we believe.—Wm. Mountford.

The day of life spent in honest and benevolent labor comes in hope to an evening calm and lovely; and though the sun declines, the shadows that he leaves behind are only to curtain the spirit unto rest.—Henry Giles.

'Tis our fast intent
To shake all cares and business from our age,
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
Unburden'd crawl toward death.
—Shakespeare.

My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief,
Are mine alone. —Byron.

Old Age, a second child, by nature curst
With more and greater evils than the first,
Weak, sickly, full of pains: in ev'ry breath
Railing at life, and yet afraid of death.
—Churchill.

My God! my time is in Thine hands. Should it please Thee to lengthen my life, and complete, as Thou hast begun, the work of blanching my locks, grant me grace to wear them as a crown of unsullied honor. —Christian Scriver.

Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility:
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly. —Shakespeare.

At length weariness succeeds to labor, and the mind lies at ease in the contemplation of her own attainments without any desire of new conquests or excursions. This is the age of recollection and narrative; the opinions are settled, and the avenues of apprehension shut against any new intelligence; the days that are to follow must pass in the inculcation of precepts already collected, and assertion of tenets already received; nothing is henceforward so odious as opposition, so insolent as doubt, or so dangerous as novelty.—Johnson.

Much has been said of the wisdom of old age. Old age is wise, I grant, for itself, but not wise for the community. It is wise in declining new enterprises, for it has not the power nor the time to execute them; wise in shrinking from difficulty, for it has not the strength to overcome it; wise in avoiding danger, for it lacks the faculty of ready and swift action, by which dangers are parried and converted into advantages. But this is not wisdom for mankind at large, by whom new enterprises must be undertaken, dangers met, and difficulties surmounted.—Bryant.

Old Year

As the wing'd arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind—
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream.
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream.
—John Newton.

As Christians we have one consolation. Be the year what it may, He who has helped us in the past will stand by us in the future. His unspeakable goodness will not fail. He

will overrule all the untried experiences to our good. He will shelter us from the storms. He will deliver in times of peril. This being true, we can walk forward with calm courage. "All things work together for good to them that love God."—Epworth Herald.

Sad and solemn are the cadences of the dying year. Only a few months ago, how full of life and vigor was the new year, now grown old and ready to drop into the irrevocable past. It has spent its life on earth, for good and ill, and its footprints are eternal. Nothing can be altered, nothing recalled. It has left its ineffaceable marks, and they cannot be removed.—Alexander Macaulay.

Still on—as silent as a ghost!
Seems but a score of days, all told,
Or but a month or two at most,
Since our last New Year's song we trolled.
And lo! that New Year now is Old.
And here we stand to say "Good-by!"
Brief words—and yet, we scarce know why,
They bring a moisture to the eye,
And to the heart some quakes and aches;
We speak them very tenderly,
With half a sob and half a sigh—
"Old Year, good-by!" "Old Year, good-by!"
—W. H. Burleigh.

What, then, does this lead to? This old year, with all its joys and sorrows, with all its work and failure, with its opportunities and its sins—God has been in it all; a faithful God, keeping faith with the better nature in each one of us. And now we begin to see somewhat more clearly how all things have been working together for our good—toward a real and effective repentance and reformation, and new consecration of purer love and obedience.—Franklin Noble, D. D.

The years are going. Let the chaff and the evil part of this life pass with them. As men load the wagon with the sweepings of the street, and, carrying it far to the ocean, cast it into the deep abyss, so bring together all your hatreds, weaknesses, unkindnesses, jealousies, all passions, ingratitudes, and embittering memories, and, tying them into one bundle, let the old year sweep them out and drop them into the gulf of oblivion. Expel from your life all sins and sordid aims. Carry into the new year only the choicest thoughts and aspirations. As in the olden days when men approached the Parthenon they cleansed their persons and arrayed themselves in white robes before entering that glorious temple, so cleanse your garments from transgression, clothe yourself with aspirations. Farewell to the past! Welcome and all hail to the future.—Newell Dwight Hillis, D. D.

He frothed his bumpers to the brim;
A jollier year we shall not see.
But tho his eyes are waxing dim,
And tho his foes speak ill of him,
He was a friend to me.
Old Year, you shall not die;
We did so laugh and cry with you,
I've half a mind to die with you,
Old Year, if you must die.
* * * * * * * *
His face is growing sharp and thin.
Alack! Our friend is gone.
Close up his eyes; tie up his chin;
Step from the corpse, and let him in
That standeth there alone,
And waiteth at the door;
There's a new foot on the floor,
My friend,
And a new face at the door,
My friend,
A new face at the door.
—Alfred Tennyson.

This dying year will bear witness for or against us at the judgment. We sometimes say, "Time dies." Is time dead? No. The years die, but time lives. Time will live till the judgment, and then "Time shall be no longer." When time ends, eternity begins. The passing years are time's children, which will come from their graves to bear witness in the case pending between God and men at the great judgment-seat. Among the years which shall witness against us will be this dying year. If it shall be seen that in the year's record are written bright pages concerning us, happy shall we be. Pages which tell of toils for Jesus, of earnest prayers, of loyalty to God and conscience, of self-denials, of visitation of the sick, of sympathy for the distressed, of instruction of the ignorant—how many such things has the old year written for us?—Rev. J. M. Hubbert.

Old Year! the tried, the true, I hold you close,
Though fast your moments fleet;
For yours has been the gracious gift to know
Our sainted ones, whose feet
Will come this way no more. For this your boon,
Through many a pang and tear,
Blended with tender, patient memories,
I love you, good Old Year!

Not that your days unclouded came and went,
Not that the light was sweet,
But that the darkness drew us close to Christ
In following His feet.
Hallowed by fires of pain—God's proof of love,
Pure, infinite, and free—
You helped us guage the cost and weigh the worth
Of human sympathy.
—M. K. A. Stone.

Thy life is ebbing fast, thou aged Year!
This night that wintry sun of thine will set
To rise no more. Thy days are told: and yet
It seems but yesterday thou didst appear!
But yesternight we watched, all silent here,
The Old Year's dying hours, while backward rolled
Its story, page by page; and now, behold!
Thy course is run. Even now thy moments wear
The fading hue of death. Farewell, old Friend!
Fain would we linger by thy side awhile,
And gather up thy mem'ries one by one,
While, in the vacant chairs, dear faces smile
Upon us, as of old. But ever on,
Life's current bears us—swifter to the end!
—By M. C. C.

He had his virtues. This old year was impartial. No discrimination knew he between classes or conditions. He meted the same number of hours to the man in the hovel and the man on the throne. The hour-glass he turned the same number of times for him whose garments were plain and coarse and him who wore garments of costliest fabric. Like God who sent him, this old year was no respecter of persons. He showed constant vigilance. No laggard, no loiterer, he. Having been sent to fill a space in time's calendar, he filled it to the full. Sent to mark off so many hours on time's dial, his hand was never slack; he slept not for a single swing of the pendulum. May we keep our vigils as faithfully! He fulfilled his mission. God's plans are deep, and we know little, perhaps, as to the mission of any of these passing years, decades, centuries, and cycles; yet we know that each fulfills a purpose in the betterment of humanity; and the closing year has served well his embassy in bringing the race nearer its final goal. A prize, peerless and bright, awaits each of us if we are as true to our mission as the old year has been to his.—Rev. J. M. Hubbert.

A few more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come;
And we shall be with those that rest,
Asleep within the tomb,

A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore;
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more.

A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.

Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.
—Dr. Horatius Bonar.

Omnipotence

The Divine mind is as visible in its full energy of operation on every lowly bank and mouldering stone as in the lifting of the pillars of heaven, and settling the foundation of the earth.—Ruskin.

The same Being that fashioned the insect, whose existence is only discerned by a microscope, and gave that invisible speck a system of ducts and other organs to perform its vital functions, created the enormous mass of the planet thirteen hundred times larger than our earth, and launched it in its course round the sun, and the comet, wheeling with a velocity that would carry it round our globe in less than two minutes of time, and yet revolving through so prodigious a space that it takes near six cen-

turies to encircle the sun!—Lord Brougham.

Opinion

The blind goddess of fools.—Chapman.

Opinion is a bold bastard.—Quarles.

As many men, so many opinions.—Terence.

Everything is mere opinion.—Marcus Antoninus.

Happy opinions are the wine of the heart.—Leigh Hunt.

Opinion crowns with an imperial voice.—Shakespeare.

Public opinion is a second conscience.—W. R. Alger.

Opinion, that great fool, makes fools of all.—Field.

The foolish and the dead alone never change their opinion.—Lowell.

Stiff in opinion, always in the wrong.—Dryden.

Opinion, a sovereign mistress of effects.—Shakespeare.

The only sin which we never forgive in each other is difference of opinion.—Emerson.

Opinions should be formed with great caution, and changed with greater.—H. W. Shaw.

He who is master of all opinions can never be the bigot of any.—W. R. Alger.

All power, even the most despotic, rests ultimately on opinion.—Hume.

Opinion, which on crutches walks,
And sounds the words another talks.
—Lloyd.

The feeble tremble before opinion, the foolish defy it, the wise judge it, the skillful direct it.—Mme. Roland.

We may print, but not stereotype, our opinions.—Whately.

The sages of old live again in us, and in opinions there is a metempsychosis.—Glanvill.

I have bought golden opinions from all sorts of people.—Shakespeare.

An opinion may be controverted; a prejudice, never.—Marie Ebner-Eschenbach.

Orthodoxy on one side of the Pyrenees may be heresy on the other.—Pascal.

Those who never retract their opinions love themselves more than they love truth.—Joubert.

Men are tormented by the opinions they have of things, and not the things themselves.—Montaigne.

Our belief or disbelief of a thing does not alter the nature of the thing.—Tillotson.

Weed your better judgments of all opinion that grows rank in them.—Shakespeare.

Popular opinion is the greatest lie in the world.—Carlyle.

Opinion is, as it were, the queen of the world, but force is its tyrant.—Pascal.

Private opinion is weak, but public opinion is almost omnipotent.—Beecher.

We think very few people sensible except those who are of our opinion.—Rochefoucauld.

The mind revolts against certain opinions, as the stomach rejects certain foods.—Hazlitt.

The opinions of men who think are always growing and changing, like living children.—Hamerton.

The masses procure their opinions ready made in open market.—Colton.

Opinion is a medium between knowledge and ignorance.—Plato.

Race and temperament go for much in influencing opinion.—Lady Morgan.

Predominant opinions are generally the opinions of the generation that is vanishing.—Disraeli.

Inconsistencies of opinion, arising from changes of circumstances, are often justifiable.—Daniel Webster.

The greatest part of mankind have no other reason for their opinions than that they are in fashion.—Johnson.

A man's opinions, look you, are generally of much more value than his arguments.—Holmes.

He who has no opinion of his own, but depends upon the opinion and taste of others, is a slave.—Klopstock.

Error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it. —Thomas Jefferson.

Truth is one forever absolute, but opinion is truth filtered through the moods, the blood, the disposition of the spectator.—Wendell Phillips.

With us law is nothing unless close behind it stands a warm, living public opinion.—Wendell Phillips.

Public opinion, though often formed upon a wrong basis, yet generally has a strong underlying sense of justice.—Abraham Lincoln.

There never was in the world two opinions alike, no more than two hairs, or two grains; the most universal quality is diversity.—Montaigne.

It is not only arrogant, but it is profligate, for a man to disregard the world's opinion of himself.—Cicero.

It is on opinion only that government is founded; and this maxim extends to the most despotic and most military governments, as well as to the most free and most popular.—Hume.

There is no process of amalgamation, by which opinions, wrong individually, can become right merely by their multitude.—Ruskin.

There are opinions which come from the heart, and whoever has no fixed opinions has no constant feelings.—Joubert.

If I for my opinion bleed, opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt, and keep me on the side where still I am.—Shakespeare.

Correct opinions well established on any subject are the best preservative against the seduction of error.—Bishop Mant.

No liberal man would impute a charge of unsteadiness to another for having changed his opinion.—Cicero.

To maintain an opinion because it is thine, and not because it is true, is to prefer thyself above the truth.—Venning.

That the voice of the common people is the voice of God is as full of falsehood as commouness.—Warwick.

It is always considered as a piece of impertinence in England, if a man of less than two or three thousand a year has any opinion at all upon important subjects.—Sydney Smith.

What people will say—in these words there lies the tyranny of the world, the whole destruction of our natural disposition, the oblique vision of our minds. These four words bear sway everywhere.—Auerbach.

In the minds of most men, the kingdom of opinion is divided into three territories—the territory of yes, the territory of no, and a broad, unexplored middle ground of doubt.—James A. Garfield.

Do not think of knocking out another person's brains because he differs in opinion from you. It would be as rational to knock yourself on the head because you differ from yourself ten years ago.—Horace Mann.

We should always keep a corner of our heads open and free, that we may make room for the opinions of our friends. Let us have heart and head hospitality.—Joubert.

If a man would register all his opinions upon love, politics, religion, and learning, what a bundle of inconsistencies and contradictions would appear at last!—Swift.

Public opinion is the atmosphere of society, without which the forces of the individual would collapse, and all the institutions of society fly into atoms.—W. R. Alger.

I lay it down as a fact that, if all men knew what others say of them, there would not be four friends in the world. This appears from the quarrels to which indiscreet reports occasionally give rise.—Pascal.

I could never divide myself from any man upon the difference of an opinion, or be angry with his judgment for not agreeing in that from which within a few days I might dissent myself.—Sir Thomas Browne.

Who confers reputation? who gives respect and veneration to persons, to books, to great men? Who but Opinion? How utterly insufficient are all the riches of the world without her approbation!—Pascal.

Were a whole nation to start upon a new career of education, with mature faculties and minds free from prepossession or prejudice, how much would be quickly abandoned that is now most stubbornly cherished!—Chatfield.

The free expression of opinion, as our experience has taught us, is the safety-valve of passion. That noise of the rushing steam, when it escapes, alarms the timid; but it is the sign that we are safe.—Gladstone.

The world is governed much more by opinion than by laws. It is not the judgment of courts, but the moral judgment of individuals and masses of men, which is the chief wall of defence around property and life. With the progress of society, this power of opinion is taking the place of arms.—Channing.

He is a strong man who can hold down his opinion. A man cannot utter two or three sentences without disclosing to intelligent ears precisely where he stands in life and thought, namely, whether in the kingdom of the senses and the understanding, or in that of ideas and imagination, in the realm of intuitions and duty.—Emerson.

Who observes not that the voice of the people, yea of that people that voiced themselves the people of God, did prosecute the God of all people, with one common voice, "He is worthy to die." I will not, therefore, ambitiously beg their voices for my preferment; nor weigh my worth in that uneven balance, in which a feather of opinion shall be moment enough to turn the scales and make a light piece go current, and a current piece seem light.—Arthur Warwick.

Opportunity

That touchstone Opportunity.—Charles Reade.

Alas, for the treachery of opportunity!—Ninon de Lenclos.

The cleverest of all the devils is Opportunity.—Wieland.

Danger will wink on opportunity.—Milton.

The May of life only blooms once.—Schiller.

O opportunity, thy guilt is great!—Shakespeare.

There's place and means for every man alive.—Shakespeare.

To improve the golden moment of opportunity, and catch the good that is within our reach, is the great art of life.—Johnson.

A wise man will make more opportunities than he finds.—Bacon.

Thou strong seducer, opportunity. —Dryden.

Strike while the iron is hot.—Sir Walter Scott.

Take all the swift advantage of the hour.—Shakespeare.

Myself and the lucky moment.—Charles V.

Every man has his appointed day.—Virgil.

Little opportunities should be improved.—Fénelon.

Opportunity is the great bawd.—Franklin.

There's a time for all things.—Shakespeare.

Plough deep while sluggards sleep.—Benjamin Franklin.

Our great social and political advantage is opportunity.—George William Curtis.

Yet he who grasps the moment's gift,
He is the proper man. —Goethe.

Opportunity is more powerful even than conquerors and prophets.—Earl of Beaconsfield.

We must take the current when it serves, or lose our ventures.—Shakespeare.

The sure way to miss success is to miss the opportunity.—Philarète Chasles.

Opportunity, sooner or later, comes to all who work and wish.—Lord Stanley.

You will never "find" time for anything. If you want time, you must make it.—Charles Buxton.

Heaven, on occasion, half opens its arms to us; and that is the great moment.—Victor Hugo.

Every one has a fair turn to be as great as he pleases.—Jeremy Collier.

Present opportunities are not to be neglected; they rarely visit us twice.—Voltaire.

Opportunity is rare, and a wise man will never let it go by him.—Bayard Taylor.

Nothing is too late till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate.—Longfellow.

The true scholar grudges every opportunity of action passed by, as a loss of power.—Emerson.

Do not wait for extraordinary circumstances to do good actions; try to use ordinary situations.—Richter.

Occasions are rare; and those who know how to seize upon them are rarer.—H. W. Shaw.

Improve time in the present; for opportunity is precious, and time is a sword.—Saadi.

The devil tempts us not; 'tis we tempt him, beckoning his skill with opportunity.—George Eliot.

When the time comes in which one could, the time has passed in which one can.—Marie Ebner-Eschenbach.

A word spoken in season, at the right moment, is the mother of ages.—Carlyle.

There is no greater wisdom than well to time the beginning and outsets of things.—Bacon.

Nothing is so often irrevocably neglected as an opportunity of daily occurrence.—Marie Ebner-Eschenbach.

Thou strong seducer, opportunity! of womankind, half are undone by thee.—Dryden.

Great men should think of opportunity and not of time. That is the excuse of feeble and puzzled spirits.—Earl of Beaconsfield.

Do not suppose opportunity will knock twice at your door.—Chamfort.

Who makes quick use of the moment is a genius of prudence.—Lavater.

Miss not the occasion; by the forelock take that subtle power, the never-halting time.—Wordsworth.

The public man needs but one patron, namely, the lucky moment.—Bulwer-Lytton.

When a thief has no opportunty for stealing, he considers himself an honest man.—Talmud.

There is an hour in each man's life appointed to make his happiness, if then he seize it.—Beaumont and Fletcher.

Zeal and duty . . . on occasion's forelock watchful wait.—Milton.

Not only strike while the iron is hot, but make it hot by striking.—Cromwell.

To be a great man it is necessary to turn to account all opportunities.—Rochefoucauld.

Next to knowing when to seize an opportunity, the most important thing in life is to know when to forego an advantage.—Beaconsfield.

The opportunity to do mischief is found a hundred times a day, and that of doing good once a year.—Voltaire.

A philosopher being asked what was the first thing necessary to win the love of a woman, answered, Opportunity!—Moore.

Give me a chance, says Stupid, and I will show you. Ten to one he has had his chance already, and neglected it.—Haliburton.

Opportunity, to statesmen, is as the just degree of heat to chemists; it perfects all the work.—Suckling.

Opportunity has hair in front; behind she is bald. If you seize her by the forelock, you may hold her; but if suffered to escape, not Jupiter himself can catch her again.—Seneca.

Presence of mind, penetration, fine observation, are the sciences of women; ability to avail themselves of these is their talent.—Rousseau.

What is opportunity to the man who can't use it? An unfecundated egg, which the waves of time wash away into nonentity.—George Eliot.

It often requires more strength and judgment to resist than to embrace an opportunity. It is better to do nothing than to do other than well.—Sydney Dobell.

The golden moments in the stream of life rush past us, and we see nothing but sand; the angels come to visit us, and we only know them when they are gone.—George Eliot.

There is no man whom Fortune does not visit once in his life; but when she does not find him ready to receive her, she walks in at the door and flies out at the window.—Cardinal Imperiali.

Many do with opportunities as children do at the seashore; they fill their little hands with sand, and then let the grains fall through, one by one, till all are gone.—Rev. T. Jones.

The best men are not those who have waited for chances, but who have taken them.—besieged the chance, conquered the chance, and made the chance their servitor.—Chapin.

Gather roses while they bloom,
To-morrow is yet far away.
Moments lost have no room
In to-morrow or to-day. —Gleim.

The means that heaven yields must be embraced, and not neglected; else, if heaven would, and we will not heaven's offer, we refuse the proffered means of succor and redress.—Shakespeare.

The great moments of life are but moments like others. Your doom is spoken in a word or two. A single

look from the eyes, a mere pressure of the hand, may decide it; or of the lips, though they cannot speak.—Thackeray.

The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favor to men of skill; but time and chance happeneth to them all.—Bible.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries:
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures. —Shakespeare.

That policy that can strike only while the iron is hot will be overcome by that perseverance which, like Cromwell's, can make the iron hot by striking; and he that can only rule the storm must yield to him who can both raise and rule it.—Colton.

Opportunities do not come with their values stamped upon them. Everyone must be challenged. A day dawns, quite like other days; in it a single hour comes, quite like other hours; but in that day and in that hour the chance of a lifetime faces us. To face every opportunity of life thoughtfully and ask its meaning bravely and earnestly, is the only way to meet the supreme opportunities when they come, whether open-faced or disguised.—Maltbie Babcock.

Opposition

Opposition strengthens the manly will.—Alcott.

Opposition is the very spur of love. —Smollett.

Opposition always inflames the enthusiast, never converts him.—Schiller.

It is not the victory that makes the joy of noble hearts, but the combat.—Montalembert.

He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper.—Burke.

To make a young couple love each other, it is only necessary to oppose and separate them.—Goethe.

Nobody loves heartily unless people take pains to prevent it.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Difficulties spur us whenever they do not check us.—Charles Reade.

Difficulty adds to result, as the ramming of powder sends the bullet the further.—George MacDonald.

A strenuous soul hates cheap success. It is the ardor of the assailant that makes the vigor of the defendant. —Emerson.

Nature is upheld by antagonism. Passions, resistance, danger, are educators. We acquire the strength we have overcome.—Emerson.

The more powerful the obstacle, the more glory we have in overcoming it; and the difficulties with which we are met are the maids of honor which set off virtue.—Molière.

There is no possible success without some opposition as a fulcrum; force is always aggressive, and crowds something or other, if it does not hit and trample upon it.—O. W. Holmes.

It is not ease, but effort—not facility, but difficulty, that makes men. There is, perhaps, no station in life in which difficulties have not to be encountered and overcome before any decided measure of success can be achieved.—Samuel Smiles.

A certain amount of opposition is a great help to a man. Kites rise against and not with the wind. Even a head wind is better than none. No man ever worked his passage anywhere in a dead calm. Let no man wax pale, therefore, because of opposition.—John Neal.

The effects of opposition are wonderful. There are men who rise refreshed on hearing of a threat; men to whom a crisis which intimidates and paralyzes the majority—demand

ing, not the faculties of prudence and thrift, but comprehension, immovableness, the readiness of sacrifice—comes graceful and beloved as a bride.—Emerson.

Oppression

Tyranny and anarchy are never far asunder.—Bentham.

Oppression is more easily borne than insult.—Junius.

Resistance to oppression is second nature.—Seneca.

An extreme rigor is sure to arm everything against it.—Burke.

The smallest worn will turn, being trodden on.—Shakespeare.

A desire to resist oppression is implanted in the nature of man.—Tacitus.

Fishes live in the sea, as men do a-land; the great ones eat up the little ones.—Shakespeare.

Oppression is but another name for irresponsible power, if history is to be trusted.—William Pinkney.

Press not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue:
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. —Shakespeare.

Hateful is the power and pitiable is the life of those who wish to be feared rather than to be loved.—Nepos.

I never could believe that Providence had sent a few men into this world, ready booted and spurred to ride, and millions ready saddled and bridled to be ridden.—Richard Rumbold.

There is no happiness for him who oppresses and persecutes; no, there can be no repose for him. For the sighs of the unfortunate cry for vengeance to heaven.—Pestalozzi.

He who, when he hath the power, doeth not good, when he loses the means will suffer distress. There is not a more unfortunate wretch than the oppressor; for in the day of adversity nobody is his friend.—Saadi.

The poorest being that crawls on earth, contending to save itself from injustice and oppression, is an object respectable in the eyes of God and man.—Burke.

Oratory

The orator is the mouth (os) of a nation.—Joseph Roux.

Eloquence is vehement simplicity.—Cecil.

He lards with flourishes his long harangue.—Dryden.

Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.—Gray.

There is no true orator who is not a hero.—Emerson.

Eloquence is a painting of the thoughts.—Pascal.

Brevity is a great praise of eloquence.—Cicero.

The object of oratory alone is not truth, but persuasion.—Macaulay.

Oratory is the power to talk people out of their sober and natural opinions.—Chatfield.

The poet is the nearest borderer upon the orator.—Ben Jonson.

What the orators want in depth, they give you in length.—Montesquieu.

Oratory is the power of beating down your adversary's arguments and putting better in their place.—Johnson.

Eloquence is in the assembly, not in the speaker.—William Pitt.

Pour the full tide of eloquence along, serenely pure, and yet divinely strong.—Pope.

'Tis remarkable that they talk most who have the least to say.—Prior.

The capital of the orator is in the bank of the highest sentimentalities and the purest enthusiasms.—Edward G. Parker.

The manner of your speaking is full as important as the matter.—Chesterfield.

His enthusiasm kindles as he advances; and when he arrives at his peroration it is in full blaze.—Burke.

Orators are most vehement when they have the weakest cause, as men get on horseback when they cannot walk.—Cicero.

Poesy and oratory omit things not essential, and insert little beautiful digressions, in order to place everything in the most effective light.—Dr. Watts.

Hark to that shrill, sudden shout,
The cry of an applauding multitude,
Swayed by some loud-voiced orator who wields
The living mass as if he were its soul!
—William Cullen Bryant.

He is an eloquent man who can treat humble subjects with delicacy, lofty things impressively, and moderate things temperately.—Cicero.

Every man should study conciseness in speaking: it is a sign of ignorance not to know that long speeches, though they may please the speaker, are the torture of the hearer.—Feltham.

It is the first rule in oratory that a man must appear such as he would persuade others to be: and that can be accomplished only by the force of his life.—Swift.

In oratory, affectation must be avoided—it being better for a man by a native and clear eloquence to express himself than by those words which may smell either of the lamp or inkhorn.—Herbert of Cherbury.

Oratory may be symbolized by a warrior's eye, flashing from under a philosopher's brow. But why a warrior's eye rather than a poet's? Because in oratory the will must predominate.—J. C. and A. W. Hare.

The passions are the only orators that always persuade; they are, as it were, a natural art, the rules of which are infallible; and the simplest man with passion is more persuasive than the most eloquent without it.—La Rochefoucauld.

While words of learned length, and thund'ring sound,
Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around;
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew
That one small head should carry all he knew.
—Goldsmith.

Oratory, like the drama, abhors lengthiness; like the drama, it must keep doing. It avoids, as frigid, prolonged metaphysical soliloquy. Beauties themselves, if they delay or distract the effect which should be produced on the audience, become blemishes.—Bulwer-Lytton.

There is no power like that of oratory. Cæsar controlled men by exciting their fears; Cicero, by captivating their affections and swaying their passions. The influence of the one perished with its author; that of the other continues to this day.—Henry Clay.

Oratory is the huffing and blustering spoiled child of a semi-barbarous age. The press is the foe of rhetoric, but the friend of reason; and the art of declamation has been sinking in value from the moment that speakers were foolish enough to publish, and readers wise enough to read.—Colton.

Those orators who give us much noise and many words, but little argument and less wit, and who are the loudest when least lucid, should take a lesson from the great volume of nature; she often gives us the lightning without the thunder, but never the thunder without the lightning.—Burritt.

If our eloquence be directed above the heads of our hearers, we shall do no execution. By pointing our arguments low, we stand a chance of hit-

ting their hearts as well as their heads. In addressing angels, we could hardly raise our eloquence too high; but we must remember that men are not angels.—Colton.

The language of the heart—the language which "comes from the heart" and "goes to the heart"—is always simple, always graceful, and always full of power, but no art of rhetoric can teach it. It is at once the easiest and most difficult language—difficult, since it needs a heart to speak it; easy, because its periods though rounded and full of harmony, are still unstudied.—Bovee.

Order

Order is heaven's first law.—Pope.

Order, thou eye of action.—Aaron Hill.

Order gave each thing view.—Shakespeare.

The gods love those of ordered soul.—Sophocles.

Observe degree, priority, and place.—Shakespeare.

Let all things be done decently and in order.—Bible.

Order is man's greatest need, and his true well-being.—Amiel.

Order means light and peace, inward liberty and free command over one's self; order is power.—Amiel.

You must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.—Shakespeare.

Order is to arrangement what the soul is to the body, and what mind is to matter.—Joubert.

Order and system are nobler things than power.—Ruskin.

The friend of order has made half his way to virtue.—Lavater.

Order is the primary regulation of the celestial regions.—J. G. Saxe.

Fretfulness of temper will generally characterize those who are negligent of order.—Blair.

All are born to observe order, but few are born to establish it.—Joubert.

Good order is the foundation of all good things.—Burke.

Set all things in their own peculiar place,
And know that order is the greatest grace.
—Dryden.

He who has no taste for order will be often wrong in his judgment, and seldom considerate or conscientious in his actions.—Lavater.

Mark what unvary'd laws preserve each state,
Laws wise as Nature, and as fixed as Fate.
—Pope.

Order in a house ought to be like the machinery in opera, whose effect produces great pleasure, but whose ends must be hid.—Mme. Necker.

So work the honey-bees, creatures that by a rule in nature teach the act of order to a peopled kingdom.—Shakespeare.

Order is the sanity of the mind, the health of the body, the peace of the city, the security of the state. As the beams to a house, as the bones to the microcosm of man, so is order to all things.—Southey.

Not chaos-like together crush'd and bruis'd,
But, as the world, harmoniously confused;
Where order in variety we see,
And where, tho' all things differ, all agree.
—Pope.

For the world was built in order
And the atoms march in tune;
Rhyme the pipe, and Time the warder,
The sun obeys them, and the moon.
—Emerson.

The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre,
Observe degree, prority and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order.
—Shakespeare.

Creation is the production of order. What a simple, but, at the same time,

comprehensive and pregnant principle is here! Plato could tell his disciples no ultimate truth of more pervading significance. Order is the law of all intelligible existence.—Blakie.

Order is a lovely nymph, the child of Beauty and Wisdom; her attendants are Comfort, Neatness, and Activity; her abode is the valley of happiness; she is always to be found when sought for, and never appears so lovely as when contrasted with her opponent, Disorder.—Johnson.

There are persons who are never easy unless they are putting your books and papers in order—that is, according to their notions of the matter—and hide things lest they should be lost, where neither the owner nor anybody else can find them. This is a sort of magpie faculty. If anything is left where you want it, it is called litter. There is a pedantry in housewifery, as well as in the gravest concerns. Abraham Tucker complained that whenever his maid servant had been in his library, he could not see comfortably to work again for several days.—Hazlitt.

Originality

No man knows himself as an original.—Washington Allston.

They who have light in themselves will not revolve as satellites.—Seneca.

Originality is nothing but judicious imitation.—Voltaire.

The originality of a subject is in its treatment.—Beaconsfield.

What stories are new? All types of all characters march through all fables.—Thackeray.

Great men are more distinguished by range and extent than by originality.—Emerson.

All thoughtful men are solitary and original in themselves.—Lowell.

The merit of originality is not novelty; it is sincerity. The believing man is the original man; whatsoever he believes, he believes it for himself, not for another.—Carlyle.

Great things cannot have escaped former observation.—Dr. Johnson.

Be the first to say what is self-evident, and you are immortal.—Marie Ebner-Eschenbach.

If you would create something, you must be something.—Goethe.

Originality is the one thing which unoriginal minds cannot feel the use of.—John Stuart Mill.

Every man is an original and solitary character. None can either understand or feel the book of his own life like himself.—Cecil.

When Shakespeare is charged with debts to his authors, Landor replies: "Yes, he was more original than his originals." He breathed upon dead bodies and brought them to life.—Emerson.

Those writers who lie on the watch for novelty can have little hope of greatness; for great things cannot have escaped former observation.—Johnson.

One couldn't carry on life comfortably without a little blindness to the fact that everything has been said better than we can put it ourselves.—George Eliot.

People are always talking about originality; but what do they mean? As soon as we are born, the world begins to work upon us; and this goes on to the end. And after all, what can we call our own, except energy, strength, and will? If I could give an account of all that I owe to great predecessors and contemporaries, there would be but a small balance in my favor.—Goethe.

Millions of people are provided with their thoughts as with their clothes; authors, printers, booksellers, and newsmen stand, in relation to their minds, simply as shoemakers and tailors stand to their bodies.—G. A. Sala.

The little mind who loves itself will write and think with the vulgar; but the great mind will be bravely eccentric, and scorn the beaten road, from universal benevolence.—Goldsmith.

I would rather be the author of one original thought than conqueror of a hundred battles. Yet moral excellence is so much superior to intellectual, that I ought to esteem one virtue more valuable than a hundred original thoughts.—W. B. Clulow.

Men have their intellectual ancestry, and the likeness of some one of them is forever unexpectedly flashing out in the features of a descendant, it may be after a gap of several centuries. In the parliament of the present every man represents a constituency of the past.—Lowell.

Ornament

All finery is a sign of littleness.—Lavater.

Ornaments were invented by modesty.—Joubert.

The world is still deceived by ornament.—Shakespeare.

Jewelry and profuse ornaments are unmistakable evidences of vulgarity. —Bulwer-Lytton.

The true ornament of matrons is virtue, not apparel.—Justin.

Women, like roses, should wear only their own colors, and emit no borrowed perfumes.—Rabbi Ben Azai.

The love of ornament creeps slowly but surely into the female heart.—Mrs. S. C. Hall.

Women of society, as well as Hottentots, run naturally to ornaments and gewgaws.—Dumas, Père.

Around the neck what dross are gold and pearl!—Young.

When I behold the passion for ornamentation, and the corresponding power, I feel as if women had so far shown what they are bad for, rather than what they are good for.—Julia Ward Howe.

Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind, more than quick words, do move a woman's mind.—Shakespeare.

Jewels! It's my belief that when woman was made, jewels were invented only to make her the more mischievous.—Douglas Jerrold.

Ornament is but the gilded shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian; beauty, in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. —Shakespeare.

Plutarch has a fine expression, with regard to some woman of learning, humility, and virtue;—that her ornaments were such as might be purchased without money, and would render any woman's life both glorious and happy.—Sterne.

Women have that feminine sensuousness which delights in color and odor and richness of fabric. Their sense of beauty is untaught. A little lower in the scale of civilization, they would pierce their noses, and dye their fingernails, and wear strings of glass beads.—Mrs. L. G. Calhoun.

We all originally came from the woods! it is hard to eradicate from any of us the old taste for the tattoo and the war-paint; and the moment that money gets into our pockets, it somehow or another breaks out in ornaments on our person, without always giving refinement to our manners.—Whipple.

Ostentation

Deeds of lowly virtue fade before the glare of lofty ostentation.—Klopstock.

Excess in apparel is another costly folly. The very trimming of the vain world would clothe all the naked ones. —William Penn.

Do what good thou canst unknown; and be not vain of what ought rather to be felt than seen.—William Penn.

They used to think they were doing God a favor to print His name in capital letters.—Richter.

Where there is much pretension, much has been borrowed; nature never pretends.—Lavater.

Show is not substance; realities govern wise men.—William Penn.

An ostentatious man will rather relate a blunder or an absurdity he has committed, than be debarred from talking of his own dear person.—Addison.

Education, indeed, has made the fondness for fine things next to natural; the corals and bells teach infants on the breasts to be delighted with sound and glitter.—H. Brooke.

There is a patience that cackles. There are a great many virtues that are hen-like. They are virtues, to be sure; but everybody in the neighborhood has to know about them.—Beecher.

As you see in a pair of bellows, there is a forced breath without life, so in those that are puffed up with the wind of ostentation, there may be charitable words without works.—Bishop Hall.

Heaven must scorn the humility which we telegraph thither by genuflection; it must prefer the manliness that stands by all created gifts, and looks itself in the face without pretence of worship.—John Weiss.

Ostentation is the signal flag of hypocrisy. The charlatan is verbose and assumptive; the Pharisee is ostentatious, because he is a hypocrite. Pride is the master sin of the Devil; and the Devil is the father of lies.—Chapin.

P

Pagan

Paganism worships creation instead of the Creator.—William Cave.

Paganism attributes the creation of the world to blind chance.—Richard Baxter.

The natural religion of the pagan philosophers was mixed with fancies and dreams.—Saurin.

In paganism light is mixed with darkness, and religion and truth are blended with superstition and error.—Lindley Murray.

When a pagan race comes in contact with a Christian race, they are converted, absorbed, or exterminated.—Joseph Bartlett.

The pagan religion, which prohibited only some of the grosser crimes, and which stopped the hand but meddled not with the heart, might have crimes that were inexplicable.—Montesquieu.

The exhaustion of taste, genius, and splendor upon its fables and ceremonies, even to our times, constitute the ancient paganism a marvel of all that was attractive and magnificent.—R. W. Hamilton.

Pain

Pain is an outcry of sin.—South.

Pain pays the income of each precious thing.—Shakespeare.

There is no mortal whom pain and disease do not reach.—Cicero.

Sweet the pleasure after pain.—Dryden.

Other men's pains are easily borne.—Cervantes.

A man of pleasure is a man of pains.—Young.

There is a pleasure that is born of pain.—Owen Meredith.

Nature knows best, and she says, roar!—Maria Edgeworth.

The same refinement which brings us new pleasures exposes us to new pains.—Bulwer-Lytton.

The pain of the mind is worse than the pain of the body.—Publius Syrus.

Pain and pleasure, like light and darkness, succeed each other.—Sterne.

Pain is the great teacher of mankind. Beneath its breath souls develop.—Marie Ebner-Eschenbach.

There is purpose in pain; otherwise it were devilish.—Owen Meredith.

Pain and disease awaken us to convictions which are necessary to our moral condition.—Dr. Johnson.

Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain,
Which, with pain purchas'd doth inherit pain. —Shakespeare.

Long pains, with use of bearing, are half eased.—Dryden.

Patience alleviates, as impatience augments, pain; thus persons of

strong will suffer less than those who give way to irritation.—Swift.

Pain addeth zest unto pleasure, and teacheth the luxury of health.—Tupper.

Pain may be said to follow pleasure as its shadow.—Colton.

Nature has placed mankind under the government of two sovereign masters,—pain and pleasure.—Jeremy Bentham.

Pain is the deepest thing we have in our nature, and union through pain has always seemed more real and holy than any other.—Hallam.

World's use is cold, world's love is vain,
World's cruelty is bitter bane
But pain is not the fruit of pain.
—E. B. Browning.

Phychical pain is more easily borne than physical; and if I had my choice between a bad conscience and a bad tooth, I should choose the former.—Heinrich Heine.

God has scattered several degrees of pleasure and pain in all the things that environ and affect us, and blended them together in almost all our thoughts.—Locke.

The most painful part of our bodily pain is that which is bodiless or immaterial,—namely, our impatience, and the delusion that it will last forever.—Richter.

Nothing begins, and nothing ends,
That is not paid with moan;
For we are born in others' pain,
And perish in our own.
—Francis Thompson.

They talk of short-lived pleasures—be it so—
Pain dies as quickly; stern, hard-featur'd pain
Expires, and lets her weary prisoner go.
The fiercest agonies have shortest reign.
—Bryant.

Pain itself is not without its alleviations. It may be violent and frequent, but it is seldom both violent and long-continued; and its pauses and intermissions become positive pleasures. It has the power of shedding a satisfaction over intervals of ease, which, I believe, few enjoyments exceed.—Paley.

The brute animals have all the same sensations of pain as human beings, and consequently endure as much pain when their body is hurt; but in their case the cruelty of torment is greater, because they have no mind to bear them up against their sufferings, and no hope to look forward to when enduring the last extreme pain. Their happiness consists entirely in present enjoyment.—Chalmers.

Sense of pleasure we may well
Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine,
But live content, which is the calmest life;
But pain is perfect misery, the worst
Of evils, and excessive, overturns
All patience. —Milton.

Painting

A picture is a poem without words. —Horace.

Thank God, I too am a painter!—Correggio.

Painters and poets have liberty to lie.—Burns.

The mind paints before the brush. —James Ellis.

The love of gain never made a painter; but it has marred many.—Washington Allston.

If we could but paint with the hand as we see with the eye!—Balzac.

A picture is an intermediate something between a thought and a thing. —Coleridge.

Painting is silent poetry, and poetry is a speaking picture.—Simonides.

A room hung with pictures is a room hung with thoughts.—Sir Joshua Reynolds.

He that would be a master must draw from the life as well as copy from originals, and join theory and experience together.—Jeremy Collier.

The art of painting does not proceed so much by intelligence as by sight and feeling and invention.—Hamerton.

Beauty, frail flower that every season fears, blooms in thy colors for a thousand years.—Pope.

Style in painting is the same as in writing,—a power over materials, whether words or colors.—James Ellis.

Caracci's strength, Correggio's softer line, Paulo's free course, and Titian's warmth divine.—Pope.

Ah, would we could at once paint with the eyes! In the long way, from the eye through the arm to the pencil, how much is lost!—Lessing.

A double task to paint the finest features of the mind, and to most subtle and mysterious things give color, strength, and motion.—Akenside.

Blest be the art that can immortalize,—the art that baffles time's tyrannic claim to quench it.—Cowper.

There are pictures by Titian so steeped in golden splendors, that they look as if they would light up a dark room like a solar lamp.—Hillard.

In portraits, the grace and, we may add, the likeness consists more in taking the general air than in observing the exact similitude of every feature.—Sir Joshua Reynolds.

The first degree of proficiency is, in painting, what grammar is in literature,—a general preparation for whatever species of the art the student may afterwards choose for his more particular application. The power of drawing, modelling, and using colors is very properly called the language of the art.—Sir Joshua Reynolds.

The painter who is content with the praise of the world in respect to what does not satisfy himself is not an artist, but an artisan; for though his reward be only praise, his pay is that of a mechanic.—Washington Allston.

The masters painted for joy, and knew not that virtue had gone out of them. They could not paint the like in cold blood. The masters of English lyric wrote their songs so. It was a fine efflorescence of fine powers.—Emerson.

The first merit of pictures is the effect which they can produce upon the mind; and the first step of a sensible man should be to receive involuntary effects from them. Pleasure and inspiration first, analysis afterward.—Beecher.

The emperor one day took up a pencil which fell from the hand of Titian, who was then drawing his picture; and upon the compliment which Titian made him on that occasion he said, "Titian deserves to be served by Cæsar."—Dryden.

Stothard learned the art of combining colors by closely studying butterflies' wings; he would often say that no one knew what he owed to these tiny insects. A burnt stick and a barn-door served Wilkie in lieu of pencil and canvas.—Samuel Smiles.

I have very often lamented and hinted my sorrow, in several speculations, that the art of painting is made so little use of to the improvement of manners. When we consider that it places the action of the person represented in the most agreeable aspect imaginable,—that it does not only express the passion or concern as it sits upon him who is drawn, but has under those features the height of the painter's imagination,—what strong images of virtue and humanity might we not expect would be instilled into the mind from the labors of the pencil!—Steele.

Panic

The stampede of our self-possession.—Rivarol.

A panic is a sudden desertion of us, and a going over to the enemy, of our imagination.—Bovee.

Paradise

The paradise of fools, to few unknown.—Milton.

In this fool's paradise he drank delight.—Crabbe.

A good conscience is paradise.—Arminius.

To the Elysian shades dismiss my soul, where no carnation fades.—Pope.

Having mourned your sin, for outward Eden lost, find paradise within. —Dryden.

Gentleness and kindness will make our homes a paradise upon earth.—Bartol.

Remembrance is the only paradise out of which we cannot be driven.—Richter.

An inherent sense of man makes him long for an eternal paradise.—James Ellis.

Every man has a paradise around him till he sins, and the angel of an accusing conscience drives him from his Eden.—Longfellow.

The loves that meet in Paradise shall cast out fear,
And Paradise hath room for you and me and all. —Christina G. Rossetti.

But when the sun in all his state
Illumed the eastern skies,
She passed through Glory's morning-gate,
And walked in Paradise.
—James Aldrich.

There is no expeditious road
To pack and label men for God,
And save them by the barrel-load,
Some may perchance, with strange surprise,
Have blundered into Paradise.
—Francis Thompson.

In the nine heavens are eight Paradises;
Where is the ninth one? In the human breast.
Only the blessed dwell in the Paradises,
But blessedness dwells in the human breast. —Wm. R. Alger.

In looking for the keys of paradise, a pope may stoop a little; having found them, he should rise again.—Pope Sixtus V.

So on he fares, and to the border comes,
Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
Now nearer, crowns with her enclosure green,
As with a rural mound, the champain head
Of a steep wilderness. —Milton.

Paradox

These are old fond paradoxes to make fools laugh i' the alehouse.—Shakespeare.

The mind begins to boggle at unnatural substances as things paradoxical and incomprehensible.—Bishop South.

Then there is that glorious Epicurean paradox, uttered by my friend, the Historian, in one of his flashing moments: "Give us the luxuries of life, and we will dispense with its necessaries."—O. W. Holmes.

For thence,—a paradox
Which comforts while it mocks,—
Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail:
What I aspired to be,
And was not, comforts me:
A brute I might have been, but would not sink i' the scale.
—Robert Browning.

Pardon

To err is human; to forgive, divine!—Pope.

Pardon is the virtue of victory.—Mazzini.

Pardon ever follows sincere repentance.—Spurgeon.

Pardon others often, thyself never. —Publius Syrus.

But infinite in pardon is my Judge. —Milton.

The heart has always the pardoning power.—Mme. Swetchine.

If I were Jesus Christ, I would save Judas.—Victor Hugo.

As we grow in wisdom, we pardon more freely.—Mme. de Staël.

The word is short, but not so short as sweet.—Shakespeare.

Pardon, not wrath, is God's best attribute.—Bayard Taylor.

The man who pardons easily courts injury.—Corneille.

God pardons like a mother who kisses away the repentant tears of her child.—Beecher.

Love is on the verge of hate each time it stoops for pardon.—Bulwer-Lytton.

He is below himself who is not above an injury.—Quarles.

Virtue pardons the wicked, as the sandal-tree perfumes the axe which strikes it.—Saadi.

Pardon is voluntary forgetfulness, while forgetfulness is involuntary pardon.—Stahl.

Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.—Bible.

Amnesty, that noble word, the genuine dictate of wisdom.—Æschines.

It is not enjoined upon us to forget, but we are told to forgive, our enemies.—Chapin.

Cowards have done good and kind actions, but a coward never pardoned.—Schiller.

They who forgive most shall be most forgiven.—Bailey.

When by a pardoned murderer blood is spilt, the judge that pardoned hath the greatest guilt.—Sir J. Denham.

If we can still love those who have made us suffer, we love them all the more.—Mrs. Jameson.

Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick, yet, with my nobler reason, against my fury do I take part; the rarer action is in virtue than in vengeance.—Shakespeare.

Who is a God like unto Thee, that pardoneth iniquity, and passeth by transgression?—Bible.

Thou art a God ready to pardon, gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness.—Bible.

These evils I deserve, yet despair not of His final pardon whose ear is ever open and his eye gracious to readmit the supplicant.—Milton.

Nothing in this low and ruined world bears the meek impress of the Son of God so surely as forgiveness. —Alice Cary.

God pardon them that are the cause thereof! A virtuous and a Christian-like conclusion, to pray for them that have done scath to us.—Shakespeare.

What better can we do than prostrate fall before Him reverent, and there confess humbly our faults, and pardon beg with tears watering the ground?—Milton.

You cannot play the hypocrite before God; and to obtain pardon you must cease to sin, as well as to be exercised by a spirit of repentance. —Beecher.

Pardon, I beseech Thee, the iniquity of this people, according unto the greatness of Thy mercy! And the Lord said I have pardoned, according to thy word.—Bible.

To pardon those absurdities in ourselves which we cannot suffer in others, is neither better nor worse than to be more willing to be fools ourselves than to have others so.—Pope.

God forgives: forgives not capriciously, but with wise, definite, Divine prearrangement; forgives universally, on the ground of an atonement, and on the condition of repentance and faith.—R. S. Storrs.

Parents

Does not nature for the child prepare the parent's love, the tender nurse's care?—Sir R. Blackmore.

Next to God, thy parents.—William Penn.

Honor thy parents to prolong thy end.—Thomas Randolph.

A suspicious parent makes an artful child.—Haliburton.

Whoever makes his father's heart to bleed,
Shall have a child that will revenge the deed.
—Randolph.

In general those parents have the most reverence who most deserve it; for he that lives well cannot be despised.—Johnson.

There is no friendship, no love, like that of the parent for the child.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Parents must give good example and reverent deportment in the face of their children.—Jeremy Taylor.

Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.—Bible.

How pleasant it is for a father to sit at his child's board. It is like the aged man reclining under the shadow of the oak which he has planted.—Scot.

In love to our wives there is desire, to our sons there is ambition; but in that to our daughters there is something which there are no words to express.—Addison.

The most indifferent thing has its force and beauty when it is spoken by a kind father, and an insignificant trifle has its weight when offered by a dutiful child.—Steele.

I suppose that every parent loves his child; but I know without any supposing, that in a large number of homes the love is hidden behind authority, or its expression is crowded out by daily duties and cares.—A. E. Kittredge.

The voice of parents is the voice of gods, for to their children they are heaven's lieutenants.—Shakespeare.

It is the most beautiful object the eyes of man can behold to see a man of worth and his son live in an entire, unreserved correspondence.—Steele.

Some corrupt in their morals as vice could make them, have yet been solicitous to have their children soberly, virtuously, and piously brought up.—South.

The sacred books of the ancient Persians say: "If you would be holy instruct your children, because all the good acts they perform will be imputed to you."—Montesquieu.

Me, let the tender office long engage
To rock the cradle of reposing age:
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death.
—Pope.

Parents, to their offspring blind,
Consult nor parts, nor turn of mind;
But, ev'n in infancy, decree
What this, what t'other son shall be.
—Gay.

To you your father should be as a god;
One that composed your beauties; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax,
By him imprinted, and within his power
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.
—Shakespeare.

With joy the parent loves to trace
Resemblance in his children's face;
And, as he forms their docile youth
To walk the steady paths of truth,
Observes them shooting into men,
And lives in them life o'er again.
—Lloyd.

Of all hardness of heart there is none so inexcusable as that of parents toward their children. An obstinate, inflexible, unforgiving temper is odious upon all occasions; but here it is unnatural.—Addison.

Children, honor your parents in your hearts; bear them not only awe and respect, but kindness and affection: love their persons, fear to do anything that may justly provoke them; highly esteem them as the instruments under God of your being: for "Ye shall fear every man his mother and his father."—Jeremy Taylor.

The joys of parents are secret, and so are their griefs and fears; they cannot utter the one, nor they will not utter the other. Children sweeten labors, but they make misfortunes more bitter; increase the cares of life, but they mitigate the remembrance of death.—Lord Bacon.

Parents are o'ersoon,
When with too strict a rein, they do hold in
Their child's affections; and control that love,
Which the powers divine instruct them with:
When in their shallow judgments, they may know
Affection cross'd brings misery and woe.
—Robert Taylor.

Parents must give good example and reverent deportment in the face of their children. And all those instances of charity which usually endear each other—sweetness of conversation, affability, frequent admonition—all signification of love and tenderness, care and watchfulness, must be expressed towards children; that they may look upon their parents as their friends and patrons, their defence and sanctuary, their treasure and their guide. —Jeremy Taylor.

Partiality

Partiality in a parent is unlucky; for fondlings are in danger to be made fools.—L'Estrange.

Partiality is generally supplemented by prejudice, and is most objectionable in family government.—Du Cœur.

Favoritism manifests itself in all departments of government, public and private. It is the harder to avoid, because it is so natural.—Haliburton.

As there is a partiality to opinions, which is apt to mislead the understanding, so there is also a partiality to studies, which is prejudicial to knowledge.—Locke.

Partiality is properly the understanding's judging according to the inclination of the will and affections, and not according to the exact truth of things, or the merits of the cause. —South.

Parting

In every parting there is an image of death.—George Eliot.

We only part to meet again.—Gay.

Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again.—Shakespeare.

My eyes won't lose the sight of thee,
But languish after thine, and ache with gazing. —Otway.

To know, to esteem, to love—and then to part
Makes up life's tale to many a feeling heart! —Coleridge.

The joys of meeting pay the pangs of absence;
Else who could bear it? —Rowe.

Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once. —Shakespeare.

And by and by, will there come a time, when souls congenial will no more say adieu?—Mme. Dufresnoy.

One last long sigh to love and thee, then back to busy life again.—Byron.

Such partings break the heart they fondly hope to heal.—Byron.

Portia, adieu! I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave.
—Shakespeare.

To die and part is a less evil; but to part and live, there, there is the torment.—Lord Lansdowne.

God give us leisure for these sights of love!
Once more, adieu! —Shakespeare.

Good-night, good-night! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good-night till it be tomorrow. —Shakespeare.

Have not all past human beings parted,
And must not all the present, one day part? —Byron.

Hereafter, in a better world than this, I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.—Shakespeare.

Parting is worse than death; it is death of love!—Dryden.

I have no parting sigh to give,
So take my parting smile.
—L. E. Landon.

Every parting is a form of death, as every reunion is a type of heaven. —T. Edwards.

Fare thee well! and if for ever,
Still for ever, fare thee well.
—Byron.

The air is full of farewells to the dying and mournings for the dead.—Longfellow.

So sweetly she bade me adieu, I thought that she bade me return.—Shenstone.

Well—peace to thy heart, though another's it be,
And health to thy cheek, though it blooms not for me. —Moore.

But fate ordains that dearest friends must part.—Young.

That farewell kiss which resembles greeting, that last glance of love which becomes the sharpest pang of sorrow. —George Eliot.

If we must part forever, give me but one kind word to think upon and please myself with, while my heart is breaking.—Otway.

There is such sweet pain in parting that I could hang forever on thine arms, and look away my life into thine eyes.—Otway.

The man who leaves a woman best pleased with herself is the one whom she will soonest wish to see.—Rochefoucauld.

The parting of a husband and wife is like the cleaving of a heart; one half will flutter here, one there.—Tennyson.

But still her lips refused to say, farewell: for in that word, that fatal word, howe'er we promise, hope, believe, there breathes despair.—Byron.

Will our souls, hurrying on in diverse paths, unite once more, as if the interval had been a dream?—Bulwer-Lytton.

Abruptness is an eloquence in parting, when spinning out the time is but the weaving of new sorrow.—Sir John Suckling.

Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again. I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins, that almost freezes up the heat of life.—Shakespeare.

They who go
Feel not the pain of parting; it is they
Who stay behind that suffer.
—Longfellow.

One kind kiss before we part,
Drop a tear, and bid adieu;
Though we sever, my fond heart
Till we meet shall pant for you.
—Dodsley.

We two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted
To sever for years. —Byron.

Oh! wherefore doth thou soothe me with thy softness? why doth thou wind thyself about my heart, and make this separation painful to us?—Rowe.

Let's not unman each other—part at once;
All farewells should be sudden, when forever,
Else they make an eternity of moments,
And clog the last sad sands of life with tears. —Byron.

His eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible,
He wrung Bassanio's hand; and so they parted. —Shakespeare.

Enough, that we are parted—that there rolls
A flood of headlong fate between our souls,
Whose darkness severs me as wide from thee
As hell from heaven, to all eternity!
—Moore.

Beware of parting! The true sadness is not in the pain of the parting; it is in the when and the how you are

to meet again with the face about to vanish from your view.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Time, which deadens hatred, secretly strengthens love; and in the hour of threatened separation its growth is manifested at once in radiant brightness.—Richter.

With all my soul, then let us part,
Since both are anxious to be free;
And I will send you home your heart,
If you will send back mine to me!
—Moore.

Think'st thou that I could bear to part
With thee, and learn to halve my heart?
* * * * *
Years have not seen, time shall not see
The hour that tears my soul from thee.
—Byron.

The consciousness of being loved softens the keenest pangs, even at the moment of parting; yea, even the eternal farewell is robbed of half its bitterness when uttered in accepts that breathe love to the last sigh.—Addison.

If I depart from thee, I cannot live;
And in thy sight to die, what were it else
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
* * * * * *
To die by thee were but to die in jest;
From thee to die were torture more than death.
—Shakespeare.

In taking leave,
Thro' the dark lashes of her darting eyes,
Methought she shot her soul at ev'ry glance,
Still looking back, as if she had a mind
That you should know she left her soul behind her.
—Lee.

We cannot part with our friends. We cannot let our angels go. We do not see that they only go out that archangels may come in. We are idolators of the old. We do not believe in the richness of the soul, in its proper eternity and omnipresence.—Emerson.

Parting and forgetting? What faithful heart can do these? Our great thoughts, our great affections, the truths of our life, never leave us. Surely they cannot separate from our consciousness; shall follow it whithersoever that shall go; and are of their nature divine and immortal.—Thackeray.

Good-night! good-night! as we so oft have said
Beneath this roof at midnight, in the days
That are no more, and shall no more return.
Thou hast but taken up thy lamp and gone to bed;
I stay a little longer, as one stays
To cover up the embers that still burn.
—Longfellow.

A chord, stronger or weaker, is snapped asunder in every parting, and Time's busy fingers are not practised in re-splicing broken ties. Meet again you may; will it be in the same way? with the same sympathies? with the same sentiments? Will the souls, hurrying on in diverse paths, unite once more, as if the interval had been a dream? Rarely, rarely.—Bulwer Lytton.

'Tis the pang alone to part
From those we love, that rends the heart;
That agony to save,
Some nameless power in nature strives,
Our fading hope in death revives,
And blossoms in the grave.
—Mrs. John Hunter.

Two lives that once part, are as ships that divide
When, moment on moment, there rushes between
The one and the other, a sea;—
Ah, never can fall from the days that have been
A gleam on the years that shall be!
Bulwer-Lytton.

Party

Political parties serve to keep each other in check, one keenly watching the other.—Henry Clay.

Party is the madness of many for the gain of a few.—Pope.

Party spirit enlists a man's virtues in the cause of his vices.—Whately.

There has ever been, and will always be, two dominant parties in politics, and this is indirectly an advantage to the general interests of the country.—Daniel Webster.

Party standards are shadows in which patriotism is buried.—Bernardin de St. Pierre.

The tendency of party-spirit has ever been to disguise and propagate and support error.—Whately.

How is it possible for those who are men of honor in their persons, thus to become notorious liars in their party?—Addison.

The parties are the gamesters; but government keeps the table, and is sure to be the winner in the end.—Burke.

Who, born for the universe, narrowed his mind, and to party gave up what was meant for mankind.—Goldsmith.

This party spirit has so ill an effect on our morals, it has likewise a very great one upon our judgments.—Addison.

He that aspires to be the head of a party will find it more difficult to please his friends than to perplex his foes.—Colton.

Nothing can be proposed so wild or so absurd as not to find a party, and often a very large party to espouse it.—Cecil.

The worst effect of party is its tendency to generate narrow, false, and illiberal prejudices, by teaching the adherents of one party to regard those that belong to an opposing party as unworthy of confidence.—Brande.

There is an opinion that parties in free countries are useful checks upon the administration of the government, and serve to keep alive the spirit of liberty. This, within certain limits, is probably true, and, in governments of a monarchical cast, patriotism may look with indulgence, if not with favor, upon the spirit of party. But in those of the popular character, in governments purely elective, it is a spirit not to be encouraged.

Passion

Passion is the drunkenness of the mind.—South.

In solitude the passions feed upon the heart.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Passion makes us feel, but never see clearly.—Montesquieu.

The passions do not die out; they burn out.—Ninon de Lenclos.

The passions are the voice of the body.—Rousseau.

Steel assassinates; the passions kill.—Mme. Deluzy.

Great passions are incurable diseases.—Goethe.

Passion makes the will lord of the reason.—Shakespeare.

No man's body is as strong as his appetites.—Tillotson.

The ruling passion conquers reason still.—Pope.

A great passion has no partner.—Lavater.

We are ne'er like angels till our passion dies.—Thomas Dekker.

The passions are the only orators that always persuade.—Rochefoucauld.

He only employs his passion who can make no use of his reason.—Cicero.

Who is strong? He who subdues his passions.—Talmud.

Our headstrong passions shut the door of our souls against God.—Confucius.

Passion is always suffering, even when gratified.—Marie Ebner-Eschenbach.

Flowers whose wild odors breathe but agonies.—Byron.

In the human breast two master-passions cannot coexist.—Campbell.

We should employ our passions in the service of life, not spend life in the service of our passions.—Richard Steele.

Let the sap of reason quench the fire of passion.—Shakespeare.

The worst of slaves is he whom passion rules.—H. Brooke.

Passions are defects or virtues in the highest power.—Goethe.

Give me that man
That is not passion's slave.
—Shakespeare.

And you, brave Cobham! to the latest breath
Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death. —Pope.

If we resist our passions it is more from their weakness than from our strength.—La Rochefoucauld.

One master-passion in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest. —Pope.

He whom passion rules, is bent to meet his death.—Sir Philip Sidney.

Govern your passions or otherwise they will govern you.—Horace.

Passion costs too much to bestow it upon every trifle.—Rev. Thomas Adam.

Lose not thyself, nor give thy humors way;
God gave them to thee under lock and key. —George Herbert.

Passions are like storms which, full of present mischief, serve to purify the atmosphere.—Ramsay.

All passions exaggerate; and they are passions only because they do exaggerate.—Chamfort.

We use up in the passions the stuff that was given us for happiness.—Joubert.

It is not the absence, but the mastery, of our passions which affords happiness.—Mme. de Maintenon.

Passion may not unfitly be termed the mob of the man, that commits a riot upon his reason.—William Penn.

True passion is not a wisp-light; it is a consuming flame, and either it must find fruition or it will burn the human heart to dust and ashes.—William Winter.

Man is only truly great when he acts from the passions; never irresistible but when he appeals to the imagination.—Disraeli.

Passion is universal humanity. Without it religion, history, romance and art would be useless.—Balzac.

Passion looks not beyond the moment of its existence. Better, it says, the kisses of love to-day, than the felicities of heaven afar off.—Bovee.

The passions are the gales of life; and it is religion only that can prevent them from rising into a tempest. —Dr. Watts.

The mind hath not reason to remember that passions ought to be her vassals, not her masters.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

Passions are likened best to floods and streams; the shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

Rage is the shortest passion of our souls:
Like narrow brooks, that rise with sudden show'rs,
It swells in haste, and falls again as soon.
—Rowe.

Men will always act according to their passions. Therefore the best government is that which inspires the nobler passions and destroys the meaner.—Jacobi.

He who is passionate and hasty is generally honest. It is your cool, dissembling hypocrite of whom you should beware.—Lavater.

Strong as our passions are, they may be starved into submission, and conquered without being killed.—Colton.

A genuine passion is like a mountain stream; it admits of no impediment; it cannot go backward; it must go forward.—Bovee.

The passions are like fire, useful in a thousand ways and dangerous only in one, through their excess.—Bovee.

Our passions are like convulsion fits, which, though they make us stronger for a time, leave us the weaker ever after.—Pope.

Passions, as fire and water, are good servants, but bad masters, and subminister to the best and worst purposes.—L'Estrange.

When the tongue or the pen is let loose in a frenzy of passion, it is the man, and not the subject, that becomes exhausted.—Thomas Paine.

The wither'd frame, the ruin'd mind,
The wreck by passion left behind;
A shrivell'd scroll, a scatter'd leaf,
Sear'd by the autumn-blast of grief.
—Byron.

Oh how the passions, insolent and strong,
Bear our weak minds their rapid course along;
Make us the madness of their will obey;
Then die and leave us to our griefs a prey! —Crabbe.

The blossoms of passions, gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller of fragrance; but they beguile us and lead us astray, and their odor is deadly.—Longfellow.

The passions are like those demons with which Afrasahiab sailed down the Orus. Our only safety consists in keeping them asleep. If they wake, we are lost.—Goethe.

Even virtue itself, all perfect as it is, requires to be inspirited by passion; for duties are but coldly performed, which are but philosophically fulfilled. —Mrs. Jameson.

The passions act as winds to propel our vessel, our reason is the pilot that steers her; without the winds she would not move, without the pilot she would be lost.—From the French.

Women are much more alike than men; they have, in truth, but two passions, vanity and love; these are their universal characteristics.—Chesterfield.

Hold not conference, debate, or reasoning with any lust; 'tis but a preparatory for thy admission of it. The way is at the very first flatly to deny it.—Fuller.

Search then the ruling passion; there alone
The wild are constant, and the cunning known;
The fool consistent, and the false sincere:
Priests, princes, women, no dissemblers here. —Pope.

Were it not for the salutary agitation of the passions, the waters of life would become dull, stagnant, and as unfit for all vital purposes as those of the Dead Sea.—Chatfield.

Words may be counterfeit, false coined, and current only from the tongue, without the mind; but passion is in the soul, and always speaks the heart.—Southern.

Alas! too well, too well they know
The pain, the penitence, the woe
That passion brings down on the best,
The wisest and the loveliest. —Moore.

No man's body is as strong as his appetites, but heaven has corrected the boundlessness of his voluptuous desires by stinting his strength and contracting his capacities.—Tillotson.

The passions may be humored till they become our masters, as a horse may be pampered till he gets the better of his rider; but early discipline will prevent mutiny, and keep the helm in the hands of reason.—Cumberland.

The most common-place people become highly imaginative when they are in a passion. Whole dramas of insult, injury and wrong pass before their minds,—efforts of creative genius, for there is sometimes not a fact to go upon.—Helps.

The passions are the winds which fill the sails of the vessel; they sink it at times, but without them it would be impossible to make way. Bile makes

man passionate and sick; but without bile man could not live.—Voltaire.

Exalted souls
Have passions in proportion violent,
Resistless, and tormenting: they're a tax
Imposed by nature on pre-eminence,
And fortitude and wisdom must support them. —Lillo.

The difference between passion and love is that this is fixed, that volatile. Love grows, passion wastes, by enjoyment; and the reason is that one springs from a union of souls, and the other springs from a union of sense.—William Penn.

Passion is the great mover and spring of the soul. When men's passions are strongest, they may have great and noble effects; but they are then also apt to fall into the greatest miscarriages.—Sprat.

The way to avoid evil is not by maiming our passions, but by compelling them to yield their vigor to our moral nature. Thus they become, as in the ancient fable, the harnessed steeds which bear the chariot of the sun.—Beecher.

The men of sense, the idols of the shallow, are very inferior to the men of passions. It is the strong passions which, rescuing us from sloth, impart to us that continuous and earnest attention necessary to great intellectual efforts.—Helvetius.

The passions should be purged; all may become innocent if they are well directed and moderated. Even hatred may be a commendable feeling when it is caused by a lively love of good. Whatever makes the passions pure, makes them stronger, more durable, and more enjoyable.—Joubert.

Weak minds make treaties with the passions they cannot overcome, and try to purchase happiness at the expense of principle; but the resolute will of a strong man scorns such means, and struggles nobly with his foe to achieve great deeds.—Longfellow.

There is a holy love and a holy rage, and our best virtues never glow so brightly as when our passions are excited in the cause. Sloth, if it has prevented many crimes, has also smothered many virtues; and the best of us are better when roused.—Colton.

His soul, like bark with rudder lost,
On passion's changeful tide was tost;
Nor vice nor virtue had the power
Beyond th' impression of the hour;
And O, when passion rules, how rare
The hours that fall to virtue's share!
—Scott.

The art of governing the passions is more useful, and more important, than many things in the search and pursuit of which we spend our days. Without this art, riches and health, and skill and knowledge, will give us little satisfaction; and whatsoever else we be, we can be neither happy, nor wise, nor good.—Jortin.

As rivers, when they overflow, drown those grounds, and ruin those husbandmen, which, whilst they flowed calmly betwixt their banks, they fertilized and enriched; so our passions, when they grow exorbitant and unruly, destroy those virtues, to which they may be very serviceable whilst they keep within their bounds.—Boyle.

The passions are at once tempters and chastisers. As tempters, they come with garlands of flowers on brows of youth; as chastisers, they appear with wreaths of snakes on the forehead of deformity. They are angels of light in their delusion; they are fiends of torment in their inflictions.—Henry Giles.

When reason, like the skilful charioteer,
Can break the fiery passions to the bit,
And, spite of their licentious sallies, keep
The radiant tract of glory; passions, then,
Are aids and ornaments. Triumphant reason,
Firm in her seat, and swift in her career,
Enjoys their violence, and, smiling, thanks
Their formidable flame, for bright renown.
—Young.

What a mistake to suppose that the passions are strongest in youth! The passions are not stronger, but the control over them is weaker! They are more easily excited, they are more violent and apparent; but they have less

energy, less durability, less intense and concentrated power than in maturer life.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Past (The)

Let the dead past bury its dead!—Longfellow.

The past is dead, and has no resurrection.—H. Kirke White.

The eternal landscape of the past.—Tennyson.

The best of prophets of the future is the past.—Byron.

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours.—Young.

Theirs is the present who can praise the past.—Shenstone.

Study the past if you would divine the future.—Confucius.

So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.—Tennyson.

Gone, glimmering through the dream of things that were.—Byron.

The past is the sepulchre of our dead emotions.—Bovee.

I desire no future that will break the ties of the past.—George Eliot.

Things without remedy should be without regard; what is done is done.—Shakespeare.

It is to live twice when we can enjoy the recollections of our former life.—Martial.

The past is utterly indifferent to its worshipers.—William Winter.

The past and future are veiled; but the past wears the widow's veil, the future, the virgin's.—Richter.

O'er the trackless past somewhere lie the lost days of our tropic youth.—Bret Harte.

What's gone and what's past help should be past grief.—Shakespeare.

The earth with its scarred face is the symbol of the past.—Coleridge.

No hand can make the clock strike for me the hours that are passed.—Byron.

Time past, even God is deprived of the power of recalling.—Aristotle.

The tender grace of a day that is dead will never come back to me.—Tennyson.

Let us not burthen our remembrance with a heaviness that's gone.—Shakespeare.

Whose yesterdays look backward with a smile.—Young.

'Tis impotent to grieve for what is past, and unavailing to exclaim.—Harvard.

The present is only intelligible in the light of the past.—Trench.

Well does Agathon say: "Of this alone is even God deprived—the power of making that which is past never to have been."—Aristotle.

Some are so very studious of learning what was done by the ancients that they know not how to live with the moderns.—William Penn.

Not heaven itself upon the past has power;
But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour. —Dryden.

Not to know what happened before we were born is always to remain a child; to know, and blindly to adopt that knowledge as an implicit rule of life, is never to be a man.—Chatfield.

Weep no more, lady, weep no more,
Thy sorrowe is in vaine,
For violets pluckt, the sweetest showers
Will ne'er make grow againe.
—Thos. Percy.

To him who has thought, or done, or suffered much, the level days of his childhood seem at an immeasureable distance, far off as the age of chivalry, or as the line of Sesostris.—Talfourd.

It is delightful to transport one's self into the spirit of the past, to see how a wise man has thought before us, and to what a glorious height we have at last reached.—Goethe.

How readily we wish time spent revoked, that we might try the ground again where once—through inexperience, as we now perceive—we missed that happiness we might have found! —Cowper.

Nothing that was worthy in the past departs; no truth or goodness realized by man ever does or can die; but all is still here, and, recognized or not, lives and works through endless changes.—Carlyle.

But there have been human hearts, constituted just like ours, for six thousand years. The same stars rise and set upon this globe that rose upon the plains of Shinar or along the Egyptian Nile and the same sorrows rise and set in every age.—Beecher.

Earth has scarcely an acre that does not remind us of actions that have long preceded our own, and its clustering tombstones loom up like reefs of the eternal shore, to show us where so many human barks have struck and gone down.—Chapin.

Many classes are always praising the by-gone time, for it is natural that the old should extol the days of their youth; the weak, the era of their strength; the sick, the season of their vigor; and the disappointed, the springtime of their hopes!—C. Bingham.

O there are Voices of the Past,
Links of a broken chain,
Wings that can bear me back to Times
Which cannot come again;
Yet God forbid that I should lose
The echoes that remain!
—Adelaide A. Procter.

There have been many men who left behind them that which hundreds of years have not worn out. The earth has Socrates and Plato to this day. The world is richer yet by Moses and the old prophets than by the wisest statesmen. We are indebted to the past. We stand in the greatness of ages that are gone rather than in that of our own. But of how many of us shall it be said that, being dead, we yet speak?—Beecher.

Patience

God is with the patient.—Koran.

Patience is the key of content.—Mahomet.

Patience is sorrow's salve.—Churchill.

Patience, and shuffle the cards!—Cervantes.

Great is the advantage of patience.—Tillotson.

The truest fortitude.—Milton.

Everything comes if a man will only wait.—Beaconsfield.

I work with patience, which is almost power.—Mrs. Browning.

What I have done is due to patient thought.—Sir Isaac Newton.

Patience and fortitude conquer all things.—Emerson.

Patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ills.—Dr. Johnson.

To endure is greater than to dare.—Thackeray.

If knowledge is power, patience is powerful.—Robert Hall.

To bear is to conquer our fate.—Campbell.

Patient endurance is Godlike.—Longfellow.

Patience is a necessary ingredient of genius.—Benj. Disraeli.

There are times when patience proves at fault.—Robert Browning.

Patience and gentleness are power. —Leigh Hunt.

Patience is nobler motion than any deed.—Bartol.

To revenge is no valor, but to bear. —Shakespeare.

In your patience ye are strong.—Miss Barrett.

Patience is the art of hoping.—Vauvenargues.

Patience is bitter, but its fruit is sweet.—J. J. Rousseau.

They also serve who only stand and wait.—Milton.

Patience—in patience there is safety. —Laboulaye.

Set not thyself to attain much rest, but much patience.—Thomas à Kempis.

At the least bear patiently, if thou canst not joyfully.—Thomas à Kempis.

Patience—with patience everything comes in due season.—Laboulaye.

He that can have patience can have what he will.—Benjamin Franklin.

Beware the fury of a patient man. —Dryden.

It is easy finding reasons why other folks should be patient.—George Eliot.

Never think that God's delays are God's denials. Hold on! hold fast! hold out! Patience is genius.—Count de Buffon.

It is not necessary for all men to be great in action. The greatest and sublimest power is often simple patience.—Horace Bushnell.

He that will have a cake of the wheat must needs tarry the grinding. —Shakespeare.

A true Christian man is distinguished from other men, not so much by his beneficent works as by his patience.—Horace Bushnell.

Patience is the support of weakness; impatience is the ruin of strength.—Colton.

There is, however, a limit at which forbearance ceases to be a virtue.—Burke.

We usually learn to wait only when we have no longer anything to wait for.—Marie Ebner-Eschenbach.

Patience is the ballast of the soul that will keep it from rolling and tumbling in the greatest storms.—Bishop Hopkins.

How poor are they who have not patience!
What wound did ever heal, but by degrees? —Shakespeare.

He who says patience, says courage, endurance, strength.—Marie Ebner-Eschenbach.

Patience, the second bravery of man, is perhaps greater than the first.—Antonio de Solis.

Adopt the pace of nature: her secret is patience.—Emerson.

Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper sprinkle cool patience.—Shakespeare.

Patience is the strongest of strong drinks, for it kills the giant despair.—Douglas Jerrold.

Even the best must own patience and resignation are the pillars of human peace on earth.—Young.

Patience ornaments the woman and proves the man.—Tertullian.

Patience and time do more than strength or passion.—La Fontaine.

Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.
—Longfellow.

Fortify courage with the true rampart of patience.—Sir P. Sidney.

Accustom yourself to that which you bear ill, and you will bear it well. —Seneca.

Come what, come may:
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day. —Shakespeare.

Arm the obdured breast with stubborn patience as with triple steel.—Milton.

To know how to wait is the great secret of success.—De Maistre.

Every misfortune is to be subdued by patience.—Virgil.

Patience is the panacea; but where does it grow, or who can swallow it?—Shenstone.

There is no great achievement that is not the result of patient working and waiting.—J. G. Holland.

Endurance is nobler than strength, and patience than beauty.—Ruskin.

There is no well-doing, no Godlike doing, that is not patient doing.—J. G. Holland.

No school is more necessary to children than patience, because either the will must be broken in childhood or the heart in old age.—Richter.

It is in length of patience, endurance and forbearance that so much of what is good in mankind and womankind is shown.—Arthur Helps.

By their patience and perseverance God's children are truly known from hypocrites and dissemblers.—Augustine.

And I must bear
What is ordained with patience, being aware
Necessity doth front the universe
With an invincible gesture.
—Mrs. Browning.

Therefore, let us be patient, patient; and let God our Father teach His own lesson, His own way. Let us try to learn it well and quickly; but do not let us fancy that He will ring the school-bell, and send us to play before our lesson is learnt.—Charles Kingsley.

If we could have a little patience, we should escape much mortification; time takes away as much as it gives.—Madame de Sévigné.

If the wicked flourish and thou suffer, be not discouraged. They are fatted for destruction; thou are dieted for health.—Fuller.

Had it pleas'd heaven
To try me with affliction * * *
I should have found in some place of my soul
A drop of patience. —Shakespeare.

The fortitude of a Christian consists in patience; not in enterprise, which the poets call heroic, and which is commonly the effects of interest, pride, and worldly honor.—Dryden.

Our real blessings often appear to us in the shape of pains, losses and disappointments; but let us have patience, and we soon shall see them in their proper figures.—Addison.

There is no road too long to the man who advances deliberately and without undue haste; there are no honors too distant to the man who prepares himself for them with patience.—La Bruyère.

It is all men's office to speak patience to those that wring under the load of sorrow; but no man's virtue, nor sufficiency, to be so moral, when he shall endure the like himself.—Shakespeare.

Patience, my lord! why 't is the soul of peace:
Of all the virtues 't is the nearest kin to heaven;
It makes men look like gods: the best of men
That e'er wore earth about him, was a sufferer,
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit,
The first true gentleman that ever breath'd.
—Decker.

All that I have accomplished, or expect or hope to accomplish, has been and will be by that plodding, patient

persevering process of accretion which builds the ant-heap, particle by particle, thought by thought, fact by fact. —Elihu Burritt.

We have only to be patient, to pray, and to do His will, according to our present light and strength, and the growth of the soul will go on. The plant grows in the mist and under clouds as truly as under sunshine; so does the heavenly principle within.—Channing.

Patience is the ballast of the soul, that will keep it from rolling and tumbling in the greatest storms; and he that will venture out without this to make him sail even and steady will certainly make shipwreck and drown himself, first in the cares and sorrows of this world, and then in perdition.—Bishop Hopkins.

There is no such thing as preaching patience into people unless the sermon is so long that they have to practice it while they hear. No man can learn patience except by going out into the hurly-burly world, and taking life just as it blows. Patience is but lying to and riding out the gale.—Beecher.

She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek; she pin'd in thought,
And with a green and yellow melancholy
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. —Shakespeare.

Let nothing disturb thee,
Nothing affright thee;
All things are passing;
God never changeth;
Patient endurance
Attaineth to all things;
Who God possesseth
In nothing is wanting;
Alone God sufficeth.
—Longfellow.

Not without design does God write the music of our lives. Be it ours to learn the time, and not be discouraged at the rests. If we say sadly to ourselves, "There is no music in a rest," let us not forget "there is the making of music in it." The making of music is often a slow and painful process in this life. How patiently God works to teach us! How long He waits for us to learn the lesson!—John Ruskin.

Patience; accomplish thy labor; accomplish thy work of affection!
Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike.
Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till the heart is made godlike,
Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more worthy of heaven.
—Longfellow.

Patience is the guardian of faith, the preserver of peace, the cherisher of love, the teacher of humility; patience, governs the flesh, strengthens the spirit, sweetens the temper, stifles anger, extinguishes envy, subdues pride; she bridles the tongue, refrains the hand, tramples upon temptation, endures persecutions, consummates martyrdom; patience produces unity in the church, loyalty in the state, harmony in families and societies; she comforts the poor and moderates the rich; she makes us humble in prosperity, cheerful in adversity, unmoved by calumny and reproach; she teaches us to forgive those who have injured us, and to be the first in asking forgiveness of those whom we have injured; she delights the faithful, and invites the unbelieving; she adorns the woman, and approves the man; is loved in a child, praised in a young man, admired in an old man; she is beautiful in either sex and every age. —Bishop Horne.

Patriotism

Our country is the common parent of all.—Cicero.

All true patriots will meet in heaven.—Charlotte Corday.

The noblest motive is the public good.—Virgil.

I am not a Virginian, but an American.—Patrick Henry.

Millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute.—Charles Cotesworth Pinckney.

I hope to find my country in the right; however, I will stand by her right or wrong.—J. J. Crittenden.

Patriotism is the vital condition of national permanence.—George William Curtis.

Thank God, I—I also—am an American!—Daniel Webster.

How dear is fatherland to all noble hearts!—Voltaire.

One country, one constitution, one destiny.—Daniel Webster.

Who dare to love their country and be poor.—Pope.

No government is safe unless it is protected by the good will of the people.—Nepos.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.
—Whittier.

The union of hearts, the union of hands, and the flag of our Union forever.—G. P. Morris.

I was born an American; I live an American; I shall die an American!—Daniel Webster.

Such is the patriot's boast where'er we roam; his first, best country ever is his own.—Goldsmith.

Our country! In her intercourse with foreigns nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong.—Stephen Decatur.

The love of country is more powerful than reason itself.—Ovid.

He serves his party best who serves the country best.—Rutherford B. Hayes.

If any one attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot.—John A. Dix.

I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country.—Nathan Hale.

That grounded maxim, so rife and celebrated in the mouths of wisest men, that to the public good private respects must yield.—Milton.

We join ourselves to no party that does not carry the flag and keep step to the music of the Union.—Rufus Choate.

We mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.—Thomas Jefferson.

The man who loves home best, and loves it most unselfishly, loves his country best.—J. G. Holland.

There are no points of the compass on the chart of true patriotism.—Robt. C. Winthrop.

My country is the world, and my religion is to do good.—Thos. Paine.

Our country is the world—our countrymen are all mankind.—William Lloyd Garrison.

One flag, one land, one heart, one hand,
One Nation evermore!
—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Patriotism knows neither latitude nor longitude. It is not climatic.—Emery A. Storrs.

To be a good patriot, a man must consider his countrymen as God's creatures, and himself as accountable for his acting towards them.—Bishop Berkeley.

Strike—for your altars and your fires;
Strike—for the green graves of your sires;
God, and your native land!
—Fitz-Greene Halleck.

It is sweet and glorious to die for one's country.—Horace.

I love my country's good, with a respect more tender, more holy and profound than my own life.—Shakespeare.

Had I a dozen sons, each in my love alike, * * * I had rather have eleven die nobly for their country than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.—Shakespeare.

Be just, and fear not: let all the ends thou aimest at be thy country's, thy God's, and truth's.—Shakespeare.

The proper means of increasing the love we bear our native country is to reside some time in a foreign one.—Shenstone.

Patriotism depends as much on mutual suffering as on mutual success; and it is by that experience of all fortunes and all feelings that a great national character is created.—Earl of Beaconsfield.

If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms—never, never, never.—Earl of Chatham.

Patriotism is a blind and irrational impulse unless it is founded on a knowledge of the blessings we are called to secure and the privileges we propose to defend.—Robert Hall.

This nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.—Abraham Lincoln.

And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temple of his gods?
—Macaulay.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
* * * * * * * *
By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung.
—Collins.

I have heard something said about allegiance to the south: I know no south, no north, no east, no west, to which I owe any allegiance.—Henry Clay.

In peace patriotism really consists only in this—that every one sweeps before his own door, minds his own business, also learns his own lesson, that it may be well with him in his own house.—Goethe.

This is a maxim which I have received by hereditary tradition, not only from my father, but also from my grandfather and his ancestors, that after what I owe to God, nothing should be more dear or more sacred than the love and respect I owe to my country.—De Thou.

The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.—Abraham Lincoln.

That is a true sentiment which makes us feel that we do not love our country less, but more, because we have laid up in our minds the knowledge of other lands and other institutions and other races, and have had enkindled afresh within us the instinct of a common humanity, and of the universal beneficence of the Creator.—Dean Stanley.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,—
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.
—Sam'l F. Smith.

Our country, whether bounded by the St. John and the Sabine, or however otherwise bounded or described, and be the measurements more or less—still our country, to be cherished in all our hearts, to be defended by all our hands.—Robert C. Winthrop.

Love of country produces among men such examples as Cincinnatus, Alfred, Washington—pure, unselfish, symmetrical; among women, Vittoria Colonna, Madame Roland, Charlotte Corday, Jeanne Darc—romantic, devoted, marvelous.—Lamartine.

It should be the work of a genuine and noble patriotism to raise the life of the nation to the level of its privileges; to harmonize its general practice with its abstract principles; to reduce to actual facts the ideals of its institutions; to elevate instruction into knowledge; to deepen knowledge into wisdom; to render knowledge and wisdom complete in righteousness; and to make the love of country perfect in the love of man.—Henry Giles.

Let our object be our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country. And, by the blessing of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of wisdom, of peace, and of liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration forever!—Daniel Webster.

He who loathes war, and will do everything in his power to avert it, but who will, in the last extremity, encounter its perils, from love of country and of home—who is willing to sacrifice himself and all that is dear to him in life, to promote the well-being of his fellow-man, will ever receive a worthy homage.—Abbott.

Hail, Columbia! happy land!
Hail, ye heroes! heaven born band!
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoyed the peace your valor won.
Let Independence be our boast,
Ever mindful what it cost;
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies!
—Joseph Hopkinson.

Peace

Let us have peace.—U. S. Grant.

Peace the offspring is of power.—Bayard Taylor.

Peace is the masterpiece of reason.—Johann Müller.

Peace is rarely denied to the peaceful.—Schiller.

Peace rules the day, where reason rules the mind.—Collins.

He makes a solitude and calls it peace!—Byron.

Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace.—Shakespeare.

Peace is the fairest form of happiness.—William Ellery Channing.

Peace hath her victories,
No less renowned than war.
—Milton.

As on the sea of Galilee the Christ is whispering "Peace!"—Whittier.

Where God is, all agree.—Vaughan.

First of human blessings! and supreme.—Thomson.

Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God.—Bible.

Let the bugles sound the truce of God to the whole world forever.—Charles Sumner.

Peace is liberty in tranquillity.—Cicero.

Thy peace shall be in much patience.—Thomas à Kempis.

Peace won by compromise is usually a short-lived achievement.—Winfield Scott.

To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace.—Washington.

I have never advocated war, except as a means of peace.—U. S. Grant.

Peace, dear nurse of arts, plenties and joyful births.—Shakespeare.

Peace is the soft and holy shadow that virtue casts.—H. W. Shaw.

Even peace may be purchased at too high a price.—Franklin.

Peace is the happy, natural state of man; war his corruption, his disgrace.—Thomson.

A peace is of the nature of a conquest;
For then both parties nobly are subdued,
And neither party loser.
—Shakespeare.

Peace is the evening star of the soul, as virtue is its sun, and the two are never far apart.—Colton.

In her days, every man shall eat in safety,
Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing
The merry song of peace to all his neighbours.
—Shakespeare.

Blessedness is promised to the peacemaker, not to the conqueror.—Quarles.

All things that speak of heaven speak of peace.—Bailey.

Nothing can bring you peace but yourself. Nothing can bring you peace but the triumph of principles.—Emerson.

Ah! when shall all men's good be each man's rule, and universal peace lie like a shaft of light across the land?—Tennyson.

I am a man of peace. God knows how I love peace; but I hope I shall never be such a coward as to mistake oppression for peace.—Kossuth.

Peace gives food to the husbandman, even in the midst of rocks; war brings misery to him, even in the most fertile plains.—Menander.

People are always expecting to get peace in heaven; but you know whatever peace they get there will be ready-made. Whatever of making peace they can be blest for must be on the earth here.—Ruskin.

Peace, above all things, is to be desired, but blood must sometimes be spilled to obtain it on equable and lasting terms.—Andrew Jackson.

Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;
And all the clouds that lower'd upon our house,
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
—Shakespeare.

We love peace, as we abhor pusillanimity; but not peace at any price. There is a peace more destructive of the manhood of living man than war is destructive of his material body. Chains are worse than bayonets.—Douglas Jerrold.

The Pilgrim they laid in a large upper chamber, whose window opened toward the sun-rising; the name of the chamber was Peace, where he slept till break of day, and then he awoke and sang.—Bunyan.

You may assuredly find perfect peace, if you are resolved to do that which your Lord has plainly required—and content that He should indeed require no more of you—than to do justice, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with Him.—John Ruskin.

They shall beat their swords into plough-shares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.—Bible.

Five great enemies of peace inhabit with us—avarice, ambition, envy, anger, and pride; if these were to be banished, we should infallibly enjoy perpetual peace.—Petrarch.

Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's. —Shakespeare.

O Peace! thou source and soul of social life;
Beneath whose calm inspiring influence,
Science his views enlarges, Art refines,
And swelling Commerce opens all her ports;
Blessed be the man divine, who gives us thee! —Thomson.

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees,
And lover's sonnets turn'd to holy psalms;
A man at arms must now serve on his knees,
And feed on prayers, which are his age's alms. —Geo. Peele.

Buried was the bloody hatchet;
Buried was the dreadful war-club;
Buried were all warlike weapons,
And the war-cry was forgotten.
Then was peace among the nations.
—Longfellow.

Peace is the proper result of the Christian temper. It is the great kindness which our religion doth us, that it brings us to a settledness of mind, and a consistency within ourselves.—Bishop Patrick.

With union grounded on falsehood and ordering us to speak and act lies, we will not have anything to do. Peace? A brutal lethargy is peaceable; the noisome grave is peaceable.

We hope for a living peace, not a dead one!—Carlyle.

There are interests by the sacrifice of which peace is too dearly purchased. One should never be at peace to the shame of his own soul—to the violation of his integrity or of his allegiance to God.—Chapin.

How different the peace of God from that of the world! It calms the passions, preserves the purity of conscience, is inseparable from righteousness, unites us to God and strengthens us against temptations. The peace of the soul consists in an absolute resignation to the will of God.—Fénelon.

The goodness of the heart is shown in deeds
Of peacefulness and kindness. Hand and heart
Are one thing with the good, as thou should'st be.
Do my words trouble thee? then treasure them,
Pain overgot gives peace, as death doth Heaven.
All things that speak of Heaven speak of peace. Bailey.

Oh first of human blessings! and supreme,
Fair peace! how lovely, how delightful thou!
By whose wide tie, the kindred sons of men
Live brothers like, in amity combin'd,
And unsuspicious faith; while honest toil
Gives every joy, and to those joys a right,
Which idle, barbarous rapine but usurps.
—Thomson.

Like the rainbow, peace rests upon the earth, but its arch is lost in heaven. Heaven bathes it in hues of light—it springs up amid tears and clouds—it is a reflection of the eternal sun—it is an assurance of calm—it is the sign of a great covenant between God and man—it is an emanation from the distant orb of immortal light.—Colton.

A time will come when the science of destruction shall bend before the arts of peace; when the genius which multiplies our powers, which creates new products, which diffuses comfort and happiness among the great mass of the people, shall occupy in the general estimation of mankind that rank which reason and common sense now assign to it.—Arago.

No peace was ever won from fate by subterfuge or argument; no peace is ever in store for any of us, but that which we shall win by victory over shame or sin—victory over the sin that oppresses, as well as over that which corrupts.—Ruskin.

Pedantry

Opinionated assurance. — Wendell Phillips.

With loads of learned lumber in his head.—Pope.

Deep-versed in books, and shallow in himself.—Milton.

A pedant is a precocious old man.—De Boufflers.

Pedantry is paraded knowledge.—H. W. Shaw.

Pedantry proceeds from much reading and little understanding.—Steele.

Pedants, who have the least knowledge to be proud of, are impelled most by vanity.—Wilkie Collins.

Folly disgusts us less by her ignorance than pedantry by her learning.—Colton.

Pedantry consists in the use of words unsuitable to the time, place, and company.—Coleridge.

The most annoying of all blockheads is a well-read fool.—Bayard Taylor.

The brains of a pedant, however full, are vacant.—Greville.

A pedant holds more to instruct us with what he knows, than of what we are ignorant.—J. Petit-Senn.

Pedants are men who would appear to be learned, without the necessary ingredient of knowledge.—Bancroft.

Pedantry in learning is like hypocrisy in religion—a form of

knowledge without the power of it.—Addison.

Pendantry is the unseasonable ostentation of learning. It may be discovered either in the choice of a subject or in the manner of treating it.—Dr. Johnson.

Pedantry, in the common acceptation of the word, means an absurd ostentation of learning, and stiffness of phraseology, proceeding from a misguided knowledge of books and a total ignorance of men.—Mackenzie.

Pedantry and bigotry are millstones, able to sink the best book which carries the least part of their dead weight. The temper of the pedagogue suits not with the age; and the world, however it may be taught, will not be tutored.—Shaftesbury.

Pedantry prides herself on being wrong by rules; while common-sense is contented to be right, without them. The former would rather stumble in following the dead, than walk upright by the profane assistance of the living. —Colton.

Learning, like traveling and all other methods of improvement, as it finishes good sense, so it makes a silly man ten thousand times more insufferable by supplying variety of matter to his impertinence, and giving him an opportunity of abounding in absurdities.—Addison.

A well-read fool is the most pestilent of blockheads; his learning is a flail which he knows not how to handle, and with which he breaks his neighbor's shins as well as his own. Keep a fellow of this description at arm's length, as you value the integrity of your bones.—Stanislaus.

Pedigree

But even though you be sprung in direct line from Hercules, if you show a low-born meanness, that long succession of ancestors whom you disgrace are so many witnesses against you; and this grand display of their tarnished glory but serves to make your ignominy more evident.—Boileau.

Pen

The pen became a clarion.—Longfellow.

Pens carry further than rifled cannon.—Bayard Taylor.

The pen is the lever that moves the world.—Talmage.

The pen is the tongue of the mind.—Cervantes.

The chisel is the pen of the sculptor. —Pius IX.

Take away the sword;
States can be saved without it; bring the pen. —Bulwer-Lytton.

I'll make thee famous by my pen,
And glorious by my sword.
—Montrose.

I had rather stand the shock of a basilisk than the fury of a merciless pen.—Sir T. Browne.

In days of yore, the poet's pen
From wing of bird was plunder'd,
Perhaps of goose, but now and then,
From Jove's own eagle sunder'd.
But now, metallic pens disclose
Alone the poet's numbers;
In iron inspiration glows,
Or with the poet slumbers.
—John Quincy Adams.

Oh! nature's noblest gift—my grey goose quill!
Slave of my thoughts, obedient to my will,
Torn from thy parent bird to form a pen,
That mighty instrument of little men!
— Byron.

Beneath the rule of men entirely great,
The pen is mightier than the sword. Behold
The arch enchanter's wand! itself a nothing!
But taking sorcery from the master hand.
To paralyze the Cæsars, and to strike
The loud earth breathless!
—Bulwer-Lytton.

No man was more foolish when he had not a pen in his hand (than Goldsmith), or more wise when he had.—Dr. Johnson.

The strokes of the pen need deliberation as much as those of the sword need swiftness.—Julia Ward Howe.

The pen has shaken nations.—Tupper.

The poet's pen is the true divining rod
Which trembles towards the inner founts of feeling;
Bringing to light and use, else hid from all,
The many sweet clear sources which we have
Of good and beauty in our own deep bosoms;
And marks the variations of all mind
As does the needle. —Bailey.

The pen is a formidable weapon; but a man can kill himself with it a great deal more easily than he can other people.—G. D. Prentice.

Penetration

Penetration has an air of divination; it pleases our vanity more than any other quality of the mind.—Rochefoucauld.

Penetration seems a kind of inspiration; it gives one an idea of prophecy. —Lord Greville.

Penitence

He who is penitent is almost innocent.—Seneca.

Christian penitence is something more than a thought or an emotion or a tear; it is action.—William Adams.

It would tire the hands of an angel to write down all the pardons God bestows upon true, penitent believers. —Joshua Bates.

Know what your sin is and confess it; but do not imagine that you have approved yourself a penitent by confessing sin in the abstract.—T. L. Cuyler.

If we do not know what the sorrow of penitence is, we have been living only on the surface of life—unmindful of its deep realities, unconscious of its grander glories.—F. D. Huntington.

The law can never save us; and he is nearest to the forgiveness of the gospel who, with a contrite heart, discerns most clearly and feels most profoundly that perfection of the Divine statute which impeaches and condemns him.—William Adams.

People

The character of the common people changes in a single day.—Voltaire.

The will of the people is the best law.—U. S. Grant.

The people are the only sovereigns of any country.—R. D. Owen.

The vulgar and the many are fit only to be led or driven.—South.

The second, sober thought of the people is seldom wrong, and always efficient.—Martin Van Buren.

By gaining the people, the kingdom is gained; by losing the people, the kingdom is lost.—Confucius.

No party should fear to go before the people for their decision.—Robert Yates.

Orators inflame the people, whose anger is really but a short fit of madness.—Swift.

And what the people but a herd confus'd,
A miscellaneous rabble, who extol
Things vulgar, and, well weigh'd, scarce worth the praise?
They praise, and they admire, they know not what,
And know not whom, but as one leads the other;
And what delight to be by such extoll'd,
To live upon their tongues, and be their talk,
Of whom to be disprais'd were no small praise? —Milton.

Perception

The more sand has escaped from the hour-glass of our life, the clearer we should see through it.—Richter.

Minds that have nothing to confer
Find little to perceive. —Wordsworth.

All papas and mammas have exactly that sort of sight which distinguishes objects at a distance clearly, while they need spectacles to see those under their very noses.—Ruffini.

Make a point never so clear, it is great odds that a man whose habits and the bent of whose mind lie a contrary way, shall be unable to com-

prehend it. So weak a thing is reason in competition with inclination.—Bishop Berkeley.

Perfection

All perfection is melancholy.—Mrs. Oliphant.

I have seen an end of all perfection. —Bible.

God never made His work for man to mend.—Dryden.

Woman is most perfect when most womanly.—Gladstone.

The very pink of perfection.—Goldsmith.

Even women are perfect at the outset.—Rochefoucauld.

Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected.—Lowell.

There are many lovely women, but no perfect ones.—Victor Hugo.

Whoever thinks a perfect work to see, thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.—Pope.

Many things impossible to thought have been by need to full perfection brought.—Dryden.

There are no perfect women in the world; only hypocrites exhibit no defects.—Ninon de Lenclos.

Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null, dead perfection; no more.—Tennyson.

Were she perfect, one would admire her more, but love her less.—Grattan.

Trifles make perfection; but perfection is no trifle.—Michael Angelo.

Thou hast no faults, or I no faults can spy;
Thou art all beauty, or all blindness I.
—Christopher Codrington.

It is reasonable to have perfection in our eye, that we may always advance towards it, though we know it can never be reached.—Dr. Johnson.

Let no man measure by a scale of perfection the meager product of reality in this poor world of ours.—Schiller.

The divine nature is perfection; and to be nearest to the divine nature is to be nearest to perfection.—Xenophon.

If a man should happen to reach perfection in this world, he would have to die immediately to enjoy himself.—H. W. Shaw.

The maxims tell you to aim at perfection, which is well; but it's unattainable, all the same.—Bayard Taylor.

Perfection is attained by slow degrees; she requires the hand of time.—Voltaire.

Perfection does not exist. To understand it is the triumph of human intelligence; to desire to possess it is the most dangerous kind of madness. —Alfred de Musset.

In this broad earth of ours,
Amid the measureless grossness and the slag,
Enclosed and safe within its central heart,
Nestles the seed perfection.
—Walt Whitman.

What's come to perfection perishes,
Things learned on earth we shall practise in heaven;
Works done least rapidly Art most cherishes. —Robert Browning.

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily, to throw a perfume on the violet, to smooth the ice, or add another hue unto the rainbow, or with taper-light to seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish, is wasteful and ridiculous excess.—Shakespeare.

He who boasts of being perfect is perfect in folly. I never saw a perfect man. Every rose has its thorns, and every day its night. Even the sun shows spots, and the skies are darkened with clouds; and faults of some kind nestle in every bosom.—Spurgeon.

Aim at perfection in everything, though in most things it is unattain-

able; however, they who aim at it. and persevere, will come much nearer to it than those whose laziness and despondency make them give it up as unattainable.—Chesterfield.

Perjury

At lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. —Shakespeare.

Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice!—Shakespeare.

And hast thou sworn on every slight pretence,
Till perjuries are common as bad pence,
While thousands, careless of the damning sin,
Kiss the book's outside, who ne'er look within? —Cowper.

Fear not to swear; the winds carry the perjuries of lovers without effect over land and sea, thanks to Jupiter. The father of the gods himself has denied effect to what foolish lovers in their eagerness have sworn.—Tibullus.

Persecution

Persecution is not wrong because it is cruel; but it is cruel because it is wrong.—Whately.

A religion which requires persecution to sustain it is of the devil's propagation.—Hosea Ballou.

Christianity has made martyrdom sublime, and sorrow triumphant.—Chapin.

The way of this world is, to praise dead saints, and persecute living ones. —Rev. N. Howe.

Whoever is right, the persecutor must be wrong.—William Penn.

A desire to resist persecution is implanted in the nature of man.—Tacitus.

The history of persecution is a history of endeavor to cheat nature, to make water run up hill, to twist a rope of sand.—Emerson.

Persecution to persons in a high rank stands them in the stead of eminent virtue.—Cardinal de Retz.

Persecution is disobeying the most solemn injunction of Christianity, under the sham plea of upholding it.—Chatfield.

Wherever you see persecution, there is more than a probability that truth lies on the persecuted side.—Latimer.

Galileo probably would have escaped persecution if his discoveries could have been disproved.—Whately.

It is an inherent and inseparable inconvenience in persecution that it knows not where to stop.—Robert Hall.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.—Bible.

Persecution often does in this life what the last day will do completely—separate the wheat from the tares.—Milner.

The oppression of any people for opinion's sake has rarely had any other effect than to fix those opinions deeper, and render them more important.—Hosea Ballou.

There are only two things in which the false professors of all religions have agreed—to persecute all other sects and to plunder their own.—Colton.

It is iniquitous, unjust, and most impolitic to persecute for religion's sake. It is against natural religion, revealed religion, and sound policy.—Chief Justice Mansfield.

It has become a settled principle that nothing which is good and true can be destroyed by persecution, but that the effect ultimately is to establish more firmly, and to spread more widely, that which it was designed to overthrow. It has long since passed into a proverb that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church."—Albert Barnes.

In that disputable point of persecuting men for conscience sake, I see such dreadful consequences rising, I would be as fully convinced of the truth of it

as a mathematical demonstration, before I would venture to act upon it or make it a part of my religion.—Addison.

Perseverance

Perseverance is king.—H. W. Shaw.

Perseverance is irresistible.—Sertorius.

Victory belongs to the most persevering.—Napoleon.

Press on! a better fate awaits thee.—Victor Hugo.

Hope against hope, and ask till ye receive.—Montgomery.

Every noble work is at first impossible.—Carlyle.

Whoever perseveres will be crowned.—Herder.

A falling drop at last will carve a stone.—Lucretius.

Much rain wears the marble.—Shakespeare.

The virtue lies in the struggle, not the prize.—R. M. Milnes.

Perseverance and audacity generally win.—Madame Deluzy.

Hard pounding, gentlemen; but we will see who can pound the longest.—Wellington at Waterloo.

No rock so hard but that a little wave may beat admission in a thousand years.—Tennyson.

Nothing is so hard but search will find it out.—Herrick.

Few things are impossible to diligence and skill.—Johnson.

Great works are performed not by strength but by perseverance.—Johnson.

All the great captains have performed vast achievements by conforming with the rules of art—by adjusting efforts to obstacles.—Napoleon I.

By gnawing through a dyke even a rat may drown a nation.—Edward Burke.

He that shall endure unto the end the same shall be saved.—Bible.

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolv'd to effect.
—Shakespeare.

Those who would attain to any marked degree of excellence in a chosen pursuit must work, and work hard for it, prince or peasant.—Bayard Taylor.

Even in social life, it is persistency which attracts confidence, more than talents and accomplishments.—Whipple.

Perpetual pushing and assurance put a difficulty out of countenance, and make a seeming impossibility give way.—Jeremy Collier.

Great effects come of industry and perseverance; for audacity doth almost bind and mate the weaker sort of minds.—Bacon.

There is no creature so contemptible but by resolution may gain his point.—L'Estrange.

Perseverance and tact are the two great qualities most valuable for all men who would mount, but especially for those who have to step out of the crowd.—Earl of Beaconsfield.

There is no royal road to anything. One thing at a time, all things in succession. That which grows fast withers as rapidly; that which grows slowly endures.—J. G. Holland.

The nerve that never relaxes, the eye that never blenches, the thought that never wanders—these are the masters of victory.—Burke.

Few things are impracticable in themselves; and it is for want of application, rather than of means, that men fail of success.—Rochefoucauld.

Yet I argue not against heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot of heart

or hope, but still bear up and steer right onward.—Milton.

The block of granite, which was an obstacle in the pathway of the weak, becomes a stepping-stone in the pathway of the strong.—Carlyle.

If there be one thing on earth which is truly admirable, it is to see God's wisdom blessing an inferiority of natural powers, where they have been honestly, truly, and zealously cultivated.—Dr. Arnold.

I hold a doctrine, to which I owe not much, indeed, but all the little I ever had, namely, that with ordinary talent and extraordinary perseverance, all things are attainable.—Sir T. F. Buxton.

The practice of perseverance is the discipline of the noblest virtues. To run well, we must run to the end. It is not the fighting but the conquering that gives a hero his title to renown. —E. L. Magoon.

I'm proof against that word "failure." I've seen behind it. The only failure a man ought to fear is failure in cleaving to the purpose he sees to be best.—George Eliot.

Perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright: to have done is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery.
—Shakespeare.

The man who consecrates his hours
By vig'rous effort, and an honest aim,
At once he draws the sting of life and death;
He walks with nature; and her paths are peace. —Young.

Want of perseverance is the great fault of women in everything—morals, attention to health, friendship, and so on. It cannot be too often repeated that women never reach the end of anything through want of perseverance.—Mme. Necker.

The conditions of conquest are always easy. We have but to toil awhile, endure awhile, believe always, and never turn back.—Simms.

There are two ways of attaining an important end—force and perseverance. Force falls to the lot only of the privileged few, but austere and sustained perseverance can be practiced by the most insignificant. Its silent power grows irresistible with time.—Madame Swetchine.

It is interesting to notice how some minds seem almost to create themselves, springing up under every disadvantage, and working their solitary but irresistible way through a thousand obstacles.—Washington Irving.

Great works are performed, not by strength, but by perseverance. Yonder palace was raised by single stones, yet you see its height and spaciousness. He that shall walk with vigor three hours a day will pass in seven years a space equal to the circumference of the globe.—Johnson.

Stick to your aim; the mongrel's hold will slip,
But only crow-bars loose the bull-dog's lip;
Small as he looks, the jaw that never yields,
Drags down the bellowing monarch of the fields. —O. W. Holmes.

Life affords no higher pleasure than that of surmounting difficulties, passing from one step of success to another, forming new wishes and seeing them gratified. He that labors in any great or laudable undertaking has his fatigues first supported by hope and afterwards rewarded by joy.—Dr. Johnson.

Did you ever hear of a man who had striven all his life faithfully and singly towards an object, and in no measure obtained it? If a man constantly aspires, is he not elevated? Did ever a man try heroism, magnanimity, truth, sincerity, and find that there was no advantage in them—that it was a vain endeavor?—Thoreau.

It is all very well to tell me that a young man has distinguished himself by a brilliant first speech. He may go on, or he may be satisfied with his first triumph; but show me a young man who has not succeeded at first,

and nevertheless has gone on, and I will back that young man to do better than most of those who have succeeded at the first trial.—Charles James Fox.

All the performances of human art, at which we look with praise or wonder, are instances of the resistless force of perseverance; it is by this that the quarry becomes a pyramid, and that distant countries are united by canals. If a man was to compare the effect of a single stroke of a pickaxe, or of one impression of the spade, with the general design and last result, he would be overwhelmed with the sense of their disproportion; yet those petty operations, incessantly continued, in time surmount the greatest difficulties, and mountains are leveled and oceans bounded, by the slender force of human beings.—Dr. Johnson.

Personality

Inanimate objects sometimes appear endowed with a strange power of sight. A statue notices, a tower watches, the face of an edifice contemplates.—Victor Hugo.

Personality is that which is most intimate to me—that by which I must act out my life. It is that by which I belong to man, that by which I am able to reach after God; and He has given to me this pearl of great price. It is an immortal treasure; it is mine, it is His, and no man shall pluck it out of His hand.—Hugh R. Haweis.

Persuasion

Persuasion tips his tongue whene'er he talks.—Colley Cibber.

Few are open to conviction, but the majority of men are open to persuasion.—Goethe.

Persuasive speech, and more persuasive sighs,
Silence that spoke, and eloquence of eyes.
—Homer.

Yet hold it more humane, more heav'nly, first,
By winning words to conquer willing hearts,
And make persuasion do the work of fear.
—Milton.

He, from whose lips divine persuasion flows.—Homer.

It is only for those to employ force who possess strength without judgment; but the well advised will have recourse to other means. Besides, he who pretends to carry his point by force hath need of many associates; but the man who can persuade knows that he is himself sufficient for the purpose; neither can such a one be supposed forward to shed blood; for, who is there would choose to destroy a fellow citizen rather than make a friend of him by mildness and persuasion?—Xenophon.

Perverseness

To so perverse a sex all grace is vain.—Dryden.

Perverseness is your whole defence.—Swift.

The perverseness of my fate is such that he's not mine because he's mine too much.—Dryden.

We have all a propensity to grasp at forbidden fruit.—Cudworth.

Virtue hath some perverseness, for she will neither believe her good nor other's ill.—Donne.

Opposition always inflames the enthusiast, never converts him.—Schiller.

Best friends might loathe us, if what things perverse we know of our own selves they also knew.—Trench.

Some men, like spaniels, will only fawn the more when repulsed, but will pay little heed to a friendly caress.—Abd-el-Kader.

When once a man is determined to believe, the very absurdity of the doctrine confirms him in his faith.—Junius.

Perverseness is one of the primitive impulses of the human heart—one of the indivisible, primary faculties or sentiments which give direction to man.—Edgar A. Poe.

For so remarkably perverse is the nature of man that he despises whoever courts him, and admires whoever will not bend before him.—Thucydides.

The strength of the donkey mind lies in adopting a course inversely as the arguments urged, which, well considered, requires as great a mental force as the direct sequence.—George Eliot.

Philanthropy

When we see a special reformer we feel like asking him, What right have you, sir, to your own virtue? Is virtue piecemeal?—Emerson.

I never knew a trader in philanthropy who was not wrong in his head or heart somewhere or other.—Coleridge.

There are philanthropists who, incapable of managing their own little affairs, take upon themselves those of the whole world; but as their creditors always outnumber their disciples, they owe humanity more than she will ever owe them.—J. Petit-Senn.

There was a time when I believed in the persuadability of man, and had the mania of man-mending. Experience has taught me better. The ablest physician can do little in the great lazar-house of society. He acts the wisest part who retires from the contagion.—Southey.

Philosophy

Queen of arts, and daughter of heaven.—Burke.

Philosophy is nothing but discretion. —John Selden.

Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy. —Shakespeare.

Philosophy is the health of the mind.—Seneca.

Philosophy is the art of living.—Plutarch.

To scorn philosophy is truly to philosophize.—Pascal.

A true philosopher is beyond the reach of fortune.—Landor.

Philosophy is reason with the eyes of the soul.—Simms.

The business of philosophy is to circumnavigate human nature.—Hare.

To study philosophy is nothing but to prepare one's self to die.—Cicero.

This same philosophy is a good horse in the stable, but an arrant jade on a journey.—Goldsmith.

What is philosophy? It is something that lightens up, that makes bright.—Victor Cousin.

All philosophy lies in two words, "sustain" and "abstain."—Epictetus.

Philosophy is as far separated from impiety as religion is from fanaticism. —Diderot.

Philosophy, if rightly defined, is naught but the love of wisdom.—Cicero.

All that philosophy can teach is to be stubborn or sullen under misfortunes.—Goldsmith.

The philosophy of one century is the common sense of the next.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Philosophy abounds more than philosophers, and learning more than learned men.—W. B. Clulow.

Philosophy, while it soothes the reason, damps the ambition.—Bulwer-Lytton.

A little philosophy inclineth a man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion.—Bacon.

If I wished to punish a province, I would have it governed by philosophers.—Frederick the Great.

The Christian religion, rightly understood, is the deepest and choicest price of philosophy.—Sir Thomas Moore.

Whence? whither? why? how?—these questions cover all philosophy.—Joubert.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy.—Shakespeare.

Philosophy is the rational expression of genius.—Lamartine.

Philosophy triumphs easily over past evils and future evils, but present evils triumph over it.—La Rochefoucauld.

Philosophy goes no further than probabilities, and in every assertion keeps doubt in reserve.—Froude.

Religion is the eldest sister of philosophy: on whatever subjects they may differ, it is unbecoming in either to quarrel, and most so about their inheritance.—Landor.

Philosophy consists not in airy schemes or idle speculations: the rule and conduct of all social life is her great province.—Thomson.

Philosophy is the art and law of life, and it teaches us what to do in all cases, and, like good marksmen, to hit the white at any distance.—Seneca.

The discovery of what is true and the practice of that which is good are the two most important objects of philosophy.—Voltaire.

Philosophy, when superficially studied, excites doubt: when thoroughly explored, it dispels it.—Bacon.

How charming is divine philosophy! not harsh nor crabbed, as dull fools suppose, but musical as is Apollo's lute!—Milton.

The philosopher is he to whom the highest has descended, and the lowest has mounted up; who is the equal and kindly brother of all.—Carlyle.

To be a husbandman is but a retreat from the city; to be a philosopher, from the world; or rather a retreat from the world, as it is man's, into the world, as it is God's.—Cowley.

Philosophy alone makes the mind invincible, and places us out of the reach of fortune, so that all her arrows fall short of us.—Seneca.

Philosophy is a goddess, whose head indeed is in heaven, but whose feet are upon earth; she attempts more than she accomplishes, and promises more than she performs.—Colton.

Divine Philosophy! by whose pure light
We first distinguish, then pursue the right;
Thy power the breast from every error frees,
And weeds out all its vices by degrees.
—Gifford.

A pipe is a pocket philosopher,—a truer one than Socrates, for it never asks questions. Socrates must have been very tiresome, when one thinks of it.—Ouida.

There was never yet philosopher that could endure the toothache patiently, however they have writ the style of gods, and made a push at chance and sufferance.—Shakespeare.

True philosophy is that which renders us to ourselves, and all others who surround us, better, and at the same time more content, more patient, more calm, and more ready for all decent and pure enjoyment.—Lavater.

The road to true philosophy is precisely the same with that which leads to true religion; and from both the one and the other, unless we would enter in as little children, we must expect to be totally excluded.—Bacon.

Sublime Philosophy!
Thou art the patriarch's ladder, reaching heaven,
And bright with beckoning angels; but, alas!
We see thee, like the patriarch, but in dreams,
By the first step, dull slumbering on the earth.
—Bulwer-Lytton.

Tutored by thee, hence Poetry exalts
Her voice to ages; and informs the page
With music, image, sentiment, and thought,
Never to die! the treasure of mankind!
Their highest honor, and their truest joy!
Without thee, what were unenlighten'd Man?
—Thomson.

Philosophy is a proud, sullen detector of the poverty and misery of man. It may turn him from the world with a proud, sturdy contempt; but it

cannot come forward and say, here are rest, grace, pardon, peace, strength, and consolation.—Cecil.

Philosophy is a bully that talks very loud when the danger is at a distance; but the moment she is hard pressed by the enemy she is not to be found at her post, but leaves the brunt of the battle to be borne by her humbler but steadier comrade, Religion.—Colton.

Make philosophy thy journey, theology thy journey's end: philosophy is a pleasant way, but dangerous to him that either tires or retires; in this journey it is safe neither to loiter nor to rest, till thou hast attained thy journey's end; he that sits down a philosopher rises up an atheist.—Quarles.

Philosophical studies are beset by one peril, a person easily brings himself to think that he thinks; and a smattering of science encourages conceit. He is above his companions. A hieroglyphic is a spell. The gnostic dogma is cuneiform writing to the million. Moreover, the vain man is generally a doubter. It is Newton who sees himself in a child on the sea shore, and his discoveries in the colored shells.—Willmott.

Phrenology

'Tis strange how like a very dunce,
Man, with his bumps upon his sconce,
Has lived so long, and yet no knowledge he
Has had, till lately, of Phrenology—
A science that by simple dint of
Head-combing he should find a hint of,
When scratching o'er those little pole-hills
The faculties throw up like mole hills.
—Hood.

Physic — Physician

Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it.—Shakespeare.

Time is generally the best doctor.—Ovid.

A wise physician, skill'd our wounds to heal,
Is more than armies to the public weal.
—Pope.

Physician, heal thyself.—Bible.

The purse of the patient often protracts his case.—Zimmermann.

Joy, and Temperance, and Repose,
Slam the door on the doctor's nose.
—Longfellow.

A man who pours drugs of which he knows little into a body of which he knows less.—Voltaire.

We have not only multiplied diseases, but we have made them more fatal.—Rush.

Physic, for the most part, is nothing else but the substitute of exercise or temperance.—Addison.

Though fancy may be the patient's complaint, necessity is often the doctor's.—Zimmermann.

Physicians are the cobblers, rather the botchers, of men's bodies; as the one patches our tattered clothes, so the other solders our diseased flesh.—John Ford.

Physicians, of all men, are most happy; whatever good success soever they have the world proclaimeth, and what faults they commit the earth covereth.—Quarles.

They have no other doctor but sun and the fresh air, and that such an one as never sends them to the apothecary.—South.

A republic of philosophers, such as speculative men are fond of forming in imagination, but which was never known.—Livius.

Guy Patin recommends to a patient to have no doctor but a horse, and no apothecary but an ass!—Chesterfield.

In the actual condition of medical science, the physician mostly plays but the part of simple spectator of the sad episodes which his profession furnishes him.—Magendie.

I think you might dispense with half your doctors, if you would only consult Doctor Sun more, and be more under the treatment of these

great hydropathic doctors, the clouds! —Beecher.

Some persons will tell you, with an air of the miraculous, that they recovered although they were given over; whereas they might with more reason have said, they recovered because they were given over.—Colton.

I do remember an apothecary,—
And hereabouts he dwells,—whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones.
—Shakespeare.

Nothing is more estimable than a physician who, having a studied nature from his youth, knows the properties of the human body, the diseases which assail it, the remedies which will benefit it, exercises his art with caution, and pays equal attention to the rich and the poor.—Voltaire.

Physiognomy

Nature never writes a blind hand.—T. Starr King.

There is a certain physiognomy in manners.—Joseph Cook.

Trust not too much to an enchanting face.—Virgil.

There is no art whereby to find the mind's construction in the face.—Shakespeare.

There is nothing truer than physiognomy, taken in connection with manner.—Dickens.

The scope of an intellect is not to be measured by inches in a man's face. —Benjamin West.

Physiognomy is often a great falsifier, though as a rule it is honest enough.—Joaquin Miller.

A wise man will find us to be rogues by our faces.—Swift.

What knowledge is there of which man is capable that is not founded on the exterior,—the relation that exists between visible and invisible, the perceptible and the imperceptible?—Lavater.

We are all of us more or less active physiognomists.—Thoreau.

What is love at first sight but a proof of the powerful but silent language of physiognomy.—Mary Clemmer.

The language of the face is not taught by the schools; it is intuitive, and to the observant is always legible.—Julia Ward Howe.

The unsuitableness of one man's aspect to another man's fancy has raised such aversion as has produced a perfect hatred of him.—South.

The tongue is more easily controlled than the features of the face; and though the heart may be secret, the face is transparent.—Helen Hunt.

Children are marvellously and intuitively correct physiognomists. The youngest of them exhibit this trait.—Bartol.

The scope of an intellect is not to be measured with a tape-string, or a character deciphered from the shape or length of a nose.—Bovee.

As the language of the face is universal, so 'tis very comprehensive: no laconism can reach it; 'tis the shorthand of the mind, and crowds a great deal in a little room.—Jeremy Collier.

Spite of Lavater, faces are oftentimes great lies. They are the paper money of society, for which on demand, there frequently proves to be no gold in the human coffer.—F. G. Trafford.

These flattering mirrors reflect imperfectly what is within; the countenance is often a gay deceiver. What defects of mind lie hidden under its beauty! What fair exteriors conceal base souls!—Corneille.

The distinguishing characters of the face and the lineaments of the body

grow more plain and visible with time and age; but the peculiar physiognomy of the mind is most discernible in children.—Locke.

Every passion gives a particular cast to the countenance, and is apt to discover itself in some feature or other. I have seen an eye curse for half an hour together, and an eyebrow call a man a scoundrel.—Addison.

Alas! how few of nature's faces there are to gladden us with their beauty! The cares and sorrows and hungerings of the world change them as they change hearts; and it is only when these passions sleep and have lost their hold forever that the troubled clouds pass off, and leave heaven's surface clear.—Dickens.

It is believed that physiognomy is only a simple development of the features already marked out by nature. It is my opinion, however, that in addition to this development, the features come insensibly to be formed and assume their shape from the frequent and habitual expression of certain affections of the soul. These affections are marked on the countenance; nothing is more certain than this; and when they turn into habits, they must leave on it durable impressions.—Rousseau.

Pictures (See Paintings)

The beauty of the picture is an abiding concrete of the painter's vision.—Hartley Coleridge.

All really great pictures exhibit the general habits of nature, manifested in some peculiar, rare, and beautiful way.—Ruskin.

Whosoever loves not picture is injurious to truth, and all the wisdom of poetry. Picture is the invention of heaven, the most ancient and most akin to nature. It is itself a silent work, and always one and the same habit.—Ben Jonson.

No picture can be good which deceives by its imitation, for the very reason that nothing can be beautiful which is not true.—Ruskin.

Piety

Piety softens all that courage bears.—Mme. Swetchine.

Let us learn upon earth those things which can call us to heaven.—St. Jerome.

Earth has nothing more tender than a woman's heart when it is the abode of piety.—Luther.

Our piety must be weak and imperfect if it do not conquer our fear of death.—Fénelon.

Christian piety annihilates the egotism of the heart; worldly politeness veils and represses it.—Pascal.

We must labor unceasingly to render our piety reasonable, and our reason pious.—Madame Swetchine.

The affectation of sanctity is a blotch on the face of piety.—Lavater.

Let us carry only in this life that perfection which we have given to our soul.—Orfila.

Reverence the highest; have patience with the lowest. Let this day's performance of the meanest duty be thy religion.—Margaret Fuller Ossoli.

Piety and virtue are not only delightful for the present, but they leave peace and contentment behind them.—Tillotson.

Piety does not mean that a man should make a sour face about things, and refuse to enjoy in moderation what his Maker has given.—Carlyle.

We may learn by practice such things upon earth as shall be of use to us in heaven. Piety, unostentatious piety, is never out of place.—Chapin.

True piety hath in it nothing weak, nothing sad, nothing constrained. It enlarges the heart; it is simple, free, and attractive.—Fénelon.

Let it not be imagined that the life of a good Christian must necessarily be a life of melancholy and gloomi-

ness; for he only resigns some pleasures, to enjoy others infinitely greater. —Pascal.

A good man regards the root; he fixes the root, and all else flows out of it. The root is filial piety; the fruit brotherly love.—Confucius.

Piety is the necessary Christian virtue proportioned adequately to the omniscience and spirituality of that Infinite Deity.—Hammond.

Among the many strange servilities mistaken for piety, one of the least lovely is that which hopes to flatter God by despising the world and villifying human nature.—G. H. Lewes.

John Wesley quaintly observed that the road to heaven is a narrow path, not intended for wheels, and that to ride in a coach here and to go to heaven hereafter, was a happiness too much for man.—Beecher.

I do not doubt but that genuine piety is the spring of peace of mind; it enables us to bear the sorrows of life, and lessens the pangs of death: the same cannot be said of hypocrisy. —Bruyère.

In theory, piety is reverence and love for God; and in practice, it is the exercise of all our powers in obedience to the Divine will. Combining the theory and practice, we have the richest treasure known on earth—love for God shown in obedience to God.— D. W. Gates.

Piety is not an end, but a means of attaining the highest degree of culture by perfect peace of mind. Hence it is to be observed that those who make piety an end and aim in itself for the most part become hypocrites.— Goethe.

It is impossible for the mind which is not totally destitute of piety, to behold the sublime, the awful, the amazing works of creation and providence; the heavens with their luminaries, the mountains, the ocean, the storm, the earthquake, and the volcano; the circuit of the seasons and the revolutions of empires; without marking in them all the mighty hand of God, and feeling strong emotions of reverence toward the Author of these stupendous works.—Dwight.

Piety is indifferent whether she enters at the eye or at the ear. There is none of the senses at which she does not knock one day or other. The Puritans forgot this, and thrust Beauty out of the meeting-house and slammed the door in her face.—Lowell.

Piety is the only proper and adequate relief of decaying man. He that grows old without religious hopes, as he declines into imbecility, and feels pains and sorrows incessantly crowding upon him, falls into a gulf of bottomless misery, in which every reflection must plunge him deeper and deeper.—Johnson.

Piety raises and fortifies the mind for trying occasions and painful events. When our country is threatened by dangers and pressed by difficulties who are the best bulwarks of its defence? Not the sons of dissipation and folly, not the smooth-tongued sycophants of a court, nor sceptics and blasphemers, from the school of infidelity; but the man whose moral conduct is animated and sustained by the doctrines and consolations of religion. Happy is that country where patriotism is sustained and sanctified by piety; where authority respects and guards freedom, and freedom reveres and loves legitimate authority; where truth and mercy meet together, righteousness and peace embrace each other. —Ton.

We are surrounded by motives to piety and devotion, if we would but mind them. The poor are designed to excite our liberality; the miserable, our pity; the sick, our assistance; the ignorant, our instruction; those that are fallen, our helping hand. In those who are vain, we see the vanity of the world; in those who are wicked, our own frailty. When we see good men rewarded, it confirms our hope; and when evil men are punished, it excites our fear.—Bishop Wilson.

Pines

The pine is the mother of legends.—Lowell.

Shaggy shade
Of desert-loving pine, whose emerald scalp
Nods to the storm. —Byron.

'Twas on the inner bark, stripped from the pine,
Our father pencilled this epistle rare;
Two blazing pine knots did his torches shine,
Two braided pallets formed his desk and chair. —Durfee.

Like two cathedral towers these stately pines
Uplift their fretted summits tipped with cones;
The arch beneath them is not built with stones,
Not Art but Nature traced these lovely lines,
And carved this graceful arabesque of vines;
No organ but the wind here sighs and moans,
No sepulchre conceals a martyr's bones.
No marble bishop on his tomb reclines.
Enter! the pavement, carpeted with leaves,
Gives back a softened echo to thy tread!
Listen! the choir is singing; all the birds,
In leafy galleries beneath the eaves,
Are singing! listen, ere the sound, be fled,
And learn there may be worship without words. Longfellow.—

Pity

Pity is akin to love.—Southern.

Be pitiful, be courteous.—Bible.

Pity is love in undress.—Marie Ebner-Eschenbach.

Pity is love when grown into excess.—Sir R. Howard.

Pity melts the mind to love.—Dryden.

Pity, the tenderest part of love.—Yalden.

Man may dismiss compassion from his heart, but God will never.—Cowper.

Pity enlarges the heart.—Fénelon.

Pity best taught by fellowship of woe.—Coleridge.

The unfortunate do not pity the unfortunate.—H. W. Shaw.

No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.—Shakespeare.

Fire drives out fire; so pity, pity.—Shakespeare.

Pity and friendship seek different habitations.—Helen Hunt.

Almost all women have hearts full of pity.—Thackeray.

Pity is woman's sweetest charm.—Balzac.

He best can pity who has felt the woe.—Gay.

Pity's tears are spontaneous.—Anna Cora Mowatt.

A woman's pity sometimes makes her mad.—Mrs. Browning.

It is easy to condemn; it is better to pity.—Abbott.

He scorned his own, who felt another's woe.—Campbell.

Pity is not natural to man. Children are always cruel; savages are always cruel.—Dr. Johnson.

Of all the paths that lead to a woman's heart, pity is the straightest.—Beaumont.

We pity in others only those evils which we have ourselves experienced.—Rousseau.

O, brother man! fold to thy heart thy brother, where pity dwells, the peace of God is there.—Whittier.

He hath a tear for pity, and a hand open as day for melting charity!—Shakespeare.

More helpful than all wisdom is one draught of simple human pity, that will not forsake us.—George Eliot.

Pity swells the tide of love.—Young.

Pity makes the world soft to the weak, and noble for the strong.—Edwin Arnold.

Alas! poor human nature, pity, if hard pressed, degenerates into contempt.—J. G. Saxe.

To him that is afflicted, pity should be shewed from his friends.—Bible.

Pity is not enough better than indifference to benefit materially either agent or recipient.—Charles H. Parkhurst.

How different is the ready hand, tearful eye, and soothing voice, from the ostentatious appearance which is called pity!—Jane Porter.

Pity is sworn servant unto love; and of this be sure, wherever it begins to make the way, it lets the master in.—Daniel.

There are two sorts of pity: one is a balm and the other a poison; the first is realized by our friends, the last by our enemies.—Charles Sumner.

The world is full of love and pity. Had there been less suffering, there would have been less kindness.—Thackeray.

The great basis of the Christian faith is compassion; do not dismiss that from your hearts, neither will your Maker.—Theodore Parker.

Friends should be very delicate and careful in administering pity as medicine, when enemies use the same article as poison.—J. F. Boyes.

People seem to think themselves in some ways superior to heaven itself, when they complain of the sorrow and want round about them. And yet it is not the devil for certain who puts pity into their hearts.—Anne Isabella Thackeray.

Pity, though it may often relieve, is but, at best, a short-lived passion, and seldom affords distress more than transitory assistance; with some it scarce lasts from the first impulse till the hand can be put into the pocket.—Goldsmith.

I shall despair. There is no creature loves me;
And if I die, no soul shall pity me:
Nay, wherefore should they, since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself?
—Shakespeare.

Let us pity the wicked man: for it is very sad to seek happiness where it does not exist. Let our compassion express itself in efforts to bring him gently back to sacred principle, and if he persist, let us pity him the more for a blindness so fatal to himself.—De Charnage.

If ever you have looked on better days, if ever been where bells have knolled to church, if ever sat at any good man's feast, if ever from your eyelids wiped a tear and know what 'tis to pity and be pitied, let gentleness my strong enforcement sue.—Shakespeare.

No radiant pearl which crested fortune wears,
No gem that, twinkling, hangs from beauty's ears,
Not the bright stars which night's blue arch adorn,
Nor rising suns that gild the vernal morn,
Shine with such lustre as the tear that breaks
For other's woe, down virtue's manly cheeks. —Darwin.

Pity and forbearance, and long-sufferance and fair interpretation, and excusing our brother, and taking in the best sense, and passing the gentlest sentence, are as certainly our duty, and owing to every person that does offend and can repent, as calling to account can be owing to the law, and are first to be paid: and he that does not so is an unjust person.—Jeremy Taylor.

Pity is a sense of our own misfortunes in those of another man: it is a sort of foresight of the disasters which may befall ourselves. We assist others, in order that they may assist us on like occasions; so that the services we offer to the unfortunate are in reality so many anticipated kindnesses to ourselves.—Rochefoucauld.

Plagiarism

Away, ye imitators, servile herd!—Horace.

Our best thought comes from others.—Emerson.

To steal his sweet and honeyed sentences.—Shakespeare.

Borrowed garments never keep one warm.—Lowell.

I am but a gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff.—Sir Henry Wotton.

Borrowed thoughts, like borrowed money, only show the poverty of the borrower.—Lady Blessington.

Plagiarists are always suspicious of being stolen from.—Coleridge.

They lard their lean books with the fat of other's works.—Burton.

Plagiarists, at least, have the merit of preservation.—Disraeli.

For such kind of borrowing as this, if it be not bettered by the borrower, among good authors is accounted Plagiary.—Milton.

Goethe said there would be little left of him if he were to discard what he owed to others.—Charlotte Cushman.

Is the painter a plagiarist because he sets his palette to nature?—Benjamin West.

There is nothing original; all is reflected light.—Balzac.

Honest thinkers are always stealing from each other.—O. W. Holmes.

Literature is full of coincidences which some love to believe plagiarisms.—O. W. Holmes.

Thought is the property of him who can entertain it, and of him who can adequately place it.—Emerson.

Amongst so many borrowed things am glad if I can steal one, disguising and altering it for some new service.—Montaigne.

Steal! to be sure they may, and, egad, serve your best thoughts as gypsies do stolen children,—disfigure them to make 'em pass for their own.—Sheridan.

Plagiarists are purloiners who filch the fruit that others have gathered, and then throw away the basket.—Chatfield.

We can say nothing but what hath been said, * * * Our poets steal from Homer * * * Our story-dressers do as much; he that comes last is commonly best.—Burton.

No earnest thinker is a plagiarist pure and simple. He will never borrow from others that which he has not already, more or less, thought out for himself.—Charles Kingsley.

Most plagiarists, like the drone, have neither taste to select, industry to acquire, nor skill to improve, but impudently pilfer the honey ready prepared, from the hive.—Colton.

Next, o'er his books his eyes began to roll,
In pleasing memory of all he stole,
How here he sipp'd, how there he plunder'd snug,
And suck'd all o'er, like an industrious bug. —Pope.

It has come to be practically a sort of rule in literature, that a man, having once shown himself capable of original writing, is entitled thenceforth to steal from the writings of others at discretion.—Emerson.

All the makers of dictionaries, all compilers who do nothing else than repeat backwards and forwards the opinions, the errors, the impostures, and the truths already printed, we may term plagiarists: but honest plagiarists, who arrogate not the merit of invention.—Voltaire.

If we steal thoughts from the moderns, it will be cried down as plagiarism; if from the ancients, it will be cried up as erudition. But in this respect every author is a Spartan, being

more ashamed of the discovery than of the depredation.—Colton.

All men who have sense and feeling are being continually helped; they are taught by every person they meet, and enriched by everything that falls in their way. The greatest is he who has been oftenest aided. Originality is the observing eye.—Ruskin.

Nothing is sillier than this charge of plagiarism. There is no sixth commandment in art. The poet dare help himself wherever he lists, wherever he finds material suited to his work. He may even appropriate entire columns with their carved capitals, if the temple he thus supports be a beautiful one. Goethe understood this very well, and so did Shakespeare before him.—Heinrich Heine.

All the poets are indebted more or less to those who have gone before them; even Homer's originality has been questioned, and Virgil owes almost as much to Theocritus, in his Pastorals, as to Homer, in his Heroics; and if our own countryman, Milton, has soared above both Homer and Virgil, it is because he has stolen some feathers from their wings.—Colton.

As monarchs have a right to call in the specie of a state, and raise its value, by their own impression; so are there certain prerogative geniuses, who are above plagiaries, who cannot be said to steal, but, from their improvement of a thought, rather to borrow it, and repay the commonwealth of letters with interest again; and may more properly be said to adopt, than to kidnap a sentiment, by leaving it heir to their own fame.—Sterne.

Play

Play may not have so high a place in the divine economy, but it has as legitimate a place as prayer.—J. G. Holland.

Play is a sacred thing, a divine ordinance, for developing in the child a harmonious and healthy organism, and preparing that organism for the commencement of the work of life.—J. G. Holland.

It is the great harmonizer of the human faculties, overstrained and made inharmonious by labor. It is the agency that keeps alive and in healthy activity the faculties and sympathies which work fails to use or helps to repress. It is the conservator of moral, mental, and physical health.—J. G. Holland.

Pleasure

Great pleasures are serious.—Voltaire.

Pleasure limps for him who enjoys it alone.—J. Petit-Senn.

Fly the pleasure that bites to-morrow.—George Herbert.

A man of pleasure is a man of pains.—Young.

Pleasure itself is painful at the bottom.—Montaigne.

There is a pleasure which is born of pain.—Lord Lytton.

Pleasure is far sweeter as a recreation than a business.—Roswell D. Hitchcock.

The shortest pleasures are the sweetest.—Farquhar.

Pleasure has no logic; it never treads in its own footsteps.—Alexander Smith.

There is no sterner moralist than pleasure.—Byron.

A fool to pleasure, yet a slave to fame.—Pope.

Pleasures can undo a man at any time, if yielded to.—Feltham.

Pleasure can be supported by illusion, but happiness rests upon truth.—Chamfort.

Great pleasures are much less frequent than great pains.—Hume.

Most pleasures embrace us but to strangle.—Montaigne.

Pleasure's couch is virtue's grave.—Duganne.

Pleasure of every kind quickly satisfies.—Burke.

Rare indulgence produces greater pleasure.—Juvenal.

God made all pleasures innocent.—Mrs. Norton.

There is no pleasure without a tincture of bitterness.—Hafiz.

Death treads in pleasure's footsteps round the world,
When pleasure treads the paths which reason shuns. —Young.

Choose such pleasures as recreate much and cost little.—Fuller.

Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.
—Pope.

Mistake not. Those pleasures are not pleasures that trouble the quiet and tranquillity of thy life.—Jeremy Taylor.

I should rejoice if my pleasures were as pleasing to God as they are to myself.—Marguerite de Valois.

We tire of those pleasures we take, but never of those we give.—J. Petit-Senn.

It is characteristic of pleasure that we can never recognize it to be pleasure till after it is gone.—Alexander Smith.

Pleasure never comes sincere to man; but lent by heaven upon hard usury.—Dryden.

Though sages may pour out their wisdom's treasure,
There is no sterner moralist than pleasure.
—Byron.

All the human race, from China to Peru, pleasure, howe'er disguised by art, pursue.—Thomas Warton

He who seeks to imbitter innocent pleasure has a cancer in his heart.—Lavater.

I built my soul a lordly pleasure-house,
Wherein at ease for aye to dwell.
—Tennyson.

Consider pleasures as they depart, not as they come.—Aristotle.

Pain may be said to follow pleasure as its shadow.—Colton.

But pleasures are like poppies spread; you seize the flower, its bloom is shed!—Burns.

Pleasure makes our youth inglorious, our age shameful.—Steele.

The greatest of all pleasures is to give pleasure to one whom we love.—Boufflers.

The public pleasures of far the greater part of mankind are counterfeit.—Johnson.

He that would have the perfection of pleasure must be moderate in the use of it.—Benjamin Whichcote.

The inward pleasure of imparting pleasure—that is the choicest of all.—Hawthorne.

He who can at all times sacrifice pleasure to duty approaches sublimity.—Lavater.

All pleasures are commendable that do not culminate in regret.—Mme. de Maintenon.

The rule of my life is to make business a pleasure, and pleasure my business.—Aaron Burr.

Ever let the Fancy roam,
Pleasure never is at home.
—Keats.

Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each through endless years,
One minute of Heaven is worth them all.
—Moore.

Put this restriction on your pleasures; be cautious that they injure no being which has life.—Zimmermann.

For the bow cannot stand always bent, nor can human nature or human frailty subsist without some lawful recreation.—Cervantes.

Let not the enjoyment of pleasures now within your grasp be carried to such excess as to incapacitate you from future repetition.—Seneca.

Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words,—health, peace, and competence. —Pope.

Pleasure admitted in undue degree
Enslaves the will, nor leaves the judgment free. —Cowper.

The most delicate, the most sensible, of all pleasures consists in promoting the pleasures of others.—Bruyère.

Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain which with pain purchased doth inherit pain.—Shakespeare.

The seeds of repentance are sown in youth by pleasure, but the harvest is reaped in age by pain.—Colton.

Remember that thy heart will shed its pleasures as thine eye its tears, and both leave loathsome furrows.—Bailey.

Pleasure has its time: so too has wisdom. Make love in thy youth, and in old age attend to thy salvation.—Voltaire.

Pleasures of the mind have this advantage,—they never cloy nor wear themselves out, but increase by employment.—Frances Power Cobbe.

There is no such thing as pure, unalloyed pleasure; some bitter ever mingles with the sweet.—Ovid.

Where solid pains succeed our senseless joys, and short-lived pleasures pass like fleeting dreams.—Rochester.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar.
—Byron.

The amiable is the voluptuous in expression or manner. The sense of pleasure in ourselves is that which excites it in others; or, the art of pleasing is to seem pleased.—Hazlitt.

Pleasures lie thickest where no pleasures seem;
There's not a leaf that falls upon the ground
But holds some joy of silence or of sound,
Some sprite begotten of a summer dream.
—Blanchard.

Pleasure seizes the whole man who addicts himself to it, and will not give him leisure for any good office in life which contradicts the gayety of the present hour.—Steele.

Mental pleasures never cloy; unlike those of the body, they are increased by repetition, approved of by reflection, and strengthened by enjoyment. —Colton.

When the idea of any pleasure strikes your imagination, make a just computation between the duration of the pleasure and that of the repentance that is likely to follow it.—Epictetus.

The end of pleasure is to support the offices of life, to relieve the fatigues of business, to reward a regular action, and to encourage the continuance.—Jeremy Collier.

A man would have no pleasures in discovering all the beauties of the universe, even in heaven itself, unless he had a partner with whom he might share his joys.—Cicero.

The roses of pleasure seldom last long enough to adorn the brow of him who plucks them; for they are the only roses which do not retain their sweetness after they have lost their beauty. —Hannah More.

The pleasures of the world are deceitful; they promise more than they give. They trouble us in seeking them, they do not satisfy us when possessing them, and they make us despair in losing them.—Mme. De Lambert.

If you suppress the exorbitant love of pleasure and money, idle curiosity,

iniquitous pursuits and wanton mirth, what a stillness would there be in the great cities! The necessaries of life do not occasion at most a third part of the hurry.—Bruyère.

Would you judge of the lawfulness or unlawfulness of pleasures, take this rule: whatever weakens your reason impairs the tenderness of your conscience, obscures your sense of God, or takes off the relish of spiritual things; in short, whatever increases the strength and authority of your body over your mind, that thing is sin to you, however innocent it may be in itself.—Southey.

Relaxation is a physical and moral necessity. Animals, even to the simplest and dullest, have their games, their sports, their diversions. The toil-worn artisan, stooping and straining over his daily task, which taxes eye and brain and limb, ought to have opportunity and means for an hour or two of relaxation after that task is concluded.—Horace Greeley.

People should be guarded against temptation to unlawful pleasures by furnishing them the means of innocent ones. In every community there must be pleasures, relaxations and means of agreeable excitement; and if innocent are not furnished, resort will be had to criminal. Man was made to enjoy as well as labor, and the state of society should be adapted to this principle of human nature.—Channing.

Pleasure's the only noble end
To which all human powers should tend;
And virtue gives her heavenly lore,
But to make pleasure please us more!
Wisdom and she were both design'd
To make the senses more refined,
That man might revel free from cloying,
Then most a sage, when most enjoying!
—Moore.

Poetry

Poetry is the overflowing of the soul.—Tuckerman.

Poetry is the morning dream of great minds.—Lamartine.

Poetry, the eldest sister of all arts, and parent of most.—Congreve.

Poetry is truth dwelling in beauty.—Gilfillan.

Poetry is the apotheosis of sentiment.—Mme. de Staël.

The poetry of earth is ceasing never.—Keats.

Poetry, the sister-spirit of music.—Mme. le Vert.

Poetry is the breath of beauty.—Leigh Hunt.

Poetry is the key to the hieroglyphics of nature.—J. C. and A. W. Hare.

Poetry is the child of enthusiasm.—Sigma.

Poetry is to be found nowhere unless we carry it within us.—Joubert.

Poetry is the eloquence of verse.—Bryant.

The poetry of earth is never dead.—Keats.

Truth shines the brighter, clad in verse.—Pope.

The essence of poetry is will and passion.—Hazlitt.

The finest poetry was first experience.—Emerson.

Much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.—Shakespeare.

It is uninspired inspiration.—Henry Reed.

A poem round and perfect as a star.—Alexander Smith.

Only that is poetry which cleanses and mans me.—Emerson.

Science sees signs; poetry the thing signified.—J. C. and A. W. Hare.

Sweet food of sweetly uttered knowledge.—Sir P. Sidney.

Poetry is evidently a contagious complaint.—Washington Irving.

The intellect colored by the feelings. —Professor Wilson.

Poetry is the robe, the royal apparel, in which truth asserts its divine origin.—Beecher.

Poetry is the art of substituting shadows, and of lending existence to nothing.—Burke.

Of all kinds of ambition, that which pursues poetical fame is the wildest.—Goldsmith.

Poetry is the attempt which man makes to render his existence harmonious.—Carlyle.

Take the sweet poetry of life away, and what remains behind?—Wordsworth.

Poetry is the music of thought, conveyed to us in music of language.—Chatfield.

Poetry is the record of the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best minds.—Shelley.

One merit of poetry few persons will deny: it says more and in fewer words than prose.—Voltaire.

He murmurs near the running brooks a music sweeter than their own. —Wordsworth.

Bishop Ken styled poetry "thought in blossom."—William Winter.

Willmott, the English essayist, says poetry is the natural religion of literature.—W. R. Alger.

Poetry is the music of the soul, and, above all, of great and feeling souls.—Voltaire.

In the earliest ages science was poetry, as in the latter poetry has become science.—Lowell.

They learn in suffering what they teach in song.—Shelley.

Our poetry in the eighteenth century was prose; our prose in the seventeenth, poetry.—J. C. and A. W Hare.

What makes poetry? A full heart, brimful of one noble passion.—Goethe.

Heroic poetry has ever been esteemed the greatest work of human nature.—Dryden.

Lyrical poetry is much the same in every age, as the songs of the nightingales in every spring-time.—Heine.

Poetry has been the guardian angel of humanity in all ages.—Lamartine.

There is no heroic poem in the world but is at bottom a biography, the life of a man.—Carlyle.

Nothing which does not transport is poetry. The lyre is a winged instrument.—Joubert.

Poetry is only born after painful journeys into the vast regions of thought.—Balzac.

The elegancy, facility and golden cadence of poesy.—Shakespeare.

Sweet are the pleasures that to verse belong,
And doubly sweet a brotherhood in song.
—Keats.

Nor florid prose, nor honied lies of rhyme,
Can blazon evil deeds, or consecrate a crime. —Byron.

The art of poetry is to touch the passions, and its duty to lead them on the side of virtue.—Cowper.

As yet a child, not yet a fool to fame, I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.—Pope.

True poets, like great artists, have scarcely any childhood, and no old age. —Mme. Swetchine.

The poet's leaves are gathered one by one, in the slow process of the doubtful years.—Bayard Taylor.

Words become luminous when the poet's finger has passed over them its phosphorescence.—Joubert.

Those are poets who write thoughts as fragrant as flowers, and in as many-colored words.—Mme. de Krudener.

Poetry uses the rainbow tints for special effects, but always keeps its essential object in the purest light of truth.—Holmes.

Poetry is simply the most beautiful, impressive and widely effective mode of saying things, and hence its importance.—Matthew Arnold.

Every great poem is in itself limited by necessity, but in its suggestions unlimited and infinite.—Longfellow.

Poesy is of so subtle a spirit that in the pouring out of one language into another it will evaporate.—Denham.

Poesy, drawing within its circle all that is glorious and inspiring, gave itself but little concern as to where its flowers originally grew.—Karl Ottfried Müller.

Poetry teaches the enormous force of a few words, and, in proportion to the inspiration, checks loquacity.—Emerson.

We hold that the most wonderful and splendid proof of genius is a great poem produced in a civilized age.—Macaulay.

That which moveth the heart most is the best poetry; it comes nearest unto God, the source of all power.—Landor.

Poetry is unfallen speech. Paradise knew no other, for no other would suffice to answer the need of those ecstatic days of innocence.—Abraham Coles.

There is as much difference between good poetry and fine verses as between the smell of a flower-garden and of a perfumer's shop.—Hare.

Poetry and flowers are the wine and spirit of the Arab; a couplet is equal to a bottle, and a rose to a dram, without the evil effects of either.—Layard.

Never did poesy appear so full of heaven to me as when I saw how it pierced through pride and fear to the lives of coarsest men.—Lowell.

Poetry is in itself strength and joy, whether it be crowned by all mankind, or left alone in its own magic hermitage.—Sterling.

The world is full of poetry. The air is living with its spirit; and the waves dance to the music of its melodies, and sparkle in its brightness.—Percival.

I wish our clever young poets would remember my homely definitions of prose and poetry; that is, prose = words in their best order; poetry = the best words in the best order.—Coleridge.

The essence of poetry is invention; such invention as, by producing something unexpected, surprises and delights.—Samuel Johnson.

In the hands of genius the driest stick becomes an Aaron's rod, and buds and blossoms out in poetry.—H. N. Hudson.

Poetry is the blossom and the fragrance of all human knowledge, human thoughts, human passions, emotions, language.—Coleridge.

Milton saw not, and Beethoven heard not, but the sense of beauty was upon them, and they fain must speak.—Ruskin.

Poetry is the sister of Sorrow. Every man that suffers and weeps is a poet; every tear is a verse, and every heart a poem.—Marc André.

Poetry is enthusiasm with wings of fire; it is the angel of high thoughts, that inspires us with the power of sacrifice.—Mazzini.

He who, in an enlightened and literary society, aspires to be a great poet, must first become a little child.—Macaulay.

Poetry is itself a thing of God;
He made his prophets poets; and the more
We feel of poesie do we become
Like God in love and power,—under-
makers. —Bailey.

The poet in prose or verse—the creator—can only stamp his images forci

bly on the page in proportion as he has forcibly felt, ardently nursed, and long brooded over them.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Poetry has been to me its own exceeding great reward; it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the good and beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me.—S. T. Coleridge.

True poetry, like the religious prompting itself, springs from the emotional side of a man's complex nature, and is ever in harmony with his highest intuitions and aspirations.—Epes Sargent.

He who finds elevated and lofty pleasures in the feeling of poetry is a true poet, though he has never composed a line of verse in his entire lifetime.—Mme. Dudevant.

Poetry should be vital—either stirring our blood by its divine movements or snatching our breath by its divine perfection. To do both is supreme glory, to do either is enduring fame.—Augustine Birrell.

Pretty conceptions, fine metaphors, glittering expressions, and something of a neat cast of verse are properly the dress, gems, or loose ornaments of poetry.—Pope.

When the Divine Artist would produce a poem, He plants a germ of it in a human soul, and out of that soul the poem springs and grows as from the rose-tree the rose—James A. Garfield.

Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares,
The poets, who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays. —Wordsworth.

The poet may say or sing, not as things were, but as they ought to have been; but the historian must pen them, not as they ought to have been, but as they really were.—Cervantes.

Poetry is music in words, and music is poetry in sound; both excellent sauce, but they have lived and died poor, that made them their meat.—Fuller.

Over all life broods Poesy, like the calm blue sky with its motherly, rebuking face. She is the great reformer, and where the love of her is strong and healthy, wickedness and wrong cannot long prevail.—Lowell.

An artist that works in marble or colors has them all to himself and his tribe: but the man who moulds his thoughts in verse has to employ the materials vulgarized by everybody's use, and glorify them by his handling. —O. W. Holmes.

O brave poets! keep back nothing, nor mix falsehood with the whole; look up Godward; speak the truth in worthy song from earnest soul; hold, in high poetic duty, truest truth the fairest beauty!—Mrs. Browning.

Then, rising with Aurora's light,
The muse invoked, sit down to write;
Blot out, correct, insert, refine,
Enlarge, diminish, interline;
Be mindful, when invention fails,
To scratch your head and bite your nails.
—Swift.

As the falcon launched trustingly heavenward is lost to view, the course of the higher poetry often soars beyond the ken of the multitude; and, as the humble birds carol blithely round our dwellings, so the meeker lays of the muse linger tunefully about the heart.—Tuckerman.

Poetry, good sir, in my opinion, is like a tender virgin, very young and extremely beautiful, whom divers other virgins—namely, all the other sciences —make it their business to enrich, polish, and adorn; and to her it belongs to make use of them all, and on her part to give a lustre to them all.—Cervantes.

Poetry interprets in two ways: it interprets by expressing, with magical felicity, the physiognomy and movements of the outward world; and it interprets by expressing, with inspired conviction, the ideas and laws of the inward world of man's moral and spiritual nature. In other words,

poetry is interpretative both by having natural magic in it, and by having moral profundity.—Matthew Arnold.

I had rather be a kitten, and cry mew,
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers;
I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry;
'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.
—Shakespeare.

There are so many tender and holy emotions flying about in our inward world, which, like angels, can never assume the body of an outward act; so many rich and lovely flowers spring up which bear no seed,—that it is a happiness poetry was invented, which receives into its limbus all these incorporated spirits and the perfume of all these flowers.—Richter.

Poetry deserves the honor it obtains as the eldest offspring of literature, and the fairest. It is the fruitfulness of many plants growing into one flower and sowing itself over the world in shapes of beauty and color, which differ with the soil that receives and the sun that ripens the seed. In Persia, it comes up the rose of Hafiz; in England, the many-blossomed tree of Shakespeare.—Willmott.

Poetry reveals to us the loveliness of nature, brings back the freshness of youthful feeling, revives the relish of simple pleasures, keeps unquenched the enthusiasm which warmed the springtime of our being, refines youthful love, strengthens our interest in human nature, by vivid delineations of its tenderest and softest feelings, and, through the brightness of its prophetic visions, helps faith to lay hold on the future life.—Channing.

Poetical taste is the only magician whose wand is not broken. No hand, except its own, can dissolve the fabric of beauty in which it dwells. Genii, unknown to Arabian fable, wait at the portal. Whatever is most precious from the loom or the mine of fancy is poured at its feet. Love, purified by contemplation, visits and cheers it; unseen musicians are heard in the dark; it is Psyche in the palace of Cupid.—Willmott.

What is a Sonnet? 'Tis the pearly shell
That murmurs of the far-off, murmuring sea;
A precious jewel carved most curiously;
It is a little picture painted well.
What is a Sonnet? 'Tis the tear that fell
From a great poet's hidden ecstacy;
A two-edged sword, a star, a song—ah me!
Sometimes a heavy tolling funeral bell.
—R. W. Gilder.

In the hands of genius, the driest stick becomes an Aaron's rod, and buds and blossoms out in poetry. Is he a Burns? the sight of a mountain daisy unseals the fountains of his nature, and he embalms the "bonny gem" in the beauty of his spirit. Is he a Wordsworth? at his touch all nature is instinct with feeling; the spirit of beauty springs up in the footsteps of his going, and the darkest, nakedest grave becomes a sunlit bank empurpled with blossoms of life.—H. N. Hudson.

Poetry is the first and last of all knowledge: it is immortal as the heart of men. If the labors of the men of science should ever create any revolution, direct or indirect, in our condition, and in the impressions which we habitually receive, the poet will then sleep no more than at present; he will be ready to follow the steps of the man of science, not only in those general indirect effects, but he will be at his side, carrying sensation into the midst of the objects of the science itself. The remotest discoveries of the chemist, the botanist, or mineralogist will be as proper objects of the poet's art as any upon which it can be employed, if the time should ever come when these things shall be familiar to us, and the relations under which they are contemplated by the followers of the respective sciences shall be manifestly and palpably material to us as enjoying and suffering beings. If the time should ever come when what is now called science, thus familiarized to men, shall be ready to put on, as it were, a form of flesh and blood, the poet will lend his divine spirit to aid the transfiguration, and will welcome the being thus produced as a dear and

genuine inmate of the household of man.—Wordsworth.

We have more poets than judges and interpreters of poetry. It is easier to write an indifferent poem than to understand a good one. There is, indeed, a certain low and moderate sort of poetry, that a man may well enough judge by certain rules of art; but the true, supreme, and divine poesy is equally above all rules and reason. And whoever discerns the beauty of it with the most assured and most steady sight sees no more than the quick reflection of a flash of lightning.—Montaigne.

Poets

Poets are far rarer birds than kings. —Ben Jonson.

All men are poets at heart.—Emerson.

For a good poet's made, as well as born.—Ben Jonson.

I learn life from the poets.—Mme. de Staël.

A poet must sing for his own people.—Stedman.

He koude songes make and wel endite.—Chaucer.

To the poetic mind all things are poetical.—Longfellow.

Who live on fancy, and can feed on air.—Gay.

The true poem is the poet's mind.—Emerson.

All great poets have been men of great knowledge.—Bryant.

To a poet nothing can be useless.—Johnson.

A poet is a painter of the soul.—Isaac Disraeli.

God's prophets of the Beautiful,
These Poets were. —E. B. Browning.

Nature, after all, is still the grand agent in making poets.—Carlyle.

Most of the poets of to-day have the spider's talent of spinning, but not her art of weaving.—Richter.

Poets are all who love,—who feel great truths,
And tell them. —Bailey.

A poet is the translator of the silent language of nature to the world.—R. W. Griswold.

Poets utter great and wise things which they do not themselves understand.—Plato.

A poet without love were a physical and metaphysical impossibility.—Carlyle.

Most joyful let the Poet be;
It is through him that all men see.
—William E. Channing.

'Tis a question whether adversity or prosperity makes the most poets.—Farquhar.

There is a pleasure in poetic pains,
Which only poets know. —Cowper.

For next to being a great poet is the power of understanding one.—Longfellow.

Poets alone are sure of immortality; they are the truest diviners of nature. —Bulwer-Lytton.

A poem's life and death dependeth still
Not on the poet's wits, but reader's will.
—Alexander Brome.

It's a man's sincerity and depth of vision that makes him a poet.—Carlyle.

The Poet's leaves are gathered one by one,
In the slow process of the doubtful years.
—Bayard Taylor.

The poet who does not revere his art, and believe in its sovereignty, is not born to wear the purple.—Stedman.

Never durst poet touch a pen to write
Until his ink were temper'd with Love's sighs. —Shakespeare.

The poet's labors are a work of joy, and require peace of mind.—Ovid.

A poet's soul must contain the perfect shape of all things good, wise and just. His body must be spotless and without blemish, his life pure, his thoughts high, his studies intense.—Augustine Birrell.

Poets are the hierophants of an unapprehended inspiration; the mirrors of the gigantic shadows which futurity casts upon the present.—Shelley.

Show me one wicked man who has written poetry, and I will show you where his poetry is not poetry; or, rather, I will show you in his poetry no poetry at all.—Elizabeth S. Shephard.

The poet is a creator, not an iconoclast, and never will tamely endeavor to say in prose what can only be expressed in song.—Stedman.

Dan Chaucer, well of English undefyled,
On Fame's eternall beadroll worthie to be fyled. —Spenser.

I fancy the character of a poet is in every country the same,—fond of enjoying the present, careless of the future; his conversation that of a man of sense, his actions those of a fool.—Goldsmith.

If men will impartially, and not asquint, look toward the offices and function of a poet, they will easily conclude to themselves the impossibility of any man's being a good poet without first being a good man.—Ben Jonson.

For voices pursue him by day,
And haunt him by night,—
And he listens, and needs must obey,
When the Angel says: "Write!"
—Longfellow.

Ages elapsed ere Homer's lamp appear'd,
And ages ere the Mantuan swan was heard;
To carry nature lengths unknown before,
To give a Milton birth, ask'd ages more.
—Cowper.

To have read the greatest works of any great poet, to have beheld or heard the greatest works of any great painter or musician, is a possession added to the best things of life.—Swinburne.

Poets should be law-givers; that is, the boldest lyric inspiration should not chide and insult, but should announce and lead the civil code, and the day's work.—Emerson.

The poet must be alike polished by an intercourse with the world as with the studies of taste; one to whom labor is negligence, refinement a science, and art a nature.—Isaac Disraeli.

Every poet, be his outward lot what it may, finds himself born in the midst of prose; he has to struggle from the littleness and obstruction of an actual world into the freedom and infinitude of an ideal.—Carlyle.

Poets are never young, in one sense. Their delicate ear hears the far-off whispers of eternity, which coarser souls must travel towards for scores of years before their dull sense is touched by them. A moment's insight is sometimes worth a life's experience.—Holmes.

A poet is a nightingale, who sits in darkness and sings to cheer its own solitude with sweet sounds. His auditors are as men entranced by the melody of an unseen musician, who feel that they are moved and softened, yet know not whence or why.—Shelley.

For his chaste Muse employed her heaven-taught lyre
None but the noblest passions to inspire,
Not one immortal, one corrupted thought,
One line, which dying he could wish to blot. —Lord Lyttleton.

To be a poet is to have a soul so quick to discern that no shade of quality escapes it, and so quick to feel that discernment is but a hand playing with finely ordered variety on the chords of emotion: a soul in which knowledge passes instantaneously into feeling, and feeling flashes back as a new organ of knowledge.—George Eliot.

One more royal trait properly belongs to the poet. I mean his cheerfulness, without which no man can be a poet,—for beauty is his aim. He loves virtue, not for its obligation, but for its grace; he delights in the world, in man, in woman, for the lovely light

that sparkles from them. Beauty, the spirit of joy and hilarity, he sheds over the universe.—Emerson.

In his own verse the poet still we find,
In his own page his memory lives enshrined,
As in their amber sweets the smothered bees,—
As the fair cedar, fallen before the breeze,
Lies self-embalmed amidst the mouldering trees. —O. W. Holmes.

I can no more believe old Homer blind,
Than those who say the sun hath never shined;
The age wherein he lived was dark, but he
Could not want sight who taught the world to see. —Sir John Denham.

O brave poets, keep back nothing;
Nor mix falsehood with the whole!
Look up Godward! speak the truth in
Worthy song from earnest soul!
Hold, in high poetic duty,
Truest Truth the fairest Beauty.
—E. B. Browning.

Genius in the poet, like the nomad of Arabia, ever a wanderer, still ever makes a home where the well or the palm-tree invites it to pitch the tent. Perpetually passing out of himself and his own positive circumstantial condition of being into other hearts and into other conditions, the poet obtains his knowledge of human life by transporting his own life into the lives of others.—Bulwer-Lytton.

The source of each accordant strain
Lies deeper than the Poet's brain.
First from the people's heart must spring
The passions which he learns to sing;
They are the wind, the harp is he,
To voice their fitful melody,—
The language of their varying fate,
Their pride, grief, love, ambition, hate,—
The talisman which holds inwrought
The touchstone of the listener's thought;
That penetrates each vain disguise,
And brings his secret to his eyes.
—Bayard Taylor.

All poets pretend to write for immortality, but the whole tribe have no objection to present pay, and present praise. Lord Burleigh is not the only statesman who has thought one hundred pounds too much for a song, though sung by Spenser; although Oliver Goldsmith is the only poet who ever considered himself to have been overpaid.—Colton.

There is nothing of which nature has been more bountiful than poets. They swarm like the spawn of codfish, with a vicious fecundity that invites and requires destruction. To publish verses is become a sort of evidence that a man wants sense; which is repelled, not by writing good verses, but by writing excellent verses. — Sydney Smith.

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
—Shakespeare.

O ye dead Poets, who are living still
Immortal in your verse, though life be fled,
And ye, O living Poets, who are dead
Though ye are living, if neglect can kill,
Tell me if in the darkest hours of ill,
With drops of anguish falling fast and red
From the sharp crown of thorns upon your head.
Ye were not glad your errand to fulfill?
—Longfellow.

Poison

It is medicine, not poison, I offer you.—Lessing.

To rankling poison hast thou turned in me the milk of human kindness.—Schiller.

While Fell was reposing himself in the hay,
A reptile concealed bit his leg as he lay;
But, all venom himself, of the wound he made light,
And got well, while the scorpion died of the bite. —Lessing.

All men carry about them that which is poyson to serpents: for if it be true that is reported, they will no better abide the touching with man's spittle than scalding water cast upon them: but if it happen to light within their chawes or mouth, especially if it come from a man that is fasting, it is present death.—Pliny.

Policy

The creed of diplomats.—Horace Greeley.

Assume a virtue if you have it not.—Shakespeare.

Like Æsop's fox, when he had lost his tail, would have all his fellow foxes cut off theirs.—Burton.

Keep a good table and don't forget the ladies.—Napoleon I.

Kings will be tyrants from policy, when subjects are rebels from principle.—Burke.

They had best not stir the rice, though it sticks to the pot.—Cervantes.

The publick weal requires that a man should betray, and lye, and massacre.—Montaigne.

I make presents to the mother, but think of the daughter.—Goethe.

He has mastered all points who has combined the useful with the agreeable.—Horace.

Measures, not men, have always been my mark.—Goldsmith.

The policy of adapting one's self to circumstances makes all ways smooth.—Lavater.

Cervantes shrewdly advises to lay a bridge of silver for a flying enemy.—Whipple.

The devil knew what he did when he made men politic; he crossed himself by it.—Shakespeare.

To manage men one ought to have a sharp mind in a velvet sheath.—George Eliot.

It is easiest to "be all things to all men," but it is not honest. Self-respect must be sacrificed every hour in the day.—Abraham Lincoln.

At court one becomes a sort of human ant-eater, and learns to catch one's prey by one's tongue.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Honesty is the best policy, says the familiar axiom; but people who are honest on that principle defraud no one but themselves.—James A. Garfield.

Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter: that, when he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still.
—Shakespeare.

Factions among yourselves; preferring such
To offices and honors, as ne'er read
The elements of saving policy;
But deeply skilled in all the principles
That usher to destruction.
—Massinger.

When I see a merchant over-polite to his customers, begging them to taste a little brandy and throwing half his goods on the counter,—thinks I, that man has an axe to grind.—Charles Miner.

To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue; look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under 't.
—Shakespeare.

One of the old philosophers says that it is the part of wisdom to sometimes seem a fool; but in our day there are too many ready-made ones to render this a desirable policy.—Haliburton.

In a troubled state we must do as in foul weather upon a river, not think to cut directly through, for the boat may be filled with water; but rise and fall as the waves do, and give way as much as we conveniently can.—Selden.

Mahomet made the people believe that he would call a hill to him, and from the top of it offer up his prayers for the observers of his law. The people assembled: Mahomet called the hill to come to him, again and again; and when the hill stood still, he was never a whit abashed, but said, "If the hill will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet will go to the hill."—Bacon.

Politeness

Politeness is to goodness what words are to thoughts.—Joubert.

Politeness is practical Christianity. —Dewey.

The zero of friendship's thermometer.—Bouffiers.

The truest politeness comes of sincerity.—Samuel Smiles.

Self-command is the main elegance. —Emerson.

Politeness costs little and yields much.—Mme. de Lambert.

With hat in hand, one gets on in the world.—Auerbach.

There is nothing costs less than civility.—Cervantes.

Politeness smooths wrinkles.—Joubert.

Politeness costs nothing and gains everything.—Lady Montagu.

Avoid all haste; calmness is an essential ingredient of politeness.—Alphonse Karr.

Politeness has been well defined as benevolence in small things.—Macaulay.

Fine manners are like personal beauty,—a letter of credit everywhere. —Bartol.

And when a lady's in the case,
You know all other things give place.
—Gay.

The true effect of genuine politeness seems to be rather ease than pleasure. —Johnson.

Politeness is the flower of humanity. —Joubert.

It is a part of good breeding that a man should be polite even to himself. —Richter.

Politeness is a wreath of flowers that adorns the world.—Mme. de Bassanville.

There is a politeness of the heart; this is closely allied to love.—Goethe.

Politeness is better than logic. You can often persuade when you cannot convince.—H. W. Shaw.

Politeness is as natural to delicate natures as perfume is to flowers.—De Finod.

Off goes his bonnet to an oyster wench.—Shakespeare.

There is no accomplishment so easy to acquire as politeness, and none more profitable.—H. W. Shaw.

Politeness induces morality. Serenity of manners requires serenity of mind.—Julia Ward Howe.

Gentleness is the great point to be obtained in the study of manners.—N. P. Willis.

As charity covers a multitude of sins before God, so does politeness before men.—Lord Greville.

Politeness is the art of rendering to every one, without effort, that which is socially his due.—From the French.

Defect in manners is usually the defect of fine perceptions. Men are too coarsely made for the delicacy of beautiful carriage and customs. It is not quite sufficient to good breeding, a union of kindness and independence.—Emerson.

There are few defects in our nature so glaring as not to be veiled from observation by politeness and good breeding.—Stanislaus.

Whoever pays you more court than he is accustomed to pay, either intends to deceive you, or finds you necessary to him.—Courtenay.

Politeness is fictitious benevolence. Depend upon it, the want of it never fails to produce something disagreeable to one or other.—Johnson.

True politeness is perfect ease and freedom. It simply consists in treating others just as you love to be treated yourself.—Chesterfield.

As in smooth oil the razor best is whet, so wit is by politeness. keenest set.—Young.

In the great world, malevolence and disdain never appear in any other garb than that of cold and ceremonious politeness.—Lathy.

The wisest and best are repulsive, if they are characterized by repulsive manners. Politeness is an easy virtue, costs little, and has great purchasing power.—Alcott.

When two goats met on a bridge which was too narrow to allow either to pass or return, the goat which lay down that the other might walk over it was a finer gentleman than Lord Chesterfield.—Cecil.

There is no policy like politeness; and a good manner is the best thing in the world, either to get one a good name or to supply the want of it.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Politeness is a mixture of discretion, civility, complaisance and circumspection spread over all we do and say.—St. Evremond.

Politeness is nothing more than an elegant and concealed species of flattery, tending to put the person to whom it is addressed in good humor and respect with himself.—Cumberland.

I consider that the spirit of politeness is a certain desire to bring it about, that, by our words and manners, others may be pleased with us and with themselves.—Montesquieu.

Politeness has been defined to be artificial good-nature; but we may affirm, with much greater propriety, that good-nature is natural politeness. —Stanislaus.

Politeness is not always a sign of wisdom; but the want of it always leaves room for a suspicion of folly, if folly and imprudence are the same.—Landor.

It seems to me that the spirit of politeness is a certain attention in causing that, by our words and by our manners, others may be content with us and with themselves.—Bruyère.

Nothing is more dissimilar than natural and acquired politeness. The first consists in a willing abnegation of self; the second in a compelled recollection of others.—Chesterfield.

Politeness does not always inspire goodness, equity, complaisance, and gratitude; it gives at least the appearance of these qualities, and makes man appear outwardly, as he should be within.—Bruyère.

It is because gold is rare that gilding has been invented, which, without having its solidity, has all its brilliancy. Thus, to replace the kindness we lack, we have devised politeness which has all its appearance.—De Lévis.

In all the affairs of human life, social as well as political, I have remarked that courtesies of a small and trivial character are the ones which strike deepest to the grateful and appreciating heart.—Henry Clay.

All politeness is owing to liberty. We polish one another, and rub off our corners and rough sides by a sort of amicable collision. To restrain this is inevitably to bring a rust upon men's understandings.—Shaftesbury.

Good-breeding is not confined to externals, much less to any particular dress or attitude of the body; it is the art of pleasing or contributing as much as possible to the ease and happiness of those with whom you converse.—Fielding.

Politeness is one of those advantages which we never estimate rightly but by the inconvenience of its loss. Its influence upon the manners is constant and uniform, so that, like an equal motion, it escapes perception.—Dr. Johnson.

Kindly politeness is the slow fruit of advanced reflection; it is a sort of humanity and kindliness applied to small acts and every-day discourse: it bids man soften towards others, and

forget himself for the sake of others: it constrains genuine nature, which is selfish and gross.—Taine.

Politeness is to goodness what words are to thought. It tells not only on the manners, but on the mind and the heart; it renders the feelings, the opinions, the words, moderate and gentle.—Joubert.

Politeness is a kind of anæsthetic which envelops the asperities of our character, so that other people be not wounded by them. We should never be without it, even when we contend with the rude.—Joubert.

Do not press your young children into book-learning; but teach them politeness, including the whole circle of charities which spring from the consciousness of what is due to their fellow-beings.—Spurzheim.

To the acquisition of the rare quality of politeness, so much of the enlightened understanding is necessary that I cannot but consider every book in every science, which tends to make us wiser, and of course better men, as a treatise on a more enlarged system of politeness.—Monro.

The polite of every country seem to have but one character. A gentleman of Sweden differs but little, except in trifles, from one of any other country. It is among the vulgar we are to find those distinctions which characterize a people.—Goldsmith.

Christianity is designed to refine and to soften; to take away the heart of stone, and to give us hearts of flesh; to polish off the rudeness and arrogances of our manners and tempers; and to make us blameless and harmless, the sons of God, without rebuke. —Jay.

Wisdom and virtue are by no means sufficient, without the supplemental laws of good-breeding, to secure freedom from degenerating into rudeness, or self-esteem from swelling into insolence. A thousand incivilities may be committed, and a thousand offices neglected, without any remorse of conscience, or reproach from reason.—Johnson.

"Politeness," says Witherspoon, "is real kindness kindly expressed;" an admirable definition, and so brief that all may easily remember it. This is the sum and substance of all true politeness. Put it in practice, and all will be charmed with your manners.—Mrs. Sigourney.

Bowing, ceremonious, formal compliments, stiff civilities, will never be politeness; that must be easy, natural, unstudied; and what will give this but a mind benevolent and attentive to exert that amiable disposition in trifles to all you converse and live with?—Chatham.

True politeness is the spirit of benevolence showing itself in a refined way. It is the expression of good-will and kindness. It promotes both beauty in the man who possesses it, and happiness in those who are about him. It is a religious duty, and should be a part of religious training.—Beecher.

The only true source of politeness is consideration,—that vigilant moral sense which never loses sight of the rights, the claims, and the sensibilities of others. This is the one quality, over all others, necessary to make a gentleman.—Simms.

True politeness is consideration for the opinions of others. It has been said of dogmatism that it is only puppyism come to its full growth; and certainly the worst form this quality can assume is that of opinionativeness and arrogance.—Samuel Smiles.

Not to perceive the little weaknesses and the idle but innocent affectations of the company may be allowable as a sort of polite duty. The company will be pleased with you if you do, and most probably will not be reformed by you if you do not.—Chesterfield.

That politeness which we put on, in order to keep the assuming and the presumptuous at a proper distance, will generally succeed. But it sometimes happens that these obtrusive characters are on such excellent terms

with themselves that they put down this very politeness to the score of their own great merits and high pretensions, meeting the coldness of our reserve with a ridiculous condescension of familiarity, in order to set us at ease with ourselves.—Colton.

In politeness, as in many other things connected with the formation of character, people in general begin outside, when they should begin inside; instead of beginning with the heart, and trusting that to form the manners, they begin with the manners, and trust the heart to chance influences.—Mrs. L. M. Child.

Among well-bred people a mutual deference is affected, contempt of others is disguised; authority concealed; attention given to each in his turn; and an easy stream of conversation maintained without vehemence, without interruption, without eagerness for victory, and without any airs of superiority.—Hume.

He is truly well-bred who knows when to value and when to despise those national peculiarities, which are regarded by some with so much observance; a traveller of taste at once perceives that the wise are polite all the world over, but that fools are polite only at home.—Bacon.

Political Economy

It is not the insurrections of ignorance that are dangerous, but the revolts of intelligence.—Lowell.

A well-employed and prosperous community can buy and consume. An ill-employed community cannot buy and consume. This is the solution of the whole matter; and the whole science of political economy has not one truth of half so much importance as this.—Daniel Webster.

No, sir, you dare not make war on cotton. No power on earth dares make war upon it. Cotton is king. Until lately the Bank of England was king; but she tried to put her screws as usual, the fall before last, upon the cotton crop, and was utterly vanquished. The last power has been conquered.—James Henry Hammond.

The protection of American labor against the injurious competition of foreign labor, so far, at least, as respects general handicraft productions, is known historically to have been one end designed to be obtained by establishing the Constitution; and this object, and the constitutional power to accomplish it, ought never in any degree to be surrendered or compromised.—Daniel Webster.

To tax the community for the advantage of a class is not protection; it is plunder, and I disclaim it; but I ask you to protect the rights and interests of labor generally; in the first place by allowing no free imports from countries which meet you with countervailing duties; and, in the second place, with respect to agricultural produce, to compensate the soil for the burdens from which other classes are free by an equivalent duty. This is my view of what is called protection. —Earl of Beaconsfield.

Politics

Politics is the science of exigencies. —Theodore Parker.

In politics nothing is contemptible. —Beaconsfield.

The right divine of kings to govern wrong.—Pope.

The many-headed monster of the pit.—Pope.

Vain hope, to make people happy by politics!—Carlyle.

In politics nothing is so absurd as rancor.—Count Cavour.

Party honesty is party expediency. —Grover Cleveland.

The multitude is always in the wrong.—Earl of Roscommon.

Party is the madness of many for the gain of a few.—Pope.

In politics, what begins in fear usually ends in folly.—Coleridge.

Wise men and gods are on the strongest side.—Sir Charles Sedley.

Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.—Shakespeare.

Protection and patriotism are reciprocal.—Calhoun.

There is no perfecter endowment in man than political virtue.—Plutarch.

There is no gambling like politics.—Earl of Beaconsfield.

Politics is a deleterious profession, like some poisonous handicrafts.—Emerson.

A statesman makes the occasion, but the occasion makes the politician.—George S. Hillard.

He serves his party best, who serves the country best.—Rutherford B. Hayes.

The greatest powers cannot injure a man's character whose reputation is unblemished among his party.—Lord Chesterfield.

Of all sciences there is none where first appearances are more deceitful than in politics.—Hume.

Whatever I may believe in theology, I do not believe in the doctrine of vicarious atonement in politics.—Garfield.

There is nothing in which the power of circumstances is more evident than in politics.—Earl of Beaconsfield.

Good humor and generosity carry the day with the popular heart all the world over.—Alexander Smith.

Watch thou, and wake when others be asleep, to pry into the secrets of the state.—Shakespeare.

There is no republican road to safety but in constant distrust.—Wendell Phillips.

Oh that eternal want of peace which vexes public men!—Tennyson.

If you do not know how to lie, cheat, and steal, turn your attention to politics and learn.—H. W. Shaw.

This bodes some strange eruption to our state.—Shakespeare.

Those who think must govern those who toil.—Goldsmith.

Nothing is so uncertain as the minds of the multitude.—Leiz.

As long as I count the votes what are you going to do about it? Say.—Wm. M. Tweed.

There is an infinity of political errors which, being once adopted, become principles.—Abbé Raynal.

It is a condition which confronts us—not a theory.—Grover Cleveland.

Old politicians chew on wisdom past,
And totter on in business to the last.
—Pope.

A mugwump is a person educated beyond his intellect.—Horace Porter.

Politics, as a trade, finds most and leaves nearly all dishonest.—Abraham Lincoln.

People who declare that they belong to no party certainly do not belong to ours.—J. Petit-Senn.

Political men, like goats, usually thrive best among inequalities.—Landor.

I have doubtless erred more or less in politics, but a crime I never committed.—Napoleon I.

Jarring interests of themselves create the according music of a well-mixed state.—Pope.

Where vice prevails, and impious men bear sway, the post of honor is a private station.—Addison.

The tendency of party spirit has ever been to disguise and propagate and support error.—Whately.

Measures, not men, have always been my mark.—Goldsmith.

Nothing is politically right which is morally wrong.—Daniel O'Connell.

If you do anything above party, the true-hearted ones of all parties sympathize with you.—Charles Kingsley.

Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round. —Goldsmith.

A great many political speeches are literary parricides; they kill their fathers.—G. D. Prentice.

A thousand years scarce serve to form a state; an hour may lay it in the dust.—Byron.

A politician thinks of the next election; a statesman, of the next generation.—James Freeman Clarke.

In politics, merit is rewarded by the possessor being raised, like a target, to a position to be fired at.—Bovee.

I will say positively and resolutely that is it impossible an elective monarchy should be so free and absolute as an hereditary.—Bacon.

He knows very little of mankind who expects, by any facts or reasoning, to convince a determined party man.—Lavater.

A politician weakly and amiably in the right is no match for a politician tenaciously in the wrong.—Whipple.

There is an indissoluble union between a magnanimous policy and the solid rewards of public prosperity and felicity.—Washington.

This gives force to the strong—that the multitude have no habit of self-reliance or original action.—Emerson.

There are occasions when the general belief of the people, even though it be groundless, works its effect as sure as truth itself.—Schiller.

In a free country there is much clamor, with little suffering; in a despotic state there is little complaint, but much suffering.—Carnot.

Where the people are well educated, the art of piloting a state is best learned from the writings of Plato.—Bishop Berkeley.

Get thee glass eyes;
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not.
—Shakespeare.

Free trade, one of the grestest blessings which a government can confer on a people, is in almost every country unpopular.—Macaulay.

The freeman casting, with unpurchased hand,
The vote that shakes the turrets of the land. —O. W. Holmes.

Great political questions stir the deepest nature of one-half the nation; but they pass far above and over the heads of the other half.—Wendell Phillips.

What is a Communist? One who has yearnings
For equal division of unequal earnings.
—Ebenezer Elliot.

A politician must like lightning melt
The very marrow, and not taint the skin;
His ways must not be seen. —Chapman.

I consider biennial elections as a security that the sober, second thought of the people shall be law.—Fisher Ames.

Politics resemble religion; attempting to divest either of ceremony is the most certain mode of bringing either into contempt.—Goldsmith.

The conduct of a wise politician is ever suited to the present posture of affairs. Often by foregoing a part he saves the whole, and by yielding in a small matter secures a greater.—Plutarch.

Political freedom is, or ought to be, the best guaranty for the safety and continuance of spiritual, mental, and civil freedom. It is the combination of numbers to secure the liberty to each one.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Every political sect has its esoteric and its exoteric school—its abstract doctrines for the initiated; its visible symbols, its imposing forms, its myth-

ological fables, for the vulgar.—Macaulay.

There are countries in which it would be as absurd to establish popular governments as to abolish all the restraints in a school or to unite all the strait-waistcoats in a madhouse.—Macaulay.

The very name of a politician, a statesman, is sure to cause terror and hatred; it has always connected with it the ideas of treachery, cruelty, fraud, and tyranny.—Burke.

In politics, it is almost a commonplace, that a party of order or stability, and a party of progress or reform, are both necessary elements of a healthy state of political life.—J. Stuart Mill.

Every great political party that has done this country any good has given to it some immortal ideas that have outlived the members of that party.—James A. Garfield.

Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind. —Goldsmith.

O, that estates, degrees, and offices
Were not deriv'd corruptly, and that clear honour
Were purchased by the merit of the wearer! —Shakespeare.

Your politicians
Have evermore a taint of vanity,
As hasty still to show, and boast a plot
As they are greedy to contrive it.
—Sir W. Davenant.

We are Republicans, and don't propose to leave our party and identify ourselves with the party whose antecedents have been, Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion.—Samuel D. Burchard.

I hate all bungling as I do sin, but particularly bungling in politics, which leads to the misery and ruin of many thousands and millions of people.—Goethe.

The violation of party faith is of itself too common to excite surprise or indignation. Political friendships are so well understood that we can hardly pity the simplicity they deceive.—Junius.

Responsibility educates, and politics is but another name for God's way of teaching the masses ethics, under the responsibility of great present interests.—Wendell Phillips.

There is no Canaan in politics. As health lies in labor, and there is no royal road to it but through toil, so there is no republican road to safety but in constant distrust.—Wendell Phillips.

There is scarcely anything more harmless than political or party malice. It is best to leave it to itself. Opposition and contradiction are the only means of giving it life or duration.—Witherspoon.

If we mean to support the liberty and independence which has cost us so much blood and treasure to establish, we must drive far away the demon of party spirit and local reproach.—Washington.

A statesman, we are told, should follow public opinion. Doubtless, as a coachman follows his horses; having firm hold on the reins, and guiding them.—Hare.

The politics of courts are so mean that private people would be ashamed to act in the same way; all is trick and finesse, to which the common cause is sacrificed.—Nelson.

Men naturally sympathize with the calamities of individuals; but they are inclined to look on a fallen party with contempt rather than with pity.—Macaulay.

The man who can make two ears of corn or two blades of grass grow on the spot where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind and render more essential service to the country than the whole race of politicians put together.—Swift.

A politician must often talk and act before he has thought and read. He may be very ill informed respecting a

question: all his notions about it may be vague and inaccurate; but speak he must. And if he is a man of ability, of tact, and of intrepidity, he soon finds that, even under such circumstances, it is possible to speak successfully.—Macaulay.

It is very rare, indeed, for men to be wrong in their feelings concerning public misconduct; as rare to be right in their speculations upon the cause of it. I have constantly observed that the generality of people are fifty years, at least, behind in their politics.—Burke.

Politicians think that by stopping up the chimney they can stop its smoking. They try the experiment, they drive the smoke back, and there is more smoke than ever; but they do not see that their want of common-sense has increased the evil they would have prevented.—Borne.

The amelioration of the condition of mankind, and the increase of human happiness ought to be the leading objects of every political institution, and the aim of every individual, according to the measure of his power, in the situation he occupies.—Hamilton.

He that aspires to be the head of a party will find it more difficult to please his friends than to perplex his foes. He must often act from false reasons which are weak, because he dares not avow the true reasons which are strong.—Colton.

Perhaps I do not know what I was made for; but one thing I certainly never was made for, and that is to put principles on and off at the dictation of a party, as a lackey changes his livery at his master's command.—Horace Mann.

Listen! John A. Logan is the Head Center, the Hub, the King Pin, the Main Spring, Mogul, and Mugwump of the final plot by which partisanship was installed in the Commission.—Isaac H. Bromley.

The proverbial wisdom of the populace at gates, on roads, and in markets instructs the attentive ear of him who studies man more fully than a thousand rules ostentatiously arranged.—Lavater.

Such, for wise purposes it is presumed, is the turbulence of human passions in party disputes, when victory, more than truth, is the palm contended for, that "the post of honor is a private station."—Washington.

In such a government as ours no man is appointed to an office because he is the fittest for it—nor hardly in any other government—because there are so many connections and dependencies to be studied.—Dr. Johnson.

I accept your nomination in the confident trust that the masses of our countrymen, north and south, are eager to clasp hands across the bloody chasm which has so long divided them. —Horace Greeley.

The strife of politics tends to unsettle the calmest understanding, and ulcerate the most benevolent heart. There are no bigotries or absurdities too gross for parties to create or adopt under the stimulus of political passions.—Whipple.

Real political issues cannot be manufactured by the leaders of political parties, and real ones cannot be evaded by political parties. The real political issues of the day declare themselves, and come out of the depths of that deep which we call public opinion.—Garfield.

Among the lessons taught by the French revolution, there is none sadder or more striking than this—that you may make everything else out of the passions of men except a political system that will work, and that there is nothing so pitilessly and unconsciously cruel as sincerity formulated into dogma.—Lowell.

Popularity disarms envy in well-disposed minds. Those are ever the most ready to do justice to others who feel that the world has done them justice. When success has not this effect in opening the mind, it is a sign that it has been ill deserved.—Hazlitt.

In our country and in our times no man is worthy the honored name of statesman who does not include the highest practicable education of the people in all his plans of administration. He may have eloquence, he may have a knowledge of all history, diplomacy, jurisprudence; and by these he might claim, in other countries, the elevated rank of a statesman: but unless he speaks, plans, labors, at all times and in all places, for the culture and edification of the whole people, he is not, he cannot be, an American statesman.—Horace Mann.

A weapon that comes down as still
As snowflakes fall upon the sod;
But executes a freeman's will,
As lightning does the will of God;
And from its force, nor doors nor locks
Can shield you; 'tis the ballot-box.
—Pierpont.

Who's in or out, who moves the grand machine,
Nor stirs my curiosity, or spleen;
Secrets of state no more I wish to know
Than secret movements of a puppet-show;
Let but the puppets move, I've my desire,
Unseen the hand which guides the master wire. —Churchill.

A politician weakly and amiably in the right is no match for a politician tenaciously and pugnaciously in the wrong. You cannot, by tying an opinion, to a man's tongue, make him the representative of that opinion; and at the close of any battle for principles, his name will be found neither among the dead nor among the wounded, but among the missing.—Whipple.

Nothing's more dull and negligent
Than an old lazy government,
That knows no interest of state,
But such as serves a present strait,
And, to patch up, or shift, will close
Or break alike with friends or foes;
That runs behindhand, and has spent
Its credit to the last extent;
And, the first time 'tis at a loss,
Has not one true friend, nor one cross.
—Butler.

Some have said that it is not the business of private men to meddle with government—a bold and dishonest saying, which is fit to come from no mouth but that of a tyrant or a slave. To say that private men have nothing to do with government is to say that private men have nothing to do with their own happiness or misery; that people ought not to concern themselves whether they be naked or clothed, fed or starved, deceived or instructed, protected or destroyed.—Cato.

The manna of popular liberty must be gathered each day, or it is rotten. The living sap of to-day outgrows the dead rind of yesterday. The hand intrusted with power becomes, either from human depravity or *esprit de corps*, the necessary enemy of the people. Only by continual oversight can a Democrat in office be prevented from hardening into a despot; only by unintermitted agitation can a people be kept sufficiently awake to principle not to let liberty be smothered in material prosperity.—Wendell Phillips.

Popularity

Popularity is power.—Macaulay.

Avoid popularity, if you would have peace.—Abraham Lincoln.

Popular applause veers with the wind.—John Bright.

Yet has the popular voice much potency.—Æschylus.

To please the many is to displease the wise.—Plutarch.

Whatever is popular deserves attention.—Mackintosh.

The good opinion of the vulgar is injurious.—Montaigne.

Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you!—Bible.

Bareheaded, popularly low he bow'd,
And paid the salutations of the crowd.
—Dryden.

The ladies call him sweet;
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet. —Shakespeare.

The great secrets of being courted are, to shun others, and seem delighted with yourself.—Bulwer-Lytton.

As inclination changes, thus ebbs and flows the unstable tide of public judgment.—Schiller.

They who are pleased themselves must always please.—Thomson.

There are people who, like new songs, are in vogue only for a time.—Rochefoucauld.

Popular opinion is the greatest lie in the world.—Carlyle.

Our merit gains us the esteem of the virtuous; our star, that of the public.—Rochefoucauld.

Avoid popularity, it has many snares, and no real benefit.—William Penn.

Racine will pass away like the taste for coffee.—Mme. de Sévigné.

Popular opinion is oftenest, what Carlyle pronounced it to be, a lie!—Wendell Phillips.

A habitation giddy and unsure hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart. —Shakespeare.

Of all the scamps society knows, the traditional good fellow is the most despicable.—J. G. Holland.

The actor's popularity is evanescent; applauded to-day, forgotten to-morrow.—Edwin Forrest.

Public opinion is a courtesan, whom we seek to please without respecting. —J. Petit-Senn.

Those men who are commended by everybody must be very extraordinary men; or, which is more probable, very inconsiderable men.—Lord Greville.

He who can listen pleas'd to such applause,
Buys at a dearer rate than I dare purchase,
And pays for idle air with sense and virtue. —Mallett.

Good-humor and generosity carry the day with the popular heart all the world over.—Alexander Smith.

There is what is called the highway to posts and honors, and there is a cross and by way, which is much the shortest.—Bruyère.

I put no account on him who esteems himself just as the popular breath may chance to raise him.—Goethe.

The rude reproaches of the rascal herd for the selfsame actions, if successful, would be as grossly lavish in their praise.—Thomson.

I do not like the man who squanders life for fame; give me the man who, living, makes a name.—Martial.

O, he sits high in all the people's hearts:
And that, which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchymy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.
—Shakespeare.

And to some men popularity is always suspicious. Enjoying none themselves, they are prone to suspect the validity of those attainments which command it.—Geo. Henry Lewis.

Applause waits on success; the fickle multitude, like the light straw that floats along the stream, glide with the current still, and follow fortune.—Franklin.

It is not so difficult a task to plant new truths as to root out old errors; for there is this paradox in men—they run after that which is new, but are prejudiced in favor of that which is old.—Colton.

The love of popularity seems little else than the love of being beloved; and is only blamable when a person aims at the affections of a people by means in appearance honest, but in their end pernicious and destructive. —Shenstone.

The vulgar and common esteem is seldom happy in hitting right; and I am much mistaken if, amongst the writings of my time, the worst are not those which have most gained the popular applause.—Montaigne.

A generous nation is grateful even for the preservation of its rights, and willingly extends the respect due to the office of a good prince into an affection for his person.—Junius.

Every wretch, pining and pale before
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks:
A largess universal, like the sun,
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear. —Shakespeare.

I wish popularity; but it is that popularity which follows, not that which is run after—it is that popularity which sooner or later never fails to do justice to the pursuit of noble ends by noble means.—Lord Mansfield.

Could the departed, whoever he may be, return in a week after his decease, he would almost invariably find himself at a higher or a lower point than he had formerly occupied on the scale of public appreciation.—Hawthorne.

I have discovered that a famed familiarity in great ones is a note of certain usurpation on the less; for great and popular men feign themselves to be servants to others to make those slaves to them.—Ben Jonson.

The truth, the hope, of any time must be sought in the minorities. Michael Angelo was the conscience of Italy. We grow free with his name, and find it ornamental now, but in his own day his friends were few.—Emerson.

The common people are but ill judges of a man's merits; they are slaves to fame, and their eyes are dazzled with the pomp of titles and large retinue. No wonder, then, that they bestow their honors on those who least deserve them.—Horace.

Please not thyself the flattering crowd to hear;
'Tis fulsome stuff, to please thy itching ear.
Survey thy soul, not what thou does appear,
But what thou art. —Persius.

Be as far from desiring the popular love as fearful to deserve the popular hate; ruin dwells in both: the one will hug thee to death; the other will crush thee to destruction: to escape the first, be not ambitious; to avoid the second, be not seditious.—Quarles.

Seek not the favor of the multitude; it is seldom got by honest and lawful means. But seek the testimony of few; and number not voices, but weigh them.—Kant.

Popularity is like the brightness of a falling star, the fleeting splendor of a rainbow, the bubble that is sure to burst by its very inflation.—Chatfield.

The world sees only the reflection of merit; therefore when you come to know a really great man intimately, you may as often find him above as below his reputation.—Goethe.

His joy concealed, he sets himself to show;
On each side bowing popularly low:
His looks, his gestures, and his words he frames,
And with familiar ease repeats their names.
Thus formed by nature, furnished out with arts,
He glides unfelt into their secret hearts.
—Dryden.

Some shout him, and some hang upon his car
To gaze in his eyes and bless him. Maidens wave
Their 'kerchiefs, and old women weep for joy;
While others not so satisfied, unhorse
The gilded equipage, and turning loose
His steeds, usurp a place they well deserve. —Cowper.

Oh, popular applause! what heart of man
Is proof against thy sweet seducing charms?
The wisest and the best feel urgent need
Of all their caution in thy gentlest gales;
But swell'd into a gust—who then, alas!
With all his canvas set, and inexpert,
And therefore, heedless, can withstand thy power? —Cowper.

The greatness of a popular character is less according to the ratio of his genius than the sympathy he shows with the prejudices and even the absurdities of his time. Fanatics do not select the cleverest, but the most fanatical leaders; as was evidenced

in the choice of Robespierre by the French Jacobins, and in that of Cromwell by the English Puritans.—Lamartine.

They more or less came in with cap and knee,
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages;
Attended him on bridges, stood on lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
Gave him their heirs: as pages follow'd him,
Even at his heels, in golden multitudes.
—Shakespeare.

I have no taste
Of popular applause: The noisy praise
Of giddy crowds as changeable as winds;
Still vehement, and still without a cause;
Servants to chance, and blowing in the tide
Of swoln success; but veering with the ebb,
It leaves the channel dry. —Dryden.

Your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favor, swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust ye?
With every minute you do change a mind;
And call him noble that was now your hate,
Him vile that was your garland.
—Shakespeare.

Their poet, a sad trimmer, but no less
In company a very pleasant fellow,
Had been the favorite of full many a mess
Of men, and made them speeches when half mellow;
And though his meaning they could rarely guess,
Yet still they deign'd to hiccup or to bellow
The glorious meed of popular applause,
Of which the first ne'er knows the second cause. —Byron.

I have seen
The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind
To hear him speak: the matrons flung their gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,
Upon him as he pass'd: the nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue; and the commons made
A shower and thunder, with their caps and shouts:
I never saw the like.
—Shakespeare.

Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,
With slow but stately pace kept on his course;
While all tongues cry'd, God save thee, Bolingbroke,
You would have thought the very windows spake
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage. —Shakespeare.

O breath of public praise,
Short-liv'd and vain! oft gain'd without desert,
As often lost, unmerited; composed
But of extremes: Thou first beginn'st with love
Enthusiastic, madness of affection; then
(Bounding o'er moderation and o'er reason)
Thou turn'st to hate, as causeless and as fierce. —Havard.

All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
Are spectacled to see him: your prattling nurse
Into a rapture lets her baby cry,
While she chats him: the kitchen malkin pins
Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
Clambering the walls to eye him: stalls, bulks, windows,
Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
With variable complexions; all agreeing
In earnestness to see him.
—Shakespeare.

Position

I take sanctuary in an honest mediocrity.—Bruyère.

The well-instructed moon flies not from her orbit to seize on the glories of her partner.—Margaret Fuller Ossoli.

The higher we rise the more isolated we become; and all elevations are cold. —Boufflers.

A great many men—some comparatively small men now—if put in the right position, would be Luthers and Columbuses.—Chapin.

Baron Grimm declared that, as a rule, it was easy for little minds to attain splendid positions, because they

devoted all their ability to the one object.—Wendell Phillips.

A true man never frets about his place in the world, but just slides into it by the gravitation of his nature, and swings there as easily as a star. —Chapin.

Where you are is of no moment, but only what you are doing there. It is not the place that ennobles you, but you the place; and this only by doing that which is great and noble.—Petrarch.

In general, it is not very difficult for little minds to attain splendid situations. It is much more difficult for great minds to attain the place to which their merit fully entitles them. —Baron de Grimm.

Woman has gradually risen in the scale of humanity, till she now occupies a position loftier than which her proudest ambition need scarcely aspire —a position, if not equal to what false flatterers may claim to be her due, yet one, if she but improve the opportunities placed within her reach, equal to the moral regeneration of the world.—Alexander Walker.

Since the foundation of the world man has had nearly all the forces on his side, working with him and for him; his intellect has been stimulated, while that of woman has been abased; he has had the run of the world and all quickening and brightening things, while she has sat in the cinders, and until of late been illumined only by his reflected light.—Harriet Prescott Spofford.

Lord Bacon has compared those who move in higher spheres to those heavenly bodies in the firmament, which have much admiration, but little rest. And it is not necessary to invest a wise man with power to convince him that it is a garment bedizened with gold, which dazzles the beholder by its splendor, but oppresses the wearer by its weight.—Colton.

Positiveness

Every one of his opinions appears to himself to be written with sunbeams.—Watts.

Positiveness is a most absurd foible. If you are in the right, it lessens your triumph; if in the wrong, it adds shame to your defeat.—Sterne.

The most positive men are the most credulous, since they most believe themselves, and advise most with their falsest flatterer and worst enemy—their own self-love.—Pope.

Positiveness is a good quality for preachers and orators, because whoever would obtrude his thoughts and reasons upon a multitude will convince others the more, as he appears convinced himself.—Swift.

Possession

All comes from, and will go to others.—George Herbert.

For what one has in black and white,
One can carry home in comfort.
—Goethe.

Property has its duties as well as its rights.—Thomas Drummond.

The sun never sets on the immense empire of Charles V.—Scott.

I die,—but first I have possess'd,
And come what may, I *have been* bless'd.
—Byron.

As soon as women become ours we are no longer theirs.—Montaigne.

Remember, not one penny can we take with us into the unknown land. —Seneca.

Lord of himselfe, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.
—Sir Henry Wotton.

When we have not what we love, we must love what we have.—Bussy-Rabutin.

All our possessions are as nothing compared to health, strength, and a clear conscience.—Hosea Ballou.

Aspiration sees only one side of every question; possession, many.—Lowell.

Women are angels, wooing:
Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing. —Shakespeare.

People may have *too much* of a good *thing:*
Full as an egg of wisdom thus I sing.
—John Wolcott.

The sweets we wish for, turn to loathed sours,
Even in the moment that we call them ours. —Shakespeare.

The proud daughter of that monarch to whom when it grows dark (elsewhere) the sun never sets.—Guarini.

Possession means to sit astride of the world,
Instead of having it astride of you.
—Charles Kingsley.

Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
In sleep a king, but waking, no such matter. —Shakespeare.

Of a rich man who was mean and niggardly, he said, "That man does not possess his estate, but his estate possesses him."—Diogenes Laertius.

Cleon hath ten thousand acres,—
Ne'er a one have I;
Cleon dwelleth in a palace,—
In a cottage I. —Charles Mackay.

I ne'er could any lustre see
In eyes that would not look on me;
I ne'er saw nectar on a lip
But where my own did hope to sip.
—R. B. Sheridan.

Our material possessions, like our joys, are enhanced in value by being shared. Hoarded and unimproved property can only afford satisfaction to a miser.—G. D. Prentice.

We only begin to realize the value of our possessions when we commence to do good to others with them. No earthly investment pays so large an interest as charity.—Joseph Cook.

All the good things of this world are no further good than as they are of use; and whatever we may heap up to give to others, we enjoy only as much of as we can use.—De Foe.

In life, as in chess, one's own pawns block one's way. A man's very wealth, ease, leisure, children, books, which should help him to win, more often checkmate him.—Charles Buxton.

That what we have we prize not to the worth
Whiles we enjoy it, but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack the value, then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us
While it was ours. —Shakespeare.

Common people, whether lords or shop-keepers, are slow to understand that possession, whether in the shape of birth or lands or money or intellect, is a small affair in the difference between men.—George MacDonald.

Attainment is followed by neglect, and possession by disgust. The malicious remark of the Greek epigrammatist on marriage may apply to every other course of life—that its two days of happiness are the first and the last. —Dr. Johnson.

It is said, that the thing you possess is worth more than two you may have in the future. The one is sure and the other is not. (A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.)—La Fontaine.

Possession, why more tasteless than pursuit? Why is a wish far dearer than a crown? that wish accomplished, why the grave of bliss? Because in the great future, buried deep, beyond our plans of empire and renown, lies all that man with ardor should pursue; and He who made him bent him to the right.—Young.

The right of individual property is no doubt the very corner-stone of civilization, as hitherto understood; but I am a little impatient of being told that property is entitled to exceptional consideration because it bears all the burdens of the state. It bears those, indeed, which can be most easily borne,

but poverty pays with its person the chief expenses of war, pestilence, and famine.—Lowell.

When I behold what pleasure is pursuit,
What life, what glorious eagerness it is,
Then mark how full possession falls from this,
How fairer seems the blossom than the fruit,—
I am perplext, and often stricken mute,
Wondering which attained the higher bliss,
The winged insect, or the chrysalis
It thrust aside with unreluctant foot.
—T. B. Aldrich.

The only test of possession is use. The talent that is buried is not owned. The napkin and the hole in the ground are far more truly the man's property, because they are accomplishing something for him, slothful and shameful though it be. And what is a lost soul? Is it not one that God cannot use, or one that cannot use God? Trustless, prayerless, fruitless, loveless—is it not so far lost? So may a man have a soul that is lost and be dead while he lives.—Maltbie Babcock.

Post (Letters)

The letter is too long by half a mile.
—Shakespeare.

Let me hear from thee by letters.—Shakespeare.

Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper!
—Shakespeare.

And oft the pangs of absence to remove
By letters, soft interpreters of love.
—Prior.

Soon as thy letters trembling I unclose,
That well-known name awakens all my woes.
—Pope.

Ev'n so, with all submission, I
* * * * * * * *
Send you each year a homely letter,
Who may return me much a better.
—Prior.

Tell him there's a post come from my master, with his horn full of good news.—Shakespeare.

A strange volume of real life in the daily packet of the postman. Eternal love and instant payment!—Douglas Jerrold.

Thou bringest * * *
* * * letters unto trembling hands.
—Tennyson.

Jove and my stars be praised! Here is yet a postscript.—Shakespeare.

If this letter move him not, his legs cannot.
I'll give 't him. —Shakespeare.

Heav'n first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid.
—Pope.

What! have I 'scaped love-letters in the holiday-time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them?—Shakespeare.

Growing one's own choice words and fancies
In orange tubs, and beds of pansies;
One's sighs and passionate declarations,
In odorous rhetoric of carnations.
—Leigh Hunt.

Good-bye—my paper's out so nearly,
I've only room for, Yours sincerely.
—Moore.

Thy letter sent to prove me,
Inflicts no sense of wrong;
No longer wilt thou love me,—
Thy letter, though, is long.
—Heine.

The welcome news is in the letter found;
The carrier's not commission'd to expound;
It speaks itself, and what it does contain,
In all things needful to be known, is plain. —Dryden.

Go, little letter, apace, apace,
Fly;
Fly to the light in the valley below—
Tell my wish to her dewy blue eye.
—Tennyson.

Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow,
Led thro' a sad variety of woe:
Now warm in love, now with'ring in my bloom,
Lost in a convent's solitary gloom!
—Pope.

A piece of simple goodness—a letter gushing from the heart; a beautiful unstudied vindication of the worth

and untiring sweetness of human nature—a record of the invulnerability of man, armed with high purpose, sanctified by truth.—Douglas Jerrold.

I have a letter from her
Of such contents as you will wonder at
The mirth whereof so larded with my matter,
That neither singly can be manifested,
Without the show of both.
—Shakespeare.

Kind messages, that pass from land to land;
Kind letters, that betray the heart's deep history,
In which we feel the pressure of a hand,—
One touch of fire,—and all the rest is mystery! —Longfellow.

I will touch
My mouth unto the leaves, caressingly;
And so wilt thou. Thus, from these lips of mine
My message will go kissingly to thine,
With more than Fancy's load of luxury,
And prove a true love-letter.
—J. G. Saxe.

I read
Of that glad year that once had been,
In those fall'n leaves which kept their green,
The noble letters of the dead:
And strangely on the silence broke
The silent-speaking words. —Tennyson.

An exquisite invention this,
Worthy of Love's most honeyed kiss,—
This art of writing billet-doux—
In buds, and odors, and bright hues!
In saying all one feels and thinks
In clever daffodils and pinks;
In puns of tulips; and in phrases,
Charming for their truth, of daisies.
—Leigh Hunt.

Every day brings a ship,
Every ship brings a word;
Well for those who have no fear,
Looking seaward well assured
That the word the vessel brings
Is the word they wish to hear.
—Emerson.

Letters, from absent friends, extinguish fear,
Unite division, and draw distance near;
Their magic force each silent wish conveys,
And wafts embodied thought, a thousand ways:
Could souls to bodies write, death's pow'r were mean
For minds could then meet minds with heav'n between. —Aaron Hill.

Belshazzar had a letter,—
He never had but one;
Belshazzar's correspondent
Concluded and begun
In that immortal copy
The conscience of us all
Can read without its glasses
On revelation's wall.
—Emily Dickinson.

Posterity

Time will unveil all things to posterity.—Euripides.

Why should we legislate for posterity? What has posterity ever done for us?—Sir Boyle Roche.

Think of your forefathers! Think of your posterity!—John Q. Adams.

The judgment of posterity is truer, because it is free from envy and malevolence.—Cicero.

People will not look forward to posterity who never look backward to their ancestors.—Burke.

Posterity preserves only what will pack into small compass. Jewels are handed down from age to age; less portable valuables disappear.—Lord Stanley.

We are too careless of posterity; not considering that as they are, so the next generation will be.—William Penn.

If we would amend the world we should mend ourselves; and teach our children to be, not what we are, but what they should be.—William Penn.

Here you would know, and enjoy, what posterity will say of Washington. For a thousand leagues have nearly the same effect with a thousand years.—Benj. Franklin.

The love of posterity is the consequence of the necessity of death. If a man were sure of living forever here, he would not care about his offspring. —Hawthorne.

The drafts which true genius draws upon posterity, although they may not always be honored so soon as they are

due, are sure to be paid with compound interest in the end.—Colton.

What does not wasting time change! The age of our parents, worse than that of our grandsires, has brought us forth more impious still, and we shall produce a more vicious progeny.—Horace.

With respect to the authority of great names, it should be remembered that he alone deserves to have any weight or influence with posterity who has shown himself superior to the particular and predominant error of his own time.—Colton.

It is pleasant to observe how free the present age is in laying taxes on the next. "Future ages shall talk of this; they shall be famous to all posterity;" whereas their time and thoughts will be taken up about present things, as ours are now.—Swift.

Poverty

Few, save the poor, feel for the poor.—L. E. Landon.

Poverty is the stepmother of genius. —H. W. Shaw.

To have nothing is not poverty.—Martial.

My poverty, but not my will, consents.—Shakespeare.

The poor man's wisdom is despised. —South.

Whose plenty made him pore.—Spenser.

And plenty makes us poor.—Dryden.

Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips.—Shakespeare.

Poverty often deprives a man of all spirit and virtue.—Benjamin Franklin.

The inevitable consequence of poverty is dependence.—Johnson.

A man guilty of poverty easily believes himself suspected.—Johnson.

Poverty is relative, and, therefore, not ignoble.—Bulwer-Lytton.

As society advances the standard of poverty rises.—Theodore Parker.

There is nothing perfectly secure but poverty.—Longfellow.

Where penury is felt the thought is chain'd,
And sweet colloquial pleasures are but few.
—Cowper.

We think poverty to be infinitely desirable before the torments of covetousness.—Jeremy Taylor.

Who can speak broader than he that has no house to put his head in?—Such may rail against great buildings.—Shakespeare.

The lack of wealth is easily repaired; but the poverty of the soul is irreparable.—Montaigne.

Poverty is the test of civility and the touchstone of friendship.—Hazlitt.

No, madame, 'tis not so well that I am poor; though many of the rich are damned.—Shakespeare.

Thou source of all my bliss and all my woe, that found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so.—Goldsmith.

There is a noble manner of being poor, and who does not know it will never be rich.—Seneca.

The greatest hardship of poverty is that it tends to make men ridiculous. —Juvenal.

Poverty persuades a man to do and suffer everything that he may escape from it.—Lucian.

To be poor, and to seem poor, is a certain method never to rise.—Goldsmith.

If poverty is the mother of crimes, want of sense is the father of them.—Bruyère.

He travels safe and not unpleasantly who is guarded by poverty and guided by love.—Sir P. Sidney.

Poverty makes people satirical, soberly, sadly, bitterly satirical.—Haines Friswell.

He had a prince's mind imprisoned in a poor man's purse.—Fuller.

Poverty snatches the reins out of the hand of piety.—Saadi.

It is the care of a very great part of mankind to conceal their indigence from the rest.—Dr. Johnson.

Poverty possesses this disease; through want it teaches a man evil.—Euripides.

Perhaps a reasonable apprehension of poverty is more paralyzing than the reality.—James Cotter Morison.

Through tattered clothes small vices do appear; robes and furred gowns hide all.—Shakespeare.

He is not poor who has the use of necessary things.—Horace.

The traveler without money will sing before the robber.—Juvenal.

They say, poor suitors have strong breaths.—Shakespeare.

It is unmistakable madness to live in poverty only to die rich.—Juvenal.

They do not easily rise whose abilities are repressed by poverty at home.—Juvenal.

Poverty is shunned and persecuted all over the globe.—Lucan.

Nor is there on earth a more powerful advocate for vice than poverty.—Goldsmith.

I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so patient.—Shakespeare.

Rarely they rise by virtue's aid who lie plunged in the depth of helpless poverty.—Juvenal.

Not he who has little, but he who wishes for more, is poor.—Seneca.

The rich know not how hard it is to be of needful rest and needful food debarred.—L. E. Landon.

This mournful truth is everywhere confessed,
Slow rises worth by poverty depressed.
—Dr. Johnson.

Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!
—Thomas Noel.

The poor trying to imitate the powerful, perish.—Phædrus.

If we from wealth to poverty descend,
Want gives to know the flatterer from the friend. —Dryden.

But to the world no bugbear is so great,
As want of figure and a small estate.
—Pope.

O God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!
—Hood.

Poverty, when it is voluntary, is never despicable, but takes an heroical aspect.—Hazlitt.

Poverty is the only load which is the heavier the more loved ones there are to assist in supporting it.—Richter.

Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.
—Gray.

Burns o'er the plough sung sweet his wood-notes wild;
And richest Shakespeare was a poor man's child. —Ebenezer Elliott.

But poverty, with most who whimper forth
Their long complaints, is self-inflicted woe;
The effect of laziness, or sottish waste.
—Cowper.

Most wretched men
Are cradled into poetry by wrong.
They learn in suffering what they teach in song. —Shelley.

Be honest poverty thy boasted wealth;
So shall thy friendships be sincere, tho' few,
So shall thy sleep be sound, thy waking cheerful. —Havard.

All this (wealth) excludes but one evil—poverty.—Samuel Johnson.

Poverty is a bitter weed to most women, and there are few indeed who can accept it with dignity.—E. Lynn Linton.

Ay! idleness! the rich folks never fail
To find some reason why the poor deserve
Their miseries. —Southey.

Yes, child of suffering, thou may'st well be sure
He who ordained the Sabbath loves the poor. —O. W. Holmes.

In one important respect a man is fortunate in being poor. His responsibility to God is so much the less.—Bovée.

We like the fine extravagance of that philosopher who declared that no man was as rich as all men ought to be.—Whipple.

It is a kind of blindness—poverty. We can only grope through life when we are poor, hitting and maiming ourselves against every angle.—Ouida.

In a change of government the poor change nothing but the name of their masters.—Phædrus.

Gold gives an appearance of beauty even to ugliness; but with poverty everything becomes frightful.—Boileau.

Chill penury weighs down the heart itself; and though it sometimes be endured with calmness, it is but the calmness of despair.—Mrs. Jameson.

Poverty, labor, and calamity are not without their luxuries, which the rich, the indolent, and the fortunate in vain seek for.—Hazlitt.

We should not so much esteem our poverty as a misfortune, were it not that the world treats it so much as a crime.—Bovee.

It requires a great deal of poetry to gild the pill of poverty, and then it will pass current only in theory; the reality is a dead falure.—Madame Deluzy.

Men praise poverty, as the African worships Mumbo Jumbo—from terror of the malign power, and a desire to propitiate it.—Alexander Smith.

Not to be able to bear poverty is a shameful thing, but not to know how to chase it away by work is a more shameful thing yet.—Pericles.

Money never made any man rich, but his mind. He that can order himself to the law of nature, is not only without the sense, but the fear of poverty.—Ben Jonson.

Poverty sits by the cradle of all our great men, and rocks them up to manhood; and this meager foster-mother remains their faithful companion throughout life.—Heine.

Poverty often deprives a man of all spirit and virtue. It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright.—Franklin.

An avowal of poverty is a disgrace to no man; to make no effort to escape from it is indeed disgraceful.—Thucydides.

Without frugality none can be rich, and with it very few would be poor. —Dr. Johnson.

We want fewer things to live in poverty with satisfaction, than to live magnificently with riches.—St. Evremond.

Nature makes us poor only when we want necessaries, but custom gives the name of poverty to the want of superfluities.—Johnson.

Poverty palls the most generous spirits; it cows industry, and casts resolution itself into despair.—Addison.

Poverty is very good in poems, but it is very bad in a house. It is very good in maxims and sermons, but it is very bad in practical life.—Henry Ward Beecher.

For a generous and noble spirit cannot be expected to dwell in the breast of men who are struggling for their daily bread.—Dionysius.

One solitary philosopher may be great, virtuous, and happy in the depth of poverty, but not a whole people.—Isaak Iselin.

Want is a bitter and a hateful good,
Because its virtues are not understood;
Yet many things, impossible to thought,
Have been by need to full perfection brought. —Dryden.

Speak gently, kindly, to the poor;
Let no harsh term be heard;
They have enough they must endure
Without an unkind word.
—David Bates.

O grant me, heav'n, a middle state,
Neither too humble nor too great;
More than enough for nature's ends,
With something left to treat my friends.
—Mallet.

His rawbone cheekes, through penurie and pine,
Were shronke into his jawes, as he did never dyne. —Spenser.

That some of the indigent among us die of scanty food is undoubtedly true; but vastly more in this community die from eating too much than from eating too little.—Channing.

That man is to be accounted poor, of whatever rank he be, and suffers the pains of poverty, whose expenses exceed his resources; and no man is, properly speaking, poor, but he.—Paley.

It is impossible to diminish poverty by the multiplication of goods; for, manage as we may, misery and suffering will always cleave to the border of superfluity.—Jacobi.

What is even poverty itself, that a man should murmur under it? It is but as the pain of piercing a maiden's ear, and you hang precious jewels in the wound.—Richter.

The extent of poverty in the world is much exaggerated. Our sensitiveness makes half our poverty; our fears—anxieties for ills that never happen—a greater part of the other half.—Bovée.

The real wants of nature are the measure of enjoyments, as the foot is the measure of the shoe. We can call only the want of what is necessary poverty.—St. Clement.

No man is poor who does not think himself so. But if in a full fortune with impatience he desires more, he proclaims his wants and his beggarly condition.—Jeremy Taylor.

How like a railway tunnel is the poor man's life, with the light of childhood at one end, the intermediate gloom, and only the glimmer of a future life at the other extremity!—Bovee.

It would be a considerable consolation to the poor and discontented could they but see the means whereby the wealth they covet has been acquired, or the misery that it entails.—Zimmermann.

Poverty is only contemptible when it is felt to be so. Doubtless the best way to make our poverty respectable is to seem never to feel it as an evil.—Bovee.

Resolve not to be poor: whatever you have, spend less. Poverty is a great enemy to human happiness; it certainly destroys liberty, and it makes some virtues impraticable and others extremely difficult.—Johnson.

Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,
Would that its tone could reach the Rich,
She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"
—Hood.

O blissful poverty!
Nature, too partial to thy lot, assigns
Health, freedom, innocence, and downy peace,
Her real goods; and only mocks the great,
With empty pageantries. —Fenton.

Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,
Content and beggary hang upon thy back,
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law. —Shakespeare.

There is nothing keeps longer than a middling fortune, and nothing melts away sooner than a great one. Poverty treads upon the heels of great and unexpected riches.—Bruyère.

Poor naked wretches, whereso'er you are, that bide the pelting of this pitiless storm, how shall your houseless heads and unfed sides, your looped and windowed raggedness, defend you from seasons such as these?—Shakespeare.

Morality and religion are but words to him who fishes in gutters for the means of sustaining life, and crouches behind barrels in the street for shelter from the cutting blasts of a winter night.—Horace Greeley.

If rich, it is easy enough to conceal our wealth; but, if poor, it is not quite so easy to conceal our poverty. We shall find that it is less difficult to hide a thousand guineas than one hole in our coat.—Colton.

It is only luxury and avarice that make poverty grievous to us; for it is a very small matter that does our business, and when we have provided against cold, hunger, and thirst, all the rest is but vanity and excess.—Seneca.

Poverty must make a match, or make an assignation, or make some bargain scandalous to the man who drives it. More shillings conceded to the making of a shirt would double the religion of mankind.—John Weiss.

Rags, which are the reproach of poverty, are the beggar's robes, and graceful insignia of his profession, his tenure, his full dress, the suit in which he is expected to show himself in public.—Lamb.

Poverty is dishonorable, not in itself, but when it is a proof of laziness, intemperance, luxury, and carelessness; whereas in a person that is temperate, industrious, just and valiant, and who uses all his virtues for the public good, it shows a great and lofty mind. —Plutarch.

It is the great privilege of poverty to be happy unenvied, to be healthy without physic, secure without a guard, and to obtain from the bounty of nature what the great and wealthy are compelled to procure by the help of art.—Johnson.

Things come to the poor that can't get in at the door of the rich. Their money somehow blocks it up. It is a great privilege to be poor—one that no man covets, and but a very few have sought to retain, but one that yet many have learned to prize.—George MacDonald.

The poor man is a kind of money that is not current; the subject of every idle housewife's chat; the offscum of the people; the dust of the street, first trampled under foot and then thrown on the dunghill; in conclusion, the poor man is the rich man's ass.—Alfarache.

That poverty which is not the daughter of the spirit is but the mother of shame and reproach; it is a disreputation that drowns all the other good parts that are in man; it is a disposition to all kind of evil; it is man's greatest foe.—Alfarache.

Wealth and poverty are seen for what they are. It begins to be seen that the poor are only they who feel poor, and poverty consists in feeling poor. The rich, as we reckon them, and among them the very rich, in a true scale would be found very indigent and ragged.—Emerson.

It is not poverty so much as pretence that harasses a ruined man—the struggle between a proud mind and an empty purse—the keeping up a hollow show that must soon come to an end. Have the courage to appear poor, and you disarm poverty of its sharpest sting.—Mrs. Jameson.

Poverty is, except where there is an actual want of food and raiment, a thing much more imaginary than real. The shame of poverty—the shame of being thought poor—it is a great and fatal weakness, though arising in this country, from the fashion of the times themselves.—Cobbett.

Few things in this world trouble people more than poverty, or the fear of poverty; and indeed it is a sore affliction; but, like all other ills that flesh is heir to, it has its antidote, its reliable remedy. The judicious application of industry, prudence, and

temperance is a certain cure.—Hosea Ballou.

Poverty has, in large cities, very different appearances. It is often concealed in splendor, and often in extravagance. It is the care of a very great part of mankind to conceal their indigence from the rest. They support themselves by temporary expedients, and every day is lost in contriving for to-morrow.—Johnson.

Leave the poor
Some time for self-improvement. Let them not
Be forced to grind the bones out of their arms
For bread, but have some space to think and feel
Like moral and immortal creatures.
—Bailey.

All I desire is, that my poverty may not be a burden to myself, or make me so to others; and that is the best state of fortune that is neither directly necessitous nor far from it. A mediocrity of fortune, with gentleness of mind, will preserve us from fear or envy; which is a desirable condition; for no man wants power to do mischief.—Seneca.

And mark the wretch, whose wanderings never knew
The world's regard, that soothes, though half untrue;
Whose erring heart the lash of sorrow bore,
But found not pity when it err'd no more.
Yon friendless man, at whose dejected eye
Th' unfeeling proud one looks, and passes by;
Condemn'd on penury's barren path to roam,
Scorn'd by the world, and left without a home. —Campbell.

Few save the poor feel for the poor;
The rich know not how hard
It is to be of needful rest
And needful food debarr'd:
They know not of the scanty meal,
With small pale faces round;
No fire upon the cold damp hearth
When snow is on the ground.
—Miss Landon.

There is not such a mighty difference as some men imagine between the poor and the rich; in pomp, show, and opinion there is a great deal, but little as to the pleasures and satisfactions of life: they enjoy the same earth and air and heavens; hunger and thirst make the poor man's meat and drink as pleasant and relishing as all the varieties which cover the rich man's table; and the labor of a poor man is more healthful, and many times more pleasant, too, than the ease and softness of the rich.—Sherlock.

Want is a bitter and a hateful good,
Because its virtues are not understood;
Yet many things, impossible to thought,
Have been by need to full perfection brought.
The daring of the soul proceeds from thence,
Sharpness of wit, and active diligence;
Prudence at once, and fortitude it gives;
And, if in patience taken, mends our lives.
—Dryden.

Lord God, I thank Thee that Thou hast been pleased to make me a poor and indigent man upon earth. I have neither house nor land nor money, to leave behind me. Thou hast given me wife and children, whom I now restore to Thee. Lord, nourish, teach, and preserve them as Thou hast me. —Luther.

Power

Patience and gentleness is power.—Leigh Hunt.

I feel a host in this single arm.—Schiller.

Power, safely defied, touches its downfall.—Macaulay.

They that govern most make least noise.—John Selden.

Pretension is nothing; power is everything.—Whipple.

He hath no power who hath not power to use.—Bailey.

The balance of power.—Sir Robt. Walpole.

The desire of power in excess caused the angels to fall.—Bacon.

The highest power may be lost by misrule.—Syrus.

It is godlike to have power, but not to kill.—Beaumont and Fletcher.

We love and live in power.—Bailey.

Power, carried to extremes, is always liable to reaction.—Rufus Choate.

The less power a man has, the more he likes to use it.—J. Petit-Senn.

I know of nothing sublime which is not some modification of power.—Burke.

Even in war, moral power is to physical as three parts out of four.—Napoleon I.

All violence, all that is dreary and repels, is not power, but the absence of power.—Emerson.

Great men are they who see that spiritual is stronger than any material force, that thoughts rule the world.—Emerson.

It is not possible to found a lasting power upon injustice, perjury, and treachery.—Demosthenes.

The man who fears nothing is as powerful as he who is feared by everybody.—Schiller.

Power is seldom innocent, and envy is the yokefellow of eminence.—Tupper.

The awful shadow of some unseen Power
Floats, tho' unseen, amongst us.
Shelley.

What can power give more than food and drink,
To live at ease and not be bound to think?
—Dryden.

The wild boar is often held by a small dog.—Ovid.

Next to the assumption of power was the responsibility of relinquishing it.—Earl of Beaconsfield.

Power * * * is a fretful thing, and hath its wings always spread for flight.—Lew Wallace.

Power is ever stealing from the many to the few.—Wendell Phillips.

A fair woman shall not only command without authority, but persuade without speaking.—Sir P. Sidney.

Power is always right, weakness always wrong. Power is always insolent and despotic.—Noah Webster.

Power acquired by guilt was never used for a good purpose.—Tacitus.

Concentration is the secret of strength in politics, in war, in trade, in short, in all management of human affairs.—Emerson.

Where power is absent we may find the robe of genius, but we miss the throne.—Landor.

We love and live in power; it is the spirit's end. Mind must subdue; to conquer is its life.—Bailey.

Power, in whatever hands, is rarely guilty of too strict limitations on itself.—Burke.

To have what we want is riches; but to be able to do without it is power.—George MacDonald.

Power is the queen of the world, not opinion; but opinion makes use of power.—Pascal.

The hammer and the anvil are the two hemispheres of every true reformer's character.—J. G. Holland.

Power obeys reality, and not appearances; power is according to quality, and not quantity.—Emerson.

Men are never very wise and select in the exercise of a new power.—Wm. Ellery Channing.

The lust of dominion burns with a flame so fierce as to overpower all other affections of the human breast.—Tacitus.

All the elements, whose aid man calls in, will sometimes become his masters.—Emerson.

The height of power in women, so far as manners are concerned, rests in tranquillity.—Mme. de Maintenon.

Want of principle is power. Truth and honesty set a limit to our efforts, which impudence and hypocrisy easily overleap.—Hazlitt.

Calm and serene he drives the furious blast,
And, pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm. —Addison.

She knows her man, and when you rant and swear,
Can draw you to her with a single hair.
—Dryden.

Give me a lever long enough
And a prop strong enough,
I can single handed move the world.
—Archimedes.

As thou directest the power, harm or advantage will follow, and the torrent that swept the valley may be led to turn a mill.—Tupper.

Nothing, indeed, but the possession of some power can with any certainty discover what at the bottom is the true character of any man.—Burke.

The worst thing that can be said of the most powerful is that they can take your life; but the same thing can be said of the most weak.—Colton.

We have more power than will; and it is often by way of excuse to ourselves that we fancy things are impossible.—Rochefoucauld.

Power, like the diamond, dazzles the beholder, and also the wearer; it dignifies meanness; it magnifies littleness; to what is contemptible, it gives authority; to what is low, exaltation. —Colton.

The power of association is stronger than the power of beauty; therefore, the power of association is the power of beauty.—Ruskin.

Woman's power is over the affections. A beautiful dominion is hers; but she risks its forfeiture when she seeks to extend it.—Bovee.

To know the pains of power, we must go to those who have it; to know its pleasures, we must go to those who are seeking it; the pains of power are real, its pleasures imaginary.—Colton.

In his livery
Walk'd crowns and crownets; realms and islands were
As plates dropp'd from his pocket.
—Shakespeare.

Power and courtly influence form an intoxicating draught even when raised to the lips of an ascetic and a saint.—Sir J. Stephen.

We endow those whom we love, in our fond, passionate blindness, with power upon our souls too absolute to be a mortal's trust.—Mrs. Hemans.

She who has beauty might ensnare a conqueror's soul, and make him leave his crown at random, to be scuffled for by slaves.—Otway.

The good old rule
Sufficeth them, the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.
—Wordsworth.

Power will intoxicate the best hearts, as wine the strongest heads. No man is wise enough, nor good enough to be trusted with unlimited power.—Colton.

The greater a man is in power above others, the more he ought to excel them in virtue. None ought to govern who is not better than the governed.—Publius Syrus.

Beware of dissipating your powers; strive constantly to concentrate them. Genius thinks it can do whatever it sees others doing, but it is sure to repent of every ill-judged outlay.—Goethe.

All persons possessing any portion of power ought to be strongly and awfully impressed with an idea that they act in trust, and that they are to account for their conduct in that trust to the one great Master, Author, and founder of society.—Burke.

Life is a search after power; and this is an element with which the world is so saturated—there is no chink or crevice in which it is not

lodged—that no honest seeker goes unrewarded.—Emerson.

Power, like a desolating pestilence,
Pollutes whate'er it touches; and obedience,
Bane of all genius, virtue, freedom, truth,
Makes slaves of men, and of the human frame,
A mechanized automaton. —Shelley.

That magnetism, an unseen agent, is the instrumentality with which women are made more potent than the strongest men, cannot be questioned. It is more than an equivalent for large bones and elephantine muscles. —Dr. J. V. C. Smith.

There are three kinds of power,—wealth, strength, and talent; but as old age always weakens, often destroys, the two latter, the aged are induced to cling with the greater avidity to the former.—Colton.

Experience constantly proves that every man who has power is impelled to abuse it; he goes on till he is pulled up by some limits. Who would say it! virtue even has need of limits.—Montesquieu.

Power is so characteristically calm that calmness in itself has the aspect of power, and forbearance implies strength. The orator who is known to have at his command all the weapons of invective is most formidable when most courteous.—Bulwer-Lytton.

All who become men of power reach their estate by the same self-mastery, the same self-adjustment to circumstances, the same voluntary exercise and discipline of their faculties, and the same working of their life up to and into their high ideals of life.—J. G. Holland.

It is an observation no less just than common, that there is no stronger test of a man's real character than power and authority, exciting, as they do, every passion, and discovering every latent vice.—Plutarch.

Real power has fullness and variety. It is not narrow like lightning, but broad like light. The man who truly and worthily excels in any one line of endeavor, might also under a change of circumstances, have excelled in some other line. Power is a thing of solidity and wholeness.—Roswell D. Hitchcock.

Power exhibits itself under two distinct forms,—strength and force,—each possessing peculiar qualities, and each perfect in its own sphere. Strength is typified by the oak, the rock, the mountain. Force embodies itself in the cataract, the tempest, and the thunder-bolt.—Garfield.

Nothing really succeeds which is not based on reality; sham, in a large sense, is never successful; in the life of the individual, as in the more comprehensive life of the state, pretention is nothing and power is everything.—Whipple.

Unlimited power is helpless, as arbitrary power is capricious. Our energy is in proportion to the resistance it meets. We can attempt nothing great but from a sense of the difficulties we have to encounter: we can persevere in nothing great but from a pride in overcoming them.—Hazlitt.

It is in the faculty of noble, disinterested, unselfish love that lies the true gift and power of womanhood,—a power which makes us, not the equal of men (I never care to claim such equality), but their equivalents; more than their equivalents in a moral sense. —Frances Power Cobbe.

The weakest living creature, by concentrating his powers on a single object, can accomplish something; the strongest, by dispensing his over many, may fail to accomplish anything. The drop, by continually falling, bores its passage through the hardest rock. The hasty torrent rushes over it with hideous uproar, and leaves no trace behind.—Carlyle.

There is always room for a man of force, and he makes room for many. Society is a troop of thinkers, and the best heads among them take the best places. A feeble man can see the farms that are fenced and tilled, the

houses that are built. The strong man sees the possible houses and farms. His eye makes estates as fast as the sun breeds clouds.—Emerson.

I will tell you where there is power: where the dew lies upon the hills, and the rain has moistened the roots of the various plants; where the sunshine pours steadily; where the brook runs babbling along, there is a beneficent power.—Chapin.

It is not the weariness of mortality, but the strength of divinity, which we have to recognize in all mighty things; and that is just what we now never recognize, but think that we are to do great things by help of iron bars and perspiration. Alas! we shall do nothing that way but lose some pounds of our own weight.—Ruskin.

There is no surer mark of a low and unregenerate nature than this tendency of power to loudness and wantonness instead of quietness and reverence. To souls baptized in Christian nobleness the largest sphere of command is but a wider empire of obedience, calling them, not to escape from holy rule, but to its full impersonation.—James Martineau.

Odin, thou whirlwind, what a threat is this
Thou threatenest what transcends thy might, even thine,
For of all powers the mightiest far art thou,
Lord over men on earth, and Gods in Heaven:
Yet even from thee thyself hath been withheld
One thing—to undo what thou thyself hast ruled. —Matthew Arnold.

Powerless

If an electric car stands motionless on the tracks, it is nothing against the power of electricity. If an invalid has no appetite, and cannot go out of doors at night, it is no argument against things to eat and the joy of starlit air. If a man does not know a flower by name, or a poem by heart, it is no indictment of the beauty of a rose, or the charm of poetry. If we bear the name of Christ but give no other sign of him, if we go through the forms of godliness, but live powerless lives, it is a thousand reproaches to us. To be powerless when Christ has all power, and we can have all we want, is an arraignment to which we can make no answer that is not self-incriminating.—Maltbie Babcock.

Practice

Practice makes perfect.—Franklin.

His nice fence and his active practice.—Shakespeare.

Theory looks well on paper, but does not amount to anything without practice.—H. W. Shaw.

Theory, from whatever source, is not perfect until it is reduced to practice.—Hosea Ballou.

Ah! if the pulpit would practice what it preaches, then all would be well.—Horace Greeley.

I am little inclined to practise on others, and as little that they should practise on me.—Sir W. Temple.

He sought to have that by practice which he could not by prayer.—Sir P. Sidney.

Things confirmed by long practice and usage have all the force of law. —Hooker.

In church they are taught to love God; after church they are practised to love their neighbor.—Landor.

There is a distinction, but no opposition, between theory and practice. Each to a certain extent supposes the other. Theory is dependent on practice; practice must have preceded theory.—Sir W. Hamilton.

There are two functions of the soul, —contemplation and practice,—according to the general division of objects; some of which only entertain our speculations, others employ our actions.—South.

Praise

The sweetest of all sounds is praise. —Xenophon.

A man who does not love praise is not a full man.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord.—Bible.

Praise undeserved is satire in disguise.—Broadhurst.

Good things should be praised.—Shakespeare.

He hurts me most who lavishly commends.—Churchill.

Praise is only praise when well addressed.—Gay.

His praise is lost who waits till all commend.—Pope.

Solid pudding against empty praise.—Pope.

Praise is the best diet for us, after all.—Sydney Smith.

Earth with her thousand voices praises God.—Coleridge.

He who praises everybody praises nobody.—Johnson.

The refusal of praise is only the wish to be praised twice.—La Rochefoucauld.

Praise from an enemy smells of craft.—Milton.

Just praise is only a debt, but flattery is a present.—Johnson.

Praise is the reflection of virtue.—Bacon.

False praise is always confined to the great.—Lord Kames.

What woman can resist the force of praise?—Gay.

He who loves praise, loves temptation.—Thomas Wilson.

The love of praise, howe'er concealed by art,
Reigns more or less and glows in every heart. —Young.

Our continual desire for praise ought to convince us of our mortality, if nothing else will.—H. W. Shaw.

It is not he who searches for praise who finds it.—Rivarol.

For if good were not praised more than ill,
None would chuse goodness of his own free will. —Spenser.

For the good, when praised, feel something of disgust, if to excess commended.—Euripides.

Every ear is tickled with the sweet music of applause.—Barrow.

He who praises you for what you have not, wishes to take from you what you have.—Manuel.

The more you speak of yourself, the more you are likely to lie.—Zimmermann.

Praise, like gold and diamonds, owes its value only to its scarcity.—Dr. Johnson.

For what are men who grasp at praise sublime, but bubbles on the rapid stream of time?—Young.

A little praise is good for a shy temper; it teaches it to rely on the kindness of others.—Landor.

The praise of a fool is incense to the wisest of us.—Earl of Beaconsfield.

One self-approving hour whole years outweighs of stupid starers and of loud huzzas.—Pope.

Praise begets emulation,—a goodly seed to sow among youthful students—Horace Mann.

Those who are greedy of praise prove that they are poor in merit.—Plutarch.

Allow no man to be so free with you as to praise you to your face.—Steele.

Praising what is lost,
Makes the remembrance dear. —Shakespeare.

It is the greatest possible praise to be praised by a man who is himself deserving of praise.—From the Latin.

None can be pleased without praise, and few can be praised without falsehood.—Dr. Johnson.

Some praise at morning what they blame at night.
But always think the last opinion right.
—Pope.

It is a great happiness to be praised of them that are most praiseworthy.—Sir P. Sidney.

We are all excited by the love of praise, and it is the noblest spirits that feel it most.—Cicero.

Thou mayst be more prodigal of praise when thou writest a letter than when thou speakest in presence.—Fuller.

Too much magnifying of man or matter doth irritate contradiction, and procure envy and scorn.—Bacon.

Desert being the essential condition of praise, there can be no reality in the one without the other.—Washington Allston.

There can hardly, I believe, be imagined a more desirable pleasure than that of praise unmixed with any possibility of flattery.—Steele.

When thou receivest praise, take it indifferently, and return it to God, the giver of the gift, or blesser of the action.—Jeremy Taylor.

The commendation of adversaries is the greatest triumph of a writer, because it never comes unless extorted.—Dryden.

Praise follows Truth afar off; and only overtakes her at the grave: Plausibility clings to her skirts and holds her back till then.—Lowell.

We should not be too niggardly in our praise, for men will do more to support a character than to raise one.—Colton.

Praise is the symbol which represents sympathy, and which the mind insensibly substitutes for its recollection and language.—Mackintosh.

The praises of others may be of use in teaching us, not what we are, but what we ought to be.—Hare.

Sweet is the breath of praise wnen given by those whose own high merit claims the praise they give.—Hannah More.

Commend a fool for his wit, or a knave for his honesty, and they will receive you into their bosom.—Fielding.

You may be liberal in your praise where praise is due: it costs nothing; it encourages much.—Horace Mann.

One good deed dying tongueless slaughters a thousand waiting upon that. Our praises are our wages.—Shakespeare.

Praise never gives us much pleasure unless it concur with our own opinion, and extol us for those qualities in which we chiefly excel.—Hume.

Let another man praise thee, and not thine own mouth: a stranger, and not thine own lips.—Bible.

Praise is the best auxiliary to prayer; and he who most bears in mind what has been done for him by God will be most emboldened to supplicate fresh gifts from above.—Henry Melvill.

Half-uttered praise is to the curious mind, as to the eye half-veiled beauty is, more precious than the whole.—Joanna Baillie.

It is no flattery to give a friend a due character: for commendation is as much the duty of a friend as reprehension.—Plutarch.

Praise has different effects, according to the mind it meets with: it makes a wise man modest, but a fool more arrogant, turning his weak brain giddy.—Feltham.

What a person praises is perhaps a surer standard, even than what he condemns, of his own character, information and abilities.—Hare.

We are all excited by the love of praise, and the noblest are most influenced by glory.—Cicero.

As the Greek said, "Many men know how to flatter, few men know how to praise."—Wendell Phillips.

What we admire we praise; and when we praise,
Advance it into notice, that its worth
Acknowledged, others may admire it too.
—Cowper.

Praise, of all things, is the most powerful excitement to commendable actions, and animates us in our enterprises.—La Bruyère.

The love of praise, howe'er conceal'd by art,
Reigns, more or less, and glows, in ev'ry heart:
The proud, to gain it, toils on toils endure;
The modest shun it, but to make it sure.
—Young.

Whenever you commend, add your reasons for doing so; it is this which distinguishes the approbation of a man of sense from the flattery of sycophants and admiration of fools.—Steele.

Praise in the beginning is agreeable enough, and we receive it as a favor: but when it comes in great quantities, we regard it only as a debt, which nothing but our merit could extort.—Goldsmith.

It is singular how impatient men are with overpraise of others, how patient of overpraise of themselves; and yet the one does them no injury, while the other may be their ruin.—Lowell.

Praise, like gold and diamonds, owes its value only to its scarcity. It becomes cheap as it becomes vulgar, and will no longer raise expectation or animate enterprise.—Johnson.

It is always esteemed the greatest mischief a man can do to those whom he loves, to raise men's expectations of them too high by undue and impertinent commendations.—Sprat.

Words of praise, indeed, are almost as necessary to warm a child into a genial life as acts of kindness and affection. Judicious praise is to children what the sun is to flowers.—Bovee.

Do not fancy, as too many do, that thou canst praise God by singing hymns to Him in church once a week, and disobeying Him all the week long. He asks of thee works as well as words; and more, He asks of thee works first and words after.—Charles Kingsley.

The passion for praise, which is so very vehement in the fair sex, produces excellent effects in women of sense, who desire to be admired for that which only deserves admiration. —Addison.

We always make our friend appear awkward and ridiculous by giving him a laced suit of tawdry qualifications, which nature never intended him to wear.—Junius.

Speak not in high commendation of any man to his face, nor censure any man behind his back: but if thou knowest anything good of him, tell it unto others: if anything ill, tell it privately and prudently to himself.—Burkitt.

Be not too great a niggard in the commendations of him that professes thy own quality: if he deserve thy praise, thou hast discovered thy judgment; if not, thy modesty: honor either returns or reflects to the giver. —Quarles.

There is a certain virtue in every good man, which night and day stirs up the mind with the stimulus of glory, and reminds it that all mention of our name will not cease at the same time with our lives, but that our fame will endure to all posterity.—Cicero.

Praise consists in the love of God, in wonder at the goodness of God, in recognition of the gifts of God, in seeing God in all things He gives us, ay, and even in the things that He refuses to us: so as to see our whole life in the light of God; and seeing

this, to bless Him, adore Him, and glorify Him.—Manning.

There are three kinds of praise,—that which we yield, that which we lend, and that which we pay. We yield it to the powerful from fear, we lend it to the weak from interest, and we pay it to the deserving from gratitude.—Colton.

What a person praises is perhaps a surer standard, even, than what he condemns, of his character, information, and abilities. No wonder, then, that in this prudent country most people are so shy of praising anything.—Hare.

There is a species of ferocity in rejecting indiscriminately all kinds of praises; we should be accessible to those which are given to us by good people, who praise in us sincerely praiseworthy things.—Bruyère.

We are not fond of praising, and never praise any one except from interested motives. Praise is a clever, concealed, and delicate flattery, which gratifies in different ways the giver and the receiver. The one takes it as a recompense of his merit, and the other bestows it to display his equity and discernment.—Rochefoucauld.

To be forward to praise others implies either great eminence, that can afford to part with applause; or great quickness of discernment, with confidence in our own judgments; or great sincerity and love of truth, getting the better of our self-love.—Hazlitt.

The rising winds
And falling springs,
Birds, beasts, all things
Adore him in their kinds.
Thus all is hurl'd
In sacred hymns and order, the great chime
And symphony of nature.
—Henry Vaughan.

I will not much commend others to themselves, I will not at all commend myself to others. So to praise any to their faces is a kind of flattery, but to praise myself to any is the height of folly. He that boasts his own praises speaks ill of himself, and much derogates from his true deserts. It is worthy of blame to affect commendation.—Arthur Warwick.

Who would ever care to do brave deed,
Or strive in virtue others to excel,
If none should yield him his deserved meed
Due praise, that is the spur of doing well?
For if good were not praised more than ill,
None would choose goodness of his own free will.
—Spenser.

Among the smaller duties of life, I hardly know any one more important than that of not praising where praise is not due. Reputation is one of the prizes for which men contend: it is, as Mr. Burke calls it, "the cheap defense and ornament of nations." It produces more labor and more talent than twice the wealth of a country could ever rear up. It is the coin of genius, and it is the imperious duty of every man to bestow it with the most scrupulous justice and the wisest economy.—Sydney Smith.

Prayer

Prayer is the voice of faith.—Horne.

Prayer is the spirit speaking truth to Truth.—Bailey.

Prayer purifies: it is a self-preached sermon.—Richter.

Prayer flies where the eagle never flew.—Thomas Guthrie.

Our prayers are the shadows of mercy.—Spurgeon.

Solicitude is the audience-chamber of God.—Landor.

Prayer ardent opens heaven.—Young.

Making their lives a prayer.—Whittier.

The church converteth the whole world by blood and prayer.—Martin Luther.

The saints will aid if men will call:
For the blue sky bends over all.
—Coleridge.

How can He grant you what you do not desire to receive?—St. Augustine

Prayer moves the hand which moves the world.—J. A. Wallace.

God's pleasure is at the end of our prayers.—Quarles.

Oh, happy vantage of a kneeling knee!—Shakespeare.

No man ever prayed heartily without learning something.—Emerson.

Labor, you know, is prayer.—Bayard Taylor.

He that will learn to pray, let him go to sea.—Herbert.

The few that pray at all pray oft amiss.—Cowper.

Prayer is a virtue that prevaileth against all temptations.—Bernard.

Let me say amen betimes, lest the devil cross my prayers.—Shakespeare.

Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent.—Shakespeare.

In prayer the lips ne'er act the winning part
Without the sweet concurrence of the heart.
—Herrick.

Let us pray! God is just, he tries us; God is pitiful, he will comfort us; let us pray!—Joseph Roux.

Battering the gates of heaven with storms of prayer.—Tennyson.

Prayer is the chief thing that man may present unto God.—Hermes.

My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:
Words, without thoughts, never to heaven go.
—Shakespeare.

Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.
—Shakespeare.

Trouble and perplexity drive me to prayer, and prayer drives away perplexity and trouble.—Melanchthon.

Our prayers should be for a sound mind in a healthy body.—Juvenal.

Prayer is the breath of a new-born soul, and there can be no Christian life without it.—Rowland Hill.

A life of prayer is a life whose litanies are ever fresh acts of self-devoting love.—F. W. Robertson.

Prayer is a powerful thing; for God has bound and tied himself thereunto. —Martin Luther.

Who goes to bed, and doth not pray,
Maketh two nights to every day!
—Herbert.

Nature with folded hands seemed there, kneeling at her evening prayer. —Longfellow.

A prayer, in its simplest definition, is merely a wish turned heavenward.—Phillips Brooks.

It lightens the stroke to draw near to Him who handles the rod.—Washington Irving.

In prayer it is better to have a heart without words than words without a heart.—Bunyan.

Prayer is the pulse of the renewed soul; and the constancy of its beat is the best test and measure of the spiritual life.—Octavius Winslow.

Embark in no enterprise which you cannot submit to the test of prayer.—Hosea Ballou.

Prayer is a shield to the soul, a sacrifice to God, and a scourge for Satan. —Bunyan.

I was not born for courts or great affairs;
I pay my debts, believe, and say my prayers.
—Pope.

Affliction teacheth a wicked person some time to pray; prosperity, never. —Ben Jonson.

Religion is no more possible without prayer than poetry without language, or music without atmosphere.—James Martineau.

Happy are they who freely mingle prayer and toil till God responds to

the one and rewards the other.—S. Irenæus Prime.

A Christian will find his parenthesis for prayer, even through his busiest hours.—Cecil.

Prayers are but the body of the bird; desires are its angel's wings.—Jeremy Taylor.

Let prayer be the key of the morning and the bolt of the evening.—Matthew Henry.

And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
—Cowper.

A single grateful thought towards heaven is the most complete prayer.—Lessing.

Heaven is never deaf but when man's heart is dumb.—Quarles.

The gift of prayer is not always at our command.—Lessing.

'The simple heart that freely asks in love, obtains.—Whittier.

Prayer is not conquering God's reluctance, but taking hold upon God's willingness.—Phillips Brooks.

Expect an answer. If no answer is desired, why pray? True prayer has in it a strong element of expectancy.—R. M. Offord.

In extemporary prayer, what men most admire God least regardeth.—Thomas Fuller.

When we pray to God with entire assurance, it is Himself who has given us the spirit of prayer.—St. Cyprian.

Every praying Christian will find that there is no Gethsemane without its angel.—Binney.

I desire no other evidence of the truth of Christianity than the Lord's Prayer.—Mme. de Staël.

Ah, what is it we send up thither, where our thoughts are either a dissonance or a sweetness and a grace?—George MacDonald.

He who prays without confidence cannot hope that his prayers will be granted.—Fénelon.

The Lord's Prayer contains the sum total of religion and morals.—Wellington.

Though I am weak, yet God, when prayed,
Cannot withhold his conquering aid.
—Emerson.

Prayer will make a man cease from sin, or sin will entice a man to cease from prayer.—Bunyan.

If He prayed who was without sin, how much more it becometh a sinner to pray!—St. Cyprian.

They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright.—Burns.

All his mind is bent to holiness,
To number Ave-Maries on his beads.
—Shakespeare.

'Tis heaven alone that is given away; 'tis only God may be had for the asking.—Lowell.

The upward glancing of an eye when none but God is near.—Montgomery.

Nymph, in thy orisons be all my sins remembered!—Shakespeare.

Pray not too often for great favors, for we stand most in need of small ones.—J. L. Basford.

So much of our lives is celestial and divine as we spend in the exercise of prayer.—Hooker.

Ejaculations are short prayers darted up to God on emergent occasions.—Fuller.

All places are the temple of God, for it is the mind that prays to him.—Menander.

Prayer is not conquering God's reluctance, but taking hold of God's willingness.—Phillips Brooks.

It is so natural for a man to pray that no theory can prevent him from doing it.—James Freeman Clarke.

He that loveth little prayeth little; he that loveth much prayeth much.—St. Augustine.

Patience and perseverance are never more thoroughly Christian graces than when features of prayer.—S. Irenæus Prime.

O, still my fervent prayer will be,
"Heaven's choicest blessing rest on thee."
—Miss Gould.

So a good prayer, though often used, is still fresh and fair in the ears and eyes of heaven.—Fuller.

More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of.
—Tennyson.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small.
—Coleridge.

Prayer is to religion what thinking is to philosophy. To pray is to make religion.—Novalis.

Like an echo from a ruined castle, prayer is an echo from the ruined human soul of the sweet promise of God. —Wm. Arnot.

Ye ask, and receive not, because ye ask amiss.—Bible.

The first petition that we are to make to Almighty God is for a good conscience, the next for health of mind, and then of body.—Seneca.

He that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him.—Bible.

God is a spirit: and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth.—Bible.

Cold prayers shall never have any warm answers. God will suit His returns to our requests. Lifeless services shall have lifeless answers. When men are dull, God will be dumb. —Thomas Brooks.

Our prayers should be for blessings in general, for God knows best what is good for us.—Socrates.

Prayer is so mighty an instrument that no one ever thoroughly mastered all its keys. They sweep along the infinite scale of man's wants and God's goodness.—Hugh Miller.

Rather let my head
Stoop to the block than these knees bow to any
Save to the God of heaven and to my king.
—Shakespeare.

A good man's prayers will from the deepest dungeon climb heaven's height, and bring a blessing down.—Joanna Baillie.

Prayer is the act by which man, detaching himself from the embarrassments of sense and nature, ascends to the true level of his destiny.—H. P. Liddon.

Our prayer and God's mercy are like two buckets in a well; while the one ascends, the other descends.—Bishop Hopkins.

Prayer is an offering up of our desires unto God, for things agreeable to His will, in the name of Christ, with confession of our sins, and thankful acknowledgment of His mercies.—Westminster Catechism.

If you bethink yourself of any crime
Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight. —Shakespeare.

Prayers are heard in heaven very much in proportion to our faith. Little faith will get very great mercies, but great faith still greater.—Spurgeon.

Between the humble and contrite heart and the majesty of heaven there are no barriers; the only password is prayer.—Hosea Ballou.

The best and sweetest flowers of paradise God gives to His people when they are upon their knees. Prayer is the gate of heaven.—Thomas Brooks.

Let our prayers, like the ancient sacrifices, ascend morning and evening; let our days begin and end with God. —Channing.

Prayer is so necessary, and the source of so many blessings, that he who has discovered the treasure cannot be prevented from having recourse to it, whenever he has an opportunity. —Fénelon.

Prayer is the wing wherewith the soul flies to heaven, and meditation the eye wherewith we see God.—St. Ambrose.

Good prayers never come creeping home. I am sure I shall receive either what I ask or what I should ask.—Bishop Hall.

Our vows are heard betimes! and Heaven takes care
To grant, before we can conclude the prayer. —Dryden.

Leave not off praying to God: for either praying will make thee leave off sinning; or continuing in sin will make thee desist from praying.—Fuller.

The protection of God cannot, without sacrilege, be invoked but in behalf of justice and right.—Kossuth.

For earthly blessings, moderate be thy prayer, and qualified; for light, for strength, for grace, unbounded thy petition.—Hannah More.

For the most part, we should pray rather in aspiration than petition, rather by hoping than requesting.—Leigh Hunt.

Certain thoughts are prayers. There are moments when, whatever be the attitude of the body, the soul is on its knees.—Victor Hugo.

Prayer is a strong wall and fortress of the church; it is a goodly Christian's weapon, which no man knows or finds but only he who has the spirit of grace and of prayer.—Martin Luther.

The universal and insuperable instinct which leads man to prayer is in harmony with this great fact: he who believes in God cannot but have recourse to Him and to pray to Him.—Guizot.

The habit of prayer communicates a penetrating sweetness to the glance, the voice, the smile, the tears,—to all one says, or does, or writes.—Joseph Roux.

Any heart turned Godward feels more joy
In one short hour of prayer, than e'er was raised
By all the feasts of earth since its foundation. —P. J. Bailey.

When we pray for any virtue, we should cultivate the virtue as well as pray for it; the form of your prayers should be the rule of your life; every petition to God is a precept to man.—Jeremy Taylor.

Prayer is innocence's friend; and willingly flieth incessant 'twixt the earth and the sky, the carrier-pigeon of heaven.—Longfellow.

To pray together, in whatever tongue or ritual, is the most tender brotherhood of hope and sympathy that men can contract in this life.—Mme. de Staël.

For spiritual blessings, let our prayers be importunate, perpetual and persevering; for temporal blessings, let them be general, short, conditional and modest.—Jeremy Taylor.

If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him. But let him ask in faith, nothing wavering.—Bible.

Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God.—Bible.

Now I lay me down to take my sleep,
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to take.
—New England Primer.

Let us draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil con-

science, and our bodies washed with pure water.—Bible.

And if by prayer
Incessant I could hope to change the will
Of Him who all things can, I would not cease
To weary Him with my assiduous cries.
—Milton.

To pray, * * * is to desire; but it is to desire what God would have us desire. He who desires not from the bottom of his heart, offers a deceitful prayer.
—Fénelon.

Not what we wish, but what we want,
Oh! let thy grace supply,
The good unask'd, in mercy grant;
The ill, though ask'd, deny.
—Merrick.

Go with me, like good angels, to my end;
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven.
—Shakespeare.

If I am right, Thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way! —Pope.

Father of All! in every age,
In every clime ador'd,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord! —Pope.

Four things which are not in thy treasury, I lay before thee, Lord, with this petition:—
My nothingness, my wants,
My sins, and my contrition.
—Southey.

Pray to be perfect, though material leaven
Forbid the spirit so on earth to be;
But if for any wish thou darest not pray,
Then pray to God to cast that wish away.
—Hartley Coleridge.

Faithful prayer always implies correlative exertion; and no man can ask honestly and hopefully to be delivered from temptation, unless he has himself honestly and firmly determined to do the best he can to keep out of it.—John Ruskin.

What signifies the sound of words in prayer without the affection of the heart, and a sedulous application of the proper means that may naturally lead us to such an end?—L'Estrange.

Prayer is not eloquence, but earnestness; not the definition of helplessness, but the feeling of it; not figures of speech, but compunction of soul.—Hannah More.

Be not afraid to pray—to pray is right.
Pray, if thou canst, with hope; but ever pray,
Though hope be weak or sick with long delay;
Pray in the darkness, if there be no light.
—Hartley Coleridge.

Did we perfectly know the state of our own condition, and what was most proper for us, we might have reason to conclude our prayers not heard if not answered.—William Wake.

Pray thou for me. The common air
Will stronger, purer seem to be,
And all the world will grow more fair,—
Pray thou for me. —Mary Clemmer.

No man can hinder our private addresses to God; every man can build a chapel in his breast, himself the priest, his heart the sacrifice, and the earth he treads on the altar.—Jeremy Taylor.

Father of Light! great God of Heaven!
Hear'st thou the accents of despair?
Can guilt like man's be e'er forgiven?
Can vice atone for crimes by prayer?
—Byron.

When thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father, which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly.—Bible.

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed,
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.
—Montgomery.

I pray thee, leave me to myself tonight; for I have need of many orisons to move the heavens to smile upon my state, which, well thou knowest, is cross and full of sin.—Shakespeare.

The best and sweetest flowers of Paradise God gives to his people when they are upon their knees. Prayer is the gate of heaven, or key to let us in to Paradise.—Rev. T. Brooks.

A sad estate of human wretchedness! so weak is man, so ignorant and blind, that did not God sometimes withhold in mercy what we ask, we should be ruined at our own request. —Hannah More.

Almighty Power, by whose most wise command, helpless, forlorn, uncertain, here I stand, take this faint glimmer of thyself away, or break into my soul with perfect day!—Arbuthnot.

Prayer is the peace of our spirit, the stillness of our thoughts, the evenness of our recollection, the seat of meditation, the rest of our cares, and the calm of our tempest.—Jeremy Taylor.

In desert wilds, in midnight gloom;
In grateful joy, in trying pain;
In laughing youth, or nigh the tomb;
Oh! when is prayer unheard or vain?
—Eliza Cook.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death,—
He enters heaven with prayer.
—James Montgomery.

He prays best who, not asking God to do man's work, prays penitence, prays resolutions, and then prays deeds —thus supplicating with heart and head and hands.—Theodore Parker.

We should pray with as much earnestness as those who expect everything from God; we should act with as much energy as those who expect everything from themselves.—Colton.

Prayer has a right to the word "ineffable." It is an hour of outpourings which words cannot express,—of that interior speech which we do not articulate, even when we employ it.—Mme. Swetchine.

We, ignorant of ourselves, beg often our own harm, which the wise powers deny us for our good; so find we profit by losing of our prayers.— Shakespeare.

Premeditation of thought and brevity of expression are the great ingredients of that reverence that is required to a pious and acceptable prayer.—South.

There is no burden of the spirit but is lightened by kneeling under it. Little by little, the bitterest feelings are sweetened by the mention of them in prayer. And agony itself stops swelling, if we can only cry sincerely, "My God, my God!"—Wm. Mountford.

Then let us earnest be,
And never faint in prayer;
He loves our importunity,
And makes our cause His care.
—John Newton.

I have been driven many times to my knees, by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go. My own wisdom, and that of all about me seemed insufficient for that day.—Abraham Lincoln.

His pure thoughts were borne
Like fumes of sacred incense o'er the clouds,
And wafted thence on angels' wings, through ways
Of light, to the bright source of all.
—Congreve.

Prayer among men is supposed a means to change the person to whom we pray; but prayer to God doth not change him, but fits us to receive the things prayed for.—Stillingfleet.

Each time thou wishest to decide upon performing some enterprise, raise the eyes to heaven, pray God to bless thy project; if thou canst make that prayer, accomplish thy work.—Leopold Schefer.

O Thou by whom we come to God—
The Life, the Truth, the Way;
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray.
—J. Montgomery.

We pray for trifles without so much as a thought of the greatest blessings; and we are not ashamed, many times, to ask God for that which we should blush to own to our neighbor.—Seneca.

Prayer pulls the rope below, and the great bell rings above in the ears of God. Some scarcely stir the bell, for they pray so languidly; others give but an occasional pluck at the rope; but he who wins with heaven is the man

who grasps the rope boldly and pulls continuously, with all his might.—C. H. Spurgeon.

A certain joyful, though humble, confidence becomes us when we pray in the Mediator's name. It is due to Him; when we pray in His name it should be without wavering. Remember His merits, and how prevalent they must be. "Let us therefore come boldly to the throne of grace."—Nehemiah Adams.

"Prayer," says St. Jerome, "is a groan." Ah! our groans are prayers as well. The very cry of distress is an involuntary appeal to that invisible Power whose aid the soul invokes.—Mme. Swetchine.

We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit,
By losing of our prayers. —Shakespeare.

Accustom yourself gradually to carry prayer into all your daily occupations. Speak, move, work, in peace, as if you were in prayer, as indeed you ought to be. Do everything without excitement, by the spirit of grace.—Fénelon.

Prayer ardent opens heaven, lets down a stream
Of glory on the consecrated hour
Of man, in audience with the Deity:
Who worships the great God, that instant joins
The first in heaven, and sets his foot on hell. —Young.

How happy it is to believe, with a steadfast assurance, that our petitions are heard even while we are making them; and how delightful to meet with a proof of it in the effectual and actual grant of them.—Cowper.

God answers sharp and sudden on some prayers,
And thrusts the thing we have prayed for in our face,
A gauntlet with a gift in 't.
—E. B. Browning.

When you lie down close your eyes with a short prayer, committing yourself into the hands of your faithful Creator; and when you have done trust Him with yourself, as you must do when dying.—Jeremy Taylor.

The Divine Wisdom has given us prayer, not as a means whereby to obtain the good things of earth, but as a means whereby we learn to do without them; not as a means whereby we escape evil, but as a means whereby we become strong to meet it.—F. W. Robertson.

It is as natural and reasonable for a depentent creature to apply to its Creator for what it needs as for a child thus to solicit the aid of a parent who is believed to have the disposition and ability to bestow what it needs.—Archibald Alexander.

Faith builds in the dungeon and lazarhouse its sublimest shrines; and up, through roofs of stone, that shut out the eye of heaven, ascends the ladder where the angels glide to and fro, —prayer.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Prayer moves the hand that moves the universe.
Holy beginning of a holy cause,
When heroes, girt for freedom's combat, pause
Before high Heaven, and, humble in their might,
Call down its blessing on that coming fight.
—Moore.

O, when the heart is full, when bitter thoughts come crowding thickly up for utterance, and the poor common words of courtesy are such a very mockery, how much the bursting heart may pour itself in prayer!—Willis.

We lay it down as an elemental principle of religion, that no large growth in holiness was ever gained by one who did not take time to be often and long alone with God. No otherwise can the great central idea of God enter into a man's life, and dwell there supreme.—Austin Phelps.

Consider how august a privilege it is, when angels are present, and archangels throng around, when cherubim and seraphim encircle with their blaze the throne, that a mortal may approach with unrestrained confidence, and converse with heaven's dread Sov-

ereign! O, what honor was ever conferred like this?—Chrysostom.

Let one unceasing, earnest prayer
Be, too, for light,—for strength to bear
Our portion of the weight of care,
That crushes into dumb despair
One half the human race.
—Longfellow.

As down in the sunless retreats of the ocean
Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can see,
So deep in my soul the still prayer of devotion
Unheard by the world, rises silent to Thee. —Moore.

And from the prayer of Want, and plaint of Woe,
O never, never turn away thine ear!
Forlorn, in this bleak wilderness below,
Ah! what were man, should Heaven refuse to hear! —Beattie.

The best answer to all objections urged against prayer is the fact that man cannot help praying; for we may be sure that that which is so spontaneous and ineradicable in human nature has its fitting objects and methods in the arrangements of a boundless Providence.—Chapin.

Night comes, with love upon the breeze,
And the calm clock strikes, stilly, "ten!"
I start to hear it beat, for then
I know that thou art on thy knees—
And at that hour, where'er thou be,
Ascends to heaven a prayer for me!
—Willis.

That prayer which does not succeed in moderating our wishes—in changing the passionate desire into still submission, the anxious, tumultuous expectation into silent surrender—is no true prayer, and proves that we have not the spirit of true prayer.—F. W. Robertson.

Prayer is more than the mere outburst of the desires or sorrows of the soul, seeking that satisfaction or consolation which it does not find within itself. It is the expression of a faith, instinctive or reflective, obscure or clear, wavering or steadfast, in the existence, the presence, the power and the sympathy of the Being to whom prayer is addressed.—Guizot.

Are we to suppose that the only being in the universe who cannot answer prayer is that One who alone has all power at His command? The weak theology that professes to believe that prayer has merely a subjective benefit is infinitely less scientific than the action of the child who confidently appeals to a Father in heaven.—Prof. Dawson.

When first thy eyes unveil, give thy soul leave
To do the like; our bodies but forerun
The spirit's duty. True hearts spread and heave
Unto their God, as flow'rs do to the sun.
Give him thy first thoughts then; so shalt thou keep
Him company all day, and in him sleep.
—Henry Vaughan.

Sometimes a fog will settle over a vessel's deck and yet leave the topmast clear. Then a sailor goes up aloft and gets a lookout which the helmsman on deck cannot get. So prayer sends the soul aloft; lifts it above the clouds in which our selfishness and egotism befog us, and gives us a chance to see which way to steer.—C. H. Spurgeon.

True prayer is only another name for the love of God. Its excellence does not consist in the multitude of our words; for our Father knoweth what things we have need of before we ask Him. The true prayer is that of the heart, and the heart prays only for what it desires. To pray, then, is to desire—but to desire what God would have us desire.—Fénelon.

Perfect prayers without a spot or blemish, though not one word be spoken, and no phrases known to mankind be tampered with, always pluck the heart out of the earth and move it softly, like a censer, to and fro beneath the face of heaven.—John Weiss.

Prayer, with our Lord, was a refuge from the storm; almost every word He uttered during that last tremendous scene was prayer; prayer the most earnest, the most urgent, repeated, continued, proceeding from the recesses of the soul, private, solitary; prayer for deliverance, prayer for strength;

above everything prayer for resignation—William Paley.

For the most part, we should pray rather in aspiration than petition, rather by hoping than requesting; in which spirit also we may breathe a devout wish for a blessing on others upon occasions when it might be presumptuous to beg it.—Leigh Hunt.

Fountain of mercy! whose pervading eye
Can look within and read what passes there,
Accept my thoughts for thanks; I have no words.
My soul o'erfraught with gratitude, rejects
The aid of language—Lord!—behold my heart. —Hannah More.

The Lord's Prayer is short, mysterious, and, like the treasures of the spirit, full of wisdom and latent sense: it is not improper to draw forth those excellencies which are intended and signified by every petition, that by so excellent an authority we may know what it is lawful to beg of God.—Jeremy Taylor.

The Lord's Prayer, for a succession of solemn thoughts, for fixing the attention upon a few great points, for suitableness to every condition, for sufficiency, for conciseness without obscurity, for the weight and real importance of its petition, is without an equal or a rival.—Paley.

The prayer of Noah,
He cried out in the darkness, Hear, O God,
Hear Him: hear this one; through the gates of death,
If life be all past praying for, O give
To Thy great multitude a way to peace;
Give them to Him. —Jean Ingelow.

More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend? —Tennyson.

Prayer is the peace of our spirit, the stillness of our thoughts, the evenness of recollection, the seat of meditation, the rest of our cares and the calm of our tempest: prayer is the issue of a quiet mind, of untroubled thoughts: it is the daughter of charity and the sister of meekness.—Jeremy Taylor.

Nearer, my God, to Thee—
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
—Sarah Flower Adams.

If by prayer
Incessant I could hope to change the will
Of him who all things can, I would not cease
To weary him with my assiduous cries;
But prayer against his absolute decree
No more avails than breath against the wind
Blown stifling back on him that breathes it forth:
Therefore to his great bidding I submit.
—Milton.

We kneel, how weak; we rise, how full of power!
Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this wrong,
Or others—that we are not always strong,
That we are ever overborne with care,
That we should ever weak or heartless be,
Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer,
And joy and strength and courage are with Thee? —Trench.

The Christian life is a long and continual tendency of our hearts toward that eternal goodness which we desire on earth. All our happiness consists in thirsting for it. Now, this thirst is prayer. Ever desire to approach your Creator, and you will never cease to pray. Do not think it is necessary to pronounce many words. —Fénelon.

I ask not a life for the dear ones,
All radiant, as others have done,
But that life may have just enough shadow
To temper the glare of the sun;
I would pray God to guard them from evil,
But my prayer would bound back to myself;
Ah! a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.
—Charles M. Dickinson.

Prayer is the first breath of divine life; it is the pulse of the believing soul:—by prayer "we draw water with joy from the wells of salvation;" by prayer faith puts forth its energy, ir

apprehending the promised blessings, and receiving from the Redeemer's fullness; in leaning on His almighty arm, and making His name our strong tower; and in overcoming the world, the flesh and the devil.—T. Scott.

When we pray for any virtue, we should cultivate the virtue as well as pray for it; the form of your prayers should be the rule of your life; every petition to God is a precept to man. Look not, therefore, upon your prayers as a short method of duty and salvation only, but as a perpetual monition of duty; by what we require of God we see what He requires of us.—Jeremy Taylor.

Father of Light and Life! Thou Good Supreme!
O teach me what is good! teach me Thyself!
Save me from folly, vanity and vice,
From every low pursuit: and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure;
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss.
—Thomson.

Prayer is intended to increase the devotion of the individual, but if the individual himself prays he requires no formula; he pours himself forth much more naturally in self-chosen and connected thoughts before God, and scarcely requires words at all. Real inward devotion knows no prayer but that arising from the depths of its own feelings.—Wilhelm von Humboldt.

In reverence will we speak of those who woo
The ear divine with clear and ready prayer;
And while their voices cleave the Sabbath air,
Know their bright thoughts are winging heavenward too.
Yet many a one,—"the latchet of whose shoe"
These might not loose—will often only dare
Lay some poor words between him and despair—
"Father, forgive! we know not what we do."
—Richard M. Milnes.

We have assurance that we shall be heard in what we pray, because we pray to that God that heareth prayer, and is the rewarder of all that come unto Him; and in His name, to whom God denieth nothing; and, therefore, howsoever we are not always answered at the present, or in the same kind that we desire, yet, sooner or later, we are sure to receive even above that we are able to ask or think, if we continue to sue unto Him according to His will.—Archbishop Usher.

Lord! Thou art with Thy people still; they see Thee in the night-watches, and their hearts burn within them as Thou talkest with them by the way. And Thou art near to those that have not known Thee; open their eyes that they may see Thee—see Thee weeping over them, and saying, "Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life"—see Thee hanging on the cross and saying, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do"—see Thee as Thou wilt come again in Thy glory to judge them at the last. Amen.—George Eliot.

From the violence and rule of passion, from a servile will, and a commanding lust, from pride and vanity, from false opinion and ignorant confidence; from improvidence and prodigality, from envy and the spirit of slander; from sensuality, from presumption and from despair; from a state of temptation and a hardened spirit; from delaying of repentance and persevering in sin; from unthankfulness and irreligion, and from seducing others; from all infatuation of soul, folly and madness; from willfulness, self-love and vain ambition; from a vicious life and an unprovided death, good Lord, deliver us.—Jeremy Taylor.

Worship is the earthly act by which we most distinctly recognize our personal immortality; men who think that they will be extinct a few years hence do not pray. In worship we spread out our insignificant life, which yet is the work of the Creator's hands, and the purchase of the Redeemer's blood, before the Eternal and All-Merciful, that we may learn the manners of a higher sphere, and fit ourselves for companionship with saints and angels, and for the everlasting sight of the face of God.—H. P. Liddon.

As in poetry, so in prayer, the whole subject matter should be furnished by the heart, and the understanding should be allowed only to shape and arrange the effusions of the heart in the manner best adapted to answer the end designed. From the fullness of a heart overflowing with holy affections, as from a copious fountain, we should pour forth a torrent of pious, humble and ardently affectionate feelings; while our understandings only shape the channel and teach the gushing streams of devotion where to flow, and when to stop.—Edward Payson.

When a pump is frequently used, the water pours out at the first stroke, because it is high; but, if the pump has not been used for a long time, the water gets low, and when you want it you must pump a long while; and the water comes only after great efforts. It is so with prayer. If we are instant in prayer, every little circumstance awakens the disposition to pray, and desire and words are always ready; but, if we neglect prayer, it is difficult for us to pray, for the water in the well gets low.—Felix Neff.

God grant me grace my prayers to say:
O God! preserve my mother dear,
In strength and health for many a year;
And O! preserve my father too,
And may I pay him reverence due;
And may I my best thoughts employ
To be my parents' hope and joy;
And O! preserve my brothers both
From evil doings, and from sloth,
And may we always love each other,
Our friends, our father, and our mother,
And still, O Lord, to me impart
An innocent and grateful heart,
That after my last sleep I may
Awake to thy eternal day! Amen.
—Coleridge, Child's Evening Prayer.

Preaching

The gracious dew of pulpit eloquence.—Pope.

Sermons in stones and good in every thing.—Shakespeare.

He taught them how to live and how to die.—Wm. Somerville.

The pulpit style of Germany has been always rustically negligent, or bristling with pedantry.—De Quincey.

It is a good divine that follows his own instructions.—Shakespeare.

The life of a pious minister is visible rhetoric.—Hooker.

The world looks at ministers out of the pulpit to know what they mean when in it.—Cecil.

A good discourse is that from which one can take nothing without taking the life.—Fénelon.

Be short in all religious exercises. Better leave the people longing than loathing.—Nathaniel Emmons.

Intelligible discourses are spoiled by too much subtlety in nice divisions.—Locke.

Some clergymen make a motto, instead of a theme, of their texts.—Hosea Ballou.

Preaching, in the first sense of the word, ceased as soon as ever the gospel was written.—Selden.

He who the sword of heaven will bear should be as holy as severe.—Shakespeare.

I preached as never sure to preach again
And as a dying man to dying men.
—Baxter.

The lilies say: Behold how we
Preach without words of purity.
—Christina G. Rossetti.

The Christian ministry is the worst of all trades, but the best of all professions.—Newton.

The pulpit is a clergyman's parade; the parish is his field of active service.—Southey.

Oh for a forty-parson power!—Byron.

A verse may find him who a sermon flies, and turn delight into a sacrifice.—George Herbert.

The minister's brain is often the "poor-box" of the church.—Whipple.

And truths divine came mended from that tongue.—Pope.

To rest, the cushion and soft dean invite, who never mentions hell to ears polite.—Pope.

So clomb the first grand thief into God's fold;
So since into his church lewd hirelings climb. —Milton.

With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a daughter's heart.—Tennyson.

It is by the vicar's skirts that the devil climbs into the belfry.—Longfellow.

Man makes up his mind he will preach, and he preaches.—Bruyère.

Surely that preaching which comes from the soul most works on the soul. —Thomas Fuller.

Sermons are not like curious inquiries after new nothings, but pursuance of old truths.—Jeremy Taylor.

Style is the gossamer on which the seeds of truth float through the world. —George Bancroft.

Elegance of language must give way before simplicity in preaching sound doctrine.—Savonarola.

The orator is thereby an orator that keeps his feet ever on a fact.—R. W. Emerson.

I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than to be one of the twenty to follow mine own teachings. —Shakespeare.

Style should be like window-glass, perfectly transparent, and with very little sash.—Emmons.

Let him who would move and convince others, be first moved and convinced himself.—T. L. Cuyler.

If the truth were known, many sermons are prepared and preached with more regard for the sermon than the souls of the hearers.—George F. Pentecost.

O that our prelates would be as diligent to sow the corn of good doctrine, as Satan is to sow cockle and darnel! —Latimer.

This I quarreled at, that he went far from his text to come close to me, and so was faulty himself in telling me of my faults.—Fuller.

Sir, a woman's preaching is like a dog standing on his hinder legs. It is not done well, but you wonder to see it done at all.—Johnson.

Evil ministers of good things are as torches,—a light to others, a waste to none but themselves only.—Hooker.

Pulpit discourses have insensibly dwindled from speaking to reading; a practice of itself sufficient to stifle every germ of eloquence.—Sydney Smith.

Many a meandering discourse one hears, in which the preacher aims at nothing, and—hits it.—Whately.

It requires as much reflection and wisdom to know what is not to be put into a sermon as what is.—Cecil.

As there are certain mountebanks and quacks in physic, so there are much the same also in divinity.—South.

Jest not at preacher's language or expression:
How know'st thou but thy sins made him miscarry? —Herbert.

Remember that God is as near to our mouth when we speak as that man is who leans his ear to our whispers.—Young.

Some plague the people with too long sermons; for the faculty of listening is a tender thing, and soon becomes weary and satiated.—Luther.

He of their wicked ways shall them admonish, and before them set the paths of righteousness.—Milton.

We must judge religious movements, not by the men who make them, but by the men they make.—Joseph Cook.

But Cristes loore, and his Apostles twelve,
He taughte, but first he followed it hymselfe. —Chaucer.

Embellish truth only with a view to gain it the more full and free admission into your hearers' minds; and your ornaments will, in that case, be simple, masculine, natural.—Blair.

Alas for the unhappy man that is called to stand in the pulpit and not give the bread of life!—Emerson.

I would not have preachers torment their hearers, and detain them with long and tedious preaching.—Luther.

Remember, there are only a few model preachers. We have read of only one perfect Model, and He was crucified many centuries ago.—C. H. Fowler.

Always carry with you into the pulpit a sense of the immense consequences which may depend on your full and faithful presentation of the truth. —R. S. Storrs.

Men of God have always, from time to time, walked among men, and made their commission felt in the heart and soul of the commonest hearer.—Emerson.

There goes the parson, oh illustrious spark!
And there, scarce less illustrious, goes the clerk. —Cowper.

Language the most forcible proceeds from the man who is most sincere. The way to speak with power, or to write words that pierce mankind to the quick, is to speak and write honestly. —E. L. Magoon.

The greatest thoughts are wronged, if not linked to beauty; and they win their way most surely and deeply into the soul when arranged in this their natural and fit attire.—W. E. Channing.

Jesus chose this method of extending the knowledge of Himself throughout the world; He taught His truth to a few men, and then He said, "Now go and tell that truth to other men."—Phillips Brooks.

But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he prayd and felt for all. —Goldsmith.

I have taught you, my dear flock, for above thirty years how to live; and I will show you in a very short time how to die.—Sandys.

He of their wicked ways
Shall them admonish, and before them set
The paths of righteousness. —Milton.

I should not like to preach to a congregation who all believed as I believe. I would as lief preach to a basket of eggs in their smooth compactness and oval formality.—Chapin.

When men come with nets in their ears, it is good for the preacher to have neither fish nor fowl in his tongue. But blessed be God, now we need not lie at so close a guard.—Fuller.

A preacher should have the skill to teach the unlearned simply, roundly, and plainly; for teaching is of more importance than exhorting.—Luther.

A minister, without boldness, is like a smooth file, a knife without an edge, a sentinel that is afraid to let off his gun. If men will be bold in sin, ministers must be bold to reprove.—Rev. W. Gurnall.

To endeavor to move by the same discourse hearers who differ in age, sex, position and education, is to attempt to open all locks with the same key.—J. Petit-Senn.

The province of the soul is large enough to fill up every cranny of your time, and leave you much to answer for if one wretch be damned by your neglect.—Dryden.

I would have every minister of the gospel address his audience with the zeal of a friend, with the generous energy of a father, and with the exuberant affection of a mother.—Fénelon.

Grant that I may never rack a Scripture simile beyond the true intent thereof, lest, instead of sucking milk, I squeeze blood out of it.—Fuller.

There are three things to aim at in public speaking: first, to get into your subject; then to get your subject into yourself; and, lastly, to get your subject into your hearers.—Bishop Gregg.

It is a good divine that follows his own instructions. I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching.—Shakespeare.

Many preachers shine in the pulpit who lose their brilliancy in common conversation. They require the stimulus and magnetism of an audience to render them forcible and eloquent.—J. L. Basford.

Tell men that God is love; that right is right, and wrong, wrong; let them cease to admire philanthropy, and begin to love men; cease to pant for heaven, and begin to love God; then the spirit of liberty begins.—F. W. Robertson.

Let us never forget that, to be profited, that is, to be spiritually improved in knowledge, faith, holiness, joy and love, is the end of hearing sermons, and not merely to have our taste gratified by genius, eloquence and oratory. —John Angel James.

Every sermon must have a solid rest in Scripture, and the pointedness which comes of a clear subject, and the conviction which belongs to well-thought argument, and the warmth that proceeds from earnest appeal.—Phillips Brooks.

You don't want a diction gathered from the newspapers, caught from the air, common and unsuggestive; but you want one whose every word is full-freighted with suggestion and association, with beauty and power.—Rufus Choate.

A hard and unfeeling manner of denouncing the threatenings of the Word of God is not only barbarous and inhuman, but calculated, by inspiring disgust, to rob them of all their efficacy.—Robert Hall.

He that negotiates between God and man,
As God's ambassador, the grand concerns
Of judgment and of mercy, should beware
Of lightness in his speech. —Cowper.

It is easier to declaim like an orator against a thousand sins in others than to mortify one sin in ourselves; to be more industrious in our pulpits than in our closets; to preach twenty sermons to our people than one to our own hearts.—John Flavel.

As pleasant songs, at morning sung,
The words that dropped from his sweet tongue
Strengthened our hearts; or, heard at night,
Made all our slumbers soft and light.
—Longfellow.

And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.
—Goldsmith.

Hear how he clears the points o' Faith
Wi' rattlin' an thumpin'!
Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath,
He's stampin', an' he's jumpin'!
—Burns.

Of right and wrong he taught
Truths as refined as ever Athens heard;
And (strange to tell) he practis'd what he preach'd. —John Armstrong.

The object of preaching is constantly to remind mankind of what mankind are constantly forgetting; not to supply the defects of human intelligence, but to fortify the feebleness of human resolutions.—Sydney Smith.

The clergy are at present divided into three sections: an immense body who are ignorant; a small proportion who know and are silent; and a minute minority who know and speak according to their knowledge.—Professor Huxley.

The theater has often been at variance with the pulpit; they ought not to quarrel. How much is it to be wished that in both the celebration of

nature and of God were intrusted to none but men of noble minds.—Goethe.

It is a glorious occupation, vivifying and self-sustaining in its nature, to struggle with ignorance, and discover to the inquiring minds of the masses the clear cerulean blue of heavenly truth.—Hosea Ballou.

Whatever is preached to us, and whatever we learn, we should still remember that it is man that gives, and man that receives; it is a mortal hand that presents it to us, it is a mortal hand that accepts it.—Montaigne.

The defects of a preacher are soon spied. Let a preacher be endued with ten virtues, and have but one fault, that one fault will eclipse and darken all his virtues and gifts, so evil is the world in these times.—Luther.

It was said of one who preached very well and lived very ill, "that when he was out of the pulpit it was pity he should ever go into it; and when he was in the pulpit, it was pity he should ever come out of it."—Fuller.

Preachers say, "Do as I say, not as I do." But if a physician had the same disease upon him that I have, and he should bid me do one thing and he do quite another, could I believe him?—Selden.

That is not the best sermon which makes the hearers go away talking to one another, and praising the speaker, but which makes them go away thoughtful and serious, and hastening to be alone.—Burnet.

Do not, as some ungracious pastors do, show me the steep and thorny way to heaven; whiles, like a puffed and reckless libertine, himself the primrose path of dalliance treads, and recks not his own rede.—Shakespeare.

Formerly it was the fashion to preach the natural; now it is the ideal. People too often forget that these things are profoundly compatible; that in a beautiful work of imagination the natural should be ideal, and the ideal natural.—Schlegel.

I venerate the man whose heart is warm,
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life,
Coincident, exhibit lucid proof
That he is honest in the sacred cause.
—Cowper.

Judge not the preacher; for he is thy judge:
If thou mislike him, thou conceiv'st him not.
God calleth preaching folly. Do not grudge
To pick out treasures from an earthen pot.
The worst speaks something good.
—Herbert.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
—Goldsmith.

In England we see people lulled asleep with solid and elaborate discourses of piety, who would be warmed and transported out of themselves by the bellowings and distortions of enthusiasm.—Addison.

Of all sorts of flattery, that which comes from a solemn character and stands before a sermon is the worst-complexioned. Such commendation is a satire upon the author, makes the text look mercenary, and disables the discourse from doing service.—Jeremy Collier.

All things with which we deal preach to us. What is a farm but a mute gospel? The chaff and the wheat, weeds and plants, blight, rain, insects, sun,—it is a sacred emblem from the first furrow of spring to the last stack which the snow of winter overtakes in the fields.—Emerson.

In pulpit eloquence, the grand difficulty lies here,—to give the subject all the dignity it so fully deserves, without attaching any importance to ourselves. The Christian messenger cannot think too highly of his prince, nor too humbly of himself.—Colton.

Settle in your mind, that no sermon is worth much in which the Lord is not the principal speaker. There may

be poetry, refinement, historic truth, moral truth, pathos, and all the charms of rhetoric; but all will be lost, for the purposes of preaching, if the word of the Lord is not the staple of the discourse.—John Hall.

I love a serious preacher, who speaks for my sake and not for his own; who seeks my salvation, and not his own vainglory. He best deserves to be heard who uses speech only to clothe his thoughts, and his thoughts only to promote truth and virtue.—Massillon.

There are but few talents requisite to become a popular preacher; for the people are easily pleased if they perceive any endeavors in the orator to please them. The meanest qualifications will work this effect if the preacher sincerely sets about it.—Goldsmith.

Oh, the unspeakable littleness of a soul which, intrusted with Christianity, speaking in God's name to immortal beings, with infinite excitements to the most enlarged, fervent love, sinks down into narrow self-regard, and is chiefly solicitous of his own honor.—Channing.

The things that mount the rostrum with a skip,
And then skip down again, pronounce a text,
Cry hem; and reading what they never wrote
Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work,
And with a well-bred whisper close the scene!
—Cowper.

The meanness of the earthen vessel, which conveys to others the gospel treasure, takes nothing from the value of the treasure. A dying hand may sign a deed of gift of incalculable value. A shepherd's boy may point out the way to a philosopher. A beggar may be the bearer of an invaluable present.—Cecil.

Nothing is text but what is spoken of in the Bible and meant there for person and place; the rest is application; which a discreet man may do well; but it is his scripture, not the Holy Ghost's. First, in your sermons use your logic, and then your rhetoric; rhetoric without logic is like a tree with leaves and blossoms, but no root.—Selden.

When I compare the clamorous preaching and passionate declamation too common in the Christian world with the composed dignity, the deliberate wisdom, the freedom from all extravagance, which characterized Jesus, I can imagine no greater contrast; and I am sure that the fiery zealot is no representative of Christianity.—Channing.

The grand aim of a minister must be the exhibition of gospel truth. Statesmen may make the greatest blunders in the world, but that is not his affair. Like a king's messenger, he must not stop to take care of a person fallen down: if he can render any kindness consistently with his duty, he will do it; if not, he will prefer his office.—Cecil.

Gospel ministers should not only be like dials on watches, or mile-stones upon the road, but like clocks and larums, to sound the alarm to sinners. Aaron wore bells as well as pomegranates, and the prophets were commanded to lift up their voice like a trumpet. A sleeping sentinel may be the loss of the city.—Bishop Hall.

His words had power because they accorded with his thoughts; and his thoughts had reality and depth because they harmonized with the life he had always lived. It was not mere breath that this preacher uttered; they were the words of life, because a life of good deeds and holy love was melted into them. Pearls, pure and rich, had been dissolved into the precious draught.—Nathaniel Hawthorne.

The most intelligent hearers are those who enjoy most heartily the simplest preaching. It is not they who clamor for superlatively intellectual or æsthetic sermons. Daniel Webster used to complain of some of the preaching to which he listened. "In the house of God" he wanted to meditate "upon the simple varieties, and the undoubted facts of religion;" not upon mysteries and abstractions.—Austin Phelps.

The minister should preach as if he felt that although the congregation own the church, and have bought the pews, they have not bought him. His soul is worth no more than any other man's, but it is all he has, and he cannot be expected to sell it for a salary. The terms are by no means equal. If a parishioner does not like the preaching, he can go elsewhere and get another pew, but the preacher cannot get another soul.—Chapin.

The proud he tam'd, the penitent he cheer'd:
Nor to rebuke the rich offender fear'd.
His preaching much, but more his practice, wrought;
(A living sermon of the truths he taught;)
For this by rules severe his life he squar'd:
That all might see the doctrines which they heard. —Dryden.

Skilful alike with tongue and pen,
He preached to all men everywhere
The Gospel of the Golden Rule,
The New Commandment given to men,
Thinking the deed, and not the creed,
Would help us in our utmost need.
—Longfellow.

He was a shrewd and sound divine
Of loud Dissent the mortal terror;
And when, by dint of page and line,
He 'stablished Truth, or startled Error,
The Baptist found him far too deep,
The Deist sighed with saving sorrow,
And the lean Levite went to sleep
And dreamt of eating pork to-morrow.
—Praed.

Would I describe a preacher,
* * * * * *
I would express him simple, grave, sincere;
In doctrine uncorrupt; in language plain,
And plain in manner; decent, solemn, chaste,
And natural in gesture; much impress'd
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
May feel it too; affectionate in look,
And tender in address, as well becomes
A messenger of grace to guilty men.
—Cowper.

Let all your preaching be in the most simple and plainest manner; look not to the prince, but to the plain, simple, gross, unlearned people, of which cloth the prince also himself is made. If I, in my preaching, should have regard to Philip Melancthon and other learned doctors, then should I do but little good. I preach in the simplest manner to the unskillful, and that giveth content to all. Hebrew, Greek and Latin I spare until we learned ones come together.—Luther.

To know whether a minister, young or still in flower, is in safe or dangerous paths, there are two psychometers, a comparison between which will give as infallible a return as the dry and wet bulks of the ingenious "Hygrodeik." The first is the black broadcloth forming the knees of his pantaloons; the second the patch of carpet before his mirror. If the first is unworn and the second is frayed and threadbare, pray for him; if the first is worn and shiny, while the second keeps its pattern and texture, get him to pray for you.—O. W. Holmes.

To get, then, the mind of Christ, and to declare it, is the primary end of the teaching offices of the church. The living body of sympathetic men, saturated with the truth and feeling of the Book, must bring it into contact with other men, through that marvelous organ, the human voice, and with such aid as comes from the subtle sympathy that pervades assemblies of human beings.—John Hall.

Precedent

Precedents are the disgrace of legislation. They are not wanted to justify right measures, are absolutely insufficient to excuse wrong ones. They can only be useful to heralds, dancing masters, and gentlemen ushers. —Sterne.

One precedent creates another. They soon accumulate, and constitute law. What yesterday was fact, to-day is doctrine. Examples are supposed to justify the most dangerous measures; and where they do not suit exactly, the defect is supplied by analogy.—Junius.

Precept

Precept must be upon precept.—Bible.

Human laws made to direct the will ought to give precepts, and not counsels.—Montesquieu.

Precepts are the rules by which we ought to square our lives.—Seneca.

Be brief, that the mind may catch thy precepts, and the more easily retain them.—Horace.

Precepts or maxims are of great weight; and a few useful ones at hand do more toward a happy life than whole volumes that we know not where to find.—Seneca.

He that lays down precepts for the government of our lives and moderating our passions obliges human nature, not only in the present, but in all succeeding generations.—Seneca.

Most precepts that are given are so general that they cannot be applied, except by an exercise of just as much discretion as would be sufficient to frame them.—Whately.

Precept and example, like the blades of a pair of scissors, are admirably adapted to their end when conjoined; separated, they lose the greater portion of their utility.—Chatfield.

Precepts are like seeds; they are little things which do much good; if the mind which receives them has a disposition, it must not be doubted that his part contributes to the generation, and adds much to that which has been collected.—Seneca.

If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages, princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions. I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching.—Shakespeare.

It was observed of the Jesuits, that they constantly inculcated a thorough contempt of worldly things in their doctrines, but eagerly grasped at them in their lives. They were wise in their generation; for they cried down worldly things, because they wanted to obtain them, and cried up spiritual things, because they wanted to dispose of them.—Colton.

I thought that to forgive our enemies had been the highest effort of the heathen ethic; but that the returning good for evil was an improvement of the Christian morality. But I had the mortification to meet with that interloper, Socrates, in Plato, enforcing the divine precept of loving our enemies. Perhaps for this reason, among others, he was styled by Erasmus "a Christian before Christianity."—Sterne.

Precocity

Small herbs have grace; great weeds do grow apace.—Shakespeare.

Early genius, like early cabbage, does not head well.—H. W. Shaw.

Maturity is most rapid in the low latitudes, where pineapples and women most do thrive.—N. P. Willis.

It seldom happens that a premature shoot of genius ever arrives at maturity.—Quintilian.

Nothing is less promising than precocity. A young thistle is more like a future tree than is a young oak.—Marie Ebner-Eschenbach.

Preferment

It is the curse of service; preferment goes by letter and affection, not by the old gradation, when each second stood heir to the first.—Shakespeare.

Prejudice

Prejudice is the reason of fools.—Voltaire.

Prejudice is the twin of illiberality.—G. D. Prentice.

The multitude are ruled by prejudices.—Voltaire.

All looks yellow to the jaundiced eye.—Pope.

Prejudice is the child of ignorance.—Hazlitt.

Remember, when the judgment is weak the prejudice is strong.—Kane O'Hara.

There is nothing stronger than human prejudice.—Wendell Phillips.

Prejudices are what rule the vulgar crowd.—Voltaire.

He hears but half who hears one party only.—Æschylus.

Prejudice squints when it looks, and lies when it talks.—Duchess d'Abrantes.

Much of our ignorance is of ourselves. Our eyes are full of dust. Prejudice blinds us.—Abraham Coles.

Prejudice is never easy unless it can pass itself off for reason.—Hazlitt.

When we destroy an old prejudice, we have need of a new virtue.—Mme. de Staël.

Opinions founded on prejudice are always sustained with the greatest violence.—Jeffrey.

How immense to us appear the sins we have not committed. — Madame Necker.

Prejudice assumes the garb of reason, but the cheat is too thin.—H. W. Shaw.

Prejudice, which sees what it pleases, cannot see what is plain.—Aubrey de Vere.

Ignorance is less remote from the truth than prejudice.—Diderot.

Women have fewer vices than men; but they have stronger prejudices.—Dr. J. V. C. Smith.

He who knows only his own side of the case knows little of that.—J. Stuart Mill.

Never suffer the prejudice of the eye to determine the heart.—Zimmermann.

Prejudice is a house-plant which is very apt to wilt if you take it out-of-doors among folks.—H. W. Shaw.

We seldom find persons whom we acknowledge to be possessed of good sense, except those who agree with us in opinion.—Rochefoucauld.

National antipathy is the basest, because the most illiberal and illiterate of all prejudices.—Jane Porter.

To divest one's self of some prejudices would be like taking off the skin to feel the better.—Greville.

He who never leaves his country is full of prejudices.—Goldoni.

People have prejudices against a nation in which they have no acquaintances.—Hamerton.

Human nature is so constituted that all see and judge better in the affairs of other men than in their own.—Terence.

To all intents and purposes, he who will not open his eyes is, for the present, as blind as he who cannot.—South.

Prejudice and self-sufficiency naturally proceed from inexperience of the world and ignorance of mankind.—Addison.

Every period of life has its peculiar prejudices; whoever saw old age, that did not applaud the past, and condemn the present times?—Montaigne.

How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him but I am heartburned an hour after.—Shakespeare.

Our estimate of a character always depends much on the manner in which that character affects our own interests and passions.—Macaulay.

They who, without any previous knowledge of us, think amiss of us, do us no harm; they attack not us, but the phantom of their own imagination.—La Bruyère.

To be prejudiced is always to be weak; yet there are prejudices so near to laudable that they have been often praised and are always pardoned.—Johnson.

The rabble estimate few things according to their real value, most things according to their prejudices.—Cicero.

The prejudices of youth pass away with it. Those of old age last only because there is no other age to be hoped for.—Stanislaus.

Even when we fancy we have grown wiser, it is only, it may be, that new prejudices have displaced old ones.—Bovee.

As those who believe in the visibility of ghosts can easily see them, so it is always easy to see repulsive qualities in those we despise and hate.—Frederick Douglass.

The eyes of a man in the jaundice make yellow observations on everything: and the soul tinctured with any passion diffuses a false color over the appearance of things.—Dr. Watts.

They that never peeped beyond the common belief in which their easy understandings were at first indoctrinated are strongly assured of the truth of their receptions.—Glanvill.

There is nothing stronger than human prejudice. A crazy sentimentalism, like that of Peter the Hermit, hurled half of Europe upon Asia, and changed the destinies of kingdoms.—Wendell Phillips.

Prejudice is a mist, which in our journey through the world often dims the brightest and obscures the best of all the good and glorious objects that meet us on our way.—Shaftesbury.

The prejudices of ignorance are more easily removed than the prejudices of interest; the first are all blindly adopted, the second wilfully preferred.—Bancroft.

None are too wise to be mistaken, but few are so wisely just as to acknowledge and correct their mistakes, and especially the mistakes of prejudice.—Barrow.

No wise man can have a contempt for the prejudices of others; and he should even stand in a certain awe of his own, as if they were aged parents and monitors. They may in the end prove wiser than he.—Hazlitt.

The prejudices of men emanate from the mind, and may be overcome; the prejudices of women emanate from the heart and are impregnable.—D'Argens.

To lay aside all prejudice is to lay aside all principles. He who is destitute of principles is governed, theoretically and practically, by whims.—Jacobi.

Removing prejudices is, alas! too often removing the boundary of a delightful near prospect in order to let in a shockingly extensive one.—Lord Greville.

Prejudice is an equivocal term; and may as well mean right opinions taken upon trust and deeply rooted in the mind, as false and absurd opinions so derived, and grown into it.—Hurd.

Reasoning against a prejudice is like fighting against a shadow; it exhausts the reasoner, without visibly affecting the prejudice. Argument cannot do the work of instruction any more than blows can take the place of sunlight.—Charles Mildmay.

Moral prejudices are the stopgaps of virtue; and, as is the case with other stopgaps, it is often more difficult to get either out or in through them than through any other part of the fence.—Hare.

Because a total eclipse of the sun is above my own head, I will not therefore insist that there must be an eclipse in America also; and because snowflakes fall before my own nose, I need not believe that the Gold Coast is snowed up also.—Richter.

Prejudice may be considered as a continual false medium of viewing things, for prejudiced persons not only never speak well, but also never think well, of those whom they dislike, and the whole character and conduct is considered with an eye to that particular thing which offends them.—Butler.

There are truths which some men despise because they have not examined, and which they will not examine because they despise. There is one

signal instance on record where this kind of prejudice was overcome by a miracle; but the age of miracles is past, while that of prejudice remains. —Colton.

Prejudice, like the spider, makes everywhere its home. It has neither taste nor choice of place, and all that it requires is room. If the one prepares her food by poisoning it to her palate and her use, the other does the same. Prejudice may be denominated the spider of the mind.—Thomas Paine.

The confirmed prejudices of a thoughtful life are as hard to change as the confirmed habits of an indolent life; and as some must trifle away age because they trifled away youth, others must labor on in a maze of error because they have wandered there too long to find their way out.—Bolingbroke.

When prejudices are caught up from bad passions, the worst of men feel intervals of remorse to soften and disperse them; but when they arise from a generous though mistaken source, they are hugged closer to the bosom, and the kindest and most compassionate natures feel a pleasure in fostering a blind and unjust resentment.—Lord Erskine.

Every one is forward to complain of the prejudices that mislead other men and parties, as if he were free, and had none of his own. This being objected on all sides, it is agreed that it is a fault and a hindrance to knowledge. What now is the cure? No other but this, that every man should let alone others' prejudices and examine his own.—Locke.

Instead of casting away all our old prejudices, we cherish them to a very considerable degree, and, to take more shame to ourselves, we cherish them because they are prejudices; and the longer they have lasted and the more generally they have prevailed, the more we cherish them. We are afraid to put men to live and trade each on his own private stock of reason; because we suspect that this stock in each man is small, and that the individuals would do better to avail themselves of the general bank and capital of nations and of ages.—Burke.

Some persons believe everything that their kindred, their parents, and their tutors believe. The veneration and the love which they have for their ancestors incline them to swallow down all their opinions at once, without examining what truth or falsehood there is in them. Men take their principles by inheritance, and defend them as they would their estates, because they are born heirs to them.—Watts.

Present

The present moment is a powerful deity.—Goethe.

The present eye praises the present object.—Shakespeare.

Live this day as if the last.—Bishop Kerr.

This moment is a flower too fair and brief.—Moore.

Each present joy or sorrow seems the chief.—Shakespeare.

Duty and to-day are ours; results and futurity belong to God.—Horace Greeley.

One of our poets—which is it?—speaks of an everlasting now.—Southey.

Devote each day to the object then in time, and every evening will find something done.—Goethe.

Man—living, feeling man—is the easy sport of the overmastering present.—Schiller.

In the parliament of the present every man represents a constituency of the past.—Lowell.

He who neglects the present moment throws away all he has.—Schiller.

The present is never a happy state to any human being.—Dr. Johnson.

'Tis but a short journey across the isthmus of Now.—Bovee.

We may make our future by the best use of the present. There is no moment like the present.—Miss Edgeworth.

The present is the living sum-total of the whole past.—Carlyle.

It is children only who enjoy the present; their elders either live on the memory of the past or the hope of the future.—Chamfort.

What is really momentous and all-important with us is the present, by which the future is shaped and colored. —Whittier.

Let us attend to the present, and as to the future we shall know how to manage when the occasion arrives.—Corneille.

Let us enjoy the fugitive hour. Man has no harbor, time has no shore; it rushes on, and carries us with it.—Lamartine.

Shakespeare says, we are creatures that look before and after; the more surprising that we do not look around a little, and see what is passing under our very eyes.—Carlyle.

Shun to seek what is hid in the womb of the morrow, and set down as gain in life's ledger whatever time fate shall have granted thee.—Horace.

Every day is a gift I receive from heaven; let us enjoy to-day that which it bestows on me. It belongs not more to the young than to me, and to-morrow belongs to no one.—Mancroix.

Enjoy the blessings of this day if God sends them; and the evils bear patiently and sweetly. For this day only is ours; we are dead to yesterday, and we are not born to to-morrow. —Jeremy Taylor.

Take all reasonable advantage of that which the present may offer you. It is the only time which is ours. Yesterday is buried forever, and to-morrow we may never see.—Victor Hugo.

Try to be happy in this present moment, and put not off being so to a time to come,—as though that time should be of another make from this, which has already come and is ours.—Fuller.

The present hour is always wealthiest when it is poorer than the future ones, as that is the pleasantest site which affords the pleasantest prospect. —Thoreau.

Of the present state, whatever it be, we feel and are forced to confess the misery; yet when the same state is again at a distance, imagination paints it as desirable.—Dr. Johnson.

One of the illusions is that the present hour is not the critical, decisive hour. Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year. No man has learned anything rightly, until he knows that every day is Doomsday.—Emerson.

Busy not yourself in looking forward to the events of to-morrow; but whatever may be those of the days Providence may yet assign you neglect not to turn them to advantage.—Horace.

Look upon every day, O youth, as the whole of life, not merely as a section, and enjoy the present without wishing through haste, to spring on to another.—Richter.

The Present, the Present is all thou hast
For thy sure possessing;
Like the patriarch's angel hold it fast
Till it gives its blessing. —Whittier.

If we stand in the openings of the present moment, with all the length and breadth of our faculties unselfishly adjusted to what it reveals, we are in the best condition to receive what God is always ready to communicate. —T. C. Upham.

Men spend their lives in anticipations, in determining to be vastly happy at some period or other, when they have time. But the present time has one advantage over every other—it is our own. Past opportunities are gone, future are not come.—Colton

Make use of time, if thou lovest eternity; know yesterday cannot be recalled, to-morrow cannot be assured: to-day is only thine; which if thou procrastinate, thou losest; which lost, is lost forever: one to-day is worth two to-morrows.—Quarles.

Something beyond! The immortal morning stands
Above the night, clear shines her prescient brow;
The pendulous star in her transfigured hands
Lights up the Now. —Mary Clemmer.

Abridge your hopes in proportion to the shortness of the span of human life; for while we converse, the hours, as if envious of our pleasure, fly away: enjoy, therefore, the present time, and trust not too much to what to-morrow may produce.—Horace.

Let any man examine his thoughts, and he will find them ever occupied with the past or the future. We scarcely think at all of the present; or if we do, it is only to borrow the light which it gives, for regulating the future. The present is never our object; the past and the present we use as means; the future only is our end. Thus, we never live, we only hope to live.—Pascal.

What avails it that indulgent Heaven
From mortal eyes has wrapt the woes to come,
If we, ingenious to torment ourselves,
Grow pale at hideous fictions of our own?
Enjoy the present; nor with needless cares
Of what may spring from blind misfortune's womb,
Appal the surest hour that life bestows.
Serene, and master of yourself, prepare
For what may come; and leave the rest to Heaven. —Armstrong.

Press

This country is not priest-ridden, but press-ridden.—Longfellow.

The press is the foe of rhetoric, but the friend of reason.—Colton.

Did Charity prevail, the press would prove
A vehicle of virtue, truth, and love.
—Cowper.

In the long, fierce struggle for freedom of opinion, the press, like the church, counted its martyrs by thousands.—James A. Garfield.

The Reformation was cradled in the printing-press, and established by no other instrument.—Agnes Strickland.

The liberty of the press is the true measure of all other liberty; for all freedom without this must be merely nominal.—Chatfield.

Let it be impressed upon your minds, let it be instilled into your children, that the liberty of the press is the palladium of all the civil, political and religious rights.—Junius.

A journalist is a grumbler, a censurer, a giver of advice, a regent or sovereigns, a tutor of nations. Four hostile newspapers are more to be feared than a thousand bayonets.—Napoleon.

When the press is the echo of sages and reformers, it works well; when it is the echo of turbulent cynics, it merely feeds political excitement.—Lamartine.

The liberty of the press is a blessing when we are inclined to write against others, and a calamity when we find ourselves overborne by the multitude of our assailants.—Johnson.

What gunpowder did for war, the printing-press has done for the mind; and the statesman is no longer clad in the steel of special education, but every reading man is his judge.—Wendell Phillips.

The productions of the press, fast as steam can make and carry them, go abroad through all the land, silent as snowflakes, but potent as thunder. It is an additional tongue of steam and lightning, by which a man speaks his first thought, his instant argument or grievance, to millions in a day.—Chapin.

The invention of printing added a new element of power to the race. From that hour, in a most especial sense, the brain and not the arm, the thinker and not the soldier, books and

not kings, were to rule the world; and weapons, forged in the mind, keen-edged and brighter than the sunbeam, were to supplant the sword and the battle-axe.—Whipple.

How shall I speak thee, or thy power address,
Thou god of our idolatry, the Press?
By thee, religion, liberty, and laws,
Exert their influence, and advance their cause:
By thee, worse plagues than Pharaoh's land befell,
Diffused, make earth the vestibule of hell;
Thou fountain, at which drink the good and wise,
Thou ever bubbling spring of endless lies,
Like Eden's dread probationary tree,
Knowledge of good and evil is from thee!
—Cowper.

Presumption

Who dares
To say that he alone has found the truth?
—Longfellow.

Presume to lay their hand upon the ark
Of her magnificent and awful cause.
—Cowper.

How dare the plants look up to heaven, from whence
They have their nourishment?
—Shakespeare.

It is not so with Him that all things knows
As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows:
But most it is presumption in us when
The help of heaven we count the act of men.
—Shakespeare.

He will steal himself into a man's favor and for a week escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.—Shakespeare.

Pretension

When half-gods go, the gods arrive.—Emerson.

The more honesty a man has, the less he affects the air of a saint.—Lavater.

Pretences go a great way with men that take fair words and magisterial looks for current payment.—L'Estrange.

One who preserves all the exterior decencies of ignorance.—Samuel Foote.

For in religion as in friendship, they who profess most are ever the least sincere.—Sheridan.

Who makes the fairest show means most deceit.—Shakespeare.

We are only vulnerable and ridiculous through our pretensions.—Mme. de Girardin.

The higher the rank the less pretence, because there is less to pretend to.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Pretension almost always overdoes the original, and hence exposes itself.—Hosea Ballou.

The desire of appearing clever often prevents our becoming so.—La Rochefoucauld.

He who gives himself airs of importance, exhibits the credentials of impotence.—Lavater.

Where there is much pretension, much has been borrowed: nature never pretends.—Lavater.

A snob is that man or woman who is always pretending to be something better—especially richer or more fashionable—than he is.—Thackeray.

Hearts may be attracted by assumed qualities, but the affections are not to be fixed but by those which are real.—De Moy.

True glory strikes root, and even extends itself; all false pretensions fall as do flowers, nor can anything feigned be lasting.—Cicero.

Those who quit their proper character to assume what does not belong to them are, for the greater part, ignorant of both the character they leave and of the character they assume.—Burke.

Some pretences daunt and discourage us, while others raise us to a brisk assurance.—Glanville.

It is no disgrace not to be able to do everything; but to undertake, or pre-

tend to do what you are not made for, is not only shameful, but extremely troublesome and vexatious.—Plutarch.

The greatest cosmopolites are generally the neediest beggars, and they who embrace the entire universe with love, for the most part, love nothing but their narrow self.—Herder.

The most accomplished way of using books at present is to serve them as some do lords, learn their titles, and then boast of their acquaintance.—Swift.

When you see a man with a great deal of religion displayed in his shop window, you may depend upon it he keeps a very small stock of it within.—Spurgeon.

It is worth noticing that those who assume an imposing demeanor and seek to pass themselves off for something beyond what they are, are not unfrequently as much underrated by some as they are overrated by others.—Whately.

It is the care of a very great part of mankind to conceal their indigence from the rest. They support themselves by temporary expedients, and every day is lost in contriving for tomorrow.—Johnson.

A man who knows the world will not only make the most of everything he does know, but of many things he does not know, and will gain more credit by his adroit mode of hiding his ignorance than the pedant by his awkward attempt to exhibit his erudition.—Colton.

Some are so close and reserved that they will not show their wares but by a dark light, and seem always to keep back somewhat; and when they know within themselves they speak of that which they do not well know, would nevertheless seem to others to know of that which they may not well speak.—Bacon.

As a general rule, people who flagrantly pretend to anything are the reverse of that which they pretend to. A man who sets up for a saint is sure to be a sinner; and a man who boasts that he is a sinner is sure to have some feeble, maudlin, snivelling bit of saintship about him which is enough to make him a humbug.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Pride

The never-failing vice of fools.—Pope.

The proud man is forsaken of God.—Plato.

Pride eradicates all vices but itself.—Emerson.

All pride is willing pride.—Shakespeare.

Pride is both a virtue and a vice.—Theodore Parker.

O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!—Shakespeare.

We rise in glory as we sink in pride.—Young.

Pride, the first peer and president of hell.—De Foe.

Some people are proud of their humility.—Beecher.

The proud are ever most provoked by pride.—Cowper.

When pride thaws, look for floods.—Bailey.

Nothing is more short-lived than pride.—Ben Jonson.

In general, pride is at the bottom of all great mistakes.—Ruskin.

Pride and weakness are Siamese twins.—Lowell.

Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall.—Bible.

As for environments, the kingliest being ever born in the flesh lay in a manger.—Chapin.

They are proud in humility, proud in that they are not proud.—Burton.

Fancy and pride seek things at vast expense.—Young.

Pride that dines on vanity, sups on contempt.—B. Franklin.

How pomp is followed!—Shakespeare.

Where pride begins, love ceases.—Lavater.

An avenging God closely follows the haughty.—Seneca.

How can there be pride in a contrite heart? Humility is the earliest fruit of religion.—Hosea Ballou.

There is a certain noble pride through which merits shine brighter than through modesty.—Richter.

When pride and presumption walk before, shame and loss follow very closely.—Louis the Eleventh.

Pride requires very costly food—its keeper's happiness.—Colton.

A proud man never shows his pride so much as when he is civil.—Lord Greville.

Pride, of all others the most dangerous fault,
Proceeds from want of sense, or want of thought. —Roscommon.

Pride, which inspires us with so much envy, serves also to moderate it. —Rochefoucauld.

Pride is a vice, which pride itself inclines every man to find in others, and to overlook in himself.—Dr. Johnson.

Pride breakfasted with plenty, dined with poverty, and supped with infamy. —Franklin.

There is none so homely but loves a looking-glass.—South.

The best manners are stained by the addition of pride.—Claudian.

I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.—Shakespeare.

Pride is founded not on the sense of happiness, but on the sense of power.—Hazlitt.

There is much proud humility and humble pride in the world.—J. L. Basford.

What is pride? a whizzing rocket
That would emulate a star.
—Wordsworth.

'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of soul: I think the Romans call it stoicism.—Addison.

Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of humankind pass by.
—Goldsmith.

Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defence, and fills up all the mighty void of sense.—Pope.

Pride is increased by ignorance; those assume the most who know the least.—Gay.

When a proud man thinks best of himself, then God and man think worst of him.—Horace Smith.

Spiritual pride is the most dangerous and the most arrogant of all sorts of pride.—Richardson.

The pride of woman, natural to her, never sleeps until modesty is gone.—Addison.

All that the wisdom of the proud can teach is to be stubborn or sullen under misfortune.—Goldsmith.

There is no pride on earth like the pride of intellect and science.—Roswell D. Hitchcock.

Pride hath no other glass to show itself but pride.—Shakespeare.

Dignity and pride are of too near relationship for intermarriage.—Madame Deluzy.

Pride goes hated, cursed and abominated by all.—Hammond.

Family pride entertains many unsocial opinions.—Zimmermann.

Earthly pride is like the passing flower, that springs to fall, and blossoms but to die.—H. K. White.

How poor a thing is pride! when all, as slaves,
Differ but in their fetters, not their graves.
—Daniels.

He whose pride oppresses the humble may perhaps be humbled, but will never be humble.—Lavater.

To be proud and inaccessible is to be timid and weak.—Massillon.

The infinitely little have a pride infinitely great.—Voltaire.

Vanity and pride sustain so close an alliance as to be often mistaken for each other.—Gladstone.

There is no passion which steals into the heart more imperceptibly, and covers itself under more disguises, than pride.—Addison.

All other passions do occasional good; but when pride puts in its word everything goes wrong.—Ruskin.

Who cries out on pride that can therein tax any private party? Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea?—Shakespeare.

Pride seems to be equally distributed; the man who owns the carriage and the man who drives it seem to have it just alike.—H. W. Shaw.

The sin of pride is the sin of sins, in which all subsequent sins are included, as in their germ; they are but the unfolding of this one.—Trench.

Pride, in some particular disguise or other—often a secret to be proud himself—is the most ordinary spring of action among men.—Steele.

Men very rarely put off the trappings of pride till they who are about them put on their winding-sheet.—Clarendon.

Ay, do despise me, I'm the prouder for it; I like to be despised.—Brickerstaff.

The most ridiculous of all animals is a proud priest; he cannot use his own tools without cutting his own fingers.—Colton.

Men say, "By pride the angels fell from heaven." By pride they reached a place from which they fell.—Joaquin Miller.

There are proud men of so much delicacy that it almost conceals their pride, and perfectly excuses it.—Landor.

There are no friends more inseparable than pride and hardness of heart, humility and love, falsehood and impudence.—Lavater.

There is this paradox in pride—it makes some men ridiculous, but prevents others from becoming so.—Colton.

If it were ever allowable to forget what is due to superiority of rank, it would be when the privileged themselves remember it.—Madame Swetchine.

The seat of pride is in the heart, and only there; and if it be not there, it is neither in the look nor in the clothes.—Clarendon.

When a beautiful woman yields to temptation, let her consult her pride, though she forgets her virtue.—Junius.

Pride, though it cannot prevent the holy affections of nature from being felt, may prevent them from being shown.—Jeremy Taylor.

Pride, like the magnet, constantly points to one object, self; but, unlike the magnet, it has no attractive pole, but at all points repels.—Colton.

It is pride which fills the world with so much harshness and severity. We are rigorous to offenses as if we had never offended.—Blair.

Haughty people seem to me to have, like the dwarfs, the stature of a child and the face of a man.—Joubert.

If he could only see how small a vacancy his death would leave, the proud man would think less of the place he occupies in his lifetime.—Legouvé.

The haughty woman who can stand alone, and requires no leaning-place in our hearts, loses the spell of her sex.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Men are sometimes accused of pride, merely because their accusers would be proud themselves were they in their places.—Shenstone.

Deep is the sea, and deep is hell, but pride mineth deeper; it is coiled as a poisonous worm about the foundations of the soul.—Tupper.

You who are ashamed of your poverty, and blush for your calling, are a snob: as are you who boast of your pedigree, or are proud of your wealth. —Thackeray.

As in some Irish houses, where things are so-so,
One gammon of bacon hangs up for a show;—
But, for eating a rasher of what they take pride in,
They'd as soon think of eating the pan it is fried in. ——Goldsmith.

The pride of the heart is the attribute of honest men; pride of manners is that of fools; the pride of birth and rank is often the pride of dupes.—Duclos.

If a man has a right to be proud of anything, it is of a good action done as it ought to be, without any base interest lurking at the bottom of it.—Sterne.

The disesteem and contempt of others is inseparable from pride. It is hardly possible to overvalue ourselves but by undervaluing our neighbors.—Clarendon.

Charity feeds the poor, so does pride; charity builds an hospital, so does pride. In this they differ: charity gives her glory to God: pride takes her glory from man.—Quarles.

The truly proud man knows neither superiors nor inferiors. The first he does not admit of: the last he does not concern himself about.—Hazlitt.

Pride is like the beautiful acacia, that lifts its head proudly above its neighbor plants—forgetting that it too, like them, has its roots in the dirt.—Bovee.

Of all the causes that conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.
—Pope.

Of all the marvelous works of the Deity, perhaps there is nothing that angels behold with such supreme astonishment as a proud man.—Colton.

When flowers are full of heaven-descended dews, they always hang their heads: but men hold theirs the higher the more they receive, getting proud as they get full.—Beecher.

Pride is handsome, economical; pride eradicates so many vices, letting none subsist but itself, that it seems as if it were a great gain to exchange vanity for pride.—Emerson.

To lordlings proud I tune my lay,
Who feast in bower or hall;
Though dukes they be, to dukes I say,
That pride will have a fall. —Gay.

Pride is a vice not only dreadfully mischievous in human society, but perhaps of all others, the most insuperable bar to real inward improvement. —Mrs. E. Carter.

He that is proud eats up himself; pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle: and whatever praises itself but in the deed devours the deed in the praise.—Shakespeare.

Of all human actions, pride seldomest obtains its end: for, aiming at honor and reputation, it reaps contempt and derision.—Walker.

Measure not thyself by thy morning shadow, but by the extent of thy

grave; and reckon thyself above the earth by the line thou must be contented with under it.—Sir T. Browne.

Pride's chickens have bonny feathers, but they are an expensive brood to rear. They eat up everything, and are always lean when brought to market.—Alexander Smith.

The lofty pine is oftenest agitated by the winds—high towers rush to the earth with a heavier fall—and the lightning most frequently strikes the highest mountains.—Horace.

Yes—the same sin that overthrew the angels,
And of all sins most easily besets
Mortals the nearest to the angelic nature:
The vile are only vain; the great are proud.
—Byron.

When Adam dalfe and Eve spane
To spire of thou may spede,
Whare was then the pride of man,
That now merres his meed?
—Richard Rolle de Hampole.

Though Diogenes lived in a tub, there might be, for aught I know, as much pride under his rags, as in the fine-spun garments of the divine Plato. —Swift.

Ask for what end the heavenly bodies shine,
Earth for whose use? Pride answers, 'Tis for mine
For me kind nature wakes her genial power,
Suckles each herb, and spreads out every flower. —Pope.

Pride is of such intimate connection with ingratitude that the actions of ingratitude seem directly resolvable into pride as the principal reason of them.—South.

A proud woman who has learned to submit carries all her pride to the reinforcement of her submission, and looks down with severe superiority on all feminine assumption as unbecoming—George Eliot.

The sordid meal of the Cynics contributed neither to their tranquillity nor to their modesty. Pride went with Diogenes into his tub; and there he had the presumption to command Alexander the haughtiest of all men —Henry Home.

To acknowledge our faults when we are blamed is modesty; to discover them to one's friends in ingenuousness, is confidence; but to preach them to all the world, if one does not take care, is pride.—Confucius.

Pride, like laudanum and other poisonous medicines, is beneficial in small, though injurious in large quantities. No man who is not pleased with himself, even in a personal sense, can please others.—Frederic Saunders.

It is with nations as with individuals, those who know the least of others think the highest of themselves; for the whole family of pride and ignorance are incestuous, and mutually beget each other.—Colton.

It seems that nature, which has so wisely disposed our bodily organs with a view to our happiness, has also bestowed on us pride, to spare us the pain of being aware of our imperfections.—Rochefoucauld.

Pride is the common forerunner of a fall. It was the devil's sin, and the devil's ruin; and has been, ever since, the devil's stratagem, who, like an expert wrestler, usually gives a man a lift before he gives him a throw.—South.

When a man's pride is subdued it is like the sides of Mount Ætna. It was terrible during the eruption, but when that is over and the lava is turned into soil, there are vineyards and olive trees which grow up to the top.—Beecher.

Vanity is a confounded donkey, very apt to put his head between his legs, and chuck us over; but pride is a fine horse, that will carry us over the ground, and enable us to distance our fellow-travelers.—Marryat.

In reality, there is perhaps no one of our natural passions so hard to subdue as pride. Disguise it, struggle with it, stifle it, mortify it as much as you please, it is still alive

and will every now and then peep out and show itself.—Franklin.

I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me.—Shakespeare.

In beginning the world, if you don't wish to get chafed at every turn, fold up your pride carefully, put it under lock and key, and only let it out to air upon grand occasions. Pride is a garment all stiff brocade outside, all grating sackcloth on the side next to the skin.—Lytton.

Oh! Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passes from life to his rest in the grave. —Wm. Knox.

But man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep. —Shakespeare.

Pride is as loud a beggar as want, and a great deal more saucy. When you have bought one fine thing, you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but it is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it.—Franklin.

I think half the troubles for which men go slouching in prayer to God are caused by their intolerable pride. Many of our cares are but a morbid way of looking at our privileges. We let our blessings get mouldy, and then call them curses.—Beecher.

We mortals, men and women, devour many a disappointment between breakfast and dinner time; keep back the tears, and look a little pale about the lips, and in answer to inquiries say, "Oh, nothing!" Pride helps us; and pride is not a bad thing when it only urges us to hide our own hurts, not to hurt others.—George Eliot.

John Bunyan had a great dread of spiritual pride; and once, after he had preached a very fine sermon, and his friends crowded round to shake him by the hand, while they expressed the utmost admiration of his eloquence, he interrupted them, saying: "Ay! you need not remind me of that, for the devil told me of it before I was out of the pulpit!"—Southey.

Spite of all the fools that pride has made,
'Tis not on man a useless burthen laid;
Pride has ennobled some, and some disgraced;
It hurts not in itself, but as 'tis placed;
When right, its views know none but virtue's bound;
When wrong, it scarcely looks one inch around. —Stillingfleet.

Pride counterbalances all our miseries, for it either hides them, or, if it discloses them, boasts of that disclosure. Pride has such a thorough possession of us, even in the midst of our miseries and faults, that we are prepared to sacrifice life with joy, if it may but be talked of.—Pascal.

As Plato entertained some friends in a room where there was a couch richly ornamented, Diogenes came in very dirty, as usual, and getting upon the couch, and trampling on it, said, "I trample upon the pride of Plato." Plato mildly answered, "But with greater pride, Diogenes!"—Erasmus.

There is no one passion which all mankind so naturally give in to as pride, nor any other passion which appears in such different disguises. It is to be found in all habits and all complexions. Is it not a question whether it does more harm or good in the world, and if there be not such a thing as what we may call a virtuous and laudable pride?—Steele.

There are so many things to lower a man's top-sails—he is such a dependent creature—he is to pay such court to his stomach, his food, his sleep, his exercise—that, in truth, a hero is an idle word. Man seems formed to be a hero in suffering, not a hero in action. Men err in nothing more than in the estimate which they make of human labor.—Cecil.

Pride differs in many things from vanity, and by gradations that never blend, although they may be somewhat indistinguishable. Pride may perhaps be termed a too high opinion of ourselves founded on the overrating of certain qualities that we do actually possess; whereas vanity is more easily satisfied, and can extract a feeling of self-complacency from qualifications that are imaginary.—Colton.

What a lesson, indeed, is all history and all life to the folly and fruitlessness of pride! The Egyptian kings had their embalmed bodies preserved in massive pyramids, to obtain an earthly immortality. In the seventeenth century they were sold as quack medicines, and now they are burnt for fuel! The Egyptian mummies, which Cambyses or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth. Mummy is become merchandise.—Whipple.

It is the nature of man to be proud, when man by nature hath nothing to be proud of. He more adorneth the creature than he adoreth the Creator; and makes not only his belly his god, but his body. I am ashamed of their glory whose glory is their shame. If nature will needs have me to be proud of something, I will be proud only of this, that I am proud of nothing.—Arthur Warwick.

In pride, in reas'ning pride, our error lies;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
Pride still is aiming at the bless'd abodes.
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
Aspiring to be angels men rebel;
And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of order, sins against th' Eternal cause.
—Pope.

Pride looks back upon its past deeds, and calculating with nicety what it has done, it commits itself to rest; whereas humility looks to that which is before, and discovering how much ground remains to be trodden, it is active and vigilant. Having gained one height, pride looks down with complacency on that which is beneath it; humility looks up to a higher and yet higher elevation. The one keeps us on this earth, which is congenial to its nature; the other directs our eye, and tends to lift us up to heaven.—James McCosh.

Principle

Principle is a passion for truth.—Hazlitt.

Principles cannot die.—Wade Hampton.

Principle is ever my motto, no expediency.—Benj. Disraeli.

Sacrifice money rather than principle.—Rothschild.

He who knows right principles is not equal to him who loves them.—Confucius.

Ez to my princerples, I glory
In hevin' nothin' o' the sort.
—Lowell.

Still it is a fine sight to see a man who has never changed his principles.—Jules Favre.

Principles, like troops of the line, are undisturbed, and stand fast.—Richter.

If they be principles evident of themselves, they need nothing to evidence them.—Tillotson.

A good principle not rightly understood may prove as hurtful as a bad.—Milton.

Let us cling to our principles as the mariner clings to his last plank when night and tempest close around him.—Adam Woolever.

Dangerous principles impose upon our understanding, emasculate our spirits, and spoil our temper.—Jeremy Collier.

Men must have righteous principles in the first place, and then they will not fail to perform virtuous actions.—Luther.

If principle is good for anything, it is worth living up to.—Franklin

Whoever is right, the persecutor must be wrong.—William Penn.

It is in vain to expect any advantage from our profession of the truth, if we be not sincerely just and honest in our actions.—Rev. Dr. Sharp.

I have all reverence for principles which grow out of sentiments; but as to sentiments which grow out of principles, you shall scarcely build a house of cards thereon.—Jacobi.

Whatever lies beyond the limits of experience, and claims another origin than that of induction and deduction from established data, is illegitimate. —G. H. Lewes.

The value of a principle is the number of things it will explain; and there is no good theory of disease which does not at once suggest a cure.—Emerson.

There is no security in a good disposition if the support of good principles—that is to say, of religion, of Christian faith—be wanting. It may be soured by misfortune, it may be corrupted by wealth, it may be blighted by neediness, it may lose all its original brightness, if destitute of that support.—Southey.

Printing (See Press)

Souls dwell in printer's type.—Joseph Ames.

Printing, which is the preservative of all arts.—Isaiah Thomas.

Ink is the blood of the printing-press.—Milton.

I'll print it, and shame the fools.—Pope.

I am myself a gentleman of the press, and have no other escutcheon.—Beaconsfield.

Though an angel should write, still 'tis devils must print.—Moore.

It is the mission of the printer to diffuse light and knowledge by a judicious intermingling of black with white.—Frederick Douglass.

The press should be the voice of the people, not of party.—James Ellis.

The freedom of the press should be inviolate.—J. Q. Adams.

We live under a government of men and morning newspapers.—Wendell Phillips.

By the device of printing, a Bible can be sold for sixty crowns.—John Faust.

The press is the exclusive literature of the million; to them it is literature, church, and college.—Wendell Phillips.

What have the Germans gained by their boasted freedom of the press, except the liberty of abusing each other as they like?—Goethe.

The liberty of the press is the true measure of all other liberty; for all freedom without this must be merely nominal.—Chatfield.

Every school boy and school girl who has arrived at the age of reflection ought to know something about the history of the art of printing.—Horace Mann.

The press, watchful with more than the hundred eyes of Argus, strong with more than the hundred arms of Briareus, not only guards all the conquests of civilization, but leads the way to future triumphs.—Charles Sumner.

It is beginning to be doubtful whether Parliament and Congress sit in Westminster and Washington, or in the editorial rooms of the leading journals,—so thoroughly is everything debated before the authorized and responsible debaters get on their legs.—Lowell.

Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar school; and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used, and, contrary to the king, his crown and

dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill.—Shakespeare.

The press is not only free; it is powerful. That power is ours. It is the proudest that man can enjoy. It was not granted by monarchs, it was not gained for us by aristocracies; but it sprang from the people, and, with an immortal instinct, it has always worked for the people.—Beaconsfield.

Blest be the gracious Power, who taught
mankind
To stamp a lasting image of the mind!
Beasts may convey, and tuneful birds may
sing,
Their mutual feelings, in the opening
spring;
But Man alone has skill and power to send
The heart's warm dictates to the distant
friend;
'Tis his alone to please, instruct, advise
Ages remote, and nations yet to rise.
—Crabbe.

Prison

The living grave of crime.—Joaquin Miller.

Young Crime's finishing-school.—Mrs. Balfour.

A felon's cell—
The fittest earthly type of hell!
—Whittier.

Shut up in the prison of their own consciences.—Archbishop Usher.

To trial bring her stolen charms, and let her prison be my arms.—Earl of Egremont.

The worst prison is not of stone. It is of a throbbing heart, outraged by an infamous life.—Beecher.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage.—Lovelace.

A prison! heav'ns, I loath the hated name,
Famine's metropolis, the sink of shame,
A nauseous sepulchre, whose craving womb
Hourly inters poor mortals in its tomb;
By ev'ry plague and ev'ry ill possess'd,
Ev'n purgatory itself to thee 's a jest.
—Tom Brown.

Procrastination

God has promised forgiveness to your repentance; but He has not promised to-morrow to your procrastination.—St. Augustine.

There is no dallying with God.—Archbishop Usher.

Lingering labors come to naught.—Southwell.

Delays have dangerous ends.—Shakespeare.

For yesterday was once to-morrow.—Persius.

The man who procrastinates struggles with ruin.—Hesiod.

Never leave that till to-morrow which you can do to-day.—Benjamin Franklin.

Defer not till to-morrow to be wise,
To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise.
—Congreve.

There is, by God's grace, an immeasurable distance between late and too late.—Mme. Swetchine.

Faith in to-morrow, instead of Christ, is Satan's nurse for man's perdition.—Rev. Dr. Cheever.

Procrastination is the thief of time.—Young.

When things are come to the execution, there is no secrecy comparable to celerity.—Bacon.

Our good purposes foreslowed are become our tormentors upon our deathbed.—Bishop Hall.

Whatever things injure your eye you are anxious to remove; but things which affect your mind you defer.—Horace.

By one delay after another they spin out their whole lives, till there's no more future left for them.—L'Estrange.

The greatest thief this world has ever produced is procrastination, and he is still at large.—H. W. Shaw.

By the streets of "By and By" one arrives at the house of "Never."—Cervantes.

Procrastination is the kidnapper of souls and the recruiting-officer of hell.—Edward Irving.

We pass our life in deliberation, and we die upon it.—Pasquier Quesnel.

Is not he imprudent, who, seeing the tide making haste towards him apace, will sleep till the sea overwhelms him?—Tillotson.

Indulge in procrastination, and in time you will come to this, that because a thing ought to be done, therefore you can't do it.—Charles Buxton.

Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.
—Young.

He who prorogues the honesty of to-day till to-morrow, will probably prorogue his to-morrows to eternity.—Lavater.

Let's take the instant by the forward top; for we are old, and on our quick'st decrees the inaudible and noiseless foot of Time steals, ere we can effect them.—Shakespeare.

Procrastination has been called a thief,—the thief of time. I wish it were no worse than a thief. It is a murderer; and that which it kills is not time merely, but the immortal soul.—Nevins.

To procrastinate seems inherent in man, for if you do to-day that you may enjoy to-morrow it is but deferring the enjoyment; so that to be idle or industrious, vicious or virtuous, is but with a view of procrastinating the one or the other.—B. R. Haydon.

There is no moment like the present; not only so, but, moreover, there is no moment at all,—that is, no instant force and energy, but in the present. The man who will not execute his resolutions when they are fresh upon him can have no hope from them afterwards.—Miss Edgeworth.

To be always intending to live a new life, but never to find time to set about it; this is as if a man should put off eating and drinking and sleeping from one day and night to another, till he is starved and destroyed.—Tillotson.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow creeps in this petty pace, from day to day, to the last syllable of recorded time; and all our yesterdays have lighted fools the way to dusty death.—Shakespeare.

Profanity

Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.—Shakespeare.

The loud type of vulgarity.—Emerson.

Immodest words admit of no defence.—Pope.

To swear is neither brave, polite, nor wise.—Pope.

When a gentleman is disposed to swear it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths.—Shakespeare.

Blasphemous words betray the vain foolishness of the speaker.—Sir P. Sidney.

Most people who commit a sin count on some personal benefit to be derived therefrom, but profanity has not even this excuse.—Hosea Ballou.

Nothing is a greater sacrilege than to prostitute the great name of God to the petulancy of an idle tongue.—Jeremy Taylor.

None so nearly disposed to scoffing at religion as those who have accustomed themselves to swear on trifling occasions.—Tillotson.

Profaneness is a brutal vice. He who indulges in it is no gentleman, I care not what his stamp may be in society; I care not what clothes he wears, or what culture he boasts.—Chapin.

There are braying men in the world as well as braying asses; for what is

loud and senseless talking and swearing any other than braying?—L'Estrange.

It is difficult to account for a practice which gratifies no passion and promotes no interest.—Robert Hall.

A single profane expression betrays a man's low breeding.—Joseph Cook.

The devil tempts men through their ambition, their cupidity, or their appetite, until he comes to the profane swearer, whom he clutches without any reward.—Horace Mann.

For it comes to pass oft that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him.—Shakespeare.

Swearing is properly a superfluity of naughtiness, and can only be considered as a sort of pepper-corn rent, in acknowledgment of the devil's right of superiority.—Robert Hall.

The foolish and wicked practice of profane cursing and swearing is a vice so mean and low that every person of sense and character detests and despises it.—Washington.

From a common custom of swearing men easily slide into perjury; therefore, if thou wouldst not be perjured, do not use thyself to swear.—Hierocles.

Of all the dark catalogue of sins there is not one more vile and execrable than profaneness. It commonly does, and loves to cluster with other sins; and he who can look up and insult his Maker to His face needs but little improvement in guilt to make him a finished devil.—S. H. Cox.

Every one knows the veneration which was paid by the Jews to a name so great, wonderful, and holy. They would not let it enter even into their religious discourses. What can we then think of those who make use of so tremendous a name, in the ordinary expression of their anger, mirth, and most impertinent passions?—Addison.

Progress

Progress,—the stride of God!—Victor Hugo.

Now by St. Paul the work goes bravely on.—Colley Cibber.

Revolutions never go backwards.—Emerson.

Human improvement is from within outwards.—Froude.

Living movement.—Carlyle.

Row on whatever happens.—Rabelais.

We are swinging round the circle.—Andrew Johnson.

All growth that is not towards God is growing to decay.—George MacDonald.

Progress is the law of life,—man is not man as yet.—Robert Browning.

The slowest of us cannot but admit that the world moves.—Wendell Phillips.

All that is human must retrograde if it do not advance.—Gibbon.

Press on!—"for in the grave there is no work
And no device"—Press on! while yet ye may! —N. P. Willis.

I am suffocated and lost when I have not the bright feeling of progression.—Margaret Fuller.

A fresh mind keeps the body fresh. Take in the ideas of the day, drain off those of yesterday.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Humanity, in the aggregate, is progressing, and philanthropy looks forward hopefully.—Hosea Ballou.

Cost is the father and compensation is the mother of progress.—J. G. Holland.

Look up and not down; look forward and not back; look out and not in; and lend a hand.—E. E. Hale.

He who has not the spirit of his age has all the misery of it.—Voltaire.

There is a frightful interval between the seed and the timber.—Johnson.

Moral excellence is the bright consummate flower of all progress.—Charles Sumner.

There is a period of life when we go back as we advance.—Rousseau.

Even Holland and Spain have been positively, though not relatively, advancing.—Macaulay.

Every age has its problem, by solving which humanity is helped forward.—Heinrich Heine.

I must do something to keep my thoughts fresh and growing. I dread nothing so much as falling into a rut and feeling myself becoming a fossil.—James A. Garfield.

We are never present with, but always beyond ourselves. Fear, desire, and hope are still pushing us on towards the future.—Montaigne.

Not because I raise myself above something but because I raise myself to something, do I approve myself.—Jacobi.

Intellectually, as politically, the direction of all true progress is towards greater freedom, and along an endless succession of ideas.—Bovee.

The art of nations is to be accumulative, just as science and history are: the work of living men not superseding, but building itself upon the work of the past.—Ruskin.

Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process of the suns.— Tennyson.

We are either progressing or retrograding all the while; there is no such thing as remaining stationary in this life.—James Freeman Clarke.

Political convulsions, like geological upheavings, usher in new epochs of the world's progress.—Wendell Phillips.

If a man is not rising upward to be an angel, depend upon it, he is sinking downward to be a devil. He cannot stop at the beast.—Coleridge.

Nature knows no pause in progress and development, and attaches her curse on all inaction.—Goethe.

Some men so dislike the dust kicked up by the generation they belong to, that, being unable to pass, they lag behind it.—Hare.

The world owes all its onward impulses to men ill at ease. The happy man inevitably confines himself within ancient limits.—Hawthorne.

Every step of progress which the world has made has been from scaffold to scaffold, and from stake to stake.—Wendell Phillips.

Every man who strikes blows for power, for influence, for institutions, for the right, must be just as good an anvil as he is a hammer.—J. G. Holland.

In every department of life—in its business and in its pleasures, in its beliefs and in its theories, in its material developments and in its spiritual connections—we thank God that we are not like our fathers.—Froude.

Let us labor for that larger and larger comprehension of truth, that more and more thorough repudiation of error, which shall make the history of mankind a series of ascending developments.—Horace Mann.

We should so live and labor in our time that what came to us as seed may go to the next generation as blossom, and that what came to us as blossom may go to them as fruit. This is what we mean by progress.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Progress begins with the minority. It is completed by persuading the majority, by showing the reason and the advantage of the step forward, and

that is accomplished by appealing to the intelligence of the majority.—George William Curtis.

The true law of the race is progress and development. Whenever civilization pauses in the march of conquest, it is overthrown by the barbarian.—Simms.

The mind naturally makes progress, and the will naturally clings to objects; so that for want of right objects, it will attach itself to wrong ones.—Pascal.

The greatest evils of society are goods that have refused to go on, but have sat down on the highway, saying to the world, "We stop here; do you stop also."—Julia Ward Howe.

Society moves slowly towards civilization, but when we compare epochs half a century or even quarter of a century apart, we perceive many signs that progress is made.—Mrs. L. M. Child.

Our course heavenward is something like the plan of the zealous pilgrims to Jerusalem of old, who for every three steps forward took one backward.—Richter.

Finds progress, man's distinctive mark alone,
Not God's, and not the beast's;
God is, they are,
Man partly is, and wholly hopes to be.
—Robert Browning.

Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest offspring is the last.
—Bishop Berkeley.

Every time that a people which has long crouched in slavery and ignorance is moved to its lowest depths there appear monsters and heroes, prodigies of crime and prodigies of virtue.—Lamartine.

It is curious to note the old sea-margins of human thought. Each subsiding century reveals some new mystery; we build where monsters used to hide themselves.—Longfellow.

Indeed, the grandest of all laws is the law of progressive development. Under it, in the wide sweep of things, men grow wiser as they grow older; societies better.—Bovee.

Laws and institutions are constantly tending to gravitate. Like clocks, they must be occasionally cleansed, and wound up, and set to true time.—Henry Ward Beecher.

The individual and the race are always moving, and as we drift into new latitudes new lights open in the heaven more immediately over us.—Chapin.

He only is advancing in life whose heart is getting softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into living peace.—Ruskin.

Modern invention has banished the spinning-wheel, and the same law of progress makes the woman of to-day a different woman from her grandmother.—Susan B. Anthony.

Any society which is not improving is deteriorating, and the more so the closer and more familiar it is. Even a really superior man almost always begins to deteriorate when he is habitually king of his company.—J. Stuart Mill.

The wisest man may be wiser to-day than he was yesterday, and to-morrow than he is to-day. Total freedom from change would imply total freedom from error; but this is the prerogative of Omniscience alone.—Colton.

All our progress is an unfolding, like the vegetable bud. You have first an instinct, then an opinion, then a knowledge, as the plant has root, bud, and fruit. Trust the instinct to the end, though you can render no reason.—Emerson.

For my own part I am persuaded that everything advances by an unchangeable law through the eternal constitution and association of latent causes, which have been long before

predestinated.—Quintus Curtius Rufus.

Progress comes by experiment, and this from ennui that leads to voyages, wars, revolutions, and plainly to change in the arts of expression; that cries out to the imagination, and is the nurse of the invention whereof we term necessity the mother.—Stedman.

Woman has so long been subject to the disabilities and restrictions with which her progress has been embarrassed that she has become enervated, her mind to some extent paralyzed; and like those still more degraded by personal bondage she hugs her chains. —Lucretia Mott.

The progress from infancy to boyhood is imperceptible. In that long dawn of the mind we take but little heed. The years pass by us, one by one, little distinguishable from each other. But when the intellectual sun of our life is risen, we take due note of joy and sorrow.—Barry Cornwall.

All attempts to urge men forward, even in the right path, beyond the measure of their light, are impracticable; and unlawful, if they were practicable; augment their light, conciliate their affections, and they will follow of their own accord.—Robert Hall.

Mankind never loses any good thing, physical, intellectual, or moral, till it finds a better, and then the loss is a gain. No steps backward is the rule of human history. What is gained by one man is invested in all men, and is a permanent investment for all time.—Theodore Parker.

What pains and tears the slightest steps of man's progress have cost! Every hair-breadth forward has been in the agony of some soul, and humanity has reached blessing after blessing of all its vast achievement of good with bleeding feet.—Bartol.

All the best things and treasures of this world are not to be produced by each generation for itself; but we are all intended, not to carve our work in snow that will melt, but each and all of us to be continually rolling a great white gathering snow-ball, higher and higher, larger and larger, along the Alps of human power.—Ruskin.

So long as all the increased wealth which modern progress brings, goes but to build up great fortunes, to increase luxury, and make sharper the contrast between the House of Have and the House of Want, progress is not real and cannot be permanent.—Henry George.

Beneath this starry arch,
Naught resteth or is still;
But all things hold their march
As if by one great will.
Move one, move all:
Hark to the footfall!
On, on, forever.
—Harriet Martineau.

It is for us to discharge the high duties that devolve on us, and carry our race onward. To be no better, no wiser, no greater than the past is to be little and foolish and bad: it is to misapply noble means, to sacrifice glorious opportunities for the performance of sublime deeds, to become cumberers of the ground.—Garrison.

It is always hard to go beyond your public. If they are satisfied with cheap performance, you will not easily arrive at better. If they know what is good, and require it, you will aspire and burn until you achieve it. But from time to time, in history, men are born a whole age too soon.—Emerson.

By the disposition of a stupendous wisdom, moulding together the great mysterious incorporation of the human race, the whole, at one time, is never old, or middle-aged, or young; but, in a condition of unchangeable constancy, moves on through the varied tenor of perpetual decay, fall, renovation, and progression.—Burke.

By a peculiar prerogative, not only each individual is making daily advances in the sciences, and may make advances in morality (which is the science, by way of eminence, of living well and being happy), but all mankind together are making a continual progress in proportion as the universe grows older; so that the whole human race, during the course of so many

ages, may be considered as one man, who never ceases to live and learn.—Pascal.

Generations are as the days of toilsome mankind; death and birth are the vesper and the matin bells that summon mankind to sleep and to rise refreshed for new advancement. What the father has made, the son can make and enjoy; but has also work of his own appointed him. Thus all things wax and roll onwards: arts, establishments, opinions, nothing is ever completed, but ever completing.—Carlyle.

However slow the progress of mankind may be, or however imperceptible the gain in a single generation, the advancement is evident enough in the long run. There was a time when the most part of the inhabitants of Britain would have been as much startled at questioning the truth of the doctrine of transubstantiation as they would in this age at the most sceptical doubts on the being of a God.—Locke.

"Can any good come out of Nazareth?" This is always the question of the wiseacres and the knowing ones. But the good, the new, comes from exactly that quarter whence it is not looked for, and is always something different from what is expected. Everything new is received with contempt, for it begins in obscurity. It becomes a power unobserved.—Feuerbach.

It is in the stomach of plants that development begins, and ends in the circles of the universe. 'Tis a long scale from the gorilla to the gentleman,—from the gorilla to Plato, Newton, Shakespeare,—to the sanctities of religion, the refinements of legislation, the summit of science, art, and poetry. The beginnings are slow and infirm, but it is an always accelerated march.—Emerson.

It is wonderful how soon a piano gets into a log-hut on the frontier. You would think they found it under a pine-stump. With it comes a Latin grammar, and one of those tow-head boys has written a hymn on Sunday. Now let colleges, now let senates take heed! for here is one who, opening these fine tastes on the basis of the pioneer's iron constitution, will gather all their laurels in his strong hands.—Emerson.

The first party of painted savages who raised a few huts upon the Thames did not dream of the London they were creating, or know that in lighting the fire on their hearth they were kindling one of the great foci of Time. * * * All the grand agencies which the progress of mankind evolves are formed in the same unconscious way. They are the aggregate result of countless single wills, each of which, thinking merely of its own end, and perhaps fully gaining it, is at the same time enlisted by Providence in the secret service of the world.—James Martineau.

We can trace back our existence almost to a point. Former time presents us with trains of thoughts gradually diminishing to nothing. But our ideas of futurity are perpetually expanding. Our desires and our hopes, even when modified by our fears, seem to grasp at immensity. This alone would be sufficient to prove the progressiveness of our nature, and that this little earth is but a point from which we start toward a perfection of being.—Sir Humphry Davy.

Promise

Any one can be rich in promises.—Ovid.

Promise is most given when the least is said.—George Chapman.

He who promiseth runs in debt.—Talmud.

His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.
—Shakespeare.

A mind that is conscious of its integrity scorns to say more than it means to perform.—Burns.

We promise according to our hopes, and perform according to our fears.—Rochefoucauld.

Magnificent promises are always to be suspected.—Theodore Parker.

An acre of performance is worth the whole world of promise.—Howell.

I had rather do and not promise, than promise and not do.—Arthur Warwick.

He who is the most slow in making a promise is the most faithful in the performance of it.—Rousseau.

I will forethink what I will promise, that I may promise but what I will do.—Warwick.

It is easy to promise, and alas! how easy to forget!—Alfred de Musset.

I do know when the blood burns, how prodigal the soul lends the tongue vows.—Shakespeare.

Promises retain men better than services; for hope is to them a chain, and gratitude a thread.—J. Petit-Senn.

Every brave man is a man of his word; to such base vices he cannot stoop, and shuns more than death the shame of lying.—Corneille.

And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense:
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope. —Shakespeare.

Thou oughtest to be nice, even to superstition, in keeping thy promises; and therefore thou shouldst be equally cautious in making them.—Fuller.

Promises,—the ready money that was first coined and made current by the law of nature, to support that society and commerce that was necessary for the comfort and security of mankind.—Clarendon.

Liberal of cruelty are those who pamper with promises; promisers destroy while they deceive, and the hope they raise is dearly purchased by the dependence that is sequent to disappointment.—Zimmermann.

Every promise is built upon four pillars:—God's justice or holiness, which will not suffer Him to deceive; His grace or goodness, which will not suffer Him to forget; His truth, which will not suffer Him to change; and His power, which makes Him able to accomplish.—Salter.

Promising is the very air of the time; it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable; performance is a kind of will, or testament, which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.—Shakespeare.

The man who is wantonly profuse of his promises ought to sink his credit as much as a tradesman would by uttering a great number of promissory notes payable at a distant day. The truest conclusion in both cases is, that neither intend or will be able to pay. And as the latter most probably intends to cheat you of your money, so the former at least designs to cheat you of your thanks.—Fielding.

A promise is a child of the understanding and the will; the understanding begets it, the will brings it forth. He that performs delivers the mother; he that breaks it murders the child. If he be begotten in the absence of the understanding it is a bastard, but the child must be kept. If thou mistrust thy understanding, promise not; if thou hast promised, break it not: it is better to maintain a bastard than to murder a child.—Quarles.

Promptness

The keen spirit seizes the prompt occasion.—Hannah More.

Despatch is the soul of business.—Lord Chesterfield.

Who makes quick use of the moment is a genius of prudence.—Lavater.

Timely service, like timely gifts, is doubled in value.—George MacDonald.

Know the true value of time; snatch, seize, and enjoy every moment of it. No idleness, no laziness, no procras

tination: never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.—Lord Chesterfield.

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook, unless the deed go with it.—Shakespeare.

Property

Property is theft.—Proudhon.

Exclusive property is a theft in nature.—Brissot.

I take my property wherever I find it.—Molière.

Prophecy

Ancestral voices prophesying war.—Coleridge.

O my prophetic soul!
My uncle! —Shakespeare.

I shall always consider the best guesser the best prophet.—Cicero.

The prophet's mantle, ere his flight began,
Dropt on the world—a sacred gift to man.
—Campbell.

Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.
—Fitz-Greene Halleck.

Of all the horrid, hideous notes of woe,
Sadder than owl-songs or the midnight blast;
Is that portentous phrase, "I told you so."
—Byron.

There is a history in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd,
The which observed, a man may prophesy
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life, which in their seeds
And weak beginnings lie intreasured.
—Shakespeare.

Proposal

'Tis you, alone, can save, or give my doom.—Ovid.

This hand, I cannot but in death resign!—Dryden.

The very thoughts of change I hate,
As much as of despair;
Nor ever covet to be great,
Unless it be for her. —Parnell.

Mutual love the crown of all our bliss!—Milton.

On you, most loved, with anxious fear I wait,
And from your judgment must expect my fate. —Addison.

Where heart meets heart, reciprocally soft,
Each other's pillow to repose divine.
—Young.

Take my esteem, if you on that can live,
For frankly, sir, 'tis all I have to give.
—Dryden.

Have I not managed my contrivance well
To try your love and make you doubt of mine? —Dryden.

To prevail in the cause that is dearer than life,
Or, crush'd in its ruins, to die!
—Campbell.

For ever thine, whate'er this world betide,
In youth, in age, thine own, for ever thine.
—A. A. Watts.

Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'ercast,
And the heart, and the hand, all thy own to the last. —Moore.

Thinkest thou
That I could live, and let thee go,
Who art my life itself?—no—no.
—Moore.

It is not virtue, wisdom, valour, wit,
Strength, comeliness of shape, or amplest merit,
That woman's love can win;
But what it is, hard is to say, harder to hit. —Milton.

She listen'd with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes, and modest grace,
For well she knew I could not choose
But gaze upon her face. —Coleridge.

Yet, it is love—if thoughts of tenderness,
Tried in temptation, strengthened by distress,
Unmov'd by absence, firm in every clime,
And yet—oh! more than all!—untir'd by time. —Byron.

By those tresses unconfin'd,
Woo'd by every gentle wind;
By those lids whose jetty fringe
Kiss thy soft cheek's blooming tinge;
By those wild eyes, like the roe,
Ah! hear my vow before I go—
My dearest life, I love thee!
Can I cease to love thee?—no!
Zoe mous s-as agapo. —Byron

On your hand, that pure altar, I vow,
Though I've look'd and have lik'd, and have felt—
That I never have lov'd—till now.
—M. G. Lewis.

Never wedding, ever wooing,
Still a love-lorn heart pursuing,
Read you not the wrong you're doing,
In my cheek's pale hue?
All my life with sorrow strewing,
Wed, or cease to woo.

'Tis not in fate to harm me,
While fate leaves thy love to me;
'Tis not in joy to charm me,
Unless that joy be shar'd with thee.
—Moore.

Prosperity

Prosperity lets go the bridle.—George Herbert.

Prosperity often presages adversity.—Hosea Ballou.

Prosperity's the very bond of love.—Shakespeare.

Watch lest prosperity destroy generosity.—Beecher.

Arrogance is the outgrowth of prosperity.—Plautus.

Prosperity makes few friends.—Vauvenargues.

Prosperity makes some friends and many enemies.—Vauvenargues.

Prosperity is a feeble reed.—Daniel D'Anchères.

Prosperity, alas! is often but another name for pride.—Mrs. Sigourney.

Prosperity seems to be scarcely safe, unless it be mixed with a little adversity.—Hosea Ballou.

To rejoice in the prosperity of another is to partake of it.—William Austin.

There is a glare about worldly success which is very apt to dazzle men's eyes.—Hare.

They who lie soft and warm in a rich estate seldom come to heat themselves at the altar.—South.

He that swells in prosperity will be sure to shrink in adversity.—Colton.

It shows a weak mind not to bear prosperity as well as adversity with moderation.—Cicero.

It is the bright day that brings forth the adder, and that craves wary walking.—Shakespeare.

Everything in the world may be endured, except only a succession of prosperous days.—Goethe.

O how portentous is prosperity!
How, comet-like, it threatens, while it shines!
—Young.

More in prosperity is reason tost than ships in storms, their helms and anchors lost.—Sir J. Denham.

Prosperity demands of us more prudence and moderation than adversity.—Cicero.

Knaves will thrive when honest plainness knows not how to live.—Shirley.

Prosperity doth bewitch men, seeming clear;
As seas do laugh, show white, when rocks are near.
—Webster.

In a State, pecuniary gain is not to be considered to be prosperity, but its prosperity will be found in righteousness.—Confucius.

Prosperities can only be enjoyed by those who fear not at all to lose them.—Jeremy Taylor.

Prosperity not seldom begets its opposite, and produces a niggardly spirit.—Henry Giles.

Remorse goes to sleep during a prosperous period and wakes up in adversity.—Rousseau.

The mind that is much elevated and insolent with prosperity, and cast down with adversity, is generally abject and base.—Epicurus.

Take care to be an economist in prosperity; there is no fear of your being one in adversity.—Zimmermann.

It requires a strong constitution to withstand repeated attacks of prosperity.—J. L. Basford.

Prosperity is often an equivocal word denoting merely affluence of possession.—Blair.

In prosperity let us most carefully avoid pride, disdain, and arrogance.—Cicero.

Whilst you are prosperous you can number many friends; but when the storm comes you are left alone.—Ovid.

We must distinguish between felicity and prosperity; for prosperity leads often to ambition, and ambition to disappointment.—Landor.

Prosperity is the touchstone of virtue; for it is less difficult to bear misfortunes than to remain uncorrupted by pleasure.—Tacitus.

The increase of a great number of citizens in prosperity is a necessary element to the security, and even to the existence, of a civilized people.—Buret.

Greatness stands upon a precipice, and if prosperity carries a man never so little beyond his poise, it overbears and dashes him to pieces.—Seneca.

As riches and favor forsake a man, we discover him to be a fool; but nobody could find it out in his prosperity.—Bruyère.

The mind of man is ignorant of fate and future destiny, and of keeping within due bounds when elated by prosperity.—Virgil.

Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes; and adversity is not without comforts and hopes.—Bacon.

When God has once begun to throw down the prosperous, He overthrows them altogether: such is the end of the mighty.—Seneca.

Happy it were for us all if we bore prosperity as well and as wisely as we endure adverse fortune.—Southey.

If you count the sunny and the cloudy days of the whole year, you will find that the sunshine predominates.—Ovid.

Prosperity is very liable to bring pride among the other goods with which it endows an individual; it is then that prosperity costs too dear.—Hosea Ballou.

Prosperity, in regard of our corrupt inclination to abuse the blessings of Almighty God, doth prove a thing dangerous to the soul of man.—Hooker.

It is one of the worst effects of prosperity to make a man a vortex, instead of a fountain; so that, instead of throwing out, he learns only to draw in.—Beecher.

Many are not able to suffer and endure prosperity; it is like the light of the sun to a weak eye,—glorious indeed in itself, but not proportioned to such an instrument.—Jeremy Taylor.

A weak mind sinks under prosperity as well as under adversity. A strong and deep one has two highest tides,—when the moon is at the full, and when there is no moon.—Hare.

To speak in a mean, the virtue of prosperity is temperance, the virtue of adversity is fortitude, which in morals is the more heroic virtue.—Bacon.

It is in the relaxation of security, it is in the expansion of prosperity, it is in the hour of dilation of the heart, and of its softening into festivity and pleasure that the real character of men is discerned.—Burke.

There is ever a certain languor attending the fulness of prosperity. When the heart has no more to wish, it yawns over its possessions, and the energy of the soul goes out, like a flame that has no more to devour.—Young.

So use prosperity, that adversity may not abuse thee: if in the one, security admits no fears, in the other, despair will afford no hopes; he that

in prosperity can foretell a danger can in adversity foresee deliverance.—Quarles.

The temptations of prosperity insinuate themselves after a gentle, but very powerful manner; so that we are but little aware of them and less able to withstand them.—Atterbury.

To bring the best human qualities to anything like perfection, to fill them with the sweet juices of courtesy and charity, prosperity, or, at all events, a moderate amount of it, is required,—just as sunshine is needed for the ripening of peaches and apricots.—Alexander Smith.

Prosperity too often has the same effect on a Christian that a calm at sea has on a Dutch mariner; who frequently, it is said, in those circumstances, ties up the rudder, gets drunk, and goes to sleep.—Bishop Horne.

The fortitude which has encountered no dangers, that prudence which has surmounted no difficulties, that integrity which has been attacked by no temptation, can at best be considered but as gold not yet brought to the test, of which therefore the true value cannot be assigned.—Dr. Johnson.

What Anacharsis said of the vine may aptly enough be said of prosperity. She bears the three grapes of drunkenness, pleasure, and sorrow; and happy is it if the last can cure the mischief which the former work. When afflictions fail to have their due effect, the case is desperate.—Bolingbroke.

Proverbs

The abridgments of wisdom.—Joubert.

Infinite riches in a little room.—Marlowe.

Have at you with a proverb.—Shakespeare.

Sense, shortness, and salt—James Howell.

For I am proverbed with a grandsire phrase.—Shakespeare.

Short sentences drawn from a long experience.—Cervantes.

Patch grief with proverbs.—Shakespeare.

Proverbs embody the current and practical philosophy of an age or nation.—William Fleming.

Proverbs are for the most part rules of moral, or, still more properly, of prudential conduct.—Brande.

The wisdom of the wise and the experience of ages.—Disraeli.

The proverbs of a nation furnish the index to its spirit, and the results of its civilization.—J. G. Holland.

Proverbs, like the sacred books of each nation, are the sanctuary of the intuitions.—Emerson.

The genius, wit, and spirit of a nation are discovered by their proverbs.—Bacon.

Proverbs were bright shafts in the Greek and Latin quivers.—Disraeli.

The wit of one man, and the wisdom of many.—Earl Russell.

Proverbs are mental gems gathered in the diamond districts of the mind.—W. R. Alger.

Jewels five words long, that on the stretched forefinger of all Time sparkle forever.—Tennyson.

If you hear a wise sentence or an apt phrase, commit it to your memory.—Sir Henry Sidney.

The study of proverbs may be more instructive and comprehensive than the most elaborate scheme of philosophy.—Motherwell.

The wise men of old have sent most of their morality down the stream of time in the light skiff of apothegm or epigram.—Whipple.

The proverb answers where the sermon fails, as a well-charged pistol will

do more execution than a whole barrel of gunpowder idly exploded.—W. G. Simms.

Short, isolated sentences were the mode in which ancient wisdom delighted to convey its precepts for the regulation of human conduct.—Warburton.

I do not say a proverb is amiss when aptly and seasonably applied; but to be forever discharging them, right or wrong, hit or miss, renders conversation insipid and vulgar.—Cervantes.

How many of us have been attracted to reason; first learned to think, to draw conclusions, to extract a moral from the follies of life, by some dazzling aphorism!—Bulwer-Lytton.

Proverbs were anterior to books, and formed the wisdom of the vulgar, and in the earliest ages were the unwritten laws of morality.—Disraeli.

The proverbial wisdom of the populace in the street, on the roads, and in the markets instructs the ear of him who studies man more fully than a thousand rules ostentatiously displayed.—Lavater.

Proverbs are somewhat analogous to those medical formulas which, being in frequent use, are kept ready made up in the chemists' shops, and which often save the framing of a distinct prescription.—Whately.

The Scripture vouches Solomon for the wisest of men; and they are his proverbs that prove him so. The seven wise men of Greece, so famous for their wisdom all the world over, acquired all that fame each of them by a single sentence consisting of two or three words.—South.

We frequently fall into error and folly, not because the true principles of action are not known, but because for a time they are not remembered; he may, therefore, justly be numbered among the benefactors of mankind who contracts the great rules of life into short sentences that may early be impressed on the memory, and taught by frequent recollection to occur habitually to the mind.—Johnson.

Proverbs (Famous)

A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.—Cervantes.

A baker's dozen.—Rabelais.

A cat may look at a king.—Title of a Pamphlet (published 1652).

A carpenter's known by his chips.—Swift.

A dwarf on a giant's shoulder sees farther of the two.—Herbert.

A fair exterior is a silent recommendation.—Publius Syrus.

A happy accident.—Mme. De Staël.

A little more than kin, and less than kind.—Shakespeare.

All that glisters is not gold.—Cervantes.

All's well that ends well.—Shakespeare.

Although the last, not least.—Shakespeare.

And all labor without any play, boys,
Makes Jack a dull boy in the end.
—H. A. Page.

An undutiful daughter will prove an unmanageable wife.—Benj. Franklin.

A penny for your thought.—Swift.

A rolling stone gathers no moss.—Publius Syrus.

As busie as a bee.—Lyly.

As sure as a gun.—Dryden.

As you sow, y' are like to reap.—Butler.

At our wittes end.—Heywood.

Bread is the staff of life.—Swift.

As clear and as manifest as the nose in a man's face.—Burton.

Brevity is the soul of wit.—Shakespeare.

Build castles in Spain.—Herbert.

Build castles in the air.—Burton.

But ne'er the rose without the thorn.—Herrick.

But when the fox hath once got in his nose,
He'll soon find means to make the body follow. —Shakespeare.

Better late than never.—Dionysius.

Better a bad excuse, than none at all.—Camden.

Birds of a feather will gather together.—Burton.

Better halfe a loafe than no bread.—Camden.

Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.—Tennyson.

Be wisely worldly, but not worldly wise.—Quarles.

Blood is thicker than water.—Scott.

Better your room than your company.—Simon Forman.

By hooke or crooke.—Heywood.

Can one desire too much of a good thing?—Cervantes.

Curses are like young chickens,
And still come home to roost!
—Bulwer.

Couldst thou both eat thy cake and have it?—Herbert.

Cut and come again.—Crabbe.

Delays have dangerous ends.—Shakespeare.

Deceive not thy physician, confessor, nor lawyer.—Herbert.

Comparisons are odious.—Burton.

Dark as pitch.—Bunyan.

Deeds, not words.—Beaumont and Fletcher.

Diamonds cut diamonds.—John Ford.

Don't cross the bridge till you come to it,
Is a proverb old, and of excellent wit.
—Longfellow.

Enough is as good as a feast.—George Chapman.

Eureka! Eureka!—Archimedes.

Every man for himself, his own ends, the devil for all.—Burton.

Every man is the architect of his own fortunes.—Pseudo Sallust.

Facts are stubborn things.—Le Sage.

Faint heart ne'er won fair lady.—Phineas Fletcher.

Familiarity breeds contempt.—Publius Syrus.

Fingers were made before forks and hands before knives.—Swift.

Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them.—Benj. Franklin.

Fat, fair, and forty.—Scott.

Fortune befriends the bold.—Cicero.

From the crown of our head to the sole of our foot.—Beaumont and Fletcher.

God defend the right.—Shakespeare.

Give an inch, he'll take an ell.—Hobbes.

God never sendeth mouth but he sendeth meat.—Heywood.

Go West, young man! Go West.—John L. B. Soule.

God's mills grind slow but sure.—Herbert.

Fitted him to a T.—Sam'l Johnson.

Give the devil his due.—Dryden.

Greatest happiness of the greatest number.—Hutcheson.

Handsome is that handsome does.—Goldsmith.

Half the world knows not how the other half lives.—Herbert.

He always looked a given horse in the mouth.—Rabelais.

Hail, fellow, well met.—Swift.

Harp not on that string.—Shakespeare.

Half as sober as a judge.—Charles Lamb.

He jests at scars that never felt a wound.—Shakespeare.

Have you summoned your wits from wool-gathering?—Thos. Middleton.

Have yee him on the hip?—Heywood.

He knew what is what.—Skelton.

He must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil.—Shakespeare.

Here is the devil-and-all to pay.—Cervantes.

He must needes go that the dyvell dryveth.—Johan the Husbande.

He went away with a flea in 's ear.—Beaumont and Fletcher.

He that is down can fall no lower.—Butler.

He that has two strings t' his bow.—Butler.

He's a sure card.—Dryden.

He that runs may read.—Cowper.

He will give the devil his due.—Shakespeare.

I have other fish to fry.—Cervantes.

Hit the nail on the head.—Beaumont and Fletcher.

Hold their noses to the grindstone.—Thos. Middleton.

How well I feathered my nest.—Rabelais.

His bark is worse than his bite.—Herbert.

Hide their diminished heads.—Milton.

I am almost frightened out of my seven senses.—Cervantes.

I am just going to leap into the dark.—Rabelais.

If you would be loved, love and be lovable.—Benj. Franklin.

Imitation is the sincerest of flattery.—C. C. Colton.

I'll make the fur fly 'bout the ears of the old cur.—Butler.

I can tell where my own shoe pinches me.—Cervantes.

Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.—Shakespeare.

I find the medicine worse than the malady.—Beaumont and Fletcher.

I have you on the hip.—Shakespeare.

It is a wise father that knows his own child.—Shakespeare.

It is a poor sport that is not worth the candle.—Herbert.

I will die in the last ditch.—William of Orange.

I won't quarrel with my bread and butter.—Swift.

It is better to wear out than to rust out.—Bishop Cumberland.

Let us do or die.—Burns.

Laugh and be fat.—John Taylor.

Leap out of the frying pan into the fire.—Cervantes.

Let pride go afore, shame will follow after.—George Chapman.

Lord, what fools these mortals be!—Shakespeare.

Let the worst come to the worst.—Cervantes.

Living from hand to mouth.—Du Bartas.

Look before you ere you leap.—Butler.

Life is short, yet sweet.—Euripides.

Looked unutterable things.—Thomson.

Men are but children of a larger growth.—Dryden.

Make a virtue of necessity.—Burton.

Man proposes, but God disposes.—Thos. à Kempis.

Matches are made in heaven.—Burton.

Mad as a March hare.—Halliwell.

Moche Crye and no Wull.—Fortescue.

Much of a muchness.—Vanbrugh.

More knave than fool.—Cervantes.

My man's as true as steel.—Shakespeare.

No man is a hero to his valet-de-chambre.—Attributed to Marshal Catinat.

Never leave that till to-morrow which you can do to-day.—Benj. Franklin.

No rule is so general, which admits not some exception.—Burton.

No cross, no crown.—St. Paulinus.

Neat, not gaudy.—Charles Lamb.

Necessity knows no law except to conquer.—Publius Syrus.

Needle in a bottle of hay.—Field.

Not if I know myself at all.—Charles Lamb.

Nothing is certain but death and taxes.—Benj. Franklin.

Nought venter nought have.—Heywood.

Not lost, but gone before.—Matthew Henry.

On his last legs.—Thos. Middleton.

Oft times many things fall out between the cup and the lip.—Greene.

One foot in the grave.—Beaumont and Fletcher.

One hour's sleep before midnight is worth three after.—Herbert.

Oil on troubled waters.—Bede.

Of two evils I have chose the least.—Prior.

Others set carts before the horses.—Rabelais.

Ossa on Pelion.—Ovid.

Rome was not built in one day.—Heywood.

Penny wise, pound foolish.—Burton.

Plain as a nose in a man's face.—Rabelais.

Put himself upon his good behavior.—Byron.

Pity's akin to love.—Thos. Southerne.

Rise with the lark and with the lark to bed.—James Hurdis.

Praise the bridge that carried you over.—Geo. Colman (the Younger).

Out of syght, out of mynd.—Googe.

Right as a trivet.—R. H. Barham.

Robbe Peter and pay Paule.—Heywood.

Set the cart before the horse.—Heywood.

She is no better than she should be.—Henry Fielding.

So obliging that he ne'er oblig'd.—Pope.

Seize time by the forelock.—Pittacus.

Silence gives consent.—Fuller.

She watches him as a cat would watch a mouse.—Swift.

See and to be seen.—Ben Jonson.

Set a beggar on horseback, and he will ride a gallop.—Burton.

Speech is silver, silence is golden.—Carlyle.

Snug as a bug in a rug.—The Stratford Jubilee.

Spick and span new.—Cervantes.

Smell a rat.—Cervantes.

Strike the iron whilst it is hot.—Rabelais.

Spare your breath to cool your porridge.—Cervantes.

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep.—Shakespeare.

Speak boldly, and speak truly, shame the devil.—Beaumont and Fletcher.

The burnt child dreads the fire.—Ben Jonson.

The coast was clear.—Michael Drayton.

That which is everybody's business is nobody's business.—Izaak Walton.

Tell tales out of schoole.—Heywood.

Tall oaks from little acorns grow.—David Everett.

The better day the better deed.—Sir John Holt.

Take Time by the forelock—Thales.

The more haste, ever the worst speed.—Churchill.

The more the merrier.—Heywood.

The mill will never grind with the water that is past.—Sarah Dowdney.

The game is up.—Shakespeare.

The King is dead! Long live the King!—Pardoe.

The end must justify the means.—Prior.

The fat is in the fire.—Heywood.

The eyes have one language everywhere.—Herbert.

There's luck in odd numbers.—Samuel Lover.

There's a time for all things.—Shakespeare.

There can no great smoke arise, but there must be some fire.—Lyly.

There are some remedies worse than the disease.—Publius Syrus.

The remedy is worse than the disease.—Bacon.

There is no jesting with edge tools.—Beaumont and Fletcher.

The very pink of perfection.—Goldsmith.

There, though last, not least.—Spenser.

The time is out of joint.—Shakespeare.

This peck of troubles.—Cervantes.

The short and the long of it.—Shakespeare.

The will for the deed.—Colley Cibber.

They that touch pitch will be defiled.—Shakespeare.

Though this may be play to you,
'Tis death to us. —Roger L'Estrange.

Three may keep a secret if two of them are dead.—Benj. Franklin.

Those that God loves, do not live long.—Herbert.

'Tis nothing when you are used to it. —Swift.

Thy will for deed I do accept.—Du Bartas.

'Tis neither here nor there.—Shakespeare.

Two of a trade can ne'er agree.—Gay.

To make a mountain of a mole-hill. —Henry Ellis.

Two heads are better than one.—Heywood.

Turn over a new leaf.—Thomas Dekker.

To make a virtue of necessity.—Shakespeare.

To put a girdle round about the world.—Geo. Chapman.

Unquiet meals make ill digestions.—Shakespeare.

We'll take the good-will for the deed.—Rabelais.

What's one man's poison, signior,
Is another's meat or drink.
—Beaumont and Fletcher.

We have here other fish to fry.—Rabelais.

Time is money.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Virtue is her own reward.—Dryden.

We have scotch'd the snake, not killed it.—Shakespeare.

What will Mrs. Grundy say?—Thos. Morton.

Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well.—Earl of Chesterfield.

What is sauce for the goose is sauce for a gander.—Tom Brown.

What mare's nest hast thou found? —Beaumont and Fletcher.

Went in at the one eare and out at the other.—Heywood.

When the lion's skin cannot prevail, a little of the fox's must be used.—Lysander.

When the age is in, the wit is out. —Shakespeare.

Where there's marriage without love there will be love without marriage.—Benj. Franklin.

Where God hath a temple, the devil will have a chapel.—Burton.

Where the streame runneth smoothest, the water is deepest.—Lyly.

Where the drink goes in, there the wit goes out.—Herbert.

You must take the will for the deed. —Swift.

Providence

We must follow, not force Providence.—Shakespeare.

God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.—Sterne.

Duties are ours; events are God's. —Cecil.

Chance is a nickname for Providence.—Chamfort.

God's providence is on the side of clear heads.—Henry Ward Beecher.

He who sends the storm steers the vessel.—Rev. T. Adams.

Heaven trims our lamps while we sleep.—A. Bronson Alcott.

There's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow.—Shakespeare.

Nothing with God can be accidental.—Longfellow.

Providence protects us in all the details of our lot.—Mme. de Staël.

How just is Providence in all its works,
How swift to overtake us in our crimes!
—Lansdowne.

Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies.
—Pope.

Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees. —Pope.

Everything that happens in this world is a part of a great plan of God running through all time.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Fear not, but trust in Providence,
Wherever thou may'st be.
—Thomas Haynes Bayly.

* * * his providence
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good.
—Milton.

And pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm. —Addison.

If heaven send no supplies,
The fairest blossom of the garden dies.
—William Browne.

'Tis Providence alone secures
In every change both mine and yours.
—Cowper.

God hangs the greatest weights upon the smallest wires.—Bacon.

A man's heart deviseth his way: but the Lord directeth his steps.—Bible.

Gifts come from on high in their own peculiar forms.—Goethe.

The superfluous blossoms on a fruit tree are meant to symbolize the large way in which God loves to do pleasant things.—Henry Ward Beecher.

That's best
Which God sends. 'Twas His will: it is mine. —Owen Meredith.

He that doth the ravens feed, yea, providently caters for the sparrow, be comfort to my age,—Shakespeare.

There is a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.
—Shakespeare.

Happy the man who sees a God employ'd
In all the good and ill that checker life!
—Cowper.

Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face. —Cowper.

He that will watch Providence shall never want a Providence to watch.—Flavel.

But heaven hath a hand in these events;
To whose high will we bound our calm contents. —Shakespeare.

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way.
—William Cullen Bryant.

Surely the equity of Providence has balanced peculiar sufferings with peculiar enjoyments.—Johnson.

We are not to lead events, but to follow them.—Epictetus.

There is a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft, to keep watch for the life of poor Jack.—Dibdin.

Now is it surprising, because it is Providence that has given us the country and the art of man that has built the cities.—Varro.

Providence is but another name for natural law. Natural law itself would go out in a minute if it were not for the divine thought that is behind it.—Henry Ward Beecher

We are apt to believe in Providence so long as we have our own way: but if things go awry, then we think, if

there is a God, He is in heaven, and not on earth.—Henry Ward Beecher.

I must not quarrel with the will
Of highest dispensation, which herein,
Haply had ends above my reach to know.
—Milton.

Surely there are in every man's life certain rubs, doublings, and wrenches, which pass a while under the effects of chance, but at the last, well examined, prove the mere hand of God.—Sir Thomas Browne.

O God, Thy arm was here;
And not to us, but to Thy arm alone,
Ascribe we all! —Shakespeare.

Providence certainly does not favor individuals, but the deep wisdom of its counsels extends to the instruction and ennoblement of all.—Wilhelm von Humboldt.

It is not given to our weak intellects to understand the steps of Providence as they occur: we comprehend them only as we look back upon them in the far-distant past.—George B. McClellan.

God's plans, like lilies pure and white, unfold; we must not tear the close-shut leaves apart; time will reveal the calyxes of gold.—May Riley Smith.

In some time, His good time, I shall arrive;
He guides me and the bird
In His good time. —Robert Browning.

A cockle-fish may as soon crowd the ocean into its narrow shell, as vain man ever comprehend the decrees of God!—Bishop Beveridge.

We sometimes had those little rubs which Providence sends to enhance the value of its favors.—Goldsmith.

Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.
—Pope.

But he never would believe that Providence had sent a few men into the world, ready booted and spurred to ride, and millions ready saddled and bridled to be ridden.—Richard Rumbold.

Behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping
watch above His own. —Lowell.

God made bees, and bees made honey,
God made man, and man made money;
Pride made the devil, and the devil made
sin;
So God made a cole-pit to put the devil in.
Transcribed by James Henry Dixon.

That very law which moulds a tear,
And bids it trickle from its source,
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course.
—Sam'l Rogers.

He who ruleth the raging of the sea knows also how to check the designs of the ungodly. I submit myself with reverence to His Holy Will. O Abner, I fear my God, and I fear none but Him.—Racine.

The heavens do not send good haps in handfuls, but let us pick out our good by little, and with care, from out much bad, that still our little world may know its king.—Sir P. Sidney.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.
—Whittier.

All which is real now remaineth,
And fadeth never:
The hand which upholds it now sustaineth
The soul forever. —Whittier.

But every human path leads on to God;
He holds a myriad finer threads than gold,
And strong as holy wishes, drawing us
With delicate tension upward to Himself.
—E. C. Stedman.

We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise
powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit,
By losing of our prayers. —Shakespeare.

However benevolent may be the intentions of Providence, they do not always advance the happiness of the individual. Providence has always higher ends in view, and works in a

pre-eminent degree on the inner feelings and disposition.—Wilhelm von Humboldt.

Yes, Thou art ever present, Power supreme!
Not circumscrib'd by time, nor fix'd to space,
Confin'd to altars, nor to temples bound.
In wealth, in want, in freedom, or in chains,
In dungeons or on thrones, the faithful find
Thee! —Hannah More.

What in me is dark,
Illumine; what is low, raise and support;
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.
—Milton.

Duties are ours; events are God's. This removes an infinite burden from the shoulders of a miserable, tempted, dying creature. On this consideration only can he securely lay down his head and close his eyes.—Cecil.

It is remarkable that Providence has given us all things for our advantage near at hand; but iron, gold, and silver, being both the instruments of blood and slaughter and the price of it, nature has hidden in the bowels of the earth.—Seneca.

I asked a hermit once in Italy how he could venture to live alone, in a single cottage, on the top of a mountain, a mile from any habitation? He replied that, "Providence was his very next-door neighbor."—Sterne.

Go, mark the matchless working of the power
That shuts within the seed the future flower:
Bids these in elegance of form excel,
In colour these, and those delight the smell,
Sends nature forth, the daughter of the skies,
To dance on earth, and charm all human eyes. —Cowper.

He maketh kings to sit in soverainty;
He maketh subjects to their powre obey;
He pulleth downe, He setteth up on hy:
He gives to this, from that He takes away:
For all we have is His: what He list doe he may. —Spenser.

You may say, "I wish to send this ball so as to kill the lion crouching yonder, ready to spring upon me. My wishes are all right, and I hope Providence will direct the ball." Providence won't. You must do it; and if you do not, you are a dead man.—Beecher.

And I will trust that He who heeds
The life that hides in mead and wold,
Who hangs yon alder's crimson beads,
And stains these mosses green and gold,
Will still, as He hath done, incline
His gracious care to me and mine.
—Whittier.

Providence has a wild, rough, incalculable road to its end, and it is of no use to try to whitewash its huge, mixed instrumentalities, or to dress up that terrific benefactor in a clean shirt and white neckcloth of a student in divinity.—Emerson.

Somewhat of goodness, something true
From sun and spirit shining through
All faiths, all worlds, as through the dark
Of ocean shines the lighthouse spark,
Attests the presence everywhere
Of love and providential care.
—Whittier.

Divine Providence tempers His blessings to secure their better effect. He keeps our joys and our fears on an even balance, that we may neither presume nor despair. By such compositions God is pleased to make both our crosses more tolerable and our enjoyments more wholesome and safe.—W. Wogan.

The decrees of Providence are inscrutable. In spite of man's short-sighted endeavors to dispose of events according to his own wishes and his own purposes, there is an Intelligence beyond his reason, which holds the scales of justice, and promotes his well-being, in spite of his puny efforts. —Morier.

All Nature is but art unknown to thee;
All chance direction, which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good;
And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, Whatever is is right.
—Pope.

Long may it remain in this mixed world a question not easy of decision,

which is the more beautiful evidence of the Almighty's goodness, the soft white hand formed for the ministrations of sympathy and tenderness, or the rough hard hand which the heart softens, teaches, and guides in a moment.—Dickens.

Through heaven and earth
God's will moves freely, and I follow it,
As color follows light. He overflows
The firmamental walls with deity,
Therefore with love; His lightnings go abroad,
His pity may do so, His angels must,
Whene'er He gives them charges.
—Mrs. Browning.

To make our reliance upon Providence both pious and rational, we should, in every great enterprise we take in hand, prepare all things with that care, diligence, and activity, as if there were no such thing as Providence for us to depend upon; and again, when we have done all this, we should as wholly and humbly rely upon it, as if we had made no preparations at all.—South.

The ways of heaven are dark and intricate,
Puzzled in mazes, and perplex'd with errors;
Our understanding traces them in vain,
Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless search;
Nor sees with how much art the windings run,
Nor where the regular confusion ends.
—Addison.

If God but cares for our inward and eternal life, if by all the experiences of this life He is reducing it and preparing for its disclosure, nothing can befall us but prosperity. Every sorrow shall be but the setting of some luminous jewel of joy. Our very morning shall be but the enamel around the diamond; our very hardships but the metallic rim that holds the opal, glancing with strange interior fires.—Beecher.

Round about what is lies a whole mysterious world of what might be—a psychological romance of possibilities and things that do not happen. By going out a few minutes sooner or later, by stopping to speak with a friend at a corner, by meeting this man or that, or by turning down this street instead of the other, we may let slip some great occasion of good, or avoid some impending evil, by which the whole current of our lives would have been changed. There is no possible solution to the dark enigma but the one word "Providence."—Longfellow.

God smiles as He has always smiled;
Ere suns and moons could wax and wane,
Ere stars were thundergirt, or piled
The Heavens, God thought on me His child;
Ordained a life for me, arrayed
Its circumstances, every one
To the minutest; ay, God said
This head this hand should rest upon
Thus, ere He fashioned star or sun.
—Robert Browning.

O, all-preparing Providence divine!
In Thy large book what secrets are enroll'd!
What sundry helps doth Thy great power assign,
To prop the course which Thou intend'st to hold?
What mortal sense is able to define
Thy mysteries, Thy counsels many fold?
It is Thy wisdom strangely that extends
Obscure proceedings to apparent ends.
—Drayton.

And is there care in heaven? and is there love
In heavenly spirits to the creatures base,
That may compassion of their evils move?
There is; else much more wretched were the case
Of men than beasts. But O! th' exceeding grace
Of highest God that loves His creatures so,
And all His works with mercy doth embrace,
That blessed angels He sends to and fro
To serve to wicked man, to serve His wicked foe!
How oft do they their silver bowers leave
To come to succour us that succour want?
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,
Against foul fiends to aid us militant?
They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant;
And all for love, and nothing for reward:
O why should heavenly God to men have such regard?
—Spenser.

Prudence

The bounds of a man's knowledge are easily concealed, if he has but prudence.—Goldsmith.

The prudence of the best heads is often defeated by the tenderness of the best of hearts.—Fielding.

Prudence is the virtue of the senses. —Emerson.

I love prudence very little, if it is not moral.—Joubert.

It is prudence that first forsakes the wretched.—Ovid.

It seems as if prudence exhaled a perfume.—Achilles Poincelot.

In everything the middle course is best.—Plautus.

Prudence, like experience, must be paid for.—Sheridan.

According to her cloth she cut her coat.—Dryden.

There must be in prudence also some master virtue.—Aristotle.

Dine on little, and sup on less.—Cervantes.

At a great pennyworth pause a while.—Benjamin Franklin.

If thou art terrible to many, then beware of many.—Ausonius.

When any great design thou dost intend,
Think on the means, the manner, and the end. —Sir J. Denham.

No god is absent where prudence dwells.—Juvenal.

Beware of desperate steps. The darkest day,
Live till to-morrow, will have pass'd away. —Cowper.

That should be long considered which can be decided but once.—Publius Syrus.

A man exercising no forethought will soon experience present sorrow.—Confucius.

A woman's best qualities are harmful if undiluted with prudence.—Victor Hugo.

Prudence is one of the virtues which were called cardinal by the ancient ethical writers.—William Fleming.

Prudence is the knowledge of things to be sought, and those to be shunned. —Cicero.

No other protection is wanting, provided you are under the guidance of prudence.—Juvenal.

It becomes a wise man to try negotiation before arms.—Terence.

An army abroad is of little use unless there are prudent counsels at home.—Cicero.

Prudence and love are inconsistent; in proportion as the last increases, the other decreases.—Rochefoucauld.

Put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder try.—Col. Blacker.

When we are young we lay up for old age; when we are old we save for death.—La Bruyère.

The first years of man must make provision for the last.—Samuel Johnson.

Prudence is not poverty; it is the thorny road to wealth.—Charles Reade.

I recommend you to take care of the minutes, for the hours will take care of themselves.—Lord Chesterfield.

We accomplish more by prudence than by force.—Tacitus.

There is no praise we have not lavished upon prudence; and yet she cannot assure to us the most trifling event.—La Rochefoucauld.

Prudence is that virtue by which we discern what is proper to be done under the various circumstances of time and place.—Milton.

Prudence is a necessary ingredient in all the virtues, without which they degenerate into folly and excess.—Jeremy Collier.

Forethought and prudence are the proper qualities of a leader.—Tacitus.

The rules of prudence, like the laws of the stone tables, are for the most part prohibitive. "Thou shalt not" is their characteristic formula.—Coleridge.

I knew once a very covetous, sordid fellow, who used to say, Take care of the pence; for the pounds will take care of themselves.—Lord Chesterfield.

Prudence is the virtue of the senses. It is the science of appearances. It is the outmost action of the inward life. —Emerson.

Prudence is not only the first in rank of the virtues political and moral, but she is the director and regulator, the standard of them all.—Burke.

Men are born with two eyes, but with one tongue, in order that they should see twice as much as they say. —Colton.

The virtuous woman flees from danger; she trusts more to her prudence in shunning it than in her strength to overcome it.—J. Petit-Senn.

Prudent and active men, who know their strength and use it with limit and circumspection, alone go far in the affairs of the world.—Goethe.

Prudence is a quality incompatible with vice, and can never be effectively enlisted in its cause.—Burke.

Be prudent, and if you hear * * * some insult or some threat * * * have the appearance of not hearing it.—George Sand.

In ancient times all things were cheape,
'Tis good to looke before thou leape,
When corne is ripe 'tis time to reape.
—Martyn Parker.

The great end of prudence is to give cheerfulness to those hours which splendor cannot gild, and acclamation cannot exhilarate.—Johnson.

Be circumspect in your dealings, and let the seed you plant be the offspring of prudence and care; thus fruit follows the fair blossom, as honor follows a good life.—Hosea Ballou.

Prudence supposes the value of the end to be assumed, and refers only to the adaptation of the means. It is the relation of right means for given ends.—Whewell.

If the prudence of reserve and decorum dictates silence in some circumstances, in others prudence of a higher order may justify us in speaking our thoughts.—Burke.

And by a prudent flight and cunning save
A life which valour could not, from the grave,
A better buckler I can soon regain,
But who can get another life again?
—Archilochus.

For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,
And hold-fast is the only dog.
—Shakespeare.

Remember that nothing will supply the want of prudence, and that negligence and irregularity long continued will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible.—Dr. Johnson.

Be advis'd;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself: we may outrun,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by over-running.
—Shakespeare.

The richest endowments of the mind are temperance, prudence, and fortitude. Prudence is a universal virtue, which enters into the composition of all the rest; and where she is not, fortitude loses its name and nature.—Voltaire.

Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none; be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use, and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech.
—Shakespeare.

Spurious prudence, making the senses final, is the god of sots and cow-

ards, and is the subject of all comedy. It is nature's joke, and therefore literature's. True prudence limits this sensualism by admitting the knowledge of an internal and real world.—Emerson.

Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest,
Ride more than thou goest,
Learn more than thou trowest,
Set less than thou throwest.
—Shakespeare.

In the embers shining bright
A garden grows for thy delight,
With roses yellow, red, and white.

But, O my child, beware, beware!
Touch not the roses growing there,
For every rose a thorn doth bear.
—R. W. Gilder.

Prudence is a duty which we owe ourselves, and if we will be so much our own enemies as to neglect it, we are not to wonder if the world is deficient in discharging their duty to us; for when a man lays the foundation of his own ruin, others too often are apt to build upon it.—Fielding.

In Virgil's account of the good housewife, who rises early in order to measure out the work of the household, and in Solomon's description of the thrifty woman of his time, one sees the value set upon feminine industry and economy in times far removed from our own.—Julia Ward Howe.

All these you may avoid but the Lie Direct; and you may avoid that too, with an If. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel, but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If, as "If you said so, then I said so;" and they shook hands and swore brothers. Your If is the only peace-maker; much virtue in If.—Shakespeare.

Those who, in the confidence of superior capacities or attainments, neglect the common maxims of life, should be reminded that nothing will supply the want of prudence; but that negligence and irregularity, long continued, will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible.—Johnson.

Prudery

Prudery is the bastard child of virtue.—Ouida.

Prudery is the hypocrisy of modesty.—Massias.

Prudery is ignorance.—Goldsmith.

Over-niceness may be under-niceness.—Richardson.

Some women don buckler and spear to fight dragons which have no existence.—F. A. Durivage.

There are no greater prudes than those women who have some secret to hide.—George Sand.

Prudery is the innocence of the vicious—external sanctity, assumed as a cover for internal laxity.—Chatfield.

Prudery is often immodestly modest; its habit is to multiply sentinels in proportion as the fortress is less threatened.—G. D. Prentice.

That prudery which survives youth and beauty resembles a scarecrow left in the fields after harvest.—J. Petit-Senn.

A jest that makes a virtuous woman only smile often frightens away a prude; but when real danger forces the former to flee, the latter advances.—Laténa.

Yon ancient prude, whose wither'd features show
She might be young some forty years ago,
Her elbows pinion'd close upon her hips,
Her head erect, her fan upon her lips,
Her eyebrows arch'd, her eyes both gone astray
To watch yon amorous couple in their play,
With bony and unkerchief'd neck defies
The rude inclemency of wintry skies,
And sails, with lappet-head and mincing airs,
Duly at chink of bell to morning prayers.
—Cowper.

Public

The majority of a society is the true definition of the public.—Johnson.

The public is wiser than the wisest critic.—Bancroft.

The public have neither shame nor gratitude.—Hazlitt.

I wish the crowd to feel itself well treated,
Especially since it lives and lets me live.
—Goethe.

The public! the public! how many fools does it require to make the public?—Chamfort.

I am very anxious to please the public, particularly as it lives and lets live.—Goethe.

Self-interest, be it enlightened, works indirectly for the public good. —Prescott.

The public wishes itself to be managed like a woman; one must say nothing to it except what it likes to hear.—Goethe.

He who serves the public is a poor animal; he worries himself to death and no one thanks him for it.—Goethe.

An enlightened self-interest, which, when well understood, they tell us will identify with an interest more enlarged and public.—Burke.

All nations that grew great out of little or nothing did so merely by the public-mindedness of particular persons.—South.

A man, if he be active and energetic, can hardly fail also, be he never so selfish, of benefiting the general public interest.—Benjamin F. Butler.

That is, in a great degree, true of all men, which was said of the Athenians, that they were like sheep, of which a flock is more easily driven than a single one.—Whately.

A thousand wheels of labor are turned by dear affections, and kept in motion by self-sacrificing endurance; and the crowds that pour forth in the morning and return at night are daily processions of love and duty.—Chapin.

In a free and republican government, you cannot restrain the voice of the multitude. Every man will speak as he thinks, or, more properly, without thinking, and consequently will judge of effects without attending to their causes.—Washington.

Punctuality

Strict punctuality is a cheap virtue. —Franklin.

Regularity is unity; unity is godlike. —Richter.

It is of no use running; to set out betimes is the main point.—La Fontaine.

I have always been a quarter of an hour before my time, and it has made a man of me.—Lord Nelson.

Punctuality is the stern virtue of men of business, and the graceful courtesy of princes.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Strict punctuality is perhaps the cheapest virtue which can give force to an otherwise utterly insignificant character.—J. F. Boyes.

If I have made an appointment with you, I owe you punctuality; I have no right to throw away your time, if I do my own.—Cecil.

The most indispensable qualification of a cook is punctuality. The same must be said of guests.—Brillat-Savarin.

Unfaithfulness in the keeping of an appointment is an act of clear dishonesty. You may as well borrow a person's money as his time.—Horace Mann.

Lost wealth may be replaced by industry, lost knowledge by study, lost health by temperance or medicine; but lost time is gone forever.—Samuel Smiles.

I give it as my deliberate and solemn conviction that the individual who is habitually tardy in meeting an appointment will never be respected or successful in life.—Rev. W. Fisk.

I could never think well of a man's intellectual or moral character if he was habitually unfaithful to his appointments.—Emmons.

Method and punctuality are so little natural to man that where they exist they are commonly the effect of education or discipline.—W. B. Clulow.

Punishment

Though punishment be slow, still it comes.—George Herbert.

Punishment follows close on crime. —Horace.

Gold must be beaten, and a child scourged.—Ben Sira.

The power of punishment is to silence, not to confute.—Johnson.

And still adore the hand that gives the blow.—John Pomfret.

Unrespited, unpitied, unrepriev'd.—Milton.

That is the bitterest of all—to wear the yoke of our own wrong-doing.—George Eliot.

The schoolmaster deserves to be beaten himself who beats nature in a boy for a fault.—Thomas Fuller.

The public have more interest in the punishment of an injury than he who receives it.—Cato.

The only effect of public punishment is to show the rabble how bravely it can be borne.—Landor.

The work of eradicating crimes is not by making punishment familiar, but formidable.—Goldsmith.

We do not correct the man we hang; we correct others by him.—Montaigne.

Corporeal punishment falls far more heavily than most weighty pecuniary penalty.—Seneca.

Every great example of punishment has in it some injustice; but the suffering individual is compensated by the public good.—Tacitus.

The object of punishment is prevention from evil; it never can be made impulsive to good.—Horace Mann.

When men of talents are punished, authority is strengthened.—Tacitus.

There is nothynge that more dyspleaseth God
Than from theyr children to spare the rod.
—Skelton.

Heaven is not always angry when He strikes,
But most chastises those whom most He likes. —John Pomfret.

An avenging God closely follows the haughty.—Seneca.

The time that precedes punishment is the severest part of it.—Seneca.

The sins committed by many pass unpunished.—Lucan.

A variety in punishment is of utility, as well as a proportion.—Washington.

Punishment, that is the justice for the unjust.—St. Augustine.

There is no greater punishment than that of being abandoned to one's self. —Pasquier Quesnel.

God is on the side of virtue; for whoever dreads punishment suffers it, and whoever deserves it, dreads it.—Colton.

If punishment reaches not the mind and makes not the will supple, it hardens the offender.—Locke.

The best of us being unfit to die, what an inexpressible absurdity to put the worst to death!—Hawthorne.

Punishment is a fruit that, unsuspected, ripens within the flower of the pleasure that concealed it.—Emerson.

There is no future pang can deal that justice on the self-condemned he deals on his own soul.—Byron.

One man meets an infamous punishment for that crime which confers a diadem upon another.—Juvenal.

To leave no interval between the sentence and the fulfillment of it doth beseem God only, the Immutable!—Coleridge.

A just chastisement may benefit a man, though it seldom does; but an unjust one changes all his blood to gall.—Ouida.

The severity of laws prevents their execution. When the penalty is excessive, one is forced to prefer impunity.—Montesquieu.

There is no greater punishment of wickedness than that it is dissatisfied with itself and its deeds.—Seneca.

The punishment of criminals should be of use; when a man is hanged he is good for nothing.—Voltaire.

If Jupiter hurled his thunderbolt as often as men sinned, he would soon be out of thunderbolts.—Ovid.

It is hard, but it is excellent, to find the right knowledge of when correction is necessary and when grace doth most avail.—Sir P. Sidney.

Just prophet, let the damn'd one dwell
Full in the sight of Paradise,
Beholding heaven and feeling hell.
—Moore.

Every instance of a man's suffering the penalty of the law is an instance of the failure of that penalty in effecting its purpose, which is to deter.—Whately.

Never yet were the feelings and instincts of our nature violated with impunity; never yet was the voice of conscience silenced without retribution.—Mrs. Jameson.

That kind of discipline whose pungent severity is in the manifestations of paternal love, compassion, and tenderness is the most sure of its object.—Hosea Ballou.

It is as expedient that a wicked man be punished as that a sick man be cured by a physician: for all chastisement is a kind of medicine.—Plato.

Care should be taken that the punishment does not exceed the guilt; and also that some men do not suffer for offenses for which others are not even indicted.—Cicero.

Faults of the head are punished in this world, those of the heart in another; but as most of our vices are compound, so also is their punishment.—Colton.

Crime and punishment grow out of one stem. Punishment is a fruit that, unsuspected, ripens within the flower of the pleasure that concealed it.—Emerson.

If the people be led by laws, and uniformity sought to be given them by punishments, they will try to avoid the punishment, but have no sense of shame.—Confucius.

The only effect of public punishment is to show the rabble how bravely it can be borne; and that every one who hath lost a toe-nail hath suffered worse.—Landor.

Even legal punishments lose all appearance of justice, when too strictly inflicted on men compelled by the last extremity of distress to incur them.—Junius.

Don't let us rejoice in punishment, even when the hand of God alone inflicts it. The best of us are but poor wretches, just saved from shipwreck. Can we feel anything but awe and pity when we see a fellow-passenger swallowed by the waves?—George Eliot.

The goodness of God to mankind is no less evinced in the chastisement with which He corrects His children than in the smiles of His providence; for the Lord will not cast off forever, but though He cause grief, yet will He have compassion according to the multitude of His mercies.—Hosea Ballou.

To make punishments efficacious, two things are necessary. They must never be disproportioned to the offence, and they must be certain.—Simms.

There are dreadful punishments enacted against thieves; but it were much better to make such good provisions, by which every man might be put in a method how to live, and so to be preserved from the fatal necessity of stealing and dying for it.—Moore.

A sincere acquaintance with ourselves teaches us humility; and from humility springs that benevolence which compassionates the transgressors we condemn, and prevents the punishments we inflict from themselves partaking of crime, in being rather the wreakings of revenge than the chastisements of virtue.—Jane Porter.

Our measure of rewards and punishments is most partial and incomplete, absurdly inadequate, utterly worldly; and we wish to continue it into the next world. Into that next and awful world we strive to pursue men, and send after them our impotent paltry verdicts of condemnation or acquittal. We set up our paltry little rod to measure heaven immeasurable.—Thackeray.

The twig is so easily bended,
I have banished the rule and the rod:
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught me the goodness of God;
My heart is the dungeon of darkness,
Where I shut them for breaking a rule;
My frown is sufficient correction;
My love is the law of the school.
—Charles M. Dickinson.

Whatever is worthy to be loved for anything is worthy of preservation. A wise and dispassionate legislator, if any such should ever arise among men, will not condemn to death him who has done or is likely to do more service than injury to society. Blocks and gibbets are the nearest objects with legislators, and their business is never with hopes or with virtues.—Landor.

Purity

Blessed be the pure in heart, for they shall see God.—Bible.

Purity in person and in morals is true godliness.—Hosea Ballou.

The smallest speck is seen on snow.—Gay.

Pure and chaste as the falling snow.—T. B. Read.

Every pure thought is a glimpse of God.—Bartol.

Purity of mind and conduct is the first glory of a woman.—Mme. de Staël.

Purity lives and derives its life solely from the Spirit of God.—Colton.

Cleanse the fountain if you would purify the streams.—A. Bronson Alcott.

The stream is always purer at its source.—Pascal.

Only the heart without a stain knows perfect ease.—Goethe.

Be purity of life the test, leave to the heart, to heaven the rest.—Sprague.

Purity is the feminine, truth the masculine, of honor.—Hare.

There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple.—Shakespeare.

There dwelleth in the sinlessness of youth a sweet rebuke that vice may not endure.—Mrs. Embury.

An angel might have stoop'd to see,
And bless'd her for her purity.
—Dr. Mackay.

While our hearts are pure, our lives are happy and our peace is sure.—William Winter.

Purity of heart is the noblest inheritance, and love the fairest ornament, of woman.—Matthias Claudius.

Let thy mind's sweetness have its operation upon thy body, clothes, and habitation.—George Herbert.

As pure in thought as angels are, to know her was to love her.—Rogers

I pray Thee, O God, that I may be beautiful within.—Socrates.

The man who in this world can keep the whiteness of his soul is not likely to lose it in any other.—Alexander Smith.

'Tis said the lion will turn and flee
From a maid in the pride of her purity.
—Byron.

The sun, though it passes through dirty places, yet remains as pure as before.—Sir E. Coke.

He that has light within his own clear breast may sit in the center, and enjoy bright day.—Milton.

God be thanked that there are some in the world to whose hearts the barnacles will not cling.—J. G. Holland.

Her form was fresher than the morning rose
When the dew wets its leaves; unstained and pure
As is the lily, or the mountain snow.
—Thomson.

The love of woman is a precious treasure. Tenderness has no deeper source, devotion no purer shrine, sacrifice no more saintlike abnegation.—Saint-Foix.

The chaste mind, like a polished plane, may admit foul thoughts, without receiving their tincture.—Sterne.

A spirit pure as hers,
Is always pure, even while it errs:
As sunshine, broken in the rill,
Though turned astray, is sunshine still.
—Moore.

The purer the golden vessel, the more readily is it bent; the higher worth of woman is sooner lost than that of man.—Richter.

Who has a breast so pure but some uncleanly apprehensions keep leets and law-days and in session sit with meditations lawful?—Shakespeare.

If a woman be herself pure and noble-hearted, she will come into every circle as a person does into a heated room, who carries with him the freshness of the woods where he has been walking.—Frances Power Cobbe.

By the ancients, courage was regarded as practically the main part of virtue; by us, though I hope we are not less brave, purity is so regarded now.—J. C. Hare.

And steal immortal kisses from her lips;
Which even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush as thinking their own kisses sin.
—Shakespeare.

Spring has no blossom fairer than thy form;
Winter no snow-wreath purer than thy mind;
The dew-drop trembling to the morning beam
Is like thy smile, pure, transient, heaven-refin'd. —Mrs. Lydia Jane Pierson.

Around her shone
The light of love, the purity of grace,
The mind, the music breathing from her face;
The heart whose softness harmonized the whole;
And, oh! that eye was in itself a soul!
—Byron.

Purpose

Purpose is what gives life a meaning.—Charles H. Parkhurst.

Purpose directs energy, and purpose makes energy.—Charles H. Parkhurst.

Childhood may do without a grand purpose, but manhood cannot.—J. G. Holland.

Life, to be worthy of a rational being, must be always in progression; we must always purpose to do more or better than in time past.—Johnson.

A man's longest purposes will be his best purposes. It is true, life is short and uncertain; but it is better to live on the short arc of a large circle than to describe the whole circumference of a small circle.—Charles H. Parkhurst.

Make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse;
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose. —Shakespeare.

There is no action so slight, nor so mean, but it may be done to a great purpose, and ennobled therefore; nor is any purpose so great but that slight

actions may help it, and may be so done as to help it much, most especially that chief of all purposes, the pleasing of God.—Ruskin.

Purse

Avarice fills its purse at the expense of its belly.—Haliburton.

I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse; borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable.—Shakespeare.

The man whose purse is empty can cheerfully sing before the robber.—Juvenal.

How, without clothes, could we possess the master organ, soul's seat and true pineal gland of the body social—I mean a purse?—Carlyle.

Q

Quacks

Quacks pretend to cure other men's disorders, but fail to find a remedy for their own.—Cicero.

Take the humbug out of this world, and you haven't much left to do business with.—H. W. Shaw.

Out, you impostors, quack-salving, cheating mountebanks! Your skill is to make sound men sick, and sick men kill.—Massinger.

We do not think it necessary to prove that a quack medicine is poison; let the vender prove it to be sanative. —Macaulay.

From powerful causes spring the empiric's gains,
Man's love of life, his weakness, and his pains;
These first induce him the vile trash to try,
Then lend his name that other men may buy. —Crabbe.

When a man puts on a character he is a stranger to, there is as much difference between what he appears and what he is in reality as there is between a visor and a face.—Bruyère.

Nothing more strikingly betrays the credulity of mankind than medicine. Quackery is a thing universal, and universally successful. In this case it becomes literally true that no imposition is too great for the credulity of men.—Thoreau.

"To elevate and surprise" is the great art of quackery and puffing; to raise a lively and exaggerated image in the mind, and take it by surprise before it can recover breath.—Hazlitt.

Heroes have gone out; quacks have come in; the reign of quacks has not ended with the nineteenth century. The sceptre is held with a firmer grasp; the empire has a wider boundary. We are all the slaves of quackery in one shape or another. Indeed, one portion of our being is always playing the successful quack to the other.—Carlyle.

Void of all honor, avaricious, rash,
The daring tribe compound their boasted trash—
Tincture of syrup, lotion, drop, or pill;
All tempt the sick to trust the lying bill.
—Crabbe.

No class escapes them — from the poor man's pay
The nostrum takes no trifling part away;
Time, too, with cash is wasted; 'tis the fate
Of real helpers, to be called too late;
This find the sick, when (time and patience gone)
Death with a tenfold terror hurries on.
—Crabbe.

I have heard they are the most lewd impostors,
Made of all terms and shreds, no less beliers
Of great men's favours than their own vile medicines,
Which they will utter upon monstrous oaths;
Selling that drug for two pence ere they part,
Which they have valued at twelve crowns before. —Ben Jonson.

Quality

Come, give us a taste of your quality.—Shakespeare.

Quality, not quantity, is my measure.—Douglas Jerrold.

The best is the cheapest.—Franklin

Nothing endures but personal qualities.—Walt Whitman.

Innocence in genius, and candor in power, are both noble qualities.—Madame de Staël.

That air and harmony of shape express,
Fine by degrees, and beautifully less.
—Prior.

The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.
—Burns.

Things that have a common quality ever quickly seek their kind.—Marcus Aurelius.

Judge not by the number, but by the weight.—Cicero.

Be not dazzled by beauty, but look for those inward qualities which are lasting.—Seneca.

Many individuals have, like uncut diamonds, shining qualities beneath a rough exterior.—Juvenal.

You cannot judge by outward appearances; the soul is only transparent to its Maker.—Hosea Ballou.

All her excellences stand in her so silently as if they had stolen upon her without her knowledge.—Sir T. Overbury.

Wood burns because it has the proper stuff in it; and a man becomes famous because he has the proper stuff in him.—Goethe.

Woman was formed to admire; man to be admirable. His are the glories of the sun at noonday; hers the softened splendors of the midnight moon. —Sir P. Sidney.

Shining outward qualities, although they may excite first-rate expectations, are not unusually found to be the companions of second-rate abilities.—Colton.

Beautiful to Ledyard, stiffening in the cold of a northern winter, seemed the diminutive, smoke-stained women of Lapland, who wrapped him in their furs, and ministered to his necessities with kindness and gentle words.—Whittier.

A man or a woman may be highly irritable, and yet be sweet, tender, gentle, loving, sociable, kind, charitable, thoughtful for others, unselfish, generous.—Charles Buxton.

It is the qualities of the heart, not those of the face, that should attract us in women, because the former are durable, the latter transitory. So lovable women, like roses, retain their sweetness long after they have lost their beauty.—Lamartine.

Quarrels

In a false quarrel there is no true valor.—Shakespeare.

Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat.—Shakespeare.

The quarrel is a very pretty quarrel as it stands.—Sheridan.

I won't quarrel with my bread and butter.—Swift.

Jars concealed are half reconciled.—Thomas Fuller.

The best quarrels, in the heat, are cursed by those that feel their sharpness.—Shakespeare.

I thought your love eternal. Was it tied so loosely that a quarrel could divide?—Dryden.

Quarrels would not last long if the fault was only on one side.—La Rochefoucauld.

Beware of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in, bear it, that the opposer may beware of thee.—Shakespeare.

We often quarrel with the unfortunate to get rid of pitying them.—Vauvenargues.

I consider your very testy and quarrelsome people in the same light as I do a loaded gun, which may, by accident, go off and kill one.—Shenstone.

When two men quarrel, who owns the cooler head is the more to blame.—Goethe.

Persons unmask their evilest qualities when they do quarrel.—George Herbert.

O we fell out, I know not why,
And kiss'd again with tears.
—Tennyson.

It requires two indiscreet persons to institute a quarrel; one individual cannot quarrel alone.—Aimé-Martin.

Those who in quarrels interpose,
Must often wipe a bloody nose. —Gay.

If he had two ideas in his head, they would fall out with each other.—Johnson.

Women always find their bitterest foes among their own sex.—J. Petit-Senn.

Weakness on both sides is, as we know, the motto of all quarrels.—Voltaire.

When worthy men fall out, only one of them may be faulty at the first; but if strife continue long, commonly both become guilty.—Fuller.

We are sure to be losers when we quarrel with ourselves; it is a civil war, and in all such contentions, triumphs are defeats.—Colton.

He that blows the coals in quarrels he has nothing to do with has no right to complain if the sparks fly in his face.—Franklin.

I wish it were never one's duty to quarrel with anybody; I do so hate it: but not to do it sometimes is to smile in the devil's face.—George MacDonald.

One should not quarrel with a dog without a reason sufficient to vindicate one through all the courts of morality. —Goldsmith.

Coarse kindness is at least better than coarse anger; and in all private quarrels the duller nature is triumphant by reason of its dullness.—George Eliot.

In love quarrels the party that loves the most is always most willing to acknowledge the greater fault.—Sir Walter Scott.

Contention, like a horse full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose, and bears down all before him.—Shakespeare.

The quarrels of lovers are like summer storms; everything is more beautiful when they have passed.—Madame Necker.

Thou! why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes. —Shakespeare.

What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted!
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted. —Shakespeare.

If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offense
As my young mistress' dog.
—Shakespeare.

A man may quarrel with himself alone; that is, by controverting his better instincts and knowledge when brought face to face with temptation. —Channing.

In most quarrels there is a fault on both sides. A quarrel may be compared to a spark, which cannot be produced without a flint, as well as steel. Either of them may hammer on wood forever; no fire will follow.—Colton.

If you cannot avoid a quarrel with a blackguard, let your lawyer manage it, rather than yourself. No man sweeps his own chimney, but employs a chimney-sweeper, who has no objec-

tion to dirty work, because it is his trade.—Colton.

Two things, well considered, would prevent many quarrels: first, to have it well ascertained whether we are not disputing about terms, rather than things; and, secondly, to examine whether that on which we differ is worth contending about.—Colton.

I never love those salamanders that are never well but when they are in the fire of contentions. I will rather suffer a thousand wrongs than offer one. I have always found that to strive with a superior is injurious; with an equal, doubtful; with an inferior, sordid and base; with any, full of unquietness.—Bishop Hall.

Dissensions, like the small streams are first begun,
Scarce seen they rise, but gather as they run;
So lines that from their parallel decline,
More they proceed the more they still disjoin. —Garth.

Quietness

Study to be quiet.—Bible.

The noonday quiet holds the hill.—Tennyson.

It is tranquil people who accomplish much.—Thoreau.

Silken, chaste, and hushed.—Keats.

A gentleman makes no noise.—Emerson.

The grandest operations, both in nature and grace, are the most silent and imperceptible.—Cecil.

Fullness is always quiet; agitation will answer for empty vessels only.—Alcott.

The heart that is to be filled to the brim with holy joy must be held still.—Bowes.

Coolness and absence of heat and haste indicate fine qualities.—Emerson.

I have often said that all the misfortunes of men spring from their not knowing how to live quietly at home, in their own rooms.—Pascal.

Be it mine to draw from wisdom's fount, pure as it flows, that calm of soul which virtue only knows.—Æschylus.

Coolness, and absence of heat and haste, indicate fine qualities. A gentleman makes no noise, a lady is serene.—Emerson.

Stillness of person and steadiness of features are signal marks of good breeding. Vulgar persons can't sit still, or, at least, they must work their limbs or features.—Holmes.

My notions of life are much the same as they are about traveling; there is a good deal of amusement on the road; but, after all, one wants to be at rest.—Southey.

Remember always in painting, as in eloquence, the greater your strength the quieter will be your manner and the fewer your words; and in painting, as in all the arts and acts of life, the secret of high success will be found, not in a fretful and various excellence, but in a quiet singleness of justly chosen aim.—Ruskin.

The grandest operations, both in nature and in grace, are the most silent and imperceptible. The shallow brook babbles in its passage, and is heard by every one; but the coming on of the seasons is silent and unseen. The storm rages and alarms, but its fury is soon exhausted, and its effects are partial and soon remedied; but the dew, though gentle and unheard, is immense in quantity, and the very life of large portions of the earth. And these are pictures of the operations of grace in the church and in the soul.—Cecil.

Tranquillity consisteth in a steadiness of the mind; and how can that vessel that is beaten upon by contrary waves and winds, and tottereth to either part, be said to keep a steady course? Resolution is the only mother of security.—Bishop Hall.

Quill

The quill hath a good tongue.—Yriarte.

A quill hath proved the noblest gift to man.—Byron.

A little instrument of mighty power. —Cervantes.

At the point of the pen is the focus of the mind.—J. L. Basford.

Oh! Nature's noblest gift—my gray-goose quill!—Byron.

Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter.—Shakespeare.

A witty writer is like a porcupine; his quill makes no distinction between friend and foe.—H. W. Shaw.

Quills are things that are sometimes taken from the pinions of one goose to spread the opinions of another.—Chatfield.

The feather whence the pen was shaped that traced the lives of these good men, dropped from an angel's wing.—Wordsworth.

Quotations

Apt quotations carry conviction.—Gladstone.

Backed his opinion with quotations. —Prior.

The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.—Shakespeare.

With just enough of learning to misquote.—Byron.

Our best thought came from others. —Emerson.

Quotation confesses inferiority.—Emerson.

Full of wise saws and modern instances.—Shakespeare.

I quote others only in order the better to express myself.—Montaigne.

Why read a book which you cannot quote?—Bentley.

Have at you with a proverb.—Shakespeare.

A verse may find him who a sermon flies.—George Herbert.

Fine words! I wonder where you stole them.—Swift.

Great authorities are arguments.—Daniel Webster.

One must be a wise reader to quote wisely and well.—A. Bronson Alcott.

The mind will quote whether the tongue does or not.—Emerson.

Quotation, like much better things, has its abuses. One may quote till one compiles.—Isaac Disraeli.

Quotations are best brought in to confirm some opinion controverted.—Swift.

Next to the originator of a good sentence is the first quoter of it.—Emerson.

Some for renown on scraps of learning dote, and think they grow immortal as they quote.—Young.

Classical quotation is the parole of literary men all over the world.—Johnson.

It is as difficult to appropriate the thoughts of others as it is to invent.—Emerson.

A great man quotes bravely, and will not draw on his invention when his memory serves him with a word as good.—Emerson.

A fine quotation is a diamond on the finger of a man of wit, and a pebble in the hand of a fool.—Joseph Roux.

The wisdom of the wise and the experience of ages may be preserved by quotation.—Isaac Disraeli.

They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.—Shakespeare.

A book which hath been culled from the flowers of all books.—George Eliot.

The profoundest thought or passion sleeps as in a mine, until an equal mind and heart finds and publishes it.—Emerson.

I will pick up a few straws here and there over the broad field, and ask you a few moments to look at them.—Garfield.

What is said upon a subject is gathered from an hundred people.—Dr. Johnson.

We are as much informed of a writer's genius by what he selects as by what he originates.—Emerson.

Every quotation contributes something to the stability or enlargement of the language.—Sam'l Johnson.

By necessity, by proclivity, and by delight we quote.—Emerson.

To select well among old things is almost equal to inventing new ones.—Abbe Trublet.

Let the writer's thought so ripen in thee that it becomes, as it were, thy own thought.—Chu-hi.

A good saying often runs the risk of being thrown away when quoted as the speaker's own.—La Bruyère.

There is no less invention in aptly applying a thought found in a book, than in being the first author of the thought.—Bayle.

The multiplicity of facts and writings is become so great that everything must soon be reduced to extracts.—Voltaire.

The art of quotation requires more delicacy in the practice than those conceive who can see nothing more in a quotation than an extract.—Isaac Disraeli.

The wise men of old have sent most of their morality down the stream of time in the light skiff of apothegm or epigram.—Whipple.

The obscurest sayings of the truly great are often those which contain the germ of the profoundest and most useful truths.—Mazzini.

A couplet of verse, a period of prose, may cling to the rock of ages as a shell that survives a deluge.—Bulwer-Lytton.

A beautiful verse, an apt remark, or a well-turned phrase, appropriately quoted, is always effective and charming.—Mme. du Deffand.

I have here only made a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the thread that ties them.—Montaigne.

Every book is a quotation, and every house is a quotation out of all forests and mines and stone-quarries, and every man is a quotation from all his ancestors.—Emerson.

When we would prepare the mind by a forcible appeal, an opening quotation is a symphony preluding on the chords those tones we are about to harmonize.—Disraeli.

He presents me with what is always an acceptable gift who brings me news of a great thought before unknown. He enriches me without impoverishing himself.—Bovee.

The proverb answers where the sermon fails as a well-charged pistol will do more execution than a whole barrel of gunpowder idly exploded in the air.—Simms.

I have somewhere seen it observed that we should make the same use of a book that the bee does of a flower; she steals sweets from it, but does not injure it.—Colton.

Luminous quotations atone, by their interest, for the dulness of an inferior book, and add to the value of a superior work by the variety which

they lend to its style and treatment.—Bovee.

This field is so spacious that it were easy for a man to lose himself in it; and if I should spend all my pilgrimage in this walk, my time would sooner end than my way.—Bishop Hall.

To appreciate and use correctly a valuable maxim requires a genius, a vital appropriating exercise of mind, closely allied to that which first created it.—W. R. Alger.

I pluck up the good lissome herbs of sentences by pruning, eat them by reading, digest them by musing, and lay them up at length in the high seat of memory.—Queen Elizabeth.

Let every book worm, when in any fragrant, scarce old tome he discovers a sentence, a story, an illustration, that does his heart good, hasten to give it.—Coleridge.

He that borrows the aid of an equal understanding doubles his own; he that uses that of a superior elevates his own to the stature of that he contemplates.—Burke.

A man, groundly learned already, may take much profit himself in using by epitome to draw other men's works, for his own memory sake, into short room.—Roger Ascham.

Of things that be strange
Who loveth to read,
In this book let him range,
His fancy to feed.
—R. Robinson.

Reader, now I send thee, like a bee, to gather honey out of flowers and weeds; every garden is furnished with either, and so is ours. Read and meditate.—H. Smith.

The greater part of our writers, * * * have become so original, that no one cares to imitate them: and those who never quote in return are seldom quoted.—Isaac Disraeli.

It has been said that death ends all things. This is a mistake. It does not end the volume of practical quotations, and it will not until the sequence of the alphabet is so materially changed as to place D where Z now stands.—Harper's Bazar.

A good thought is a great boon, for which God is to be first thanked, then he who is the first to utter it, and then, in a lesser, but still in a considerable degree, the man who is the first to quote it to us.—Bovee.

Abstracts, abridgments, summaries, etc., have the same use with burning glasses, to collect the diffused rays of wit and learning in authors, and make them point with warmth and quickness upon the reader's imagination.—Swift.

Many useful and valuable books lie buried in shops and libraries unknown and unexamined, unless some lucky compiler opens them by chance, and finds an easy spoil of wit and learning.—Dr. Johnson.

It is good to respect old thoughts in the newest books, because the old works in which they stand are not read. New translations of many truths, as of foreign standard works, must be given forth every half-century.—Richter.

All truly wise thoughts have been thought already thousands of times; but to make them truly ours, we must think them over again honestly, till they take firm root in our personal experience.—Goethe.

All minds quote. Old and new make the warp and woof of every moment. There is no thread that is not a twist of these two strands. * * * We quote not only books and proverbs, but art, sciences, religion, customs, and laws; nay, we quote temples and houses, tables and chairs, by imitation. * * * —Emerson.

If these little sparks of holy fire which I have thus heaped up together do not give life to your prepared and already enkindled spirit, yet they will sometimes help to entertain a thought, to actuate a passion, to employ and hallow a fancy.—Jeremy Taylor.

Whatever we may say against such collections, which present authors in a disjointed form, they nevertheless bring about many excellent results. We are not always so composed, so full of wisdom, that we are able to take in at once the whole scope of a work according to its merits. Do we not mark in a book passages which seem to have a direct reference to ourselves? Young people especially, who have failed in acquiring a complete cultivation of mind, are roused in a praiseworthy way by brilliant passages.—Goethe.

We ought never to be afraid to repeat an ancient truth, when we feel that we can make it more striking by a neater turn, or bring it alongside of another truth, which may make it clearer, and thereby accumulate evidence. It belongs to the inventive faculty to see clearly the relative state of things, and to be able to place them in connection, but the discoveries of ages gone by belong less to their first authors than to those who make them practically useful to the world.—Vauvenargues.

R

Radicalism

Radicalism is but the desperation of logic.—Lamartine.

I am trying to do two things,—dare to be a radical, and not be a fool; which, if I may judge by the exhibitions around me, is a matter of no small difficulty.—James A. Garfield.

To redeem a world sunk in dishonesty has not been given them. Solely over one man therein thou hast quite absolute control. Him redeem, him make honest.—Carlyle.

Rage

Rage is a short-lived fury.—J. Petit-Senn.

Rage is mental imbecility.—Hosea Ballou.

Rage is essentially vulgar.—Coleridge.

Deaf rage that hears no leader.—Schiller.

Oppose not rage while rage is in its force, but give it way awhile and let it waste.—Shakespeare.

Hasty wrath and heedless hazardy do breed repentance late and lasting infamy.—Spenser.

They could neither of them speak for rage, and so fell a-sputtering at one another like two roasting apples.—Congreve.

'T was grief no more, or grief and rage were one within her soul; at last 't was rage alone.—Dryden.

When one is transported by rage, it is best to observe attentively the effects on those who deliver themselves over to the same passion.—Plutarch.

My rage is not malicious; like a spark
Of fire by steel inforced out of a flint.
It is no sooner kindled, but extinct.
—Goffe.

The pain is in my head; 'tis is in my heart;
'Tis everywhere; it rages like a madness,
And I most wonder how my reason holds.
—Otway.

'Tis all in vain, this rage that tears thy bosom!
Like a bird that flutters in her cage,
Thou beat'st thyself to death. —Rowe.

There is not in nature
A thing that makes man so deform'd, so beastly,
As doth intemp'rate anger. —Webster.

Rage is the shortest passion of our souls,
Like narrow brooks that rise with sudden showers,
It swells in haste, and falls again as soon.
Still as it ebbs, the softer thoughts flow in,
And the deceiver, love, supplies its place.
—Rowe.

Her colour changed, her face was not the same,
And hollow groans from her deep spirit came;
Her hair stood up; convulsive rage possess'd
Her trembling limbs, and heaved her lab'ring breast. —Dryden.

Rain

The kind refresher of the summer heats.—Thomson.

And now the thickened sky like a dark ceiling stood; down rushed the rain impetuous.—Milton.

For the rain it raineth every day. —Shakespeare.

Clouds dissolved the thirsty ground supply.—Roscommon.

The rain comes when the wind calls. —Emerson.

The hooded clouds, like friars, tell their beads in drops of rain.—Longfellow.

Nature, like man, sometimes weeps for gladness.—Beaconsfield.

A little rain will fill the lily's cup, which hardly moists the field.—Edwin Arnold.

Foul with stains of gushing torrents and descending rains.—Addison.

The spongy clouds are filled with gathering rain.—Dryden.

I know Sir John will go, though he was sure it would rain cats and dogs.—Swift.

The day is dark and cold and dreary; it rains, and the wind is never weary.—Longfellow.

He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass: as showers that water the earth.—Bible.

Like a river down the gutter roars the rain, the welcome rain!—Longfellow.

Vexed sailors curse the rain for which poor shepherds prayed in vain. —Waller.

When the splitting wind makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks.—Shakespeare.

The mighty Rain
Holds the vast empire of the sky alone.
—William Cullen Bryant.

Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow in large effusion o'er the freshened world.—Thomson.

If there be one righteous person, the rain falls for his sake.—Buddha.

O earth! I will befriend thee more with rain than youthful April shall with all his showers; in summer's drought I'll drop upon thee still.—Shakespeare.

The rain-drops' showery dance and rhythmic beat,
With tinkling of innumerable feet.
—Abraham Coles.

He first that useful secret did explain,
That pricking corns foretold the gathering rain. —Gay.

All nature mourns, the skies relent in showers; hushed are the birds, and closed the drooping flowers.—Pope.

See daily show'rs rejoice the thirsty earth
And bless the flow'ry buds' succeeding birth. —Prior.

Remember that every drop of rain that falls bears into the bosom of the earth a quality of beautiful fertility.—G. H. Lewes.

I think rain is as necessary to the mind as to vegetation. My very thoughts become thirsty, and crave the moisture.—John Burroughs.

The clouds consign their treasures to the fields, and, softly shaking on the dimpled pool prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow in large effusion o'er the freshening world.—Thomson.

The rain is playing its soft pleasant tune fitfully on the skylight, and the shade of the fast-flying clouds across my book passed with delicate change.—N. P. Willis.

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams. —Shelley.

Drip, drip, the rain comes falling,
Rain in the woods, rain on the sea;
Even the little waves, beaten, come crawling
As if to find shelter here with me.
—James Herbert Morse.

All day the rain bathed the dark hyacinths in vain; the flood may pour from morn till night, nor wash the pretty Indian white.—Hafiz.

Dashing in big drops on the narrow pane,
And making mournful music for the mind,
While plays his interlude the wizzard wind,
I hear the singing of the frequent rain.
—William H. Burleigh.

The later rain,—it falls in anxious haste
Upon the sun-dried fields and branches bare,
Loosening with searching drops the rigid waste,
As if it would each root's lost strength repair. —Jones.

We knew it would rain, for the poplars showed
The white of their leaves, the amber grain
Shrunk in the wind,—and the lightning now
Is tangled in tremulous skeins of rain.
—T. B. Aldrich.

Be still, sad heart, and cease repining;
Behind the clouds the sun is shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.
—Longfellow.

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.
—Longfellow.

When the black'ng clouds in sprinkling showers
Distil, from the high summits down the rain
Runs trickling, with the fertile moisture cheer'd,
The orchards smile, joyous the farmers see
Their thriving plants, and bless the heavenly dew. —Philips.

How it pours, pours, pours,
In a never-ending sheet!
How it drives beneath the doors!
How it soaks the passer's feet!
How it rattles on the shutter!
How it rumples up the lawn!
How 'twill sigh, and moan, and mutter,
From darkness until dawn.
—Rossiter Johnson.

'Twas so; I saw thy birth. That drowsy lake
From her faint bosom breath'd thee, the disease
Of her sick waters, and infectious ease.
But now at even,
Too gross for heaven,
Thou fall'st in tears, and weep'st for thy mistake. —Henry Vaughan.

Last night, above the whistling wind,
I heard the welcome rain,—
A fusillade upon the roof,
A tattoo on the pane:
The keyhole piped; the chimney-top
A warlike trumpet blew. —Bret Harte.

The rain is o'er—How densely bright
Yon pearly clouds reposing lie!
Cloud above cloud, a glorious sight,
Contrasting with the deep-blue sky!
In grateful silence earth receives
The general blessing; fresh and fair
Each flower expands its little leaves,
As glad the common joy to share.
—Andrew Norton.

Rainbow

God's glowing covenant.—Hosea Ballou.

God's illumined promise.—Longfellow.

Born of the shower, and colored by the sun.—J. C. Prince.

Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life.—Byron.

Bright pledge of peace and sunshine.—Henry Vaughan.

The smiling daughter of the storm.—Colton.

Rain, rain, and sun! a rainbow in the sky!—Tennyson.

And, lo! in the dark east, expanded high,
The rainbow brightens to the setting Sun.
—Beattie.

Triumphant arch, that fill'st the sky when storms prepare to part!—Campbell.

Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life! the evening beam that smiles the clouds away and tints to-morrow with prophetic ray!—Byron.

So shines the setting sun on adverse skies, and paints a rainbow on the storm.—Dr. Watts.

Conspicuous, with three listed colors gay, betokening peace from God, and covenant new.—Milton.

Faithful to its sacred page, Heaven still rebuilds thy span.—Campbell.

That gracious thing, made up of tears and light.—Coleridge.

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky! —Wordsworth.

Mild arch of promise! on the evening sky
Thou shinest fair with many a lovely ray,
Each in the other melting. —Southey.

'Tis sweet to listen as the night winds creep
From leaf to leaf; 'tis sweet to view on high
The rainbow, based on ocean, span the sky.
—Byron.

What skilful limner e'er would choose
To paint the rainbow's varying hues,
Unless to mortal it were given
To dip his brush in dyes of heaven?
—Scott.

A rainbow in the morning
Is the Shepherd's warning;
But a rainbow at night
Is the Shepherd's delight.
—Old Weather Rhyme.

Hung on the shower that fronts the golden West,
The rainbow bursts like magic on mine eyes!
In hues of ancient promise there imprest;
Frail in its date, eternal in its guise.
—Charles Tennyson Turner.

Over her hung a canopy of state,
Not of rich tissue, nor of spangled gold,
But of a substance, though not animate,
Yet of a heavenly and spiritual mould,
That only eyes of spirits might behold.
—Giles Fletcher.

Meantime, refracted from yon eastern cloud,
Bestriding earth, the grand ethereal bow
Shoots up immense; and every hue unfolds,
In fair proportion, running from the red
To where the violet fades into the sky.
—Thomson.

When thou dost shine, darkness looks white and fair,
Forms turn to music, clouds to smiles and air;
Rain gently spends his honey-drops, and pours
Balm on the cleft earth, milk on grass and flowers.
Bright pledge of peace and sunshine!
—Henry Vaughan.

Look upon the rainbow, and praise Him that made it; very beautiful it is in the brightness thereof; it compasseth the heaven about with a glorious circle, and the hands of the Most High have bended it.—Ecclesiasticus.

O beautiful rainbow;—all woven of light!
There's not in thy tissue one shadow of night;
Heaven surely is open when thou dost appear,
And, bending above thee, the angels draw near,
And sing,—"The rainbow! the rainbow!
The smile of God is here."
—Mrs. Sarah J. Hale.

Hail, many-colored messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers;
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres, and my unshrubb'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth.
—Shakespeare.

Bright pledge of peace and sunshine! the sure tie
Of thy Lord's hand, the object of His eye!
When I behold thee, though my light be dim,
Distinct and low, I can in thine see Him
Who looks upon thee from His glorious throne,
And minds the covenant between all and One. —Vaughan.

Rank

Rank is a great beautifier.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Rank and riches are chains of gold, but still chains.—Ruffini.

To be vain of one's rank or place is to disclose that one is below it.—Stanislaus.

The rank is but the guinea's stamp; the man's the gowd for a' that.—Burns.

Of the king's creation you may be; but he who makes a count ne'er made a man.—Southern.

Every error of the mind is the more conspicuous and culpable in proportion to the rank of the person who commits it.—Juvenal.

If it were ever allowable to forget what is due to superiority of rank, it would be when the privileged themselves remember it.—Mme. Swetchine.

I weigh the man, not his title; 't is not the king's stamp can make the metal better.—Wycherley.

The finest lives, in my opinion, are those who rank in the common model, and with the human race, but without miracle, without extravagance.—Montaigne.

There are no persons more solicitous about the preservation of rank than those who have no rank at all. Observe the humors of a country christening, and you will find no court in Christendom so ceremonious as the quality of Brentford.—Shenstone.

Quality and title have such allurements that hundreds are ready to give up all their own importance, to cringe, to flatter, to look little, and to pall every pleasure in constraint, merely to be among the great, though without the least hopes of improving their understanding or sharing their generosity. They might be happier among their equals.—Goldsmith.

Rapture

Sweet the young muse with love intense,
Which smiles o'er sleeping innocence.
—Smart.

Not the poet in the moment
Fancy lightens on his e'e,
Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,
That thy presence gies to me.
—Burns.

An infant when it gazes on the light,
A child the moment when it drains the breast,
A devotee when soars the Host in sight,
An Arab with a stranger for a guest,
A sailor when the prize has struck in fight,
A miser filling his most hoarded chest,
Feel rapture; but not such true joy are reaping
As they who watch o'er what they love while sleeping. —Byron.

Rarity

A lucky man is rarer than a white crow.—Juvenal.

Rarity gives a charm: thus early fruits are most esteemed; thus winter roses obtain a higher price; thus coyness sets off an extravagant mistress; a door ever open attracts no young suitor.—Martial.

Rashness

Haste and rashness are storm and tempest.—Thomas Fuller.

Rashness and haste make all things insecure.—Sir J. Denham.

Reckless haste makes poor speed.—Franklin.

Rashness is not always fortunate.—Livy.

Let us not throw the rope after the bucket.—Cervantes.

Rashness brings success to few, misfortune to many.—Phædrus.

I was too hasty to condemn unheard; and you perhaps too prompt in your replies.—Dryden.

The human race afraid of nothing, rushes on through every crime.—Horace.

Blind fortune treads on the steps of inconsiderate rashness.—La Fontaine.

Must one rash word, the infirmity of age, throw down the merit of my better years?—Addison.

Rashness is the fruitful but unhappy parent of misfortune.—Thomas Fuller.

Rashness is oftener the resort of cowardice than of courage.—Wellington.

None are rash when they are not seen by anybody.—Stanislaus.

To be rash is to be bold without shame and without skill.—Roger Ascham.

Haste and rashness are storms and tempests, breaking and wrecking business; but nimbleness is a full, fair wind, blowing it with speed to the haven.—Fuller.

We may outrun by violent swiftness that which we run at, and lose by overrunning.—Shakespeare.

Nothing is more unreasonable than to entangle our spirits in wildness and amazement; like a partridge fluttering in a net, which she breaks not, though she breaks her wings.—Jeremy Taylor.

Raven

The croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.—Shakespeare.

The Raven's house is built with reeds,—
Sing woe, and alas is me!
And the Raven's couch is spread with weeds,
High on the hollow tree;
And the Raven himself, telling his beads
In penance for his past misdeeds,
Upon the top I see.
—Thos. Darcy McGee.

And the Raven, never flitting,
Still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas
Just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming
Of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamplight o'er him streaming
Throws his shadow on the floor,
And my soul from out that shadow,
That lies floating on the floor,
Shall be lifted—nevermore.
—Poe.

Reading

Reading maketh a full man.—Bacon.

Read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest.—Collect.

Graceful, ingenious, illuminative reading.—Carlyle.

He that runs may read.—Tennyson.

Read much, but not many works.—Sir W. Hamilton.

I cannot sit and think; books think for me.—Lamb.

A great work always leaves us in a state of musing.—Isaac Disraeli.

There is creative reading as well as creative writing.—Emerson.

In science, read by preference the newest works; in literature, the oldest. The classic literature is always modern.—Bulwer-Lytton.

To read without reflecting is like eating without digesting.—Burke.

How well he is read, to reason against reading!—Shakespeare.

No man can read with profit that which he cannot learn to read with pleasure.—Noah Porter.

Learn to read slow; all other graces
Will follow in their proper places.
—Wm. Walker.

He that I am reading seems always to have the most force.—Montaigne.

Digressions incontestably are the sunshine; they are the life, the soul of reading.—Sterne.

Sentences are like sharp nails which force truth upon our memory.—Diderot.

A man who attempts to read all the new productions must do as the flea does,—skip.—Rogers.

If a man read little, he had need have much cunning to seem to know that he doth not.—Bacon.

Force yourself to reflect on what you read, paragraph by paragraph.—Coleridge.

By conversing with the mighty dead we imbibe sentiment with knowledge.—Hazlitt.

Much reading is like much eating,—wholly useless without digestion.—South.

If we encountered a man of rare intellect, we should ask him what books he read.—Emerson.

Reading is a dissuasion from immorality. Reading stands in the place of company.—Henry Ward Beecher.

When the last reader reads no more.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Reading Chaucer is like brushing through the dewy grass at sunrise.—Lowell.

The man who is fond of books is usually a man of lofty thought and of elevated opinions.—George Dawson.

We should accustom the mind to keep the best company by introducing it only to the best books.—Sydney Smith.

Many readers judge of the power of a book by the shock it gives their feelings.—Longfellow.

Uncertain whose the narrowest span,
—the clown unread, or half-read gentleman.—Dryden.

Men must read for amusement as well as for knowledge.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Our high respect for a well-read man is praise enough of literature.—Emerson.

Books afford the surest relief in the most melancholy moments.—Zimmermann.

He is a worthy gentleman, exceedingly well read and profited in strange concealments.—Shakespeare.

Reading furnishes the mind only with materials of knowledge; it is thinking makes what we read ours.—John Locke.

'T is the good reader that makes the good book: a good head cannot read amiss.—Emerson.

And better had they ne'er been born,
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn.
—Scott.

No entertainment is so cheap as reading, nor any pleasure so lasting. —Lady M. W. Montagu.

Banqueting with gods on the ambrosia and nectar of the mind.—W. R. Alger.

He that loves reading has everything within his reach. He has but to desire, and he may possess himself of every species of wisdom to judge and power to perform.—William Godwin.

We have not read an author till we have seen his object, whatever it may be, as he saw it.—Carlyle.

Reading nourisheth the wit; and when it is wearied with study, it refresheth it, yet not without study.—Seneca.

Read, read, sirrah, and refine your appetite; learn to live upon instruction; frost your mind and mortify your flesh.—Congreve.

We are now in want of an art to teach how books are to be read rather than to read them. Such an art is practicable.—Disraeli.

The love of reading enables a man to exchange the wearisome hours of life which come to every one for hours of delight.—Montesquieu.

The delight of opening a new pursuit, or a new course of reading, imparts the vivacity and novelty of youth even to old age.—Isaac Disraeli.

What blockheads are those wise persons who think it necessary that a child should comprehend everything it reads!—Southey.

By reading a man does, as it were, antedate his life, and make himself contemporary with past ages.—Jeremy Collier.

Read and take your nourishment in at your eyes; shut up your mouth and chew the cud of understanding.—Congreve.

Given the books of a man, it is not difficult, I think, to detect therein the personality of the man, and the station in life to which he was born.—Stoddard.

He found shelter among books, which insult not, and studies that ask no questions of a youth's finances. —Lamb.

When I am reading a book, whether wise or silly, it seems to me to be alive and talking to me.—Swift.

If thou wilt receive profit, read with humility, simplicity, and faith; and seek not at any time the fame of being learned.—Thomas à Kempis.

A man ought to read just as inclination leads him; for what he reads as a task will do him little good.—Sam'l Johnson.

Studious let me sit,
And hold high converse with the mighty Dead. —Thomson.

Let us read with method, and propose to ourselves an end to what our studies may point. The use of reading is to aid us in thinking.—Gibbon.

Some will read only old books, as if there were no valuable truths to be discovered in modern publications; others will only read new books, as if some valuable truths are not among the old. Some will not read a book because they know the author: others . . . would also read the man.—Disraeli.

Half the gossip of society would perish if the books that are truly worth reading were but read.—Dawson.

My early and invincible love of reading, * * * I would not exchange for the treasures of India.—Gibbon.

Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider.—Bacon.

In a polite age almost every person becomes a reader, and receives more instruction from the press than the pulpit.—Goldsmith.

Thou mayest as well expect to grow stronger by always eating, as wiser by always reading. Too much overcharges nature, and turns more into disease than nourishment.—Fuller.

A good reader is nearly as rare as a good writer. People bring their prejudices, whether friendly or adverse. They are lamp and spectacles, lighting and magnifying the page.—Willmott.

Resolve to edge in a little reading every day, if it is but a single sentence. If you gain fifteen minutes a day, it will make itself felt at the end of the year.—Horace Mann.

I should as soon think of swimming across the Charles River when I wish to go to Boston, as of reading all my books in originals, when I have them rendered for me in my mother tongue. —Emerson.

The first time I read an excellent book, it is to me just as if I had gained a new friend. When I read over a book I have perused before, it resembles the meeting with an old one. —Goldsmith.

Every reader reads himself out of the book that he reads; nay, has he a strong mind, reads himself into the book, and amalgamates his thoughts with the author's.—Goethe.

It is manifest that all government of action is to be gotten by knowledge, and knowledge best, by gathering many knowledges, which is reading.—Sir P. Sidney.

Read Homer once, and you can read no more,
For all books else appear so mean, so poor,
Verse will seem prose, but still persist to read,
And Homer will be all the books you need.
— John Sheffield.

We never read without profit if with the pen or pencil in our hand we mark such ideas as strike us by their novelty, or correct those we already possess.—Zimmermann.

When what you read elevates your mind and fills you with noble aspirations, look for no other rule by which to judge a book; it is good, and is the work of a master-hand.—La Bruyère.

As a man may be eating all day, and for want of digestion is never nourished, so these endless readers may cram themselves in vain with intellectual food.—Dr. I. Watts.

No man reads a book of science from pure inclination. The books that we do read with pleasure are light compositions, which contain a quick succession of events.—Dr. Johnson.

Nothing, in truth, has such a tendency to weaken not only the powers of invention, but the intellectual powers in general, as a habit of extensive and various reading without reflection.—Dugald Stewart.

'Tis the good reader that makes the good book; a good head cannot read amiss, in every book he finds passages which seem confidences or asides hidden from all else and unmistakably meant for his ear.—Emerson.

The art of reading is to skip judiciously. Whole libraries may be skipped in these days, when we have the results of them in our modern culture without going over the ground again.—Hamerton.

If a man begins to read in the middle of a book, and feels an inclination to go on, let him not quit it to go to the beginning. He may perhaps not feel again the inclination.—Dr. Johnson.

It is curious how tyrannical the habit of reading is, and what shifts we make to escape thinking. There is no bore we dread being left alone with so much as our own minds.—Lowell.

A discursive student is almost certain to fall into bad company. Ten minutes with a French novel or a German rationalist have sent a reader away with a fever for life.—Willmott.

One of the amusements of idleness is reading without the fatigue of close attention; and the world, therefore, swarms with writers whose wish is not to be studied, but to be read.—Johnson.

Milton almost requires a solemn service of music to be played before you enter upon him. But he brings his music, to which who listen had need bring docile thoughts and purged ears.—Lamb.

The mind should be accustomed to make wise reflections, and draw curious conclusions as it goes along; the habitude of which made Pliny the Younger affirm that he never read a book so bad but he drew some profit from it.—Sterne.

People seldom read a book which is given to them; and few are given. The way to spread a work is to sell it at a low price. No man will send to buy a thing that costs even sixpence without an intention to read it.—Johnson.

Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man. * * * Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend.—Bacon.

When in reading we meet with any maxim that may be of use, we should take it for our own, and make an immediate application of it, as we would of the advice of a friend whom we have purposely consulted.—Colton.

It is not the reading of many books which is necessary to make a man wise or good, but the well-reading of a few, could he be sure to have the best. And it is not possible to read over many on the same subject without a great deal of loss of precious time.—Richard Baxter.

Much depends upon when and where you read a book. In the five or six impatient minutes before the dinner is quite ready, who would think of taking up the Faerie Queen for a stopgap, or a volume of Bishop Andrews's Sermons?—Lamb.

The mind, relaxing into needful sport,
Should turn to writers of an abler sort,
Whose wit well managed, and whose classic style,
Give truth a lustre, and make wisdom smile. —Cowper.

He hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink; his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts.—Shakespeare.

I read hard, or not at all; never skimming, never turning aside to merely inviting books; and Plato, Aristotle,

Butler, Thucydides, Sterne, Jonathan Edwards, have passed like the iron atoms of the blood into my mental constitution.—F. W. Robertson.

I love to lose myself in other men's minds. When I am not walking, I am reading. I cannot sit and think; books think for me. I have no repugnances. Shaftesbury is not too genteel for me, nor Jonathan Wild too low.—Lamb.

Some read books only with a view to find fault, while others read only to be taught; the former are like venomous spiders, extracting a poisonous quality, where the latter, like the bees, sip out a sweet and profitable juice.—L'Estrange.

I seek in the reading of my books only to please myself by an irreproachable diversion; or if I study it is for no other science than that which treats of the knowledge of myself, and instructs me how to die and live well.—Montaigne.

Reading is to the mind what exercise is to the body. As by the one, health is preserved, strengthened, and invigorated; by the other, virtue (which is the health of the mind) is kept alive, cherished, and confirmed.—Addison.

By reading a man does, as it were, antedate his life, and make himself contemporary with the ages past; and this way of running up beyond one's nativity is better than Plato's preexistence.—Jeremy Collier.

There was, it is said, a criminal in Italy who was suffered to make his choice between Guicciardini and the galleys. He chose the history. But the war of Pisa was too much for him; he changed his mind, and went to the oars.—Macaulay.

Now, my young friends to whom I am addressing myself, with reference to this habit of reading, I make bold to tell you that it is your pass to the greatest, the purest, and the most perfect pleasure that God has prepared for His creatures.—Anthony Trollope.

There is a gentle, but perfectly irresistible coercion in a habit of reading well directed, over the whole tenor of a man's character and conduct, which is not the less effectual because it works insensibly, and because it is really the last thing he dreams of.—Sir John Herschel.

If I were to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading.—Sir John Herschel.

Reading without purpose is sauntering, not exercise. More is got from one book on which the thought settles for a definite end in knowledge, than from libraries skimmed over by a wandering eye. A cottage flower gives honey to the bee, a king's garden none to the butterfly.—Bulwer-Lytton.

When I take up a book I have read before, I know what to expect; the satisfaction is not lessened by being anticipated. I shake hands with, and look our old tried and valued friend in the face,—compare notes and chat the hour away.—Hazlitt.

There are three classes of readers: some enjoy without judgment; others judge without enjoyment; and some there are who judge while they enjoy, and enjoy while they judge. The latter class reproduces the work of art on which it is engaged. Its numbers are very small.—Goethe.

Many books,
Wise men have said, are wearisome; who reads
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
Uncertain and unsettled still remains—
Deep versed in books, and shallow in himself.
—Milton.

Authors have a greater right than any copyright, though it is generally unacknowledged or disregarded. They have a right to the reader's civility. There are favorable hours for reading a book, as for writing it, and to these the author has a claim. Yet many

people think that when they buy a book they buy with it the right to abuse the author.—Longfellow.

From numberless books the fluttering reader, idle and inconstant, bears away the bloom that only clings to the outer leaf; but genius has its nectaries, delicate glands, and secrecies of sweetness, and upon these the thoughtful mind must settle in its labor, before the choice perfume of fancy and wisdom is drawn forth.—Willmott.

A man who has any relish for fine writing either discovers new beauties or receives stronger impressions from the masterly strokes of a great author every time he peruses him; besides that he naturally wears himself into the same manner of speaking and thinking. —Addison.

Learn to be good readers, which is perhaps a more difficult thing than you imagine. Learn to be discriminative in your reading; to read faithfully, and with your best attention, all kinds of things which you have a real interest in,—a real, not an imaginary,—and which you find to be really fit for what you are engaged in.—Carlyle.

The habit of reading is the only enjoyment I know in which there is no alloy. It lasts when all other pleasures fade. It will be there to support you when all other resources are gone. It will be present to you when the energies of your body have fallen away from you. It will last you until your death. It will make your hours pleasant to you as long as you live.—Trollope.

If there were no readers there certainly would be no writers. Clearly, therefore, the existence of writers depends upon the existence of readers; and, of course, as the cause must be antecedent to the effect, readers existed before writers. Yet, on the other hand, if there were no writers there could be no readers, so it should appear that writers must be antecedent to readers.—Paul Chatfield, M.D.

The man whose bosom neither riches nor luxury nor grandeur can render happy may, with a book in his hand, forget all his torments under the friendly shade of every tree; and experience pleasures as infinite as they are varied, as pure as they are lasting, as lively as they are unfading, and as compatible with every public duty as they are contributory to private happiness.—Zimmermann.

There is a world of science necessary in choosing books. I have known some people in great sorrow fly to a novel, or the last light book in fashion. One might as well take a rose-draught for the plague! Light reading does not do when the heart is really heavy. I am told that Goethe, when he lost his son, took to study a science that was new to him. Ah! Goethe was a physician who knew what he was about.—Bulwer-Lytton.

By conversing with the mighty dead, we imbibe sentiment with knowledge. We become strongly attached to those who can no longer either hurt or serve us, except through the influence which they exert over the mind. We feel the presence of that power which gives immortality to human thoughts and actions, and catch the flame of enthusiasm from all nations and ages.—Hazlitt.

Have you ever rightly considered what the mere ability to read means? That it is the key which admits us to the whole world of thought and fancy and imagination? to the company of saint and sage, of the wisest and the wittiest at their wisest and wittiest moment? That it enables us to see with the keenest eyes, hear with the finest ears, and listen to the sweetest voices of all time? More than that, it annihilates time and space for us.—Lowell.

They that have read about everything are thought to understand everything too; but it is not always so. Reading furnishes the mind only with the materials of knowledge; it is thinking that makes what we read ours. We are of the ruminating kind, and it is not enough to cram ourselves with a great load of collections,—we must chew them over again.—Channing.

Mr. Johnson had never, by his own account, been a close student, and used to advise young people never to be without a book in their pocket, to be read at bye-times, when they had nothing else to do. "It has been by that means," said he to a boy at our house one day, "that all my knowledge has been gained, except what I have picked up by running about the world with my wits ready to observe, and my tongue ready to talk."—Mrs. Piozzi.

His classical reading is great: he can quote
Horace, Juvenal, Ovid, and Martial by rote.
He has read Metaphysics * * * Spinoza and Kant;
And Theology too; I have heard him descant
Upon Basil and Jerome. Antiquities, art,
He is fond of. He knows the old masters by heart,
And his taste is refined.
—Bulwer-Lytton.

The first class of readers may be compared to an hour-glass, their reading being as the sand; it runs in and runs out, and leaves not a vestige behind. A second class resembles a sponge, which imbibes everything, and returns it in nearly the same state, only a little dirtier. A third class is like a jelly-bag, which allows all that is pure to pass away, and retains only the refuse and dregs. The fourth class may be compared to the slave of Golconda, who, casting aside all that is worthless, preserves only the pure gems.—Coleridge.

Reality

Things are sullen, and will be as they are, whatever we think them or wish them to be.—Cudworth.

Reality surpasses imagination; and we see, breathing, brightening, and moving before our eyes sights dearer to our hearts than any we ever beheld in the land of sleep.—Goethe.

Reason

Reason is mistress and queen of all things.—Cicero.

Reason may cure illusions, but not suffering.—Alfred de Musset.

Reason lies between the spur and the bridle.—George Herbert.

Reason gains all men by compelling none.—Aaron Hill.

The feast of reason and the flow of soul.—Pope.

Love reasons without reason.—Shakespeare.

Strong reasons make strong actions.—Shakespeare.

But it is not reason that governs love.—Molière.

Every why hath a wherefore.—Shakespeare.

What is reason now was passion heretofore.—Ovid.

Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.—Shakespeare.

Men possessed with an idea cannot be reasoned with.—Froude.

If I go to heaven I want to take my reason with me.—R. G. Ingersoll.

Remember always, that man is a creature whose reason is often darkened with error.—Sir P. Sidney.

Now see that noble and most sovereign reason, like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh.—Shakespeare.

He is next to the gods whom reason and not passion, impels.—Claudian.

Nothing can be lasting when reason does not rule.—Quintus Curtius Rufus.

I have no other but a woman's reason:
I think him so, because I think him so.
—Shakespeare.

Wouldst thou subject all things to thyself? Subject thyself to reason.—Seneca.

There is no opposing brutal force to the stratagems of human reason.—L'Estrange.

Reason can tell how love affects us but cannot tell what love is.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Reason is a very light rider, and easily shook off.—Swift.

Who reasons wisely, is not therefore wise,
His pride in reasoning, not in acting lies.
—Pope.

Reason's progressive; instinct is complete; swift instinct leaps; slow reason feebly climbs.—Young.

There is a just Latin axiom, that he who seeks a reason for everything subverts reason.—Epes Sargent.

Neither great poverty nor great riches will hear reason.—Fielding.

Indued with sanctity of reason.—Milton.

It is not from reason and prudence that people marry, but from inclination.—Dr. Johnson.

There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things.—Shakespeare.

Reason can discover things only near,—sees nothing that's above her.—Quarles.

The philosophy of reasoning, to be complete, ought to comprise the theory of bad as well as of good reasoning.—John Stuart Mill.

Give you a reason on compulsion! If reasons were as plentiful as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion.—Shakespeare.

When a man has not a good reason for doing a thing, he has one good reason for letting it alone.—Walter Scott.

I will it, I so order, let my will stand for a reason.—Juvenal.

Reason is a permanent blessing of God to the soul. Without it there can be no large religion.—Henry Ward Beecher.

An idle reason lessens the weight of the good ones you gave before.—Swift.

Human reason is like a drunken man on horseback; set it up on one side, and it tumbles over on the other. —Luther.

We love without reason, and without reason we hate.—Regnard.

Say first, of God above or man below,
What can we reason but from what we know?
—Pope.

Reason can in general do more than blind force.—Corn Gallus.

Reason is the test of ridicule—not ridicule the test of truth.—Warburton.

The reasoning of the strongest is always the best.—La Fontaine.

And what is reason? Be she thus defined:
Reason is upright stature in the soul.
—Young.

Reason cannot show itself more reasonable than to cease reasoning on things above reason.—Sir P. Sidney.

Reason is an historian, but the passions are actors.—Rivarol.

But for tradition, we walk evermore to higher paths by brightening reason's lamp.—George Eliot.

Reason raise o'er instinct as you can,
In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis man.
—Pope.

Reason is a bee, and exists only on what it makes; his usefulness takes the place of beauty.—Joubert.

Reason is as it were a light to lighten our steps and guide us through the journey of life.—Cicero.

If reason justly contradicts an article, it is not of the household of faith. —Jeremy Taylor.

If you will not hear Reason, she will surely rap your knuckles.—Benjamin Franklin.

Reason will by degrees submit to absurdity, as the eye is in time accommodated to darkness.—Dr. Johnson.

Let our reason, and not our senses, be the rule of our conduct; for reason will teach us to think wisely, to speak

prudently, and to behave worthily.—Confucius.

Reason is the glory of human nature, and one of the chief eminences whereby we are raised above the beasts, in this lower world.—Dr. Watts.

Wise men are instructed by reason; men of less understanding by experience; the most ignorant, by necessity, and beasts, by nature.—Cicero.

Reason exercises merely the function of preserving order, is, so to say, the police in the region of art. In life it is mostly a cold arithmetician summing up our follies.—Heine.

While Reason drew the plan, the Heart inform'd
The moral page and Fancy lent it grace.
—Thomson.

What can give us more sure knowledge than our senses? How else can we distinguish between the true and the false?—Lucretius.

Reason, however able, cool at best,
Cares not for service, or but serves when prest,
Stays till we call, and then not often near.
—Pope.

Yea, marry, now it is somewhat, for now it is rhyme; before it was neither rhyme nor reason.—Sir Thos. More.

Subdue
By force, who reason for their law refuse,
Right reason for their law. —Milton.

There are few things reason can discover with so much certainty and ease as its own insufficiency.—Jeremy Collier.

He that will not reason is a bigot; he that cannot reason is a fool and he that dares not reason is a slave.—Sir W. Drummond.

Sound and sufficient reason falls, after all, to the share of but few men, and those few men exert their influence in silence.—Goethe.

Reasons are the pillars of the fabric of a sermon, but similitudes are the windows which give the best light.—Fuller.

Reason! how many eyes hast thou to see evils, and how dim, nay, blind, thou art in preventing them.—Sir P. Sidney.

Every sect, as far as reason will help them, gladly use it; when it fails them, they cry out it is a matter of faith, and above reason.—Locke.

The proper work of man, the grand drift of human life, is to follow reason, that noble spark kindled in us from heaven.—Barrow.

God enters by a private door into every individual. Long prior to reflection is the thinking of the mind.—Emerson.

Reason is the director of man's will, discovering in action what is good; for the laws of well-doing are the dictates of right reason.—Hooker.

The weakness of human reason appears more evidently in those who know it not than in those who know it.—Pascal.

Man is not the prince of creatures,
But in reason; fail that, he is worse
Than horse or dog, or beast of wilderness.
—Field.

Clear-sighted reason, wisdom's judgment leads; and sense, her vassal, in her footsteps treads.—Sir J. Denham.

Without an helm or pilot her to sway;
Full sad and dreadful is that ship's event,
So is the man that wants intendiment.
—Spenser.

To be rational is so glorious a thing that two-legged creatures generally content themselves with the title.—Locke.

Many are destined to reason wrongly; others, not to reason at all; and others, to persecute those who do reason.—Voltaire.

His reasons are two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them; and when you have them, they are not worth the search.—Shakespeare.

Polished steel will not shine in the dark; no more can reason, however refined, shine efficaciously, but as it reflects the light of Divine truth, shed from heaven.—Foster.

Reason the hoary dotard's dull directress,
That loses all, because she hazards nothing;
Reason! the tim'rous pilot, that, to shun
The rocks of life, forever flies the port.
—Dr. Johnson.

Though reason is not to be relied upon as universally sufficient to direct us what to do, yet it is generally to be relied upon and obeyed where it tells us what we are not to do.—South.

Reason is progressive; instinct, stationary. Five thousand years have added no improvement to the hive of the bee, nor the house of the beaver.—Colton.

Whether with reason or with instinct blest,
Know, all enjoy that power which suits them best;
To bliss alike by that direction tend,
And find the means proportion'd to their end. —Pope.

As reason is a rebel unto faith, so passion unto reason; as the propositions of faith seem absurd unto reason, so the theories of reason unto passion.—Sir Thomas Browne.

The soul is cured of its maladies by certain incantations; these incantations are beautiful reasons, from which temperance is generated in souls.—Socrates.

Sir, you are giving a reason for it; but that will not make it right. You may have a reason why two and two should make five; but they will still make but four.—Johnson.

There are those who never reason on what they should do, but what they have done; as if Reason had her eyes behind, and could only see backwards. —Fielding.

Reason elevates our thoughts as high as the stars, and leads us through the vast space of this mighty fabric; yet it comes far short of the real extent of our corporeal being.—Johnson.

Women never reason, or, if they do, they either draw correct inferences from wrong premises, or wrong inferences from correct premises; and they always poke the fire from the top.—Whately.

Within the brain's most secret cells,
A certain lord chief justice dwells,
Of sov'reign power, whom one and all,
With common voice we reason call.
—Churchill.

Let cavillers deny that brutes have reason; sure 't is something more: 't is heaven direct, and statagems inspire, beyond the short extent of human thought.—William Somerville.

He is not a reasonable man who by chance stumbles upon reason, but he who derives it from knowledge, from discernment, and from taste.—Rochefoucauld.

Let us not dream that reason can ever be popular. Passions, emotions, may be made popular; but reason remains ever the property of an elect few.—Goethe.

The authority of reason is far more imperious than that of a master; for he who disobeys the one is unhappy, but he who disobeys the other is a fool.—Pascal.

He that speaketh against his own reason speaks against his own conscience, and therefore it is certain no man serves God with a good conscience who serves Him against his reason.—Jeremy Taylor.

Sure, He that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reason
To fust in us unus'd. —Shakespeare.

The voice of reason is more to be regarded than the bent of any present inclination; since inclination will at length come over to reason, though we can never force reason to comply with inclination.—Addison.

In the matter of faith, we have the added weight of hope to that of reason in the convictions which we sustain relating to a future state.—Chapin.

Reason can no more influence the will, and operate as a motive, than the eyes which show a man his road can enable him to move from place to place, or that a ship provided with a compass can sail without a wind.—Whately.

Revelation may not need the help of reason, but man does, even when in possession of revelation. Reason may be described as the candle in the man's hand, to which revelation brings the necessary flame.—Simms.

Men do not often dare to avow, even to themselves, the slow progress reason has made in their minds; but they are ready to follow it if it is presented to them in a lively and striking manner, and forces them to recognize it.—Condorcet.

The way to subject all things to thyself is to subject thyself to reason; thou shalt govern many, if reason govern thee. Wouldst thou be crowned the monarch of a little world? command thyself.—Quarles.

Philosophers have done wisely when they have told us to cultivate our reason rather than our feelings, for reason reconciles us to the daily things of existence; our feelings teach us to yearn after the far, the difficult, the unseen.—Bulwer-Lytton.

He that takes away reason to make way for revelation puts out the light of both, and does much the same as if he would persuade a man to put out his eyes, the better to receive the remote light of an invisible star by a telescope.—Locke.

I do not call reason that brutal reason which crushes with its weight what is holy and sacred, that malignant reason which delights in the errors it succeeds in discovering, that unfeeling and scornful reason which insults credulity.—Joubert.

Reason ought not, like vanity, to adorn herself with ancient parchments, and the display of a genealogical tree: more dignified in her proceedings, and proud of her immortal nature, she ought to derive everything from herself.—Mme. Necker.

Some persons there are who intellectually are reasonable enough, but whose life is quite irrational; and there are, on the other hand, those whose life is rational, and whose minds are devoid of reason.—Joubert.

The thread and train of consequences in intellective ratiocination is often long, and chained together by divers links, which cannot be done in imaginative ratiocination, by some attributed to brutes.—Sir M. Hale.

All reason is retrospect; it consists in the application of facts and principles previously known. This will show the very great importance of knowledge, especially that kind which is called experience.—John Foster.

Thought
Precedes the will to think, and error lives
Ere reason can be born. Reason, the power
To guess at right and wrong, the twinkling lamp
Of wand'ring life, that winks and wakes by turns
Fooling the follower 'twixt shade and shining. —Congreve.

But all was false and hollow; though his tongue
Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels. —Milton.

He that follows the advice of reason has a mind that is elevated above the reach of injury; that sits above the clouds, in a calm and quiet ether, and with a brave indifferency hears the rolling thunders grumble and burst under his feet.—Walter Scott.

When my reason is afloat, my faith cannot long remain in suspense, and I believe in God as firmly as in any other truth whatever; in short, a thousand motives draw me to the consolatary side, and add the weight of hope to the equilibrium of reason.—Rousseau.

How often do we contradict the right rules of reason in the whole course of our lives! Reason itself is

true and just, but the reason of every particular man is weak and wavering, perpetually swayed and turned by his interests, his passions, and his vices.—Swift.

We are afraid to put men to live and trade each on his own private stock of reason; because we suspect that this stock in each man is small, and that the individuals would do better to avail themselves of the general bank and capital of nations and of ages.—Burke.

'Tis reason's part
To govern and to guard the heart,
To lull the wayward soul to rest,
When hopes and fears distract the breast;
Reason may calm this doubtful strife,
And steer thy bark through various life.
—Cotton.

Those who follow the banners of Reason are like the well-disciplined battalions which, wearing a more sober uniform and making a less dazzling show than the light troops commanded by Imagination, enjoy more safety, and even more honor, in the conflicts of human life.—Sir Walter Scott.

Two angels guide
The path of man, both aged and yet young,
As angels are, ripening through endless years,
On one he leans; some call her Memory,
And some Tradition; and her voice is sweet,
With deep mysterious accords; the other,
Floating above, holds down a lamp which streams
A light divine and searching on the earth,
Compelling eyes and footsteps. Memory yields,
Yet clings with loving check, and shines anew,
Reflecting all the rays of that bright lamp
Our angel Reason holds. We had not walked
But for Tradition; we walk evermore
To higher paths by brightening Reason's lamp.
—George Eliot.

Reason was given to curb our headstrong will,
And yet but shows a weak physician's skill;
Gives nothing while the raging fit doth last,
But stays to cure it when the worst is past;
Reason's a staff for age, when nature's gone,
But youth is strong enough to walk alone.
—Dryden.

No doubt the testimony of natural reason, on whatever exercised, must, of necessity, stop short of those truths which it is the object of revelation to make known; still it places the existence and personal attributes of the Deity on such grounds as to render doubts absurd and atheism ridiculous. —Sir John Herschel.

Accurate and just reasoning is the only catholic remedy, fitted for all persons and all dispositions; and is alone able to subvert that abstruse philosophy and metaphysical jargon, which, being mixed up with popular superstition, renders it in a manner impenetrable to careless reasoners, and gives it the air of science and wisdom.—Hume.

Rebellion

Unthread the rude eye of rebellion. —Shakespeare.

Quell rebellion before it spreads.—Vespasian.

Rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God.—Anonymous.

The most seditious is the most cowardly.—Tacitus.

This word, "rebellion," it had froze them up, as fish are in a pond.—Shakespeare.

The rude rabble are enraged; now firebrands and stones fly.—Virgil.

I hate every violent overthrow, because as much is destroyed as is gained by it.—Goethe.

To resist violence is implanted in the nature of man.—Tacitus.

When all other rights are taken away, the right of rebellion is made perfect.—Thomas Paine.

Now let it work: Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!
—Shakespeare.

The hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him,
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change.
—Shakespeare.

There is little hope of equity where rebellion reigns.—Sir P. Sidney.

Men seldom, or rather never for a length of time and deliberately, rebel against anything that does not deserve rebelling against.—Carlyle.

Contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And bears down all before him.
—Shakespeare.

The worst of rebels never arm
To do their king or country harm,
But draw their swords to do them good,
As doctors cure by letting blood.
—Butler.

Reciprocity

Life cannot subsist in society but by reciprocal concessions.—Johnson.

Half the misery of human life might be extinguished, would men alleviate the general curse they lie under, by mutual offices of compassion, benevolence, and humanity.—Addison.

Recklessness

Who falls from all he knows of bliss,
Cares little into what abyss. —Byron.

I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incens'd that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world. —Shakespeare.

Reckoning

I am ill at reckoning; it fits the spirit of a tapster.—Shakespeare.

Ruminates like an hostess that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning.—Shakespeare.

So comes a reck'ning when the banquet's o'er,
The dreadful reck'ning, and men smile no more. —Gay.

Reconciliation

Forget, forgive; conclude, and be agreed.—Shakespeare.

Let not the sun go down upon your wrath!—Bible.

God pardons like a mother who kisses the offence into everlasting forgetfulness.—Beecher.

How many a knot of mystery and misunderstanding would be untied by one word spoken in simple and confiding truth of heart! How many a solitary place would be made glad if love were there, and how many a dark dwelling would be filled with light!—Dewey.

Every relation to mankind, of hate or scorn or neglect, is full of vexation and torment.—Dewey.

If you bethink yourself of any crime, unreconciled as yet to heaven and grace, solicit for it straight.—Shakespeare.

It is more easy to forgive the weak who have injured us than the powerful whom we have injured.—Colton.

It is much safer to reconcile an enemy than to conquer him; victory may deprive him of his poison, but reconciliation of his will.—Feltham.

Never can true reconcilement grow,
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd so deep. —Milton.

Oh, my dear friends,—you who are letting miserable misunderstandings run on from year to year, meaning to clear them up some day,—if you only could know and see and feel that the time is short, how it would break the spell! How you would go instantly and do the thing which you might never have another chance to do!—Phillips Brooks.

To be a finite being is no crime, and to be the Infinite is not to be a creditor. As man was not consulted he does not find himself a party in a bargain, but a child in the household of love. Reconciliation, therefore, is not the consequence of paying a debt, or procuring atonement for an injury, but an organic process of the human life.—John Weiss.

Wherein is it possible for us, wicked and impious creatures, to be justified, except in the only Son of God? O sweet reconciliation! O untraceable ministry! O unlooked-for blessing! that the wickedness of many should be hidden in one godly and righteous man, and the righteousness of one justify a host of sinners!—Justin Martyr.

As thro' the land at eve we went,
And pluck'd the ripen'd ears,
We fell out, my wife and I,
We fell out I know not why,
And kiss'd again with tears.

And blessings on the falling out
That all the more endears,
When we fall out with those we love
And kiss again with tears!

For when we came where lies the child
We lost in other years,
There above the little grave,
Oh, there above the little grave,
We kiss'd again with tears.
—Tennyson.

Recreation

He that will make a good use of any part of his life must allow a large portion of it to recreation.—Locke.

Amusements to virtue are like breezes of air to the flame—gentle ones will fan it, but strong ones will put it out.—David Thomas.

For the bow cannot possibly stand always bent, nor can human nature or human frailty subsist without some lawful recreation.—Cervantes.

Recreation is intended to the mind as whetting is to the scythe, to sharpen the edge of it, which otherwise would grow dull and blunt,—as good no scythe as no edge.—Bishop Hall.

Sweet recreation barred, what doth ensue but moody and dull melancholy, kinsman to grim and comfortless despair; and at their heels, a huge infectious troop of pale distemperatures and foes to life.—Shakespeare.

Men cannot labor on always. They must have intervals of relaxation. They cannot sleep through these intervals. What are they to do? Why, if they do not work or sleep, they must have recreation. And if they have not recreation from healthful sources, they will be very likely to take it from the poisoned fountains of intemperance. Or, if they have pleasures, which, though innocent, are forbidden by the maxims of public morality, their very pleasures are liable to become poisoned fountains.—Orville Dewey.

Redemption

Condemned into everlasting redemption for this.—Shakespeare.

Welcome the hour that may put me where a man cannot take a dollar in exchange for a soul!—John Weiss.

Underneath all the arches of Scripture history, throughout the whole grand temple of the Scriptures, these two voices ever echo, man is ruined, man is redeemed.—C. D. Foss.

O, if there be any kind of life most sad, and deepest in the scale of pity, it is the dry, cold impotence of one, who has honestly set to the work of his own self-redemption.—Horace Bushnell.

We are made partakers of the redemption purchased by Christ, by the effectual application of it to us by His Holy Spirit.—Westminster Catechism.

Christ is redemption only as He actually redeems and delivers our nature from sin. If He is not the law and spring of a new spirit of life, He is nothing. "As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God,"—as many, no more.—Horace Bushnell.

And on his brest a bloodie crosse he bore,
The deare remembrance of His dying Lord,
For whose sweete sake that glorious badge He wore.
—Spenser.

Why, all the souls that are were forfeit once;
And He that might the vantage best have took
Found out the remedy. —Shakespeare.

Look, therefore, which way we will, whether at the direct Scriptural statements of death as the penalty of sin, or at the agony of the cross as a means of rescue, or at the joy of the angels of God over a rescue; we see from either that it must be a work of infinite and eternal consequence—the work of redemption.—Herrick Johnson.

Is it not an amazing thing, that men shall attempt to investigate the mystery of the redemption, when, at the same time that it is propounded to us as an article of faith solely, we

are told that "the very angels have desired to pry into it in vain"?—Sterne.

And now without redemption all mankind
Must have been lost, adjudged to death and hell
By doom severe. —Milton.

By Christ's purchasing redemption, two things are intended, His satisfaction and His merit. All is done by the price that Christ lays down, which does two things: it pays our debt, and so it satisfies; by its intrinsic value, and by the agreement between the Father and the Son it procures our title, and so it merits. The satisfaction of Christ is to free us from misery, and the merit of Christ is to purchase happiness for us.—Jonathan Edwards.

Say, heavenly pow'rs, where shall we find such love?
Which of ye will be mortal to redeem
Man's mortal crime, and just th' unjust to save? —Milton.

Upon the present theological computation, ten souls must be lost for one that is saved. At which rate of reckoning, heaven can raise but its cohorts while hell commands its legions. From which sad account it would appear, that, though our Saviour had conquered death by the resurrection, he had not yet been able to overcome sin by the redemption.—Sterne.

As God carries on the work of converting the souls of fallen men through all ages, so He goes on to justify them, to blot out all their sins, and to accept them as righteous in His sight through the righteousness of Christ. He goes on to adopt and receive them from being the children of Satan to be His own children, to carry on the work of His grace which He has begun in them, to comfort them with the consolations of His Spirit, and to bestow upon them, when their bodies die, that eternal glory which is the fruit of Christ's purchase.—Jonathan Edwards.

Refinement

To refine and polish is a part of our work in this world.—J. T. Headley.

Refinement is superior to beauty.—Lascaris.

Too great refinement is false delicacy.—Rochefoucauld.

A woman must be truly refined tc incite chivalry in the heart of a man.—Mme. Necker.

Refinement that carries us away from our fellow-men is not God's refinement.—Beecher.

It is in refinement and elegance that the civilized man differs from the savage.—Dr. Johnson.

Refinement is the delicate aroma of Christianity.—Charlotte M. Yonge.

That only can with propriety be styled refinement which, by strengthening the intellect, purifies the manners. —Coleridge.

That alone can be called true refinement which elevates the soul of man, purifying the manners by improving the intellect.—Hosea Ballou.

Refinement is just as much a Christian grace in a man as in a woman; but he is not such a hateful, unsexed creature without it as a woman is.—Charlotte M. Yonge.

Among all the accomplishments of life none are so important as refinement; it is not, like beauty, a gift of Nature, and can only be acquired by cultivation and practice.—James Ellis.

The expressive word "quiet" defines the dress, manners, bow, and even physiognomy of every true denizen of St. James and Bond street.—N. P. Willis.

True delicacy, as true generosity, is more wounded by an offence from itself—if I may be allowed the expression—than to itself.—Greville.

Far better, and more cheerfully, I could dispense with some part of the downright necessaries of life, than with certain circumstances of elegance and propriety in the daily habits of using them.—De Quincey.

Refinement creates beauty everywhere. It is the grossness of the spectator that discovers anything like grossness, in the object.—Hazlitt.

Refinement is the lifting of one's self upwards from the merely sensual; the effort of the soul to etherealize the common wants and uses of life.—Beecher.

If refined sense, and exalted sense, be not so useful as common sense, their rarity, their novelty, and the nobleness of their objects, make some compensation, and render them the admiration of mankind.—Hume.

Ages of ignorance and simplicity are thought to be ages of purity. But the direct contrary I believe to be the case. Rude periods have that grossness of manners, which is as unfriendly to virtue as luxury itself. Men are less ashamed as they are less polished. —Warton.

No improvement that takes place in either sex can possibly be confined to itself. Each is a universal mirror to each, and the respective refinement of the one will always be in reciprocal proportion to the polish of the other.—Colton.

Reflection

Think on thy sins.—Shakespeare.

But with the morning cool reflections came.—Scott.

The learn'd reflect on what before they knew.—Pope.

There is one art of which man should be master,—the art of reflection.—Coleridge.

A soul without reflection, like a pile
Without inhabitants, to ruin runs.
—Young.

They only babble who practice not reflection,
I shall think—and thought is silence.
—Sheridan.

Reflection makes men cowards. There is no object that can be put in competition with life, unless it is viewed through the medium of passion, and we are hurried away by the impulse of the moment.—Hazlitt.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor ne'er shall be.
—Pope.

The custom of frequent reflection will keep their minds from running adrift, and call their thoughts home from useless unattentive roving.—Locke.

Reflection is a flower of the mind, giving out wholesome fragrance; but revery is the same flower, when rank and running to seed.—Tupper.

The advice of a scholar, whose piles of learning were set on fire by imagination, is never to be forgotten. Proportion an hour's reflection to an hour's reading, and so dispirit the book into the student.—Willmott.

The solitary side of our nature demands leisure for reflection upon subjects on which the dash and whirl of daily business, so long as its clouds rise thick about us, forbid the intellect to fasten itself.—Froude.

When I look upon the tombs of the great, every motion of envy dies; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire forsake me; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tombs of the parents themselves, I reflect how vain it is to grieve for those whom we must quickly follow; when I see kings lying beside those who deposed them, when I behold rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men who divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the frivolous competitions, factions, and debates of mankind.—Addison.

Reformation

He who reforms, God assists.—Cervantes.

Reform, like charity, must begin at home.—Carlyle.

Force is no remedy.—John Bright

Each year one vicious habit rooted out, in time might make the worst man good.—Franklin.

Sin, that amends, is but patched with virtue.—Shakespeare.

The oyster-women lock'd their fish up,
And trudged away to cry, No Bishop.
—Butler.

Whatever you dislike in another person take care to correct in yourself.—Sprat.

Many hope that the tree will be felled who hope to gather chips by the fall.—Fuller.

My desolation does begin to make
A better life. —Shakespeare.

All zeal for a reform, that gives offence
To peace and charity, is mere pretence.
—Cowper.

But 'tis the talent of our English nation,
Still to be plotting some new reformation.
—Dryden.

Bad men excuse their faults; good men will leave them.—Ben Jonson.

Long is the way and hard, that out of hell leads up to light.—Milton.

The best reformers the world has ever seen are those who have commenced on themselves.—H. W. Shaw.

Necessity reforms the poor, and satiety reforms the rich.—Tacitus.

He who reforms himself has done more toward reforming the public than a crowd of noisy, impotent patriots.—Lavater.

It is easier to enrich ourselves with a thousand virtues than to correct ourselves of a single fault.—Bruyère.

Public reformers had need first practice on their own hearts that which they purpose to try on others.—Charles I.

I'll have no more beggars. Fools shall have wealth, and the learned shall live by his wits. I'll have no more bankrupts.—Geo. Chapman.

Time yet serves, wherein you may redeem your tarnished honors, and restore yourselves into the good thoughts of the world again.—Shakespeare.

Attempts at reform, when they fail, strengthen despotism; as he that struggles, tightens those cords he does not succeed in breaking.—Colton.

Reform is a work of time; a national taste, however wrong it may be, cannot be totally changed at once.—Sir J. Reynolds.

Conscious remorse and anguish must be felt, to curb desire, to break the stubborn will, and work a second nature in the soul.—Rowe.

It is my great desire to reform my subjects, and yet I am ashamed to confess that I am unable to reform myself.—Peter the Great.

They say, best men are moulded out of faults, and, for the most, become much more the better for being a little bad!—Shakespeare.

In regard of our deliverance past, and our danger present and to come, let us look up to God, and every man reform his own ways.—Bacon.

Men and nations can only be reformed in their youth; they become incorrigible as they grow old.—Rousseau.

Like bright metal on a sullen ground, my reformation, glittering over my fault, shall show more goodly and attract more eyes than that which hath no foil to set it off.—Shakespeare.

Charles Fox said that restorations were the most bloody of all revolutions; and he might have added that reformations are the best mode of preventing the necessity of either.—Colton.

What lasting progress was ever made in social reformation, except when every step was insured by ap-

peals to the understanding and the will?—Wm. Matthews.

The discontent with the existing order of things pervaded the atmosphere, wherever the conditions were favorable, long before Columbus, seeking the back door of Asia, found himself knocking at the front door of America.—Lowell.

We are reformers in spring and summer: in autumn and winter we stand by the old,—reformers in the morning, conservatives at night. Reform is affirmative, conservatism is negative; conservatism goes for comfort, reform for truth.—Emerson.

He that has energy enough in his constitution to root out a vice should go a little further, and try to plant a virtue in its place; otherwise he will have his labor to renew. A strong soil that has produced weeds may be made to produce wheat with far less difficulty than it would cost to make it produce nothing.—Colton.

Reform, like charity, must begin at home. Once well at home, how will it radiate outwards, irrepressible, into all that we touch and handle, speak and work,—kindling ever new light by incalculable contagion; spreading, in geometric ratio, far and wide; doing good only, wherever it spreads, and not evil.—Carlyle.

He bought a Bible of the new translation,
And in his life he show'd great reformation;
He walk'd mannerly and talk'd meekly;
He heard three lectures and two sermons weekly;
He vow'd to shun all companions unruly,
And in his speech he used no oath but "truly;"
And zealously to keep the Sabbath's rest.
—Sir John Harrington.

Reform is a good replete with paradox; it is a cathartic which our political quacks, like our medical, recommend to others, but will not take themselves; it is admired by all who cannot effect it, and abused by all who can; it is thought pregnant with danger, for all time that is present, but would have been extremely profitable for that which is past, and will be highly salutary for that which is to come.—Colton.

Regeneration

Regeneration is, we know, instantaneous; but the steps that lead to it are often very gradual; and none of them, so far as we can see, can be spared.—T. W. Chambers.

Embrace in one act the two truths —thine own sin, and God's infinite mercy in Jesus Christ.—Alexander Maclaren.

Creed, or the belief in a certain amount of doctrine, has made Christendom, but never made a Christian. "Ye must be born again."—W. P. Mackay.

Regeneration is the beginning of holiness in the soul, and admits of no progression; sanctification is carried on progressively in the heart of the renewed, and will be continued until it is completed in the concluding moment of life.—Charles Backus.

Do you think that a man is renewed by God's Spirit, when except for a few religious phrases, and a little more outside respectability, he is just the old man, the same character at heart he ever was?—Charles Kingsley.

One has said that Christ excelled all other moralists in this, that He puts the padlock not upon the hand, but upon the heart. But He does not use the padlock at all, He renders such a thing unnecessary. He takes the tiger from the heart, and replaces it with the lamb.—Edward Thomson.

The regeneration of a sinner is an evidence of power in the highest sphere—moral nature; with the highest prerogative—to change nature; and operating to the highest result—not to create originally, which is great; but to create anew, which is greater. —William Arthur.

While the agent of renovation is the Divine Spirit, and the condition of renovation is our cleaving to Christ, the medium of renovation and the weapon which the transforming grace

employs is "the word of the truth of the gospel," whereby we are sanctified.—Alexander Maclaren.

He that is once "born of God shall overcome the world," and the prince of this world too, by the power of God in him. Holiness is no solitary, neglected thing; it hath stronger confederacies, greater alliances, than sin and wickedness. It is in league with God and the universe; the whole creation smiles upon it; there is something of God in it, and therefore it must needs be a victorious and triumphant thing.—Cudworth.

Content not thyself with a bare forbearance of sin, so long as thy heart is not changed, nor thy will changed, nor thy affections changed; but strive to become a new man, to be transformed by the renewing of thy mind, to hate sin, to love God, to wrestle against thy secret corruptions, to take delight in holy duties, to subdue thine understanding, and will, and affections, to the obedience of faith and godliness.—Bp. Sanderson.

Regeneration is the ransacking of the soul, the turning of a man out of himself, the crumbling to pieces of the old man, and the new moulding of it into another shape; it is the turning of stones into children, and a drawing of the lively portraiture of Jesus Christ upon that very table that before represented only the very image of the devil. * * * Art thou thus changed? Are all old things done away, and all things in thee become new? Hast thou a new heart and renewed affections? And dost thou serve God in newness of life and conversation? If not,—what hast thou to do with hopes of heaven? Thou art yet without Christ, and so consequently without hope.—Bishop Hopkins.

Regret

It is folly to shiver over last year's snow.—Whately.

Regrets over the past should chasten the future.—James Ellis.

Something will be gathered from the tablets of the most faultless day for regrets.—Mrs. Sigourney.

Hopes and regrets are the sweetest links of existence.—L. E. Landon.

There is an aching that is worse than any pain.—George MacDonald.

Let us not burthen our remembrance with a heaviness that's gone.—Shakespeare.

One of the sweetest pleasures of a woman is to cause regret.—Gavarni.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!" —Whittier.

Thou wilt lament
Hereafter, when the evil shall be done
And shall admit no cure. —Homer.

Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel,
He nursed the pinion, which impell'd the steel. —Byron.

Could not all this flesh keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell! I could have better spared a better man. —Shakespeare.

We often regret we did not do otherwise, when that very otherwise would, in all probability, have done for us.—Colton.

For who, alas! has lived,
Nor in the watches of the night recalled
Words he has wished unsaid and deeds undone. —Samuel Rogers.

O lost days of delight, that are wasted in doubting and waiting!
O lost hours and days in which we might have been happy! —Longfellow.

Why is it that a blessing only when it is lost cuts as deep into the heart as a sharp diamond? Why must we first weep before we can love so deeply that our hearts ache?—Richter.

A wrong act followed by just regret and thoughtful caution to avoid like errors, makes a man better than he would have been if he had never fallen.—Horatio Seymour.

The present only is a man's possession; the past is gone out of his hand wholly, irrevocably. He may suffer from it, learn from it,—in degree, perhaps, expiate it; but to brood over it is utter madness.—Miss Mulock.

The business of life is to go forward; he who sees evil in prospect meets it in his way, and he who catches it by retrospection turns back to find it. That which is feared may sometimes be avoided, but that which is regretted to-day may be regretted again to-morrow.—Dr. Johnson.

A feeling of sadness and longing
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.
—Longfellow.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love; and wild with all regret;
O death in life! the days that are no more.
—Tennyson.

When I remember something which I had,
But which is gone, and I must do without,
I sometimes wonder how I can be glad,
Even in cowslip time when hedges sprout;
It makes me sigh to think on it,—but yet
My days will not be better days, should I forget. —Jean Ingelow.

Religion

The source of all good and of all comfort.—Burke.

Religion is life essential.—George MacDonald.

Religion, richest favor of the skies.—Cowper.

Religion is the pious worship of God.—Cicero.

A religious life is a struggle, and not a hymn.—Mme de Staël.

Restore to God His due in tithe and time.—George Herbert.

Religion is civilization, the highest.—Earl of Beaconsfield.

The best religion is the most tolerant.—Mme. de Girardin.

Religion to be permanently influential must be intelligent.—E. L. Magoon.

Religion—that voice of the deepest human experience.—Matthew Arnold.

No man's religion ever survives his morals.—South.

Religious contention is the devil's harvest.—La Fontaine.

Sacred religion! Mother of Form and Fear!—Sam'l Daniel.

Religion implies revelation.—Roswell D. Hitchcock.

To be of no Church is dangerous.—Sam'l Johnson.

Religion is not a dogma, nor an emotion, but a service.—Roswell D. Hitchcock.

Religion is the best armor in the world, but the worst cloak.—Bunyan.

We are religious by nature.—Charles H. Parkhurst.

Religion gives a dignity to distress.—James Hervey.

A man has no more religion than he acts out in his life.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Religion without joy,—it is no religion.—Theodore Parker.

Religion is using everything for God.—Henry Ward Beecher.

No religion but blasphemes a little.—Victor Hugo.

Religion is no more national than conscience.—Mirabeau.

I am sorry to see how small a piece of religion will make a cloak.—Sir William Waller.

A man devoid of religion, is like a horse without a bridle.—From the Latin.

Never trust anybody not of sound religion, for he that is false to God can never be true to man.—Lord Burleigh.

All true religion must stand on true morality.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Let us think less of men and more of God.—Bailey.

Religion crowns the statesman and the man,
Sole source of public and of private peace.
—Young.

Religion, if in heavenly truths attired,
Needs only to be seen to be admired.
—Cowper.

Nothing but religion is capable of changing pains into pleasures.—Stanislaus.

He wears his faith but as the fashion of
His hat; it ever changes with the next
block. —Shakespeare.

Religion is not in want of art; it rests on its own majesty.—Goethe.

Nowhere would there be consolation, if religion were not.—Jacobi.

The religion of one age is the literary entertainment of the next.—Emerson.

The greatest vicissitude of things amongst men, is the vicissitude of sects and religions.—Bacon.

It [Calvanism] established a religion without a prelate, a government without a king.—George Bancroft.

Persecution is a bad and indirect way to plant religion.—Sir Thomas Browne.

Religion does not censure or exclude
Unnumbered pleasures, harmlessly pursued.
—Cowper.

An Atheist's laugh's a poor exchange
For Deity offended! —Burns.

Religion stands on tiptoe in our land,
Ready to pass to the American strand.
—Herbert.

If we make religion our business, God will make it our blessedness.—H. G. J. Adam.

Systems of faith are different, but God is one.—Vemana.

Obedience is a part of religion, and an element of peace.—Sewell.

If men are so wicked with religion, what would they be without it?—Franklin.

Measure not men by Sundays, without regarding what they do all the week after.—Fuller.

Religion must always be a crab fruit; it cannot be grafted, and keep its wild beauty.—Emerson.

A house without family worship has neither foundation nor covering.—Mason.

Religion is fire which example keeps alive, and which goes out if not communicated.—Joubert.

Religion should be the rule of life, not a casual incident of it.—Earl of Beaconsfield.

Nothing can be hostile to religion which is agreeable to justice.—Gladstone.

Religion is the only metaphysic that the multitude can understand and adopt.—Joubert.

Where religion is a trade, morality is a merchandise.—H. W. Shaw.

When religion doth with virtue join,
it makes a hero like an angel shine.—Waller.

The dispute about religion, and the practice of it, seldom go together.—Young.

There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.
—Tennyson.

Not he who scorns the Saviour's yoke
Should wear His cross upon the heart.
—Schiller.

As if Religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended.
—Butler.

It is religion that has formed the Bible, and not the Bible which has formed religion.—Raphael D' C. Levin.

I am of the religion of all those who are brave and good.—Henry IV.

Nothing can inspire religious duty or animation but religion.—Lord Cockburn.

He whom God chooseth, out of doubt doth well:
What they that choose their God do, who can tell? —Lord Brooke.

Religion is only in the service of the people; it is not in the rosary and the prayer-carpet.—Saadi.

There is nothing solid and substantial in this world but religious ideas. —Royer-Collard.

Difference of religion breeds more quarrels than difference of politics. —Wendell Phillips.

What a solace Christianity must be to one who has an undoubted conviction of its truth!—Napoleon I.

We may as well tolerate all religions, since God Himself tolerates all. —Fénelon.

Be sure that religion cannot be right that a man is the worse for having. —William Penn.

Thicken your religion a little. It is evaporating altogether by being subtilized.—Mme. de Sévigné.

When kings interfere in matters of religion, they enslave instead of protecting it.—Fénelon.

Religion is the hospital of the souls that the world has wounded.—J. Petit-Senn.

In religion, as in friendship, they who profess most are ever the least sincere.—Sheridan.

Which is more misshapen,—religion without virtue, or virtue without religion?—Joubert.

Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires,
And unawares Morality expires.
—Pope.

Place not thy amendment only in increasing thy devotion, but in bettering thy life.—Thomas Fuller.

The Puritan did not stop to think; he recognized God in his soul, and acted.—Wendell Phillips.

For virtue's self may too much zeal be had;
The worst of madmen is a saint run mad.
—Pope.

Genuine religion is matter of feeling rather than matter of opinion.—Bovee.

Religion converts despair, which destroys, into resignation, which submits.—Lady Blessington.

The religions of the world are the ejaculations of a few imaginative men. —Emerson.

Educate men without religion, and you make them but clever devils.—Duke of Wellington.

Religion intrenches upon some of our privileges, invades none of our pleasures.—South.

Every religion is good that teaches man to be good.—Thomas Paine.

The rigid saint, by whom no mercy's shown
To saints whose lives are better than his own. —Churchill.

His religion at best is an anxious wish,—like that of Rabelais, a great Perhaps.—Carlyle.

Religion is the fruit of the Spirit, a Christian character, a true life.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Religion contracts the circle of our pleasures, but leaves it wide enough for her votaries to expatiate in.—Addison.

The religious instinct will never be replaced by law or even philanthropy. —Hugh R. Haweis.

Some persons, instead of making a religion for their God, are content to make a god of their religion.—Sir Arthur Helps.

There was never law, or sect, or opinion did so magnify goodness as the Christian religion doth.—Bacon

The ground of all religion, that which makes it possible, is the relation in which the human soul stands to God.—J. C. Shairp.

To judge religion we must have it —not stare at it from the bottom of a seemingly interminable ladder.—George MacDonald.

Religion is the basis of civil society, and the source of all good and of all comfort.—Burke.

Religion, in one sense, is a life of self-denial, just as husbandry, in one sense, is a work of death.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Religion and liberty are inseparable. Religion is voluntary, and cannot and ought not to be forced.—Philip Schaff.

Men will wrangle for religion; write for it; fight for it; die for it; anything but live for it.—Colton.

Human things must be known to be loved; but Divine things must be loved to be known.—Pascal.

A man who feels that his religion is a slavery has not begun to comprehend the real nature of religion.—J. G. Holland.

Of all joyful, smiling, ever-laughing experiences, there are none like those which spring from true religion.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Religion is the tie that connects man with his Creator, and holds him to His throne.—Daniel Webster.

Religion is such a belief of the Bible as maintains a living influence on the heart.—Richard Cecil.

By religion I mean perfected manhood,—the quickening of the soul by the influence of the Divine Spirit.—H. W. Beecher.

The body of all true religion consists, to be sure, in obedience to the will of the Sovereign of the world, in a confidence in His declarations, and in imitation of His perfections.—Burke.

It is well said, in every sense, that a man's religion is the chief fact with regard to him.—Carlyle.

Sacrifice is the first element of religion, and resolves itself in theological language into the love of God.—Froude.

The language of religion can alone suit every situation and every mode of feeling.—Mme. de Staël.

The true office of religion is to bring out the whole nature of man in harmonious activity.—W. E. Channing.

The secret of a man's nature lies in his religion, in what he really believes about this world and his own place in it.—Froude.

All the sobriety which religion needs or requires is that which real earnestness produces.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Ah! what a divine religion might be found out if charity were really made the principle of it instead of faith!—Shelley.

Nothing exposes religion more to the reproach of its enemies than the worldliness and hard-heartedness of the professors of it.—Matthew Henry.

Religion is neither a theology nor a theosophy; it is more than that, it is a discipline, a law, a yoke, an indissoluble engagement.—Joubert.

The flower of youth never appears more beautiful than when it bends towards the Sun of Righteousness.—Matthew Henry.

The main object of the gospel is to establish two principles,—the corruption of nature, and the redemption by Christ Jesus.—Pascal.

A man's religion is himself. If he is right-minded toward God, he is religious; if the Lord Jesus Christ is his schoolmaster, then he is Christianly religious.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Things divine are not attainable by mortals who understand sensual things.—Zoroaster.

True religion and virtue give a cheerful and happy turn to the mind, admit of all true pleasures, and even procure for us the highest.—Addison.

It is not the church we want, but the sacrifice; not the emotion of admiration, but the act of adoration; not the gift, but the giving.—Ruskin.

Take away God and religion, and men live to no purpose, without proposing any worthy end of life to themselves.—Tillotson.

It is not the business of religion in these days to isolate herself from the world like John the Baptist. She must go down into the world like Jesus Christ.—Hugh R. Haweis.

Religion must be loved as a kind of country and nursing-mother. It was religion that nourished our virtues, that showed us heaven, that taught us to walk in the path of duty.—Joubert.

An everlasting lodestar, that beams the brighter in the heavens the darker here on earth grows the night.—Carlyle.

The religions we call false were once true. They also were affirmations of the conscience correcting the evil customs of their times.—Emerson.

Religion is the eldest sister of Philosophy; on whatever subjects they may differ, it is unbecoming in either to quarrel, and most so about their inheritance.—Landor.

Religion is, in its essence, the most gentlemanly thing in the world. It will alone gentilize, if unmixed with cant; and I know nothing else that will, alone.—Coleridge.

True religion is the foundation of society. When that is once shaken by contempt, the whole fabric cannot be stable nor lasting.—Burke.

I believe in religion against the religious; in the pitifulness of orisons, and in the sublimity of prayer.—Victor Hugo.

Religion finds the love of happiness and principle of duty separated in us and its mission is to unite them.

Mystery, such as is given of God, is beyond the power of human penetration, yet not in opposition to it.—Mme. de Staël.

Unless we place our religion and our treasure in the same thing, religion will always be sacrificed.—Epictetus.

Religion is life, philosophy is thought; religion looks up, friendship looks in. We need both thought and life, and we need that the two shall be in harmony.—James Freeman Clarke.

None but God can satisfy the longings of the immortal soul; that as the heart was made for Him, so He only can fill it.—Trench.

Sincerity is the indispensable ground of all conscientiousness, and by consequence of all heartfelt religion.—Kant.

He who thinks to save anything by his religion, besides his soul, will be a loser in the end.—Bishop Barlow.

The writers against religion, whilst they oppose every system, are wisely careful never to set up any of their own.—Burke.

A man in whom religion is an inspiration, who has surrendered his being to its power, who drinks it, breathes it, bathes in it, cannot speak otherwise than religiously.—J. G. Holland.

It has been said that true religion will make a man a more thorough gentleman than all the courts of Europe. —Charles Kingsley.

The religion of Christ is peace and good-will,—the religion of Christendom is war and ill-will.—Landor.

Where true religion has prevented one crime, false religions have afforded a pretext for a thousand—Colton.

The Word of God proves the truth of religion; the corruption of man, its necessity; government, its advantages.—Stanislaus.

High on the world, see where religion stands
And bears the open volume in her hands. —W. Holmes.

All who have been great and good without Christianity, would have been much greater and better with it.—Colton.

"Drink deep or taste not," is a direction fully as applicable to religion, if we would find it a source of pleasure, as it is to knowledge.—Wilberforce.

Religion finds the love of happiness and the principles of duty separated in us; and its mission, its masterpiece, is to reunite them.—Vinet.

It is a great disgrace to religion, to imagine that it is an enemy to mirth and cheerfulness, and a severe exacter of pensive looks and solemn faces.—Walter Scott.

Pure religion may generally be measured by the cheerfulness of its professors, and superstition by the gloom of its victims.—Chatfield.

Over all the movements of life religion scatters her favors, but reserves the choicest, her divine blessing, for the last hour.—Logan.

All belief which does not render more happy, more free, more loving, more active, more calm, is, I fear, an erroneous and superstitious belief.—Lavater.

Religion is the mortar that binds society together; the granite pedestal of liberty; the strong backbone of the social system.—Guthrie.

Religion consists not so much in joyous feelings as in a constant exercise of devotedness to God.—Stewart.

It is rare to see a rich man religious; for religion preaches restraint, and riches prompt to unlicensed freedom.—Feltham.

If there be not a religious element in the relations of men, such relations are miserable and doomed to ruin.—Carlyle.

The sum and substance of the preparation needed for a coming eternity is that you believe what the Bible tells you, and do what the Bible bids you.—Chalmers.

The body of all true religion consists, to be sure, in obedience to the will of the Sovereign of the world, in a confidence in His declarations, and an imitation of His perfections.—Edmund Burke.

Religion is faith in an infinite Creator, who delights in and enjoins that rectitude which conscience commands us to seek. This conviction gives a Divine sanction to duty.—W. E. Channing.

There is something in religion when rightly comprehended that is masculine and grand. It removes those little desires which are the constant hectic of a fool.—Richard Cecil.

Speak low to me, my Saviour, low and sweet,
From out the hallelujahs, sweet and low,
Lest I should fear and fall, and miss Thee so
Who art not missed by any that entreat.
—E. B. Browning.

Wonderful! that the Christian religion, which seems to have no other object than the felicity of another life, should also constitute the happiness of this.—Montesquieu.

The only impregnable citadel of virtue is religion; for there is no bulwark of mere morality, which some temptation may not overtop or undermine, and destroy.—Jane Porter.

God is not dumb, that He should speak no more;
If thou hast wanderings in the wilderness
And find'st not Sinai, 'tis thy soul is poor.
—Lowell.

But our captain counts the image of God, nevertheless, His image—cut

in ebony as if done in ivory; and in the blackest Moors he sees the representation of the King of heaven.—Fuller.

My principles in respect of religious interest are two,—one is, that the Church shall not meddle with politics, and the government shall not meddle with religion.—Kossuth.

Religion cannot change, though we do; and, if we do, we have left God; and whither he can go that goes from God, his own sorrows will soon enough instruct him.—Jeremy Taylor.

My Fathers and Brethren, this is never to be forgotten that New England is originally a plantation of religion, not a plantation of trade.—John Higginson.

Other hope had she none, nor wish in life,
but to follow
Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet
of her Saviour. —Longfellow.

Dresse and undresse thy soul; mark the
decay
And growth of it; if, with thy watch, that
too
Be down, then winde up both; since we
shall be
Most surely judged, make thy accounts
agree. —Herbert.

We do ourselves wrong, and too meanly estimate the holiness above us, when we deem that any act or enjoyment good in itself, is not good to do religiously.—Nath. Hawthorne.

Puritanism, believing itself quick with the seed of religious liberty, laid, without knowing it, the egg of democracy.—Lowell.

The Cross!
There, and there only (though the deist
rave,
And atheist, if Earth bears so base a slave);
There and there only, is the power to save.
—Cowper.

Near, so very near to God,
Nearer I cannot be;
For in the person of His Son
I am as near as he.
—Catesby Paget.

If we subject everything to reason, our religion will have nothing mysterious or supernatural. If we violate the principles of reason, our religion will be absurd and ridiculous.—Pascal.

The solitary monk who shook the world
From pagan slumber, when the gospel
trump
Thunder'd its challege from his dauntless
lips
In peals of truth.
—Robert Montgomery.

Our religious needs are our deepest needs. There is no peace till they are satisfied and contented. The attempt to stifle them is in vain. If their cry be drowned by the noise of the world, they do not cease to exist. They must be answered.—I. T. Hecker.

Religion is the answer to that cry of Reason which nothing can silence, that aspiration of the soul which no created thing can meet, that want of the heart which all creation cannot supply.—I. T. Hecker.

Too soon did the doctors of the church forget that the heart—the moral nature—was the beginning and the end, and that truth, knowledge, and insight were comprehended in its expansion.—S. T. Coleridge.

Religion is like the fashion. One man wears his doublet slashed, another laced, another plain; but every man has a doublet. So every man has his religion. We differ about trimming.—John Selden.

A religion that never suffices to govern a man, will never suffice to save him. That which does not distinguish him from a sinful world, will never distinguish him from a perishing world.—John Howe.

Religion is the fear of God, and its demonstration good works; and faith is the root of both: "For without faith we cannot please God;" nor can we fear what we do not believe.—William Penn.

When we take our last remove, I fear that we shall find that a great deal which we call religion, and which we were at the trouble of lugging about with us through our whole pil-

grimage, is perfectly worthless, fit only to be burned.—Wm. Goodell.

The pleasure of the religious man is an easy and portable pleasure, such an one as he carries about in his bosom, without alarming either the eye or the envy of the world.—South.

Natural religion supplies still all the facts which are disguised under the dogma of popular creeds. The progress of religion is steadily to its identity with morals.—Emerson.

I have lived long enough to know what I did not at one time believe,—that no society can be upheld in happiness and honor without the sentiment of religion.—La Place.

Whether religion be true or false, it must be necessarily granted to be the only wise principle and safe hypothesis for a man to live and die by.—Tillotson.

There are three modes of bearing the ills of life; by indifference, which is the most common; by philosophy, which is the most ostentatious; and by religion, which is the most effectual.—Colton.

We cannot change the profound and resistless tendencies of the age toward religious liberty. It is our business to guide and control their application.—Gladstone.

A true religious instinct never deprived man of one single joy; mournful faces and a sombre aspect are the conventional affectations of the weak-minded.—Hosea Ballou.

Leave the matter of religion to the family altar, the church, and the private school, supported entirely by private contributions; keep the Church and the State forever apart.—U. S. Grant.

There are a good many pious people who are as careful of their religion as of their best service of china, only using it on holy occasions, for fear it should get chipped or flawed in working-day wear.—Douglas Jerrold.

All the principles which religion teaches, and all the habits which it forms, are favorable to strength of mind. It will be found that whatever purifies fortifies also the heart.—Blair.

Too many people embrace religion from the same motives that they take a companion in wedlock, not from true love of the person, but because of a large dowry.—Hosea Ballou.

To have religion upon authority, and not upon conviction, is like a finger-watch, to be set forwards or backwards, as he pleases that has it in keeping.—William Penn.

To what excesses do men rush for the sake of religion, of whose truth they are so little persuaded, and to whose precepts they pay so little regard!—Bruyère.

Religion is, in fact, the dominion of the soul; it is the hope, the anchor of safety, the deliverance from evil. What a service has Christianity rendered to humanity!—Napoleon I.

Religion is indeed woman's panoply; no one who wishes her happiness would divest her of it; no one who appreciates her virtues would weaken her best security.—Bartol.

Man without religion is a diseased creature, who would persuade himself he is well and needs not a physician; but woman without religion is raging and monstrous.—Lavater.

Religion, if it be true, is central truth; and all knowledge which is not gathered round it, and quickened and illuminated by it, is hardly worthy the name.—Channing.

It is the great beauty of true religion that it shall be universal, and a departure in any instance from universality is a corruption of religion itself.—Glanvill.

True religion teaches us to reverence what is under us, to recognize humility and poverty, and, despite mockery and disgrace, wretchedness, suffering, and death, as things divine.—Goethe.

You may discover tribes of men without policy, or laws, or cities, or any of the arts of life; but nowhere will you find them without some form of religion.—Blair.

I take possession of man's mind and deed,
I care not what the sects may brawl;
I sit as God, holding no form of creed,
But contemplating all. —Tennyson.

Without religion the highest endowments of intellect can only render the possessor more dangerous if he be ill disposed; if well disposed, only more unhappy.—Southey.

No ritual is too much, provided it is subsidiary to the inner work of worship; and all ritual is too much unless it ministers to that purpose.—Gladstone.

Diversity of worship has divided the human race into seventy-two nations. From among all their dogmas, I have selected one,—Divine Love.—Omar Khayam.

There is nothing wanting to make all rational and disinterested people in the world of one religion, but that they should talk together every day.—Pope.

Freedom of religion is one of the greatest gifts of God to man, without distinction of race and color. He is the author and lord of conscience, and no power on earth has a right to stand between God and the conscience.—Philip Schaff.

The duties of religion, sincerely and regularly performed, will always be sufficient to exalt the meanest and to exercise the highest understanding.—Dr. Johnson.

The ship retains her anchorage, yet drifts with a certain range, subject to wind and tide; so we have for an anchorage the cardinal truths of the gospel.—Gladstone.

Lukewarm persons think they may accommodate points of religion by middle ways and witty reconcilements,—as if they would make an arbitrament between God and man.—Bacon.

The true religion of Jesus Christ our Saviour is that which penetrates, and which receives all the warmth of the heart, and all the elevation of the soul, and all the energies of the understanding, and all the strength of the will.—Dean Stanley.

How religious the whole creation becomes as Science passes to and fro, touching the swarms of facts with her wand of order, to make them fall into line and present their thoughts.—John Weiss.

A man's religion consists, not of the many things he is in doubt of and tries to believe, but of the few he is assured of and has no need of effort for believing.—Carlyle.

Our Saviour hath enjoined us a reasonable service; all His laws are in themselves conducible to the temporal interest of them that observe them.—Bentley.

Religion in a magistrate strengthens his authority, because it procures veneration, and gains a reputation to it. In all the affairs of this world, so much reputation is in reality so much power.—Tillotson.

The religion of a sinner stands on two pillars; namely, what Christ did for us in the flesh, and what He performs in us by His Spirit. Most errors arise from an attempt to separate these two.—Cecil.

Test each sect by its best or its worst, as you will,—by its high-water mark of virtue or its low-water mark of vice. But falsehood begins when you measure the ebb of any other religion against the flood-tide of your own.—T. W. Higginson.

Children of men! the unseen Power, whose eye
Forever doth accompany mankind,
Hath look'd on no religion scornfully
That men did ever find.
—Matthew Arnold.

At bottom every religion is anti-Christian which makes the form, the thing, the letter, the substance. Such a materialistic religion, in order to be

at all consistent, ought to maintain a material infallibility.—Jacobi.

Humility and love, whatever obscurities may involve religious tenets, constitute the essence of true religion. The humble is formed to adore; the loving, to associate with eternal love. —Lavater.

"When I was young, I was sure of many things; there are only two things of which I am sure now; one is, that I am a miserable sinner; and the other, that Jesus Christ is an all sufficient Saviour." He is well taught who gets these two lessons.—John Newton.

Religion is for the man in humble life, and to raise his nature, and to put him in mind of a state in which the privileges of opulence will cease, when he will be equal by nature, and may be more than equal by virtue.—Burke.

In a word, the free Church in a free State has been the programme which led me to my first efforts, and which I continue to regard as just and true, reasonable and practical, after the studies of thirty years.—Count Cavour.

All natural results are spontaneous. The diamond sparkles without effort, and the flowers open impulsively beneath the summer rain. And true religion is a spontaneous thing,—as natural as it is to weep, to love, or to rejoice.—Chapin.

The external part of religion is doubtless of little value in comparison with the internal, and so is the cask in comparison with the wine contained in it: but if the cask be staved in, the wine must perish.—Bishop Horne.

The faith that does not throw a warmth as of summer around the sympathies and charities of the heart, and drop invigorations like showers upon the conscience and the will is as false as it is unsatisfying.—Paul Potter.

There are but two religions,—Christianity and paganism, the worship of God and idolatry. A third between these is not possible. Where idolatry ends, there Christianity begins; and where idolatry begins, there Christianity ends.—Jacobi.

Religion, like its votaries, while it exists on earth, must have a body as well as a soul. A religion purely spiritual might suit a being as pure, but men are compound animals; and the body too often lords it over the mind.—Colton.

There are at bottom but two possible religions—that which rises in the moral nature of man, and which takes shape in moral commandments, and that which grows out of the observation of the material energies which operate in the external universe.—Froude.

Living religion grows not by the doctrines but by the narratives of the Bible: the best Christian religious doctrine is the life of Christ, and after that the sufferings and deaths of His followers, even those not related in Holy Writ.—Richter.

Religion is not a method, it is a life, a higher and supernatural life, mystical in its root and practical in its fruits; a communion with God, a calm and deep enthusiasm, a love which radiates, a force which acts, a happiness which overflows.—Amiel.

'Tis some relief, that points not clearly known,
Without much hazard may be let alone;
And, after hearing what our Church can say,
If still our reason runs another way,
That private reason 'tis more just to curb,
Than by disputes the public peace disturb;
For points obscure are of small use to learn,
But common quiet is mankind's concern.
—Dryden.

If it be the characteristic of a worldly man that he desecrates what is holy, it should be of the Christian to consecrate what is secular, and to recognize a present and presiding Divinity in all things.—Chalmers.

I have now disposed of all my property to my family. There is one thing more I wish I could give them.

and that is the Christian religion. If they had that, and I had not given them one shilling, they would have been rich; and if they had not that, and I had given them all the world, they would be poor.—Patrick Henry.

The spirit of true religion breathes gentleness and affability; it gives a native, unaffected ease to the behavior; it is social, kind, cheerful; far removed from the cloudy and illiberal disposition which clouds the brow, sharpens the temper, and dejects the spirit.—Blair.

The way to judge of religion is by doing our duty. Religion is rather a Divine life than a Divine knowledge. In heaven, indeed, we must first see, and then love; but here, on earth, we must first love, and love will open our eyes as well as our hearts, and we shall then see and perceive and understand.—Jeremy Taylor.

On the whole we must repeat the often repeated saying, that it is unworthy a religious man to view an irreligious one either with alarm or aversion; or with any other feeling than regret, and hope, and brotherly commiseration.—Carlyle.

If we are told a man is religious, we still ask, What are his morals? But if we hear at first that he has honest morals, and is a man of natural justice and good temper, we seldom think of the other question, whether he be religious and devout.—Shaftesbury.

In vain do science and philosophy pose as the arbiters of the human mind, of which they are in fact only the servants. Religion has provided a conception of life, and science travels in the beaten path. Religion reveals the meaning of life, and science only applies this meaning to the course of circumstances.—Tolstoi.

If I have read religious history aright, faith, hope, and charity have not always been found in a direct ratio with a sensibility to the three concords; and it is possible, thank heaven! to have very erroneous theories and very sublime feelings.—George Eliot.

G— knows I'm no the thing I should be,
Nor am I even the thing I could be,
But twenty times I rather would be
An atheist clean,
Than under gospel colours hid be,
Just for a screen. —Burns.

Religions are not proved, are not demonstrated, are not established, are not overthrown by logic! They are, of all the mysteries of nature and the human mind, the most mysterious and most inexplicable; they are of instinct and not of reason.—Lamartine.

If we traverse the world, it is possible to find cities without walls, without letters, without kings, without wealth, without coin, without schools and theatres; but a city without a temple, or that practiseth not worship, prayer, and the like, no one ever saw. —Plutarch.

True religion is always mild, propitious, and humble; plays not the tyrant, plants no faith in blood, nor bears destruction on her chariot-wheels; but stoops to polish, succor, and redress, and builds her grandeur on the public good.—James Miller.

Religion, in its purity, is not so much a pursuit as a temper; or rather it is a temper, leading to the pursuit of all that is high and holy. Its foundation is faith; its action, works; its temper, holiness; its aim, obedience to God in improvement of self, and benevolence to men.—J. Edwards.

Religion, to have any force upon men's understandings,—indeed, to exist at all,—must be supposed paramount to law, and independent for its substance upon any human institution, else it would be the absurdest thing in the world,—an acknowledged cheat.—Burke.

A religion giving dark views of God, and infusing superstitious fear of innocent enjoyment, instead of aiding sober habits, will, by making men abject and sad, impair their moral force, and prepare them for intemperance as

a refuge from depression or despair.—Channing.

Religion is the final centre of repose; the goal to which all things tend; apart from which man is a shadow, his very existence a riddle, and the stupendous scenes of nature which surround him as unmeaning as the leaves which the sibyl scattered in the wind.—Robert Hall.

All our scourging of religion
Began with tumult and sedition;
When hurricanes of fierce commotion
Became strong motives to devotion,
As carnal seamen, in a storm,
Turn pious converts and reform.
—Butler.

Let us accept different forms of religion among men, as we accept different languages, wherein there is still but one human nature expressed. Every genius has most power in his own language, and every heart in its own religion.—Richter.

He who possesses religion finds a providence not more truly in the history of the world than in his own family history; the rainbow, which hangs a glistering circle in the heights of heaven, is also formed by the same sun in the dew-drop of a lowly flower. —Richter.

People of gayety and fashion have occasionally a feeling that a little easy quantity of religion would be a good thing; because, after all, we cannot stay in this world always, and there may be hardish matters to settle in the other place.—John Foster.

Man, being not only a religious, but also a social being, requires for the promotion of his rational happiness religious institutions, which, while they give a proper direction to devotion, at the same time make a wise and profitable improvement of his social feelings.—Hosea Ballou.

Most religion-mongers have bated their paradises with a bit of toasted cheese. They have tempted the body with large promises of possessions in their transmortal El Dorado. Sancho Panza will not quit his chimney-corner, but under promise of imaginary islands to govern.—Lowell.

See, then, how powerful religion is; it commands the heart, it commands the vitals. Morality,—that comes with a pruning-knife, and cuts off all sproutings, all wild luxuriances; but religion lays the axe to the root of the tree. Morality looks that the skin of the apple be fair; but religion searcheth to the very core.—Nathaniel Culverwell.

He that has not religion to govern his morality is not a dram better than my mastiff dog; so long as you stroke him, and please him, and do not pinch him, he will play with you as fine as may be,—he is a very good moral mastiff; but if you hurt him, he will fly in your face, and tear out your throat.—Selden.

Religion's lustre is, by native innocence
Divinely pure, and simple from all arts;
You daub and dress her like a common mistress,
The harlot of your fancies; and by adding
False beauties, which she wants not, make the world
Suspect her angel's face is foul beneath,
And will not bear all lights. —Rowe.

When in our days Religion is made a political engine, she exposes herself to having her sacred character forgotten. The most tolerant become intolerant towards her. Believers, who believe something else besides what she teaches, retaliate by attacking her in the very sanctuary itself.—Béranger.

Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who should labor to subvert those pillars of human happiness, those firmest props of the duties of men and citizens.—Washington.

A man with no sense of religious duty is he whom the Scriptures describe in such terse but terrific language, as living "without God in the world." Such a man is out of his proper being, out of the circle of all his duties, out of the circle of all his

happiness, and away, far, far away, from the purposes of his creation.—Webster.

Many people make their own God; and he is much what the French may mean when they talk of *le bon Dieu*, —very indulgent, rather weak, near at hand when we want anything, but far away out of sight when we have a mind to do wrong. Such a God is as much an idol as if he were an image of stone.—J. C. Hare.

Religion does what philosophy could never do; it shows the equal dealings of Heaven to the happy and the unhappy, and levels all human enjoyments to nearly the same standard. It gives to both rich and poor the same happiness hereafter, and equal hopes to aspire after it.—Goldsmith.

I extend the circle of real religion very widely. Many men fear God, and love God, and have a sincere desire to serve him, whose views of religious truth are very imperfect, and in some points utterly false. But may not many such persons have a state of heart acceptable before God? —Cecil.

Let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle.—Washington.

My idea of the Christian religion is, that it is an inspiration and its vital consequences—an inspiration and a life—God's life breathed into a man and breathed through a man—the highest inspiration and the highest life of every soul which it inhabits; and, furthermore, that the soul which it inhabits can have no high issue which is not essentially religious.—J. G. Holland.

Carry religious principles into common life, and common life will lose its transitoriness. The world passes away. The things seen are temporal. Soon business, with all its cares and anxieties, the whole "unprofitable stir and fever of the world" will be to us a thing of the past. But religion does something better than sigh and moan over the perishableness of earthly things. It finds in them the seeds of immortality.—John Caird.

Forth from his dark and lonely hiding place,
(Portentous sight) the owlet atheism,
Sailing on obscene wings athwart the noon,
Drops his blue-fring'd lids, and holds them close,
And hooting at the glorious sun in Heaven,
Cries out, "Where is it?" —Coleridge.

I do not find that the age or country makes the least difference; no, nor the language the actors spoke, nor the religion which they professed, whether Arab in the desert or Frenchman in the Academy, I see that sensible men and conscientious men all over the world were of one religion.—Emerson.

A prince who loves and fears religion is a lion who stoops to the hand that strokes or to the voice that appeases him. He who fears and hates religion is like the savage beast that growls and bites the chain, which prevents his flying on the passenger. He who has no religion at all is that terrible animal who perceives his liberty only when he tears in pieces, and when he devours.—Montesquieu.

There are those to whom a sense of religion has come in storm and tempest; there are those whom it has summoned amid scenes of revelry and idle vanity; there are those, too, who have heard its "still small voice" amid rural leisure and placid retirement. But perhaps the knowledge which causeth not to err is most frequently impressed upon the mind during the season of affliction.—Walter Scott.

It has been said that men carry on a kind of coasting trade with religion. In the voyage of life, they profess to be in search of heaven, but take care not to venture so far in their approximations to it, as entirely to lose sight of the earth; and should their frail vessel be in danger of shipwreck, they will gladly throw their darling vices overboard, as other mariners their

treasures, only to fish them up again when the storm is over.—Colton.

It has been said that true religion will make a man a more thorough gentleman than all the courts in Europe. And it is true; you may see simple laboring men as thorough gentlemen as any duke, simply because they have learned to fear God; and, fearing Him, to restrain themselves, which is the very root and essence of all good-breeding.—Rev. C. Kingsley.

Religion is as necessary to reason as reason is to religion. The one cannot exist without the other. A reasoning being would lose his reason, in attempting to account for the great phenomena of nature, had he not a Supreme Being to refer to; and well has it been said, that if there had been no God, mankind would have been obliged to imagine one.—Washington.

Pour the balm of the Gospel into the wounds of bleeding nations. Plant the tree of life in every soil, that suffering kindgdoms may repose beneath its shade and feel the virtue of its healing leaves, till all the kindred of the human family shall be bound together in one common bond of amity and love, and the warrior shall be a character unknown but in the page of history.—Thomas Raffles.

I endeavor in vain to give my parishioners more cheerful ideas of religion; to teach them that God is not a jealous, childish, merciless tyrant; that He is best served by a regular tenor of good actions, not by bad singing, ill-composed prayers, and eternal apprehensions. But the luxury of false religion is to be unhappy!—Sydney Smith.

It is the property of the religious spirit to be the most refining of all influences. No external advantages, no culture of the tastes, no habit of command, no association with the elegant, or even depth of affection, can bestow that delicacy and that grandeur of bearing which belong only to the mind accustomed to celestial conversation,—all else is but gilt and cosmetics, beside this, as expressed in every look and gesture.—Emerson.

Let a man choose what condition he will, and let him accumulate around him all the goods and all the gratifications seemingly calculated to make him happy in it; if that man is left at any time without occupation or amusement, and reflects on what he is, the meagre, languid felicity of his present lot will not bear him up. He will turn necessarily to gloomy anticipations of the future; and except, therefore, his occupation calls him out of himself, he is inevitably wretched.—Pascal.

Religion is universal; theology is exclusive,—religion is humanitarian; theology is sectarian,—religion unites mankind; theology divides it,—religion is love, broad and all-comprising as God's love; theology preaches love and practises bigotry. Religion looks to the moral worth of man; theology to his creed and denomination. Religion is light and love, and virtue and peace, unadulterated and immaculate; but theology is the apple of discord, which disunites and estranges one from another.—Dr. M. Lilienthal.

There is a great deal we never think of calling religion that is still fruit unto God, and garnered by Him in the harvest. The fruits of the Spirit are love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, patience, goodness. I affirm that if these fruits are found in any form, whether you show your patience as a woman nursing a fretful child, or as a man attending to the vexing detail of a business, or as a physician following the dark mazes of sickness, or as a mechanic fitting the joints and valves of a locomotive; being honest and true besides, you bring forth truth unto God.—Robert Collyer.

Religion is not a perpetual moping over good books. Religion is not even prayer, praise, holy ordinances,—these are necessary to religion—no man can be religious without them. But religion is mainly and chiefly the glorifying God amid the duties and trials of the world; the guiding of our course amid adverse winds and cur-

rents of temptation by the sunlight of duty and the compass of Divine truth, the bearing up manfully, wisely, courageously, for the honor of Christ, our great Leader in the conflict of life.—John Caird.

True religion is not what men see and admire; it is what God sees and loves; the faith which clings to Jesus in the darkest hour; the sanctity which shrinks from the approach of evil; the humility which lies low at the feet of the Redeemer, and washes them with tears; the love which welcomes every sacrifice; the cheerful consecration of all the powers of the soul; the worship which, rising above all outward forms, ascends to God in the sweetest, dearest communion—a worship often too deep for utterance, and than which the highest heaven knows nothing more sublime.—Richard Fuller.

Could not that wisdom which first broached the wine,
Have thicken'd it with definitions?
And jagg'd his seamless coat, had that been fine,
With curious questions and divisions?
But all the doctrine which he taught and gave
Was clear as heav'n, from whence it came:
At least those beams of truth, which only save,
Surpass in brightness any flame,
Love God, and love your neighbor; watch and pray;
Do as you would be done unto:
O dark instructions, ev'n dark as day!
Who can these gordian knots undo?
—Herbert.

Remembrance

Remembrance wakes with all her busy train.—Goldsmith.

Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.—Shakespeare.

Riveted,
Screwed to my memory.
—Shakespeare.

Remembrance is the only paradise out of which we cannot be driven away.—Richter.

O, it comes over my memory, as doth the raven over the infected house, boding to all.—Shakespeare.

She sent him rosemary, to the intent that he should hold her in remembrance.—Drayton.

The leafy blossoming present time springs from the whole past, remembered and unrememberable.—Carlyle.

Praising what is lost,
Makes the remembrance dear.
—Shakespeare.

His years with others must the sweeter be
For those brief days he spent in loving me.
—George Eliot.

Every one can remember that which has interested himself.—Plautus.

I cannot but remember such things were
That were most precious to me.
—Shakespeare.

You can't order remembrance out of the mind; and a wrong that was a wrong yesterday must be a wrong tomorrow.—Thackeray.

Some people regret that they have poor memories. Alas! it is much more difficult to forget.—Mme. Deluzy.

Remembrance of the dead soon fades. Alas! in their tombs they decay more slowly than in our hearts.—Victor Hugo.

Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,
But still remember what the Lord has done.
—Shakespeare.

She plac'd it sad, with needless fear,
Lest time should shake my wavering soul—
Unconscious that her image there
Held every sense in fast control.
—Byron.

What is excellent,
As God lives, is permanent;
Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain,
Heart's love will meet thee again.
—Emerson.

Sooner shall the blue ocean melt to air,
Sooner shall earth resolve itself to sea,
Than I resign thine image, oh, my fair!
Or think of anything, excepting thee.
—Byron.

Remembrances last longer than present reality, as I have conserved blossoms many years, but never fruits

Yes, there are tender female souls which intoxicate themselves only among the blossoms of the vineyard of joy, as others do only with the berries of the vinehill.—Richter.

This is the place. Stand still, my steed,
Let me review the scene,
And summon from the shadowy Past
The forms that once have been.
—Longfellow.

Departed suns their trails of splendor drew
Across departed summers: whispers came
From voices, long ago resolved again
Into the primeval Silence, and we twain,
Ghosts of our present selves, yet still the same,
As in a spectral mirror wandered there.
—Bayard Taylor.

Go where glory waits thee;
But while fame elates thee,
O, still remember me.
When the praise thou meetest,
To thine ear is sweetest,
O, then remember me. —Moore.

Oh! only those
Whose souls have felt this one idolatry,
Can tell how precious is the slightest thing
Affection gives and hallows! A dead flower
Will long be kept, remembrancer of looks
That made each leaf a treasure.
—Miss Landon.

Man hath a weary pilgrimage,
As through the world he wends;
On every stage, from youth to age,
Still discontent attends;
With heaviness he casts his eye
Upon the road before,
And still remembers with a sigh,
The days that are no more.
—Robert Southey.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my soul cannot resist:
A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.
—Longfellow.

Strange to me now are the forms I meet
When I visit the dear old town;
But the native air is pure and sweet,
And the trees that o'ershadow each well-known street,
As they balance up and down,
Are singing the beautiful song,
Are sighing and whispering still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."
—Longfellow.

I remember, I remember,
The fir-trees dark and high:
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky;
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy. —Hood.

O years, gone down into the past,
What pleasant memories come to me
Of your untroubled days of peace,
And hours almost of ecstasy.
—Phœbe Cary.

Remorse

Remorse is the fruit of crime.—Juvenal.

Remorse, the fatal egg by pleasure laid.—Cowper.

Remorse is the echo of a lost virtue.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Remorse is virtue's root.—Bryant.

Remorse weeps tears of blood.—Coleridge.

So writhes the mind remorse hath riven.—Byron.

Remorse turns us against ourselves —Chamfort.

Remorse is the pain of sin.—Theodore Parker.

Remorse sleeps in the atmosphere of prosperity.—Rousseau.

The hell within him.—Milton.

I believe that remorse is the least active of all a man's moral senses.—Thackeray.

One of those terrible moments when the wheel of passion stands suddenly still.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Abandon all remorse;
On horror's head horrors accumulate.
—Shakespeare.

To be left alone, and face to face with my own crime, had been just retribution.—Longfellow.

God speaks to our hearts through the voice of remorse.—De Bernis.

Judgment hath bred a kind of remorse in me.—Shakespeare.

Farewell, remorse: all good to me is lost;
Evil, be thou my good. —Milton.

That is the bitterest of all,—to wear the yoke of our own wrong-doing.—George Eliot.

I am afraid to think what I have done; look on it again I dare not.—Shakespeare.

Remorse is virtue's root; its fair increase are fruits of innocence and blessedness.—Bryant.

To consume an honest soul with remorse is the greatest of all crimes.—Mademoiselle Clairon.

Remorse of conscience is like an old wound; a man is in no condition to fight under such circumstances.—Jeremy Collier.

There is no heart without remorse, no life without some misfortune, no one but what is something stained with sin.—James Ellis.

Sin and hedgehogs are born without spikes; but how they prick and wound after their birth, we all know.—Richter.

A man's first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart; his next, to escape the censures of the world.—Addison.

There is anguish in the recollection that we have not adequately appreciated the affection of those whom we have loved and lost.—Beaconsfield.

It is better to be affected with a true penitent sorrow for sin than to be able to resolve the most difficult cases about it.—Thomas à Kempis.

We can prostrate ourselves in the dust when we have committed a fault, but it is not best to remain there.—Chateaubriand.

There is no man that is knowingly wicked but is guilty to himself; and there is no man that carries guilt about him but he receives a sting in his soul. Tillotson.

For my part, I believe that remorse is the least active of all a man's moral senses,—the very easiest to be deadened when wakened, and in some never wakened at all.—Thackeray.

To be left alone
And face to face with my own crime, had been
Just retribution. —Longfellow.

Urge them while their souls are capable of this ambition, lest zeal, now melted by the windy breath of soft petitions, pity and remorse, cool and congeal again to what it was.—Shakespeare.

Remorse is the punishment of crime; repentance, its expiation. The former appertains to a tormented conscience; the later to a soul changed for the better.—Joubert.

High minds, of native pride and force,
Most deeply feel thy pangs, Remorse!
Fear, for their scourge, mean villains have,
Thou art the torturer of the brave!
—Scott.

Remorse, the fatal egg by pleasure laid,
In every bosom where her nest is made,
Hatched by the beams of truth, denies him rest,
And proves a raging scorpion in his breast.
—Cowper.

There is a mental fatigue which is a spurious kind of remorse, and has all the anguish of the nobler feeling. It is an utter weariness and prostration of spirit, a sickness of heart and mind, a bitter longing to lie down and die.—Miss M. E. Braddon.

Remorse is as the heart in which it grows,
If that be gentle, it drops balmy dews
Of true repentance; but if proud and gloomy,
It is the poison tree that, pierced to the inmost,
Weeps only tears of poison. —Coleridge.

The greatest chastisement that a man may receive who hath outraged another, is to have done the outrage: and there is no man who is so rudely punished as he that is subject to the whip of his own repentance.—Seneca.

There are evil spirits who suddenly fix their abode in man's unguarded breast, causing us to commit devilish deeds, and then, hurrying back to their native hell, leave behind the stings of remorse in the poisoned bosom.—Schiller.

Unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets:
More needs she the divine than the physician. —Shakespeare.

So do the dark in soul expire,
Or live like scorpion girt by fire;
So writhes the mind remorse hath riven,
Unfit for earth, undoom'd for heaven,
Darkness above, despair beneath,
Around it flame, within it death.
—Byron.

Not sharp revenge, nor hell itself can find,
A fiercer torment than a guilty mind,
Which day and night doth dreadfully accuse,
Condemns the wretch, and still the charge renews. —Dryden.

Remorse is a man's dread prerogative, and is the natural accompaniment of his constitution as a knowing, voluntary agent, left in trust with his own welfare and that of others. Remorse, if we exclude the notion of responsibility, is an enigma in human nature never to be explained.—Isaac Taylor.

Cruel Remorse! where Youth and Pleasure sport,
And thoughtless Folly keeps her court,—
Crouching 'midst rosy bowers thou lurk'st unseen;
Slumbering the festal hours away,
While Youth disports in that enchanting scene;
Till on some fated day
Thou with a tiger-spring dost leap upon thy prey,
And tear his helpless breast, o'erwhelmed with wild dismay.
—Anna Letitia Barbauld.

Not even for an hour can you bear to be alone, nor can you advantageously apply your leisure time, but you endeavor, a fugitive and wanderer, to escape from yourself, now vainly seeking to banish remorse by wine, and now by sleep; but the gloomy companion presses on you, and pursues you as you fly.—Horace.

Sharp and fell remorse, the offspring of my sin! Why do you, O God, lacerate my heart so late? Why, O boding cries, that scream so close to me,—why do I listen to you now, and never heard you before?—Metastasio.

Renown

It is not possible to be regarded with tenderness, except by a few. That merit which gives greatness and renown diffuses its influence to a wide compass, but acts weakly on every single breast; it is placed at a distance from common spectators, and shines like one of the remote stars, of which the light reaches us, but not the heat.—Johnson.

Repartee

Repartee is the soul of conversation.—Dryden.

Repartee is altogether a natural endowment, and is the lightning of the mind.—Alfred de Musset.

The impromptu reply is precisely the touchstone of the man of wit.—Molière.

A talent for repartee is one that increases with practice.—J. L. Motley.

Those repartees are best which turn your adversary's weapons against himself.—Chatfield.

The artful injury, whose venomed dart scarce wounds the hearing, while it stabs the heart.—Hannah More.

Repartee is perfect, when it effects its purpose with a double edge. Repartee is the highest order of wit, as it bespeaks the coolest yet quickest exercise of genius at a moment when the passions are roused.—Colton.

The cynic who twitted Aristippus by observing that the philosopher who could dine on herbs might despise the company of a king, was well replied to by Aristippus, when he remarked that the philosopher who could enjoy the company of a king might also despise a dinner of herbs.—Colton.

Repentance

True repentance is to cease from sin.—St. Ambrose.

Repentance is accepted remorse.—Madame Swetchine.

Repentance follows hasty counsels.—Syrus.

And wet his grave with my repentant tears.—Shakespeare.

But with the morning cool repentance came.—Scott.

To grieve over sin is one thing, to repent is another.—F. W. Robertson.

True repentance also involves reform.—Hosea Ballou.

Repentance is second innocence.—De Bonald.

Repentance is but another name for aspiration.—Beecher.

Illusion is brief, but repentance is long.—Schiller.

Repentance is heart sorrow, and a clear life ensuing.—Shakespeare.

He who is sorry for having sinned is almost innocent.—Seneca.

He who seeks repentance for the past, should woo the angel virtue for the future.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Sorrow for past ills, doth restore frail man
To his first innocence. —Nabbs.

Before God can deliver us from ourselves, we must undeceive ourselves.—St. Augustine.

Repentance is a goddess and the preserver of those who have erred.—Julian.

Our greatest glory consists not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.—Goldsmith.

Our hearts must not only be broken with sorrow, but be broken from sin, to constitute repentance.—Dewey.

If thy brother trespass against thee, rebuke him; and if he repent, forgive him.—Bible.

Repentance clothes in grass and flowers the grave in which the past is laid.—Sterling.

If you would be good, first believe that you are bad.—Epictetus.

Let us be quick to repent of injuries while repentance may not be a barren anguish.—Dr. Johnson.

Repentance is not so much remorse for what we have done as the fear of consequences.—Rochefoucauld.

Repentance must be something more than mere remorse for sins: it comprehends a change of nature befitting heaven.—Lew Wallace.

Sins may be forgiven through repentance, but no act of wit will ever justify them.—Sherlock.

Late repentance is seldom true, but true repentance is never too late.—R. Venning.

Self-condemnation is God's absolution; and pleading guilty, acquittal at his bar.—Bartol.

Repentance is a magistrate that exacts the strictest duty and humility.—Clarendon.

Every one goes astray, but the least imprudent are they who repent the soonest.—Voltaire.

True repentance consists in the heart being broken for sin, and broken from sin.—Thornton.

Sweet tastes have sour closes; and he repents on thorns that sleeps in beds of roses.—Quarles.

Of all acts is not, for a man, repentance the most divine? The greatest of faults is to be conscious of none.—Carlyle.

The strongest proof of repentance is the endeavor to atone.—Miss Braddon.

That golden key that opes the palace of eternity.—Milton.

It is foolish to lay out money in the purchase of repentance.—Franklin.

None but the guilty know the withering pains of repentance.—Hosea Ballou.

Repentance, without amendment, is like continually pumping without mending the leak.—Dilwyn.

Slight sorrow for sin is sufficient, provided it at the same time produces amendment.—Colton.

Who after his transgression doth repent,
Is halfe, or altogether, innocent.
—Herrick.

Once again I do receive thee honest. Who by repentance is not satisfied is nor of heaven nor earth.—Shakespeare.

What is past is past. There is a future left to all men, who have the virtue to repent and the energy to atone.—Bulwer-Lytton.

The slightest sorrow for sin is sufficient, if it produces amendment; and the greatest is insufficient, if it does not.—Colton.

If hearty sorrow be a sufficient ransom for offence, I tender it here; I do as truly suffer, as ever I did commit. —Shakespeare.

Whatever stress some may lay upon it, a death-bed repentance is but a weak and slender plank to trust our all upon.—Sterne.

All of us who are worth anything spend our manhood in unlearning the follies, or expiating the mistakes of our youth.—Shelley.

Under your good correction, I have seen,
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom. —Shakespeare.

To err is human; but contrition felt for the crime distinguishes the virtuous from the wicked.—Alfieri.

True repentance has a double aspect; it looks upon things past with a weeping eye, and upon the future with a watchful eye.—South.

When a man has been guilty of any vice or folly, I think the best atonement he can make for it is to warn others not to fall into the like.—Addison.

God hath promised pardon to him that repenteth, but he hath not promised repentance to him that sinneth.—St. Anselm.

We look to our last sickness for repentance, unmindful that it is during a recovery men repent, not during a sickness.—Hare.

When the scourge
Inexorable, and the torturing hour
Calls us to penance. —Milton.

Repentance is no other than a recanting of the will, and opposition to our fancies, which lead us which way they please.—Montaigne.

Come, fair repentance, daughter of the skies!
Soft harbinger of soon returning virtue!
The weeping messenger of grace from heav'n! —Brown.

Repentance is for pale faces; they killed Christ, the good man. If Christ had come to red men, we would not have killed him.—Red Jacket.

They say, best men are moulded out of faults;
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad. —Shakespeare.

The seeds of repentance are sown in youth by pleasure, but the harvest is reaped in age by pain.—Colton.

Many believe the article of remission of sins, but they believe it without the condition of repentance or the fruits of holy life.—Jeremy Taylor.

It is never too late with us, so long as we are still aware of our faults and bear them impatiently,—so long as noble propensities, greedy of conquest, stir within us.—Jacobi.

He that waits for repentance waits for that which cannot be had as long as it is waited for. It is absurd for a man to wait for that which he himself has to do.—Nevins.

Confess yourself to Heaven; repent what is past; avoid what is to come; and do not spread the compost on the weeds, to make them ranker. —Shakespeare.

Virtue is the daughter of Religion; Repentance, her adopted child,—a poor orphan who, without the asylum which she offers, would not know where to hide her sole treasure, her tears!—Madame Swetchine.

Right actions for the future are the best explanations or apologies for wrong ones in the past; the best evidence of regret for them that we can offer, or the world receive.—T. Edwards.

The effect of every burden laid down is to leave us relieved; and when the soul has laid down that of its faults at the feet of God, it feels as though it had wings.—Eugénie de Guérin.

A wounded conscience is often inflicted as a punishment for lack of true repentance; great is the difference betwixt a man's being frightened at and humbled for his sins.—Fuller.

Neither angel nor archangel, nor yet even the Lord Himself (who alone can say, "I am with you"), can, when we have sinned, release us, unless we bring repentance with us.—St. Ambrose.

Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent.—Shakespeare.

Repentance is true and genuine, if we are grieved for sin as it is offensive to God, if we are forsaking and turning from it both in heart and life, and particularly, if we are deeply affected with the sin of unbelief.—Fisher's Catechism.

Repentance,
A salve, a comfort, and a cordial;
He that hath her, the keys of heaven hath:
This is the guide, this is the post, the path.
—Drayton.

Presume not that I am the thing I was:
For heaven doth know, so shall the world perceive,
That I have turned away my former self;
So will I those that kept me company.
—Shakespeare.

Ah! gracious Heaven gives us eyes to see our own wrong, however dim age may make them; and knees not too stiff to kneel, in spite of years, cramp, and rheumatism.—Thackeray.

A heart renewed—a loving heart—a penitent and humble heart—a heart broken and contrite, purified by love —that and only that is the rest of men. Spotlessness may do for angels, repentance unto life is the highest that belongs to man.—F. W. Robertson.

It will require more than a few hours of fasting and prayer to cast out such demons as selfishness, worldliness, and unbelief. Repentance, to be of any avail, must work a change of heart and of conduct.—T. L. Cuyler.

The law stops every man's mouth. God will have a man humble himself down on his face before Him, with not a word to say for himself. Then God will speak to him, when he owns that he is a sinner, and gets rid of all his own righteousness.—D. L. Moody.

True repentance has as its constituent elements not only grief and hatred of sin, but also an apprehension of the mercy of God in Christ. It hates the sin, and not simply the penalty; and it hates the sin most of all because it has discovered God's love.—Wm. M. Taylor.

Repentance hath a purifying power, and every tear is of a cleansing vir-

tue; but these penitential clouds must be still kept dropping: one shower will not suffice; for repentance is not one single action, but a course.—South.

Some tears belong to us because we are unfortunate; others, because we are humane; many because we are mortal. But most are caused by our being unwise. It is these last only that of necessity produce more.—Leigh Hunt.

It is one thing to mourn for sin because it exposes us to hell, and another to mourn for it because it is an infinite evil. It is one thing to mourn for it because it is injurious to ourselves; another, to mourn for it because it is offensive to God. It is one thing to be terrified; another, to be humbled.—Gardiner Spring.

Repentance does not consist in one single act of sorrow, though that, being the first and leading act, gives denomination to the whole; but in doing works meet for repentance, in a sincere obedience to the law of Christ for the remainder of our lives.—Locke.

The scriptural doctrine in regard to repentance is not, that a man must repent in order to his being qualified to go to Christ; it is rather that he must go to Christ in order to his being able to repent. From Him comes the grace of contrition as well as the cleansing of expiation.—Henry Melvill.

As it is never too soon to be good, so it is never too late to amend: I will, therefore, neither neglect the time present, nor despair of the time past. If I had been sooner good, I might perhaps have been better; if I am longer bad, I shall, I am sure, be worse.—Arthur Warwick.

Repentance, however difficult to be practiced, is, if it be explained without superstition, easily understood. Repentance is the relinquishment of any practice from the conviction that it has offended God.—Dr. Johnson.

Vice leaves repentance in the soul, like an ulcer in the flesh, which is always scratching and lacerating itself; for reason effaces all other griefs and sorrows, but it begets that of repentance.—Montaigne.

Place not thy amendment only in increasing thy devotion, but in bettering thy life. This is the damning hypocrisy of this age; that it slights all good morality, and spends its zeal in matters of ceremony, and a form of godliness without the power of it.—Fuller.

O wretched state! O bosom black as death! O limed soul that, struggling to be free, art more engaged! Help, angels! Make assay! Bow, stubborn knees! and, heart with strings of steel, be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!—Shakespeare.

Is it not in accordance with divine order that every mortal is thrown into that situation where his hidden evils can be brought forth to his own view, that he may know them, acknowledge them, struggle against them, and put them away?—Anna Cora Mowatt.

'T is not, to cry God mercy, or to sit
And droop, or to confess that thou hast fail'd:
'Tis to bewail the sins thou didst commit;
And not commit those sins thou hast bewail'd.
He that bewails and not forsakes them too;
Confesses rather what he means to do.
—Quarles.

I will to-morrow, that I will,
I will be sure to do it;
To-morrow comes, to-morrow goes,
And still thou art to do it.
Thus still repentance is deferred,
From one day to another:
Until the day of death is come,
And judgment is the other.
—Drexelius.

Some well-meaning Christians tremble for their salvation, because they have never gone through that valley of tears and sorrow, which they have been taught to consider as an ordeal that must be passed through before they can arrive at regeneration. To satisfy such minds, it may be observed

that the slightest sorrow for sin is sufficient, if it produce amendment, and that the greatest is insufficient, if it do not.—Colton.

Repentance is not like the summer fruits, fit to be taken a little and in their own time; it is like bread, the provisions and support of life, the entertainment of every day; but it is the bread of affliction to some, and the bread of carefulness to all; and he that preaches this with the greatest severity, it may be, takes the liberty of an enemy, but he gives the counsel and the assistance of a friend.—Jeremy Taylor.

Before
We end our pilgrimage, 'tis fit that we
Should leave corruption, and foul sin, behind us,
But with wash'd feet and hands, the heathens dar' not
Enter their profane temples; and for me
To hope my passage to eternity
Can be made easy, till I have shook off
The burthen of my sins in free confession,
Aided with sorrow, and repentance for them,
Is against reason. —Massinger.

My Saviour, mid life's varying scene
Be Thou my stay;
Guide me, through each perplexing path,
To perfect day.
In weakness and in sin I stand;
Still faith can clasp Thy mighty hand,
And follow at Thy dear command.
My Saviour, I have nought to bring
Worthy of Thee;
A broken heart Thou wilt not spurn;
Accept of me.
I need Thy righteousness Divine,
I plead Thy promises as mine,
I perish if I am not Thine.
—Elizabeth A. E. Godwin.

Habitual evils change not on a sudden,
But many days must pass, and many sorrows;
Conscious remorse, and anguish must be felt,
To curb desire, to break the stubborn will,
And work a second nature in the soul,
Ere virtue can resume the place she lost.
—Rowe.

Alas! it is not till time with reckless hand has torn out half the leaves from the book of human life, to light the fires of passion with from day to day, that man begins to see that the leaves which remain are few in number, and to remember faintly at first, and then more clearly, that upon the early pages of that book was written a story of happy influence which he would fain read over again.—Longfellow.

Repose

Power rests in tranquillity.—Cecil.

A gentleman makes no noise; a lady is serene.—Emerson.

Our foster-nurse of nature is repose.—Shakespeare.

The toils of honor dignify repose.—Hoole.

Vulgar people can't be still.—O. W. Holmes.

What sweet delight a quiet life affords.—Drummond.

But quiet to quick bosoms is a hell.—Byron.

Too much rest itself becomes a pain.—Homer.

There is no mortal truly wise and restless at once; wisdom is the repose of minds.—Lavater.

The heart that is to be filled to the brim with holy joy must be held still.—Bovee.

When a man finds not repose in himself it is in vain for him to seek it elsewhere.—From the French.

These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times. —Shakespeare.

Repose without stagnation is the state most favorable to happiness. "The great felicity of life," says Seneca, "is to be without perturbations."—Bovee.

The gravest events dawn with no more noise than the morning star makes in rising.—Beecher.

Repose and cheerfulness are the badge of the gentleman—repose in energy. The Greek battle pieces are calm; the heroes, in whatever violent actions engaged, retain a serene aspect. —Emerson.

To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flames from wasting by repose. —Goldsmith.

Have you known how to compose your manners? You have done a great deal more than he who has composed books. Have you known how to take repose? You have done more than he who has taken cities and empires.—Montaigne.

The best of men have ever loved repose;
They hate to mingle in the filthy fray;
Where the soul sours, and gradual rancour grows,
Imbitter'd more from peevish day to day.
—Thomson.

The wind breath'd soft a lover's sigh,
And, oft renew'd, seem'd oft to die
With breathless pause between,
O who, with speech of war and woes,
Would wish to break the soft repose
Of such enchanting scene!
—Scott.

As unity demanded for its expression what at first might have seemed its opposite—variety; so repose demands for its expression the implied capability of its opposite—energy. It is the most unfailing test of beauty; nothing can be ignoble that possesses it, nothing right that has it not.—Ruskin.

The repose necessary to all beauty is repose, not of inanition, nor of luxury, nor of irresolution, but the repose of magnificent energy and being; in action, the calmness of trust and determination; in rest, the consciousness of duty accomplished and of victory won; and this repose and this felicity can take place as well in the midst of trial and tempest, as beside the waters of comfort.—Ruskin.

Reproach (See Reproof)

True invective requires great imagination.—George William Curtis.

Reproach is infinite, and knows no end.—Homer.

Few love to hear the sins they love to act.—Shakespeare.

Reproach is usually honest, which is more than can be said of praise.—Balzac.

If merited, no courage can stand against its just indignation.—Colton.

Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf-skin on those recreant limbs! —Shakespeare.

No reproach is like that we clothe in a smile, and present with a bow.—Bulwer-Lytton.

The reproach of a friend should be strictly just, but not too frequent.—Budgell.

The severest punishment suffered by a sensitive mind, for injury inflicted upon another, is the consciousness of having done it.—Hosea Ballou.

When a man feel the reprehension of a friend seconded by his own heart, he is easily heated into resentment.—Dr. Johnson.

Men are almost always cruel in their neighbors' faults; and make others' overthrow the badge of their own ill-masked virtue.—Sir P. Sidney.

Reproof, especially as it relates to children, administered in all gentleness, will render the culprit not afraid, but ashamed to repeat the offence.—Hosea Ballou.

If you have a thrust to make at your friend's expense, do it gracefully; it is all the more effective. Some one says the reproach that is delivered with hat in hand is the most telling.—Haliburton.

Before thou reprehend another, take heed thou art not culpable in what thou goest about to reprehend. He that cleanses a blot with blotted fingers makes a greater blur.—Quarles

The silent upbraiding of the eye is the very poetry of reproach; it speaks at once to the imagination.—Mrs. Balfour.

I never was fit to say a word to a sinner, except when I had a broken heart myself; when I was subdued and melted into penitence, and felt as though I had just received pardon for my own soul, and when my heart was full of tenderness and pity.—Payson.

Too much reproach "o'erleaps itself, and falls on t' other side." Pricked up too sharply, the delinquent, like a goaded bull, grows sullen and savage, and, the persecution continuing, ends is rushing madly on the spear that wounds him.—Bovee.

Does a man reproach thee for being proud or ill-natured, envious or conceited, ignorant or detracting? Consider with thyself whether his reproaches are true. If they are not, consider that thou art not the person whom he reproaches, but that he reviles an imaginary being, and perhaps loves what thou really art, though he hates what thou appearest to be.—Epictetus.

Reproof (See Reproach)

Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye.—Samuel Lover.

Reprove thy friend privately; commend him publicly.—Solon.

I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.—Shakespeare.

There is an oblique way of reproof which takes off from the sharpness of it.—Steele.

For not the anger of the wise to raise;
Those best can bear reproof who merit praise. —Pope.

Better a little chiding than a great deal of heart-break.—Shakespeare.

Aversion from reproof is not wise. It is a mark of a little mind. A great man can afford to lose; a little insignificant fellow is afraid of being snuffed out.—Cecil.

Reproof is a medicine like mercury or opium; if it be improperly administered, it will do harm instead of good.—Horace Mann.

Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclined to mirth. —Shakespeare.

He had such a gentle method of reproving their faults that they were not so much afraid as ashamed to repeat them.—Atterbury.

The severest punishment suffered by a sensitive mind, for injury inflicted upon another, is the consciousness of having done it.—Hosea Ballou.

Forbear sharp speeches to her; she's a lady,
So tender of rebukes that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her. —Shakespeare.

Some persons take reproof good-humoredly enough, unless you are so unlucky as to hit a sore place. Then they wince and writhe, and start up and knock you down for your impertinence, or wish you good morning.—Hare.

Whenever anything is spoken against you that is not true, do not pass by or despise it because it is false; but forthwith examine yourself, and consider what you have said or done that may administer a just occasion of reproof.—Plutarch.

Reprove not in their wrath incensed men;
Good counsel comes clean out of reason then,
But when his fury is appeased and past,
He will conceive his fault, and mend at last.
When he is cool, and calm, then utter it;
No man gives physic in the midst o' the fit.
—Randolph.

Republic

Republicanism and ignorance are in bitter antagonism.—Lamartine.

Happiness is more effectually dispensed to mankind under a republi-

can form of government than any other.—Washington.

At twenty every one is republican. —Lamartine.

Republics come to an end by luxurious habits; monarchies, by poverty.—Montesquieu.

Kings are for nations in their swaddling clothes; France has attained her majority.—Victor Hugo.

The same fact that Boccaccio offers in support of religion might be adduced in behalf of a republic: "It exists in spite of its ministers."—Heinrich Heine.

Republics, like individuals, who are benefited by personal sacrifices, are proverbially ungrateful.—Epes Sargent.

A republic properly understood is a sovereignty of justice, in contradistinction to a sovereignty of will. —Thomas Paine.

Republicanism is not the phantom of a deluded imagination. On the contrary, laws, under no form of government, are better supported, liberty and property better secured, or happiness more effectually dispensed to mankind.—Washington.

Though I admire republican principles in theory, yet I am afraid the practice may be too perfect for human nature. We tried a republic last century, and it failed. Let our enemies try next. I hate political experiments.—Walpole.

Equal and exact justice to all men, of whatever state or persuasion, religious or political; peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations,—entangling alliances with none; the support of the State governments in all their rights, as the most competent administrations for our domestic concerns, and the surest bulwarks against anti-republican tendencies; the preservation of the General Government in its whole constitutional vigor, as the sheet anchor of our peace at home and safety abroad; * * * freedom of religion; freedom of the press; freedom of person under the protection of *habeas corpus;* and trials by juries impartially selected,—these principles form the bright constellation which has gone before us, and guided our steps through an age of revolution and reformation.—Thomas Jefferson.

Reputation

O reputation! dearer far than life —Lowell.

The honor of a maid is her name.— Shakespeare.

Faithfully guard your reputation.— Rothschild.

A good name is better than precious ointment.—Bible.

A good name is better than bags of gold.—Cervantes.

A lost good name is ne'er retriev'd. —Gay.

I would rather make my name than inherit it.—Thackeray.

He that is respectless in his courses oft sells his reputation at cheap market.—Ben Jonson.

Good-will, like a good name, is got by many actions, and lost by one.— Jeffrey.

Reputation is a jewel which nothing can replace; it is ten thousand times more valuable capital than your diamonds.—Laboulaye.

How many worthy men have we seen survive their own reputation!— Montaigne.

For a strolling damsel a doubtful reputation bears.—Goethe.

I see my reputation is at stake:
My fame is shrewdly gor'd.
—Shakespeare.

One may be better than his reputation or his conduct, but never better than his principles.—Laténa.

A reputation for good judgment, for fair dealing, for truth, and for rectitude, is itself a fortune.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Reputation is what men and women think of us; character is what God and angels know of us.—Thomas Paine.

Say nothing good of yourself, you will be distrusted; say nothing bad of yourself, you will be taken at your word.—Joseph Roux.

An eminent reputation is as dangerous as a bad one.—Tacitus.

How difficult it is to save the bark of reputation from the rocks of ignorance.—Petrarch.

The way to gain a good reputation is to endeavor to be what you desire to appear.—Socrates.

Time never fails to bring every exalted reputation to a strict scrutiny.—Fisher Ames.

In all the affairs of this world, so much reputation is in reality so much power.—Tillotson.

Convey a libel in a frown,
And wink a reputation down!
—Swift.

I would thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought.—Shakespeare.

How many people live on the reputation of the reputation they might have made!—Holmes.

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord, is the immediate jewel of their souls.—Shakespeare.

The blaze of reputation cannot be blown out, but it often dies in the socket.—Dr. Johnson.

Die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year.—Shakespeare.

Reputation, like beavers and cloaks, shall last some people twice the time of others.—Douglas Jerrold.

I have offended reputation,
A most unnoble swerving.
—Shakespeare.

Gain at the expense of reputation is manifest loss.—Publius Syrus.

It is the duty of every one to strive to gain and deserve a good reputation.—Atterbury.

It is a maxim with me that no man was ever written out of reputation but by himself.—Monk.

The world knows the worst of me, and I can say that I am better than my fame.—Schiller.

You have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser.—Shakespeare.

Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues we write in water.—Shakespeare.

The tenure of a literary reputation is the most uncertain and fluctuating of all.—Charles Dudley Warner.

Associate with men of good quality, if you esteem your own reputation; for it is better to be alone than in bad company.—George Washington.

Thy credit wary keep, 'tis quickly gone;
Being got by many actions, lost by one.
—Randolph.

The purest treasure mortal times afford,
Is spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay
—Shakespeare.

O, I have lost my reputation!
I have lost the immortal part of myself
And what remains is bestial.
—Shakespeare.

A man's reputation draws eyes upon him that will narrowly inspect every part of him.—Addison.

Reputation is an idle and most false imposition: oft got without merit, and lost without deserving.—Shakespeare.

It is a wretched thing to lean on the reputation of others, lest the pillars being withdrawn the roof should fall in ruins.—Juvenal.

I consider him of no account who esteems himself just as the popular breath may chance to raise him.—Goethe.

But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him
And makes me poor indeed.
—Shakespeare.

Reputation is but a synonyme of popularity: dependent on suffrage, to be increased or diminished at the will of the voters.—Mrs. Jameson.

The dark grave, which knows all secrets, can alone reclaim the fatal doubt once cast on a woman's name.—George Herbert.

My name and memory I leave to men's charitable speeches, to foreign nations, and to the next age.—Bacon.

Some men's reputation seems like seed-wheat, which thrives best when brought from a distance.—Whately.

A just person knows how to secure his own reputation without blemishing another's by exposing his faults.—Quesnel.

Reputation is in itself only a farthing-candle, of wavering and uncertain flame, and easily blown out, but it is the light by which the world looks for and finds merit.—Lowell.

The two chief things that give a man reputation in counsel, are the opinion of his honesty, and the opinion of his wisdom; the authority of those two will persuade.—Ben Jonson.

A man's reputation is not in his own keeping, but lies at the mercy of the profligacy of others. Calumny requires no proof.—Hazlitt.

The reputation of a man is like his shadow,—gigantic when it precedes him, and pygmy in its proportions when it follows.—Talleyrand.

The reputation of a woman may also be compared to a mirror of crystal, shining and bright, but liable to be sullied by every breath that comes near it.—Cervantes.

There are few persons of greater worth than their reputation; but how many are there whose worth is far short of their reputation!—Stanislaus.

Whatever disgrace we have merited, it is almost always in our power to re-establish our reputation.—Rochefoucauld.

The great difficulty is first to win a reputation; the next to keep it while you live; and the next to preserve it after you die, when affection and interest are over, and nothing but sterling excellence can preserve your name.—B. R. Haydon.

Nothing so uncertain as general reputation. A man injures me from humor, passion, or interest; hates me because he has injured me; and speaks ill of me because he hates me.—Henry Home.

Reputation is rarely proportioned to virtue. We have seen a thousand people esteemed, either for the merit they had not yet attained or for that they no longer possessed.—St. Evremond.

When a man has once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, he is set fast; and nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood.—Tillotson.

An honest reputation is within the reach of all men; they obtain it by social virtues, and by doing their duty. This kind of reputation, it is true, is neither brilliant nor startling, but it is often the most useful for happiness.—Duclos.

"A good name is like precious ointment"; it filleth all round about, and will not easily away; for the odors of ointments are more durable than those of flowers.—Bacon.

The reputation of a man is like his shadow: It sometimes follows and sometimes precedes him, it is sometimes longer and sometimes shorter than his natural size.—French Proverb.

Had he unjustly fallen, your name had then been stain'd to latest times with foul reproach; and what more dreadful, more to be abhorred, than to be known with infamy forever?—Paterson.

There are two ways of establishing your reputation,—to be praised by honest men, and to be abused by rogues. It is best, however, to secure the former, because it will be invariably accompanied by the latter.—Colton.

The two most precious things on this side the grave are our reputation and our life. But it is to be lamented that the most contemptible whisper may deprive us of the one, and the weakest weapon of the other. —Colton.

He that tears away a man's good name tears his flesh from his bones, and, by letting him live, gives him only a cruel opportunity of feeling his misery, of burying his better part, and surviving himself —South.

A good name is properly that reputation of virtue that every man may challenge as his right and due in the opinions of others, till he has made forfeit of it by the viciousness of his actions.—South.

O, reputation! dearer far than life,
Thou precious balsam, lovely, sweet of smell,
Whose cordial drops once spilt by some rash hand,
Not all the owner's care, nor the repenting toil
Of the rude spiller, ever can collect
To its first purity and native sweetness.
—Sewell.

Garments that have once one rent in them are subject to be torn on every nail, and glasses that are once cracked are soon broken: such is man's good name once tainted with just reproach.—Bishop Hall.

A fair reputation is a plant, delicate in its nature, and by no means rapid in its growth. It will not shoot up in a night like the gourd of the prophet; but, like that gourd, it may perish in a night.—Jeremy Taylor.

In various talk th' instructive hours they past,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last:
One speaks the glory of the British queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
At every word a reputation dies.
—Pope.

There is nothing more necessary to establish reputation than to suspend the enjoyment of it. He that cannot bear the sense of merit with silence must of necessity destroy it; for fame being the genial mistress of mankind, whoever gives it to himself insults all to whom he relates any circumstance to his own advantage.—Steele.

If a man were only to deal in the world for a day, and should never have occasion to converse more with mankind, never more need their good opinion or good word, it were then no great matter (speaking as to the concernments of this world), if a man spent his reputation all at once, and ventured it at one throw; but if he be to continue in the world, and would have the advantage of conversation while he is in it, let him make use of truth and sincerity in all his words and actions; for nothing but this will last and hold out to the end.—Tillotson.

Request

The sequence of requests is obligation.—Junius.

It is hard to ask; it is sweet to give. —Mme. de Girardin.

Polite beggary is too common.—W. R. Alger.

He who goes round about in his requests wants commonly more than he chooses to appear to want.—Lavater

No music is so charming to my ear as the requests of my friends, and the supplications of those in want of my assistance.—Cæsar.

Resentment

Resentment gratifies him who intended an injury, and pains him unjustly who did not intend it.—Johnson.

There is a spirit of resistance implanted by the Deity in the breast of man, proportioned to the size of the wrongs he is destined to endure.—C. J. Fox.

Resentment seems to have been given us by nature for defence, and for defence only; it is the safeguard of justice, and the security of innocence.—Adam Smith.

Resentment is a union of sorrow with malignity; a combination of a passion which all endeavor to avoid with a passion which all concur to detest.—Johnson.

Resentment is, in every stage of the passion, painful, but it is not disagreeable, unless in excess; pity is always painful, yet always agreeable; vanity, on the contrary, is always pleasant, yet always disagreeable.—Home.

Reserve

Reserve may be pride fortified in ice; dignity is worth reposing on truth.—W. R. Alger.

Reserve is the truest expression of respect towards those who are its objects.—De Quincey.

Reserve is no more essentially connected with understanding than a church organ with devotion, or wine with good-nature.—Shenstone.

There is nothing more allied to the barbarous and savage character than sullenness, concealment, and reserve.—Parke Godwin.

There would not be any absolute necessity for reserve if the world were honest; yet even then it would prove expedient. For, in order to attain any degree of deference, it seems necessary that people should imagine you have more accomplishments than you discover.—Shenstone.

Resignation

Resignation is a daily suicide.—Balzac.

Kiss the rod.—Shakespeare.

The law of common sense.—Mme. Swetchine.

Fearless of fortune, and resigned to fate.—Dryden.

Leave to Heaven the measure and the choice.—Johnson.

That what cannot be repaired is not to be regretted.—Johnson.

If God be appeased, I cannot be wretched.—Ovid.

Resignation is the courage of Christian sorrow.—Professor Vinet.

It is the Lord: let Him do what seemeth Him good.—Bible.

Let that please man which has pleased God.—Seneca.

The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord.—Bible.

What destiny sends, bear! Whoever perseveres will be crowned.—Herder.

It were no virtue to bear calamities if we did not feel them.—Madame Necker.

A man that fortune's buffets and rewards hast ta'en with equal thanks.—Shakespeare.

That's best
Which God sends. 'Twas His will: it is mine. Lord Lytton.

No cloud can overshadow a true Christian, but his faith will discern a rainbow in it.—Bishop Horne.

What is resignation? It is putting God between one's self and one's grief. —Madame Swetchine.

Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I wait the sharpest blow.
—Shakespeare.

Vulgar minds refuse to crouch beneath their load; the brave bear theirs without repining.—Thomson.

What's gone and what's past help
Should be past grief. —Shakespeare.

Things without remedy,
Should be without regard: what's done is done. —Shakespeare.

Act well your given part; the choice rests not with you.—Epictetus.

One alleviation in misfortune is to endure and submit to necessity.—Seneca.

Well—peace to thy heart, tho' another's it be;
And health to that cheek, tho' it bloom not for me. —Moore.

We must learn to suffer what we cannot evade.—Montaigne.

Obedience and resignation are our personal offerings upon the altar of duty.—Hosea Ballou.

As you can not do what you wish, you should wish what you can do.—Terence.

We bear it calmly, though a ponderous woe,
And still adore the hand that gives the blow. —Pomfret.

O Lord, I do most cheerfully commit all unto Thee.—Fénelon.

Resignation is the name of the angel who carries most of our soul's burdens.—J. L. Basford.

Give what thou canst, without thee we are poor;
And with thee rich, take what thou wilt away. —Cowper.

Believe that each day which shines upon you is the last.—Horace.

The evil which one suffers patiently as inevitable seems insupportable as soon as he conceives the idea of escaping from it.—De Tocqueville.

But Heaven hath a hand in these events;
To whose high will we bound our calm contents. —Shakespeare.

We cannot conquer fate and necessity, yet we can yield to them in such a manner as to be greater than if we could.—Landor.

An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!
—Shakespeare.

I pray God that I may never find my will again. Oh, that Christ would subject my will to His, and trample it under His feet.—Rutherford.

Misfortunes, in fine, cannot be avoided; but they may be sweetened, if not overcome, and our lives made happy by philosophy.—Seneca.

To will what God doth will, that is the only science
That gives us any rest. —Malherbe.

Man yields to death; and man's sublimest works
Must yield at length to Time.
—Thomas Love Peacock.

Now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me.—Bible.

Like the plants that throw their fragrance from the wounded part, breathe sweetness out of woe.—Moore.

He is greedy of life who is not willing to die when the world is perishing around him.—Seneca.

Whate'er my doom;
It cannot be unhappy: God hath given me
The boon of resignation. —Wilson.

Let God do with me what He will, anything He will; and whatever it be, it will be either heaven itself, or some beginning of it.—Mountford.

The good we have enjoyed from Heaven's free will, and shall we murmur to endure the ill?—Dryden.

When a misfortune is impending, I cry, "God forbid"; but when it falls upon me, I say, "God be praised."—Sterne.

Demand not that events should happen as you wish; but wish them to happen as they do happen, and you will go on well.—Epictetus.

To be resigned when ills betide, patient when favors are denied, and pleased with favors given.—Nathaniel Cotton.

Wait, then, my soul! submissive wait,
Prostrate before His awful seat;
And 'mid the terrors of His rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God!
—Beddome.

We are content to take what Thou shalt give,
To work or suffer as Thy choice shall be;
Forsaking what Thy wisdom bids us leave,
Glad in the thought that we are pleasing Thee. —Eva Travers.

Bends to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past. —Goldsmith.

Suffering becomes beautiful when any one bears great calamities with cheerfulness, not through insensibility, but through greatness of mind.—Aristotle.

Sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams. —Bryant.

Is it reasonable to take it ill, that anybody desires of us that which is their own? All we have is the Almighty's; and shall not God have His own when He calls for it?—William Penn.

It is a higher exhibition of Christian manliness to be able to bear trouble than to get rid of it.—Beecher.

With a sigh for what we have not, we must be thankful for what we have, and leave to One wiser than ourselves the deeper problems of the human soul and of its discipline.—Gladstone.

Here's a sigh to those who love me,
And a smile to those who hate;
And whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for every fate.
—Byron.

"My will, not thine, be done," turned Paradise into a desert. "Thy will, not mine, be done," turned the desert into a paradise, and made Gethsemane the gate of heaven.—Pressensé.

Take what He gives, since to rebel is vain;
The bad grows better, which we well sustain;
And could we choose the time, and choose aright,
'Tis best to die, our honor at the height.
—Dryden.

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended,
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
—Shakespeare.

We should be able to see without sadness our most holy wishes fade like sunflowers, because the sun above us still forever beams, eternally makes new, and cares for all.—Richter.

Valincourt said, when his library was destroyed by fire, "A man must have profited very little by his books who has not learned how to part with them."—Chapin.

And peradventure we have more cause to thank Him for our loss than for our winning; for His wisdom better seeth what is good for us than we do ourselves.—Sir Thomas More.

"Rest in the Lord; wait patiently for him." In Hebrew, "Be silent to God, and let him mould thee." Keep still, and He will mould thee to the right shape.—Martin Luther.

Make up your mind to the prospect of sustaining a certain measure of pain and trouble in your passage

through life. By the blessing of God this will prepare you for it.—J. H. Newman.

Resignation,—not to a whirlwind of inexorable forces, not to powers that cannot see or hear or feel, but to One who lives forever, and who loves us well, and who has given us all that we have, ay, life itself, that we may at His bidding freely give it back to Him.—H. P. Liddon.

Dare to look up to God and say: "Deal with me in the future as thou wilt. I am of the same mind as thou art; I am thine. I refuse nothing that pleases Thee. Lead me where Thou wilt; clothe me in any dress Thou choosest."—Epictetus.

If God send thee a cross, take it up willingly and follow him. Use it wisely, lest it be unprofitable. Bear it patiently, lest it be intolerable. If it be light, slight it not. If it be heavy, murmur not. After the cross is the crown.—Quarles.

Resignation is, to some extent, spoiled for me by the fact that it is so entirely conformable to the laws of common-sense. I should like just a little more of the supernatural in the practice of my favorite virtue.—Madame Swetchine.

So long as we do not take even the injustice which is done us, and which forces the burning tears from us,—so long as we do not take even this for just and right, we are in the thickest darkness without dawn.—Rahel.

Probably Providence has implanted peevishness and ill-temper in sick and old persons, in compassion to the friends or relations who are to survive; as it must naturally lessen the concern they might otherwise feel for their loss.—Sterne.

Sanctified afflictions are an evidence of our adoption: we do not prune dead trees to make them fruitful, nor those which are planted in a desert; but such as belong to the garden, and possess life.—Arrowsmith.

It has been well said that no man ever sank under the burden of the day. It is when to-morrow's burden is added to the burden of to-day that the weight is more than a man can bear.—George MacDonald.

And I said in underbreath—
All our life is mixed with death,—
And who knoweth which is best?
And I smiled to think God's greatness
Flowed around our incompleteness,—
Round our restlessness, His rest.
—Mrs. E. B. Browning.

To-morrow! the mysterious, unknown guest,
Who cries to me: "Remember Barmecide,
And tremble to be happy with the rest."
And I make answer: "I am satisfied;
I dare not ask; I know not what is best;
God hath already said what shall betide."
—Longfellow.

To be resign'd when ills betide,
Patient when favours are denied.
And pleased with favours given;—
Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part;
This is that incense of the heart
Whose fragrance smells to heaven.
—Nathaniel Cotton.

I have heard a good story of Charles Fox. When his house was on fire, he found all efforts to save it useless, and, being a good draughtsman, he went up to the next hill to make a drawing of the fire,—the best instance of philosophy I ever heard of.—Southey.

Nature has made us passive, and to suffer is our lot. While we are in the flesh every man has his chain and his clog; only it is looser and lighter to one man than to another, and he is more at ease who takes it up and carries it than he who drags it.—Seneca.

Ye noble few! who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up awhile,
And what your bounded view, which only saw
A little part, deemed evil, is no more:
The storms of wintry time will quickly pass.
And one unbounded Spring encircle all.
—Thomson.

Our nature is like the sea, which gains by the flow of the tide in one place what it has lost by the ebb in another. A man may acquiesce in the method which God takes to mortify

his pride; but he is in danger of growing proud of the mortification.—Cecil.

My soul was not only brought into harmony with itself and with God, but with God's providence. In the exercise of faith and love, I endured and performed whatever came in God's providence, in submission, in thankfulness, and silence.—Mme. Guyon.

There is more courage needed oftentimes to accept the onward flow of existence, bitter as the waters of Marah, black and narrow as the channel of Jordan, than there is ever needed to bow down the neck to the sweep of the death-angel's sword.—Ouida.

Patience and submission are very carefully to be distinguished from cowardice and indolence. We are not to repine, but we may lawfully struggle; for the calamities of life, like the necessities of nature, are calls to labor and exercise of diligence.—Dr. Johnson.

True resignation, which always brings with it the confidence that unchangeable goodness will make even the disappointment of our hopes, and the contradictions of life, conducive to some benefit, casts a grave but tranquil light over the prospect of even a toilsome and troubled life.—Humboldt.

There is but one way to tranquility of mind and happiness; let this, therefore, be always ready at hand with thee, both when thou wakest early in the morning, and all the day long, and when thou goest late to sleep, to account no external things thine own, but to commit all these to God.—Epictetus.

Pain and pleasure, good and evil, come to us from unexpected sources. It is not there where we have gathered up our brightest hopes, that the dawn of happiness breaks. It is not there where we have glanced our eye with affright, that we find the deadliest gloom. What should this teach us? To bow to the great and only Source of light, and live humbly and with confiding resignation.—Goethe.

It is resignation and contentment that are best calculated to lead us safely through life. Whoever has not sufficient power to endure privations, and even suffering, can never feel that he is armor proof against painful emotions,—nay, he must attribute to himself, or at least to the morbid sensitiveness of his nature, every disagreeable feeling he may suffer.—Wilhelm von Humboldt.

Remember that you are an actor in a drama of such sort as the Author chooses. If short, then in a short one; if long, then in a long one. If it be His pleasure that you should act a poor man, see that you act it well; or a cripple, or a ruler, or a private citizen. For this is your business to act well the given part; but to choose it, belongs to another.—Epictetus.

I take this pain, Lord Jesus,
From Thine own hand;
The strength to bear it bravely
Thou wilt command.
I am too weak for effort,
So let me rest,
In hush of sweet submission
On Thine own breast.
—F. R. Havergal.

It seem'd so hard at first, mother, to leave
the blessed sun,
And now it seems as hard to stay—and yet
His will be done!
But still I think it can't be long before I
find release;
And that good man, the clergyman, has told
me words of peace. —Tennyson.

I have been a great deal happier since I have given up thinking about what is easy and pleasant, and being discontented because I could not have my own will. Our life is determined for us; and it makes the mind very free when we give up wishing, and only think of bearing what is laid upon us and doing what is given us to do.—George Eliot.

Teach us to submit ourselves to Thy chastenings, believing Thy love in them all. Thou hast given us Christ, and in Him eternal life. Oh, how can we think Thou wouldst withhold from

us anything else if it were good for us! Lord, let us not choose for ourselves. Choose Thou for us in Thy wisdom and love, and let our hearts approve Thy choice. Be Thou our portion, our light, and our joy in Christ Jesus. Help us ever watchfully to cherish a meek and quiet spirit, ever looking unto Him who was meek and lowly of heart, that we may find rest unto our souls.—Hall's Family Prayers.

We are to take no counsel with flesh and blood; give ear to no vain cavils, vain sorrows and wishes; to know that we know nothing, that the worst and cruelest to our eyes is not what it seems, that we have to receive whatsoever befalls us as sent from God above, and say, "It is good and wise,—God is great! Though He slay me, yet I trust in Him." Islam means, in its way, denial of self. This is yet the highest wisdom that heaven has revealed to our earth.—Carlyle.

"A little way!"—this sentence I repeat,
Hoping and longing to extract some sweet
To mingle with the bitter; from Thy hand
I take the cup I cannot understand,
And in my weakness give myself to Thee.

Strike! Thou the Master, we Thy keys,
The anthem of the destinies!
The minor of Thy loftier strain,
Our hearts shall breathe the old refrain—
"Thy will be done!"
—John G. Whittier.

I cannot speak
In happy tones; the tear drops on my cheek
Show I am sad;
But I can speak
Of grace to suffer with submission meek,
Until made glad.

I cannot feel
That all is well, when dark'ning clouds conceal
The shining sun;
But then I know
God lives and loves; and say, since it is so,
"Thy will be done."
—F. G. Browning.

Resistance

When time and need require, we should resist with all our might, and prefer death to slavery and disgrace.—Cicero.

Resolution

Resolve, and thou art free.—Longfellow.

A good resolve will make any port.—Horace.

Never tell your resolution beforehand.—John Selden.

He only is a well-made man who has a good determination.—Emerson.

Every tub must stand upon its own bottom.—Bunyan.

For what I will, I will, and there an end.—Shakespeare.

And hearts resolved and hands prepared
The blessings they enjoy to guard.
—Smollett.

Resolves perish into vacancy, that, if executed, might have been noble works.—Henry Giles.

I will be as harsh as truth and as uncompromising as justice.—William Lloyd Garrison.

When resolution hath prepar'd the will;
It wants no helps to further any ill.
—Mirror for Magistrates.

Experience teacheth us that resolution is a sole help in need.—Shakespeare.

Put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.
—Shakespeare.

For ebbing resolution ne'er returns,
But falls still further from its former shore.
—Home.

Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt,
Nothing's so hard but search will find it out.
—Herrick.

Tell your master that if there were as many devils at Worms as tiles on its roofs, I would enter.—Martin Luther.

Sudden resolutions, like the sudden rise of the mercury in the barometer, indicate little else than the changeableness of the weather.—Hare.

I am in earnest—I will not equivocate—I will not excuse—I will not retreat a single inch; and I will be heard.—William Lloyd Garrison.

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolv'd to effect.—Shakespeare.

My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: Now from head to foot
I am marble-constant. —Shakespeare.

Hast thou attempted greatness?
Then go on;
Back-turning slackens resolution.
—Herrick.

In truth there is no such thing in man's nature as a settled and full resolve either for good or evil, except at the very moment of execution.—Nath. Hawthorne.

The native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their curtents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.
—Shakespeare.

Let come what will, I mean to bear it out,
And either live with glorious victory,
Or die with fame, renown'd for chivalry:
He is not worthy of the honey-comb,
That shuns the hive because the bees have stings. —Shakespeare.

A good inclination is but the first rude draught of virtue, but the finishing strokes are from the will; which, if well disposed, will by degrees perfect,—if ill disposed, will by the superinduction of ill habits quickly deface it.—South.

If we have need of a strong will in order to do good, it is more necessary still for us in order not to do evil; from which it often results that the most modest life is that where the force of will is most exercised.—Count Molé.

Be not too slow in the breaking of a sinful custom; a quick, courageous resolution is better than a gradual deliberation; in such a combat he is the bravest soldier that lays about him without fear or wit. Wit pleads, fear disheartens; he that would kill Hydra had better strike off one neck than five heads: fell the tree, and the branches are soon cut off.—Quarles.

In life's small things be resolute and great
To keep thy muscle trained: know'st thou when Fate
Thy measure takes, or when she'll say to thee,
"I find thee worthy; do this deed for me?"
—Lowell.

For when two
Join in the same adventure, one perceives
Before the other how they ought to act;
While one alone, however prompt, resolves
More tardily and with a weaker will.
—Homer.

All the soul
Of man is resolution; which expires
Never from valiant men, till their last breath;
And then with it, like a flame extinguish'd
For want of matter; it does not die, but
Rather ceases to live. —Chapman.

Experience teacheth us
That resolution 's a sole help at need:
And this, my lord, our honour teacheth us,
That we be bold in every enterprise:
Then since there is no way, but fight or die,
Be resolute, my lord, for victory.
—Shakespeare.

Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threat'ner and outface the brow
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.
—Shakespeare.

I was acquainted once with a gallant soldier who assured me that his only measure of courage was this: upon the first fire, in an engagement, he immediately looked upon himself as a dead man. He then bravely fought out the remainder of the day, perfectly regardless of all manner of danger, as becomes a dead man to be. So that all the life or limbs he carried back again to his tent he reckoned as clear gains, or, as he himself expressed it, so much out of the fire. —Sterne.

Respect

Respect is better procured by exacting than soliciting it.—Greville.

Self-respect is the best of all.—Horea Ballou.

He who respects others is respected by them.—Mencius.

The icy precepts of respect.—Shakespeare.

Women seldom forfeit their claims to respect to men whom they respect.—Bovee.

To be capable of respect is wellnigh as rare at the present day as to be worthy of it.—Joubert.

He who has no pleasure in looking up, is not fit so much as to look down.—Washington Allston.

Respect is a serious thing in him who feels it, and the height of honor for him who inspires the feeling.—Mme. Swetchine.

Some men use no other means to acquire respect than by insisting on it; and it sometimes answers their purpose, as it does a highwayman's in regard to money.—Shenstone.

Be fearful only of thyself, and stand in awe of none more than of thine own conscience. There is a Cato in every man, a severe censor of his manners; and he that reverences this judge will seldom do anything he need repent of.—Thomas Fuller.

Responsibility

Every one of us shall give account of himself to God.—Bible.

Responsibility walks hand in hand with capacity and power.—J. G. Holland.

Nature holds an immense uncollected debt over every man's head.—Beecher.

And how his audit stands who knows, save Heaven?—Shakespeare.

Much misconstruction and bitterness are spared to him who thinks naturally upon what he owes to others, rather than what he ought to expect from them.—Madame Guizot.

Posterity pays for the sins of their fathers.—Quintus Curtius Rufus.

The plea of ignorance will never take away our responsibilities.—Ruskin.

If the master takes no account of his servants, they will make small account of him, and care not what they spend, who are never brought to an audit.—Fuller.

We are a compound of both here and hereafter; we shall be made responsible for the actions of both while here. Anything beyond this is beyond our power to prove, and would be of no real value if we could.—B. R. Haydon.

Every human being has a work to carry on within, duties to perform abroad, influences to exert, which are peculiarly his, and which no conscience but his own can teach.—Channing.

Rest

Rest is the sweet sauce of labor.—Plutarch.

Rest is the fitting of self to its sphere.—John Dwight.

God giveth quietness at last.—Whittier.

Absence of occupation is not rest.—Cowper.

Thou hadst, for weary feet, the gift of rest.—William Watson.

On every mountain height
Is rest. —Goethe.

Rest is sweet after strife.—Lord Lytton.

The word "rest" is not in my vocabulary.—Horace Greeley.

Straining breaks the bow, and relaxation relieves the mind.—Syrus.

Silken rest tie all my cares up.—Beaumont.

Let the weary at length possess quiet rest.—Seneca.

For too much rest itself becomes a pain.—Homer.

Thou hast made us for Thyself, and the heart never resteth till it findeth rest in Thee.—St. Augustine.

Take rest; a field that has rested gives a bountiful crop.—Ovid.

Weariness can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth finds the down pillow hard.—Shakespeare.

Diogenes found more rest in his tub than Alexander on his throne. —Quarles.

Repose demands for its expression the implied capability of its opposite, —energy.—Ruskin.

Where can a frail man hide him? In what arms shall a short life enjoy a little rest?—Fanshawe.

That they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them. —Bible.

Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit! rest thee now!
—Mrs. Hemans.

Come, lay thy head upon my breast,
And I will kiss thee into rest.
—Byron.

Men, in whatever anxiety they may be, if they are men, sometimes indulge in relaxation.—Cicero.

It is not in understanding a set of doctrines; not in outward comprehension of the "scheme of salvation," that rest and peace are to be found, but in taking up, in all lowliness and meekness, the yoke of the Lord Jesus Christ. —F. W. Robertson.

If thou seek rest in this life, how wilt thou then attain to the everlasting rest? Dispose not thyself for much rest, but for great patience. Seek true peace—not in earth, but in heaven; not in men, nor in any other creature, but in God alone.—Thomas à Kempis.

And rest, that strengthens unto virtuous deeds,
Is one with Prayer. —Bayard Taylor.

Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas
Ease after warre, death after life, does greatly please. —Spenser.

It is not the placidity of stupid ease that we should covet, but the repose that is requisite for the renewal of exhausted strength, the serenity that succeeds the storm, and the salubrity that repays its ravages.—E. L. Magoon.

Oh, give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.
—F. R. Havergal.

O rest! thou soft word! autumnal flower of Eden! moonlight of the spirit! Rest of the soul, when wilt thou hold our head that it may cease beating?—Richter.

Rest is a fine medicine. Let your stomachs rest, ye dyspeptics; let your brain rest, you wearied and worried men of business; let your limbs rest, ye children of toil!—Carlyle.

Now is done thy long day's work;
Fold thy palms across thy breast,
Fold thine arms, turn to thy rest.
Let them rave. —Tennyson.

For me, my heart, that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,
That sees through tears the mummers leap,
Would now its wearied vision close,
Would childlike on His love repose,
Who giveth His Beloved, sleep.
—Mrs. E. B. Browning.

The Princess Elizabeth, of England, was found dead with her head resting on her Bible, open at these words, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." So may we all fall asleep at last when the day's work for Jesus is over, and wake up in heaven to find ourselves in the delicious rest that re-

maineth for the people of God.—T. L. Cuyler.

O, what is more sweet than when the mind, set free from care, lays its burden down; and, when spent with distant travel, we come back to our home and rest our limbs on the wished-for bed? This, this alone, repays such toils as these!—Catullus.

Of all our loving Father's gifts
I often wonder which is best,
And cry: Dear God, the one that lifts
Our soul from weariness to rest,
The rest of silence—that is best.
—Mary Clemmer.

Oh, some seek bread—no more—life's mere subsistence,
And some seek wealth and ease—the common quest;
And some seek fame, that hovers in the distance;
But all are seeking rest.
—Frederick Langbridge.

Thousands of toiling hands
Where theirs have ceased from their labours,
Thousands of aching brains
Where theirs are no longer busy.
Thousands of weary feet
Where theirs have completed their journey,
Thousands of throbbing hearts
Where theirs are at rest for ever.
—Longfellow.

Rest, weary heart,
From all Thy silent griefs and secret pain,
Thy profitless regrets, and longings vain;
Wisdom and love have ordered all the past,
All shall be blessedness and joy at last;
Cast off the cares that have so long oppressed;
Rest, sweetly rest! —Jane Borthwick.

Results

The end must justify the means.—
—Prior.

O most lame and impotent conclusion!—Shakespeare.

A bad ending follows a bad beginning.—Euripides.

From little spark may burst a mighty flame.—Dante.

The evening shows the day, and death crowns life.—Webster.

Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.—Shakespeare.

Great floods have flown
From simple sources. —Shakespeare.

What dire offence from am'rous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things. —Pope.

That from small fires comes oft no small mishap.—Herbert.

O! lady, we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone doth nature live;
Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud! —Coleridge.

The blood will follow where the knife is driven,
The flesh will quiver where the pincers tear. —Young.

From hence, let fierce contending nations know,
What dire effects from civil discord flow.
—Addison.

So comes a reckoning when the banquet's o'er,
The dreadful reckoning, and men smile no more. —Gay.

Who soweth good seed shall surely reap;
The year grows rich as it groweth old;
And life's latest sands are its sands of gold.
—Julia C. R. Dorr.

Sure of the Spring that warms them into birth,
The golden germs thou trustest to the Earth;
Heed'st thou as well to sow in Time the seeds
Of Wisdom for Eternity—good deeds?
—Schiller.

The thorns which I have reap'd are of the tree
I planted,—they have torn me, and I bleed:
I should have known what fruit would spring from such a seed. —Byron.

We shape ourselves the joy or fear
Of which the coming life is made,
And fill our Future's atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade.
—Whittier.

Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment,

being scribbled o'er, should undo a man?—Shakespeare.

The present is the living sum-total of the whole past.—Carlyle.

Consequences are unpitying. Our deeds carry their terrible consequences, quite apart from any fluctuations that went before—consequences that are hardly ever confined to ourselves.—George Eliot.

Resurrection

Almighty God, who, through thine only-begotten Son, Jesus Christ, hast overcome death, and opened unto us the gate of everlasting life.—Collect for Easter Day.

I see the Judge enthroned; the flaming guard:
The volume open'd!—open'd every heart!
—Young.

The diamond which shines in the Saviour's crown shall burn in unquenched beauty at last on the forehead of every human soul.—Theodore Parker.

The last loud trumpet's wondrous sound,
Shall thro' the rending tombs rebound,
And wake the nations under ground.
—Wentworth Dillon.

Happy are we if on the body of the resurrection we can bear the face with which victorious Christians leave the earth.—Samuel Willoughby Duffield.

Our Lord has written the promise of the resurrection, not in books alone, but in every leaf in spring-time.—Luther.

And there, in Abraham's bosom, whatever it be which that bosom signifies, lives my sweet friend. For what other place is there for such a soul?—St. Augustine.

Shall man alone, for whom all else revives,
No resurrection know? Shall man alone,
Imperial man! be sown in barren ground,
Less privileged than grain, on which he feeds?
—Young.

The resurrection morning is a true sun-rising, the inbursting of a cloudless sky on all the righeous dead. They wake transfigured, at their Maker's call, with the fashion of their countenance altered and shining like His own.—Horace Bushnell.

The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard:
Lo, the depths of the stone-cover'd charnels are stirr'd:
From the sea, from the land, from the south and the north,
The vast generations of man are come forth.
—Milman.

The resurrection state is the culmination of glorified humanity; is the change of the earthly for the heavenly; is the putting off of flesh and blood, and the putting on of the spiritual body. The body of the resurrection is the body with which the spirit is clothed for its celestial life.—Bishop R. S. Foster.

How divinely full of glory and pleasure shall that hour be when all the millions of mankind that have been redeemed by the blood of the Lamb of God shall meet together and stand around Him, with every tongue and every heart full of joy and praise! How astonishing will be the glory and the joy of that day when all the saints shall join together in one common song of gratitude and love, and of everlasting thankfulness to this Redeemer! With that unknown delight, and inexpressible satisfaction, shall all that are saved from the ruins of sin and hell address the Lamb that was slain, and rejoice in His presence! —Isaac Watts.

Retirement

Modesty and dew love the shade.—Lamartine.

Love prefers twilight to daylight.—O. W. Holmes.

The statesman, lawyer, merchant, man of trade, pants for the refuge of some rural shade.—Cowper.

To fly from, need not be to hate, mankind; all are not fit with them to stir and toil.—Byron.

Domestic worth, that shuns too strong a light.—Lord Lyttleton.

Scipio, great in his triumphs, in retirement great.—Pope.

That woman is happiest whose life is passed in the shadow of a manly, loving heart.—Mme. Necker.

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen, and waste its sweetness on the desert air.—Gray.

Virtues that shun the day, and lie concealed in the smooth seasons and the calm of life.—Addison.

Woman is a flower that breathes its perfume in the shade only.—Lamennais.

O happiness of sweet retir'd content!
To be at once secure and innocent.
—Denham.

Retiring from the popular noise, I seek
This unfrequented place to find some ease.
—Milton.

No noise, no care, no vanity, no strife; men, woods and fields, all breathe untroubled life.—Thomson.

Remote from man, with God he passed the days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise. —Parnell.

Oh, blest retirement! friend to life's decline, how blest is he who crowns, in shades like these, a youth of labor with an age of ease!—Goldsmith.

Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court? —Shakespeare.

How miserable a thing is a great man:
Take noisy vexing greatness they that please,
Give me obscure, and safe, and silent ease.
—Crown.

How much they err who, to their interest blind, slight the calm peace which from retirement flows!—Mrs. Tighe.

How use doth breed a habit in a man! This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods, I better brook than flourishing peopled towns.—Shakespeare.

O sacred solitude! divine retreat!
Choice of the prudent! envy of the great!
By thy pure stream, or in thy waving shade,
We court fair Wisdom, that celestial maid.
—Young.

Welcome, ye shades! ye bowery thickets, hail!
Ye lofty pines! ye venerable oaks!
Ye ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep!
Delicious is your shelter to the soul.
—Thomson.

An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labor, useful life,
Progressive virtue, and approving heaven!
—Thomson.

Happy the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground. —Pope.

The fall of waters and the song of birds,
And hills that echo to the distant herds,
Are luxuries excelling all the glare
The world can boast, and her chief favorites share. —Cowper.

He who lives wisely to himself and his own heart looks at the busy world through the loopholes of retreat, and does not want to mingle in the fray.—Hazlitt.

Nature I'll court in her sequester'd haunts,
By mountain, meadow, streamlet, grove or cell;
Where the poised lark his evening ditty chaunts,
And health, and peace, and contemplation dwell. —Smollett.

Now purer air
Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All sadness but despair: Now gentle gales
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy spoils. —Milton.

Depart from the highway, and transplant thyself in some enclosed ground; for it is hard for a tree that stands by the wayside to keep her fruit till it be ripe.—St. Chrysostom.

Demean thyself more warily in thy study than in the street. If thy public actions have a hundred witnesses, thy private have a thousand. The multitude looks but upon thy actions; thy conscience looks into them: the multitude may chance to excuse thee, if not acquit thee; thy conscience will accuse thee, if not condemn thee.—Quarles.

Exert your talents and distinguish yourself, and don't think of retiring from the world until the world will be sorry that you retire. I hate a fellow whom pride or cowardice or laziness drives into a corner, and who does nothing when he is there but sit and growl. Let him come out as I do, and bark.—Johnson.

Thy shades, thy silence, now be mine,
Thy charms my only theme;
My haunt the hollow cliff, whose pine
Waves o'er the gloomy stream.
Where the sacred owl, on pinions gray,
Breaks from the rustling boughs,
And down the lone vale sails away,
To more profound repose. —Beattie.

The fall of kings,
The rage of nations, and the crush of states,
Move not the man, who, from the world escap'd,
In still retreats, and flowery solitudes,
To Nature's voice attends, from month to month,
And day to day, through the revolving year;
Admiring, sees her in her every shape;
Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart;
Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of more. —Thomson.

The statesman, lawyer, merchant, man of trade
Pants for the refuge of some rural shade,
Where all his long anxieties forgot
Amid the charms of a sequester'd spot,
Or recollected only to gild o'er
And add a smile to what was sweet before,
He may possess the joys he thinks he sees,
Lay his old age upon the lap of ease,
Improve the remnant of his wasted span,
And having lived a trifler, die a man.
—Cowper.

Retribution

The sword is ever suspended.—Voltaire.

Whoso diggeth a pit shall fall therein.—Bible.

O heaven, that such companions thou 'ldst unfold, and put in every honest hand a whip to lash the rascals naked through the world.—Shakespeare.

God's mill grinds slow, but sure.—George Herbert.

His enemies shall lick the dust.—Bible.

Sin let loose speaks punishment at hand.—Cowper.

Nemesis is one of God's handmaids.—W. R. Alger.

A bad ending follows a bad beginning.—Euripides.

"One soweth and another reapeth," is a verity that applies to evil as well as good.—George Eliot.

Old age seizes upon an ill-spent youth like fire upon a rotten house.—South.

Heaven never defaults. The wicked are sure of their wages, sooner or later.—Chapin.

I should have known what fruit would spring from such a seed.—Byron.

Heaven often regulates effects by their causes, and pays the wicked what they have deserved.—Corneille.

He whom God hath gifted with a love of retirement possesses, as it were, an extra sense.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Let fierce contending nations know
what dire effects from civil discord flow.—Addison.

To be left alone
And face to face with my own crime, had been just retribution. —Longfellow.

Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience He stands waiting, with exactness grinds He all.
—Friedrich Von Logau.

Passing too eagerly upon a provocation loses the guard and lays open the body; calmness and leisure and delib-

eration do the business much better.—Jeremy Collier.

In vain we attempt to clear our conscience by affecting to compensate for fraud or cruelty by acts of strict religious homage towards God.—Blair.

Nothing is more common than for great thieves to ride in triumph when small ones are punished. But let wickedness escape as it may, at the law it never fails of doing itself justice; for every guilty person is his own hangman.—Seneca.

My lord cardinal (Cardinal Richelieu), there is one fact which you seem to have entirely forgotten. God is a sure paymaster. He may not pay at the end of every week or month or year; but I charge you, remember that He pays in the end.—Anne of Austria.

Nemesis is lame; but she is of colossal stature, like the gods, and sometimes, while her sword is not yet unsheathed, she stretches out her huge left arm and grasps her victim. The mighty hand is invisible, but the victim totters under the dire clutch.—George Eliot.

Society is like the echoing hills. It gives back to the speaker his words; groan for groan, song for song. Wouldest thou have thy social scenes to resound with music? then speak ever in the melodious strains of truth and love. "With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again."—Dr. David Thomas.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored:
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.
—Julia Ward Howe.

The world cannot afford to damn its sinners, nor will it be saved without their help. Humanity is one, and not till Lazarus is cured of his sores will Dives be safe. Whoever will thrust Magdalen into the pit will find that he has dropped with her into the flames the key that should have opened heaven for him, and assuredly shall he remain outside until she, her purification completed, shall take pity on him and bring it thence.—Celia Burleigh.

The essence of justice is mercy. Making a child suffer for wrong-doing is merciful to the child. There is no mercy in letting the child have its own will, plunging headlong to destruction with the bits in its mouth. There is no mercy to society nor to the criminal if the wrong is not repressed and the right vindicated. We injure the culprit who comes up to take his proper doom at the bar of justice, if we do not make him feel that he has done a wrong thing. We may deliver his body from the prison, but not at the expense of justice nor to his own injury. —Chapin.

Shall man alone, whose fate, whose final fate,
Hangs on that hour, exclude it from his thoughts?
I think of nothing else—I see, I feel it!
All nature like an earthquake, trembling round!
All deities, like summer's swarms on wing,
All basking in the full meridian blaze!
I see the Judge enthroned, the flaming guard!
The volume open'd—open'd every heart!
A sunbeam pointing out each secret thought!
No patron! intercessor none! now past
The sweet, the clement mediatorial hour!
For guilt no plea! to pain no pause! no bound!
Inexorable all! and all extreme!—Young.

Retrospect

By our remembrances of days foregone.—Shakespeare.

And oft a retrospect delights the mind.—Dante.

Pleasure is the flower that fades; remembrance is the lasting perfume.—Boufflers.

It is the only paradise out of which we cannot be driven.—Richter.

Of no day can the retrospect cause pain to a good man.—Martial.

In our lonely hours we awake those sleeping images with which our mem-

ories are stored, and vitalize them again.—Mme. de Genlis.

In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts bring sad thoughts to the mind.—Wordsworth.

A lively retrospect summons back to us once more our youth, with vivid reflex of its early joys and unstained pleasures.—Alfred de Musset.

If our past actions reproach us, they cannot be atoned for by our own severe reflections so effectually as by a contrary behavior.—Steele.

Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey, and place and time are subject to thy sway.—Rogers.

The greatest comfort of my old age, and that which gives me the highest satisfaction, is the pleasing remembrance of the many benefits and friendly offices I have done to others.—Cato.

A man advanced in years, that thinks fit to look back upon his former life, and call that only life which was passed with satisfaction and enjoyment, excluding all parts which were not pleasant to him, will find himself very young, if not in his infancy.—Steele.

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
And ask them what report they've borne to heaven,
And how they might have borne more welcome news,
Their answers form what men experience call;
If wisdom's friend, her best; if not, worst foe. —Young.

Where is the one who hath not had
Some anguish-trial, long gone by,
Steal, spectre-like, all dark and sad
On busy thought, till the full eye
And aching breast, betray'd too well,
The past still held undying spell?
—Eliza Cook.

He possesses dominion over himself and is happy, who can every day say, "I have lived." To-morrow the Heavenly Father may either involve the world in dark clouds or cheer it with clear sunshine; he will not, however, render ineffectual the things which have already taken place.—Horace.

Had we a privilege of calling up by the power of memory only such passages as were pleasing, unmixed with such as were disagreeable, we might then excite at pleasure an ideal happiness, perhaps more poignant than actual sensation.—Tuckerman.

Revelation

Nature is a revelation of God;
Art a revelation of man.
—Longfellow.

'Tis Revelation satisfies all doubts,
Explains all mysteries except her own,
And so illuminates the path of life,
That fools discover it, and stray no more.
—Cowper.

Lochiel, Lochiel! beware of the day;
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal
But man cannot cover what God would reveal;
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before. —Campbell.

I am verily persuaded the Lord has more truth yet to break forth out of His holy word. * * * I beseech you, remember (it is an article of your church covenant) that you be ready to receive whatever truth shall be made known to you from the word of God.—John Robinson.

Revenge

Revenge is a kind of wild justice.—Bacon.

Revenge is profitable.—Gibbon.

Sweet is revenge—especially to women.—Byron.

The malevolent have hidden teeth.—Publius Syrus.

To revenge is no valor, but to bear.—Shakespeare.

Which, if not victory, is yet revenge.—Milton.

Revenge is lost in agony, and wild remorse to rage succeeds.—Byron.

The whirligig of time brings in his revenges.—Shakespeare.

Revenge is an inhuman word.—Seneca.

Revenge, at first though sweet, bitter ere long, back on itself recoils.—Milton.

Revenge, the attribute of gods! they stamped it with their great image on our natures.—Otway.

A readiness to resent injuries is a virtue only in those who are slow to injure.—Sheridan.

Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge had stomach for them all.—Shakespeare.

Revenge, we find, the abject pleasure of an abject mind.—Juvenal.

Revenge is the naked idol of the worship of a semi-barbarous age.—Shelley.

He that studieth revenge keepeth his own wounds green.—Bacon.

The best sort of revenge is not to be like him who did the injury.—Marcus Antoninus.

To work a fell revenge a man's a fool, if not instructed in a woman's school.—Fletcher.

In taking revenge a man is but equal to his enemy, but in passing it over he is his superior.—Bacon.

Why revenge an enemy when you can outwit him?—Xolotl.

It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.
—Shakespeare.

Honour hath her degrees: there is excess
In all revenge, that may be done with less.

No man ever did me so much good, or enemy so much harm, but I repaid him with interest.—Sulla.

Revenge is sweeter than life itself. So think fools.—Juvenal.

He is below himself that's not above an injury.—Quarles.

If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
—Shakespeare.

'Tis sweet to love; but when with scorn we meet,
Revenge supplies the loss with joys as great.
—Lord Lansdowne.

There is no passion of the human heart that promises so much and pays so little as revenge.—H. W. Shaw.

The indulgence of revenge tends to make men more savage and cruel.—Lord Kames.

Revenge, that thirsty dropsy of our souls, makes us covet that which hurts us most.—Massinger.

Those who plot the destruction of others often fall themselves.—Phædrus.

While you are meditating revenge, the devil is meditating a recruit.—Malherbe.

O, that the slave had forty thousand lives;
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.
—Shakespeare.

Revenge is a debt, in the paying of which the greatest knave is honest and sincere, and, so far as he is able, punctual.—Colton.

Revenge is an act of passion; vengeance, of justice: injuries are revenged; crimes are avenged.—Dr. Johnson.

If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.—Bible.

In one consort there sat cruel revenge and rancorous despite, disloyal treason and heart-burning hate.—Spenser.

What is revenge but courage to call in our honor's debts, and wisdom to convert others' self-love into our own protection?—Young.

There are some professed Christians who would gladly burn their enemies, but yet who forgive them merely because it is heaping coals of fire on their heads.—F. A. Durivage.

Vengeance to God alone belongs;
But, when I think of all my wrongs,
My blood is liquid flame. —Scott.

Pleasure and revenge
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision. —Shakespeare.

I will not be revenged, and this I owe to my enemy; but I will remember, and this I owe to myself.—Colton.

An act by which we make one friend and one enemy is a losing game; because revenge is a much stronger principle than gratitude.—Colton.

Revenge is barren of itself; itself is the dreadful food it feeds on; its delight is murder, and its saiety, despair. —Schiller.

Nothing is more ruinous for a man than when he is mighty enough in any part to right himself without right.—Jacobi.

Haste me to know it; that I with wings as swift as meditation, or the thoughts of love, may sweep to my revenge.—Shakespeare.

Revenge is fever in our own blood, to be cured only by letting the blood of another; but the remedy too often produces a relapse, which is remorse—a malady far more dreadful than the first disease, because it is incurable.—Colton.

Revenge, which, like envy, is an instinct of justice, does but take into its own hands the execution of that natural law which precedes the social.—Chatfield.

The vengeful thought that has root merely in the mind is but a dream of idlest sort which one clear day will dissipate; while revenge, the passion, is a disease of the heart which climbs up, up to the brain, and feeds itself on both alike.—Lew Wallace.

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot that it doth singe yourself. We may outrun by violent swiftness that which we run at, and lose by overrunning.—Shakespeare.

In revenge a man is but even with his enemy; for it is a princely thing to pardon, and Solomon saith it is the glory of a man to pass over a transgression.—Bacon.

Neither is it safe to count upon the weakness of any man's understanding, who is thoroughly possessed of the spirit of revenge to sharpen his invention.—Swift.

Revenge commonly hurts both the offerer and sufferer; as we see in a foolish bee, which in her anger invenometh the flesh and loseth her sting, and so lives a drone ever after. —Bishop Hall.

Not to be provoked is best; but if moved, never correct till the fume is spent; for every stroke our fury strikes is sure to hit ourselves at last. —William Penn.

It is through madness that we hate an enemy, and think of revenging ourselves; and it is through indolence that we are appeased, and do not revenge ourselves.—Bruyère.

A pure and simple revenge does in no way restore man towards the felicity which the injury did interrupt; for revenge is but doing a simple evil, and does not, in its formality, imply reparation.—Jeremy Taylor.

There are things
Which make revenge a virtue by reflection,
And not an impulse of mere anger; though
The laws sleep, justice wakes, and injur'd souls
Oft do a public right with private wrong.
—Byron.

The best manner of avenging ourselves is by not resembling him who has injured us; and it is hardly possible for one man to be more unlike another than he that forbears to avenge himself of wrong is to him who did the wrong.—Jane Porter.

He that thinks he shows boldness or height of mind by a scurrilous reply to a scurrilous provocation measures himself by a false standard, and acts not the spirit of a man, but the spleen of a wasp.—South.

'Tis an old tale, and often told;
But did my fate and wish agree,
Ne'er had been read, in story old,
Of maiden true betray'd for gold,
That loved, or was avenged, like me!
—Scott.

If we do but watch the hour,
There never yet was human power
Which could evade, if unforgiven,
The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong.
—Byron.

To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!
Conscience, and grace, to the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation: To this point I stand,—
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I'll be reveng'd.
—Shakespeare.

We can more easily avenge an injury than requite a kindness; on this account, because there is less difficulty in getting the better of the wicked than in making one's self equal with the good.—Cicero.

If you are affronted, it is better to pass it by in silence, or with a jest, though with some dishonor, than to endeavor revenge. If you can keep reason above passion, that and watchfulness will be your best defendants.—Newton.

But if for wrongs we needs revenge must have,
Then be our vengeance of the noblest kind:
Do we his body from our fury save,
And let our hate prevail against his mind?
What can 'gainst him a greater vengeance be,
Than make his foe more worthy far than he.
—Lady Elizabeth Carew.

On him that takes revenge revenge shall be taken, and by a real evil he shall dearly pay for the goods that are but airy and fantastical; it is like a rolling stone, which, when a man hath forced up a hill, will return upon him with a greater violence, and break those bones whose sinews gave it motion.—Jeremy Taylor.

If anything can legalize revenge, it should be injury from an extremely obliged person; but revenge is so absolutely the peculiar of heaven that no consideration whatever can empower even the best men to assume the execution of it.—South.

The most tolerable sort of revenge is for those wrongs which there is no law to remedy. But then let a man take heed that the revenge be such as there is no law to punish; else a man's enemy is still beforehand, and is two for one.—Bacon.

Revenge is a common passion; it is the sin of the uninstructed. The savage deems it noble; but Christ's religion, which is the sublime civilizer, emphatically condemns it. Why? Because religion ever seeks to ennoble man; and nothing so debases him as revenge.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Few things are more agreeable to self-love than revenge, and yet no cause so effectually restrains us from revenge as self-love. And this paradox naturally suggests another; that the strength of the community is not unfrequently built upon the weakness of those individuals that compose it.—Colton.

Some philosophers would give a sex to revenge, and appropriate it almost exclusively to the female mind. But, like most other vices, it is of both genders; yet, because wounded vanity and slighted love are the two most powerful excitements to revenge, it has been thought, perhaps, to rage with more violence in the female heart.—Colton.

All the ends of human felicity are secured without revenge, for without it we are permitted to restore ourselves; and therefore it is against natural reason to do an evil that no way co-operates the proper and perfective end of human nature. And he is a miserable person, whose good is the evil of his neighbor; and he that

revenges in many cases does worse than he that did the injury; in all cases as bad.—Jeremy Taylor.

Reverence

Henceforth the Majesty of God revere;
Fear him and you have nothing else to fear.
—Fordyce.

If we wish ourselves to be high, we should treat that which is over us as high.—Trollope.

To yield reverence to another, to hold ourselves and our lives at his disposal, is not slavery; often, it is the noblest state in which a man can live in this world.—Ruskin.

What a sweet reverence is that when a young man deems his mistress a little more than mortal and almost chides himself for longing to bring her close to his heart.—Nath. Hawthorne.

When once thy foot enters the church, be bare.
God is more there than thou: for thou art there
Only by His permission. Then beware,
And make thyself all reverence and fear.
—Herbert.

Reverses

A man that fortune's buffets and rewards has taken with equal thanks.—Shakespeare.

It is the amends of a short and troublesome life, that doing good and suffering ill entitles man to one longer and better.—William Penn.

He who sows, even with tears, the precious seed of faith, hope and love shall "doubtless come again with joy and bring his sheaves with him"; because it is in the very nature of that seed to yield, under the kindly influence secured to it, a joyful harvest.—Cecil.

Every duty brings its peculiar delight, every denial its appropriate compensation, every thought its recompense, every love its elysium, every cross its crown; pay goes with performance as effect with cause. Meanness overreaches itself; vice vitiates whoever indulges in it; the wicked wrong their own souls; generosity greatens; virtue exalts; charity transfigures; and holiness is the essence of angelhood. God does not require us to live on credit; he pays us what we earn as we earn it, good or evil, heaven or hell, according to our choice.—Charles Mildmay.

Revery

Revery is when ideas float in our mind without reflection or regard of the understanding.—Locke.

Sit in revery, and watch the changing color of the waves that break upon the idle sea-shore of the mind.—Longfellow.

To lose one's self in revery, one must be either very happy or very unhappy. Revery is the child of extreme.—Rivarol.

Revery, which is thought in its nebulous state, borders closely upon the land of sleep, by which it is bounded as by a natural frontier.—Victor Hugo.

Revolution

Revolution is the larva of civilization.—Victor Hugo.

The worst of revolutions is a restoration.—C. J. Fox.

At last I perceive that in revolutions the supreme power finally rests with the most abandoned.—Danton.

General rebellions and revolts of a whole people never were encouraged, now or at any time. They are always provoked.—Burke.

In seasons of tumult and discord bad men have most power; mental and moral excellence require peace and quietness.—Tacitus.

Nothing has ever remained of any revolution but what was ripe in the conscience of the masses.—Ledru Rollin.

When Marmontel was regretting the excesses of the period, Chamfort

asked: "Do you think that revolutions are made with rose-water?"—Wendell Phillips.

It is only by instigation of the wrongs of men that what we call the rights of men become turbulent and dangerous.—Lowell.

It is a rule in games of chance that "the cards beat all the players;" and revolutions disconcert and outwit all the insurgents.—Emerson.

Revolutions are like the most noxious dungheaps, which bring into life the noblest vegetables.—Napoleon.

Stimulants do not give strength, comets do not give heat, and revolutions do not give liberty.—Philarete Chasles.

Great revolutions are the work rather of principles than of bayonets, and are achieved first in the moral, and afterwards in the material sphere. —Mazzini.

All experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed.—Jefferson.

The iron harrow of revolution crushes men like the clods of the field, but in the blood-stained furrows germinates a new generation, and the soul aggrieved believes again.—Guizot.

As men are affected in all ages by the same passions, the occasions which bring about great changes are different, but the causes are always the same.—Montesquieu.

The best security against revolution is in constant correction of abuses and introduction of needed improvements. It is the neglect of timely repair that makes rebuilding necessary.—Whately.

Insurrection, never so necessary, is a most sad necessity; and governors who wait for that to instruct them are surely getting into the fatalest course.—Carlyle.

Revolutions are not made, they come. A revolution is as natural a growth as an oak. It comes out of the past. Its foundations are laid far back.—Wendell Phillips.

We deplore the outrages which accompany revolutions. But the more violent the outrages, the more assured we feel that a revolution was necessary.—Macaulay.

The working of revolutions misleads me no more; it is as necessary to our race as its waves to the stream, that it may not be a stagnant marsh. Ever renewed in its forms, the genius of humanity blossoms.—Herder.

It is far more easy to pull down than to build up, and to destroy than to preserve. Revolutions have on this account been falsely supposed to be fertile of great talent; as the dregs rise to the top during a fermentation, and the lightest things are carried highest by the whirlwind.—Colton.

Those who give the first shock to a state are naturally the first to be overwhelmed in its ruin. The fruits of public commotion are seldom enjoyed by the man who was the first to set it a going; he only troubles the water for another's net.—Montaigne.

Rhetoric

Rhetoric is nothing but reason well dressed and argument put in order.—Jeremy Collier.

The two best rules for a system of rhetoric are: first, have something to say; and next, say it.—George Emmons.

Rhetoric is the creature of art, which he who feels least will most excel in; it is the quackery of eloquence, and deals in nostrums, not in cures.—Colton.

There is a truth and beauty in rhetoric; but it oftener serves ill turns than good ones.—William Penn.

Rhetoric in serious discourses is like the flowers in corn; pleasing to those who come only for amusement, but prejudicial to him who would reap profit from it.—Swift.

Riches

A mask of gold hides all deformities.—Decker.

A great fortune is a great slavery.—Seneca.

The heart contracts as the pocket expands.—Bovee.

Common sense among men of fortune is rare.—Juvenal.

Riches are able to solder up abundance of flaws.—Cervantes.

No good man ever became suddenly rich.—Syrus.

It is better to live rich than to die rich.—Johnson.

Riches are not an end of life, but an instrument of life.—Henry Ward Beecher.

The care of a large estate is an unpleasant thing.—Juvenal.

Riches either serve or govern the possessor.—Horace.

He that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent.—Bible.

Riches, rightly used, breed delight.—Plautus.

The ungovernable passion for wealth.—Ovid.

If all were rich, gold would be penniless.—Bailey.

Satiety comes of riches and contumaciousness of satiety.—Solon.

A man's true wealth is the good he does in this world.—Mohammed.

Nothing is so hard for those who abound in riches as to conceive how others can be in want.—Swift.

To be thought rich is as good as to be rich.—Thackeray.

Riches are well, if gotten well and spent well.—Vespasian.

If a man wishes to become rich he must appear to be rich.—Goldsmith.

The smallness of our desires may contribute reasonably to our wealth.—Cobbett.

The rich fool is like a pig that is choked by its own fat.—Confucius.

How many threadbare souls are to be found under silken cloaks and gowns!—Thomas Brooks.

He hath riches sufficient who hath enough to be charitable.—Sir Thomas Browne.

Riches are of no value in themselves; their use is discovered only in that which they procure.—Dr. Johnson.

Everything, virtue, glory, honor, things human and divine, all are slaves to riches.—Horace.

Riches are apt to betray a man into arrogance.—Addison.

In this world, it is not what we take up, but what we give up, that makes us rich.—Beecher.

Rich men without wisdom and learning are called sheep with golden fleeces.—Solon.

Riches for the most part are hurtful to them that possess them.—Plutarch.

Therefore, if at great things thou wouldst arrive,
Get riches first, get wealth. —Milton.

Wealth is not his that has it, but his that enjoys it.—Franklin.

Ah, if the rich were rich as the poor fancy riches!—Emerson.

That man is the richest whose pleasures are the cheapest.—Thoreau.

Riches without law are more dangerous than is poverty without law.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Riches exclude only one inconvenience—that is, poverty.—Dr. Johnson.

Increasing wealth is attended by care and by the desire of greater increase.—Horace.

Superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.—Shakespeare.

In these times gain is not only a matter of greed, but of ambition.—Joubert.

Riches cannot rescue from the grave, which claims alike the monarch and the slave.—Dryden.

His best companions innocence and health, and his best riches ignorance of wealth.—Goldsmith.

Great abundance of riches cannot of any man be both gathered and kept without sin.—Erasmus.

It is more pitiable once to have been rich than not to be rich now.—J. Petit-Senn.

Riches, perhaps, do not so often produce crimes as incite accusers.—Johnson.

Riches expose a man to pride and luxury, and a foolish elation of heart.—Addison.

Few men are both rich and generous; fewer are both rich and humble.—Cardinal Manning.

Riches are of little avail in many of the calamities to which mankind are liable.—Cervantes.

Riches do not exhilarate us so much with their possession as they torment us with their loss.—Gregory.

However rich or elevated, a nameless something is always wanting to our imperfect fortune.—Horace.

O, my God! withhold from me the wealth to which tears and sighs and curses cleave. Better none at all than wealth like that.—Christian Scriver.

No man can make haste to be rich without going against the will of God, in which case it is the one frightful thing to be successful.—George Mac Donald.

Riches do not consist in having more gold and silver, but in having more in proportion than our neighbors.—Locke.

It was wisely said, by a man of great observation, that there are as many miseries beyond riches as on this side of them.—Izaak Walton.

Men who have great riches and little culture rush into business, because they are weary of themselves.—Horace Greeley.

Of all the riches that we hug, of all the pleasures we enjoy, we can carry no more out of this world than out of a dream.—Bonnell.

Riches without charity are nothing worth. They are a blessing only to him who makes them a blessing to others.—Fielding.

Men who could willingly resign the luxuries and sensual pleasures of a large fortune cannot consent to live without the grandeur and the homage.—Johnson.

It is not the greatness of a man's means that makes him independent, so much as the smallness of his wants.—Cobbett.

We see how much a man has, and therefore we envy him; did we see how little he enjoys, we should rather pity him.—Seed.

For everything divine and human, virtue, fame and honor, now obey the alluring influence of riches.—Horace.

As riches and favor forsake a man, we discover him to be a fool, but no-

body could find it out in his prosperity. —La Bruyère.

Seek not proud riches, but such as thou may'st get justly use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and leave contentedly; yet have no abstract nor friarly contempt of them.—Bacon.

The use we make of our fortune determines its sufficiency. A little is enough if used wisely, and too much if expended foolishly.—Bovee.

Riches amassed in haste will diminish; but those collected by hand and little by little will multiply.—Goethe.

Men leave their riches either to their kindred or their friends, and moderate portions prosper best in both.—Bacon.

Noble descent and worth, unless united with wealth, are esteemed no more than seaweed.—Horace.

If we are rich with the riches which we neither give nor enjoy, we are rich with the riches which are buried in the caverns of the earth.—Veeshnoo Sarma.

The god of this world is riches, pleasure and pride, wherewith it abuses all the creatures and gifts of God.—Luther.

High-built abundance, heap on heap! for what?
To breed new wants, and beggar us the more,
Then, make a richer scramble for the throng. —Young.

If I have but enough for myself and family, I am steward only for myself: if I have more, I am but a steward of that abundance for others.—George Herbert.

Worldly wealth is the devil's bait; and those whose minds feed upon riches, recede, in general, from real happiness, in proportion as their stores increase.—Burton.

Riches should be admitted into our houses, but not into our hearts; we may take them into our possession, but not into our affections. —Charron.

There is one way whereby we may secure our riches, and make sure friends to ourselves of them,—by laying them out in charity.—Tillotson.

Labor not to be rich; * * * for riches certainly make themselves wings; they fly away as an eagle toward heaven.—Bible.

May I deem the wise man rich, and may I have such a portion of gold as none but a prudent man can either bear or employ.—Plato.

He is rich whose income is more than his expenses; and he is poor whose expenses exceed his income.—Bruyère.

The rich and poor meet together: the Lord is the maker of them all.—Bible.

The rich are like beasts of burden, carrying treasure all day, and at the night of death unladen; they carry to their grave only the bruises and marks of their toil.—St. Augustine.

Never respect men merely for their riches, but rather for their philanthropy; we do not value the sun for its height, but for its use.—Bailey.

But Christian faith knows that wealth means responsibility, and that responsibility may come to mean only heavy arrears of sin.—H. P. Liddon.

He is the rich man who can avail himself of all men's faculties. He is the richest man who knows how to draw a benefit from the labors of the greatest number of men,—of men in distant countries and in past times.—Emerson.

The greatest and most amiable privilege which the rich enjoy over the poor is that which they exercise the least—the privilege of making them happy.—Colton.

Of riches it is not necessary to write the praise. Let it, however, be remembered that he who has money to spare has it always in his power to benefit others, and of such power a

good man must always be desirous.—Johnson.

The greatest luxury of riches is that they enable you to escape so much good advice. The rich are always advising the poor; but the poor seldom venture to return the compliment.—Sir Arthur Helps.

No man can tell whether he is rich or poor by turning to his ledger. It is the heart that makes a man rich. He is rich or poor according to what he is, not according to what he has.—Beecher.

If thou art rich, thou art poor; for, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows, thou bearest thy heavy riches but a journey, and death unloads thee. —Shakespeare.

We see but the outside of a rich man's happiness; few consider him to be like the silkworm, that, when she seems to play, is at the very same time consuming herself.—Izaak Walton.

Extol not riches then, the toil of fools,
The wise man's cumbrance, if not snare, more apt
To slacken virtue, and abate her edge,
Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise. —Milton.

To whom can riches give repute or trust,
Content or pleasure, but the good and just?
Judges and senates have been bought for gold,
Esteem and love were never to be sold.
—Pope.

The contempt of riches in the philosophers was a concealed desire of revenging on fortune the injustice done to their merit, by despising the good she denied them.—Rochefoucauld.

Riches, though they may reward virtues, yet they cannot cause them; he is much more noble who deserves a benefit than he who bestows one.—Feltham.

The ways to enrich are many, and most of them foul. Parsimony is one of the best, and yet is not innocent; for it withholdeth men from works of liberality and charity.—Bacon.

Riches in their acquisition bring pain and suffering, in their loss manifold trouble and sorrow, in their possession a wild intoxication. How can we say that they confer happiness?—Hitopadesa.

An eager pursuit of fortune is inconsistent with a severe devotion to truth. The heart must grow tranquil before the thought can become searching.—Bovee.

When we see the shameful fortunes amassed in all quarters of the globe, are we not impelled to exclaim that Judas' thirty pieces of silver have fructified across the centuries?—Mme. Swetchine.

Worldly riches are like nuts; many clothes are torn in getting them, many a tooth broke in cracking them, but never a belly filled with eating them.—R. Venning.

Riches, honors and pleasures are the sweets which destroy the mind's appetite for its heavenly food; poverty, disgrace and pain are the bitters which restore it.—Bishop Horne.

Misery assails riches, as lightning does the highest towers; or as a tree that is heavy laden with fruit breaks its own boughs, so do riches destroy the virtue of their possessor.—Burton.

Wouldst thou multiply thy riches? diminish them wisely; or wouldst thou make thy estate entire? divide it charitably. Seeds that are scattered increase; but, hoarded up, they perish. —Quarles.

There is a burden of care in getting riches, fear in keeping them, temptation in using them, guilt in abusing them, sorrow in losing them, and a burden of account at last to be given up concerning them.—Matthew Henry.

If the search for riches were sure to be successful, though I should become a groom with a whip in my hand to get them, I will do so. As the search may not be successful, I will follow after that which I love.—Confucius.

If by the consecration of my earthly possessions to some extent I can make the Christian character practically more lovely, and illustrate, in my own case, that the highest enjoyments here are promoted by the free use of the good things intrusted to us, what so good use can I make of them?—Amos Lawrence.

The rich man's son inherits cares:
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares,
And soft white hands could hardly earn
A living that would serve his turn.
—James Russell Lowell.

The riches of a country are to be valued by the quantity of labor its inhabitants are able to purchase, and not by the quantity of silver and gold they possess; which will purchase more or less labor, and therefore is more or less valuable, as is said before, according to its scarcity or plenty.—Benjamin Franklin.

Some of God's noblest sons, I think, will be selected from those that know how to take wealth, with all its temptations, and maintain godliness therewith. It is hard to be a saint standing in a golden niche.—Beecher.

Plenty and indigence depend upon the opinion every one has of them; and riches, no more than glory or health, have no more beauty or pleasure than their possessor is pleased to lend them.—Montaigne.

What real good does an addition to a fortune already sufficient prove? Not any. Could the great man, by having his fortune increased, increase also his appetites, then precedence might be attended with real amusement.—Goldsmith.

My purse is very slim, and very few
The acres that I number;
But I am seldom stupid, never blue,
My riches are an honest heart and true,
And quiet slumber. —Epes Sargent.

Riches are for the comfort of life, and not life for the accumulation of riches. I asked a holy wise man, "Who is fortunate and who is unfortunate?" He replied: "He was fortunate who ate and sowed, and he was unfortunate who died without having enjoyed."—Saadi.

O grievous folly to heap up estate,
Losing the days you see beneath the sun,
When, sudden, comes blind unrelenting Fate,
And gives th' untasted portion you have won
With ruthless toil, and many a wretch undone,
To those who mock you, gone to Pluto's reign. —Thomson.

Why lose we life in anxious cares,
To lay in hoards for future years?
Can those (when tortur'd by disease),
Cheer our sick hearts, or purchase ease?
Can those prolong one gasp of breath,
Or calm the troubled hour of death?
—Gay.

If thou art rich, then show the greatness of thy fortune, or what is better, the greatness of thy soul, in the meekness of thy conversation; condescend to men of low estate, support the distressed and patronize the neglected. Be great.—Sterne.

Sir, money, money, the most charming of all things—money, which will say more in one moment than the most eloquent lover can in years. Perhaps you will say a man is not young, I answer, he is rich; he is not genteel, handsome, witty, brave, good-humored, but he is rich, rich, rich, rich, rich—that one word contradicts everything you can say against him—Fielding.

I cannot call riches better than the baggage of virtue; the Roman word is better, *impedimenta;* for as the baggage is to an army, so is riches to virtue; it cannot be spared nor left behind, but it hindereth the march: yea, and the care of it sometimes loseth or disturbeth the victory; of great riches there is no real use, except it be in the distribution; the rest is but conceit.—Bacon.

Riches are the pettiest and least worthy gifts which God can give a man. What are they to God's word? Yea, to bodily gifts, such as beauty and health, or to the gifts of the mind, such as understanding, skill, wisdom? Yet men toil for them day and night

and take no rest. Therefore our Lord God commonly gives riches to foolish people to whom He gives nothing else. —Martin Luther.

Let us not repine, or so much as think the gifts of God unequally dealt, if we see another abound with riches, when, as God knows, the cares that are the keys that keep those riches hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdle that they dog him with weary days and restless nights, even when others sleep quietly.—Izaak Walton.

Believe not much them that seem to despise riches; for they despise them that despair of them; and none are worse when they come to them. Be not penny-wise; riches have wings, and sometimes they fly away of themselves, sometimes they must be set flying to bring in more.—Bacon.

Do we, mad as we all are after riches, hear often enough from the pulpit the spirit of those words in which Dean Swift, in his epitaph on the affluent and profligate Colonel Chartres, announces the small esteem of wealth in the eyes of God, from the fact of His thus lavishing it upon the meanest and basest of His creatures? —Whipple.

Providence has decreed that those common acquisitions—money, gems, plate, noble mansions and dominion—should be sometimes bestowed on the indolent and unworthy; but those things which constitute our true riches, and which are properly our own, must be procured by our own labor.—Erasmus.

Man was born to be rich, or inevitably grows rich by the use of his faculties, by the union of thought with nature. Property is an intellectual production. The game requires coolness, right reasoning, promptness and patience in the players. Cultivated labor drives out brute labor.—Emerson.

He who recognizes no higher logic than that of the shilling may become a very rich man, and yet remain all the while an exceedingly poor creature; for riches are no proof whatever of moral worth, and their glitter often serves only to draw attention to the worthlessness of their possessor, as the glow-worm's light reveals the grub.—Samuel Smiles.

Riches oftentimes, if nobody takes them away, make to themselves wings and fly away; and truly, many a time the undue sparing of them is but letting their wings grow, which makes them ready to fly away; and the contributing a part of them to do good only clips their wings a little and makes them stay the longer with their owner.—Leighton.

I take him to be the only rich man that lives upon what he has, owes nothing, and is contented; for there is no determinate sum of money, nor quantity of estate, that can denote a man rich, since no man is truly rich that has not so much as perfectly satiates his desire of having more; for the desire of more is want, and want is poverty.—Howe.

Riches are valuable at all times, and to all men, because they always purchase pleasures such as men are accustomed to and desire; nor can anything restrain or regulate the love of money but a sense of honor and virtue, which, if it be not nearly equal at all times, will naturally abound most in ages of knowledge and refinement.—Hume.

We are all of us richer than we think we are; but we are taught to borrow and to beg, and brought up more to make use of what is another's than our own. Man can in nothing fix and conform himself to his mere necessity. Of pleasure, wealth and power he grasps at more than he can hold; his greediness is incapable of moderation.—Montaigne.

A great estate is a great disadvantage to those who do not know how to use it, for nothing is more common than to see wealthy persons live scandalously and miserably; riches do them

no service in order to virtue and happiness; therefore 'tis precept and principle, not an estate, that makes a man good for something.—Antoninus.

A man hath riches. Whence came they, and whither go they? for this is the way to form a judgment of the esteem which they and their possessor deserve. If they have been acquired by fraud or violence, if they make him proud and vain, if they minister to luxury and intemperance, if they are avariciously hoarded up and applied to no proper use, the possessor becomes odious and contemptible.—Bishop Jortin.

Riches are oft by guilt and baseness earn'd;
Or dealt by chance to shield a lucky knave,
Or throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.
But for one end, one much-neglected use,
Are riches worth your care; (for nature's wants
Are few, and without opulence supplied;)
This noble end is, to produce the soul;
To show the virtues in their fairest light;
To make humanity the minister
Of bounteous Providence; and teach the breast
The generous luxury the gods enjoy.
—Armstrong.

Much learning shows how little mortals know;
Much wealth, how little worldlings can enjoy:
At best, it babies us with endless toys,
And keeps us children till we drop to dust.
As monkeys at a mirror stand amazed,
They fail to find what they so plainly see;
Thus men, in shining riches, see the face
Of happiness, nor know it is a shade;
But gaze, and touch, and peep, and peep again,
And wish, and wonder it is absent still.
—Young.

Nature does not conquer the world to God. It never has. It never will. In America, with its vast abounding wealth, its grand expanse of prairie, its reach of river, and its exuberant productiveness, there is danger that our riches will draw us away from God, and fasten us to earth; that they will make us not only rich, but mean; not only wealthy, but wicked. The grand corrective is the cross of Christ, seen in the sanctuary where the life and light of God are exhibited, and where the reverberation of the echoes from the great white throne are heard. —R. S. Storrs.

Ridicule

Nothing is more ridiculous than ridicule.—Shaftesbury.

Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away.—Byron.

Your sayer of smart things has a bad heart.—Pascal.

Ridicule is often employed with more power and success than severity. —Horace.

He who brings ridicule to bear against truth finds in his hand a blade without a hilt.—Landor.

Ridicule has followed the vestiges of truth, but never usurped her place. —Landor.

Raillery is a mode of speaking in favor of one's wit against one's good-nature.—Montesquieu.

A profound conviction raises a man above the feeling of ridicule.—J. Stuart Mill.

The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen as is the razor's edge invisible. —Shakespeare.

To the man of thought almost nothing is really ridiculous.—Goethe.

Ridicule often cuts the Gordian knot more effectively than the severity of satire.—Horace.

If ridicule were employed to laugh men out of vice and folly, it might be of some use.—Addison.

Truth, 'tis supposed, may bear all lights; and one of those bright lights . . . by which things are to be viewed . . . is ridicule itself.—Shaftesbury.

Derision is never so agonizing as when it pounces on the wanderings of misguided sensibility.—Lord Jeffrey.

For man learns more readily and remembers more willingly what excites

his ridicule than what deserves esteem and respect.—Horace.

Ridicule is generally made use of to laugh men out of virtue and good sense, by attacking everything praiseworthy in human life.—Addison.

Raillery is more insupportable than wrong; because we have a right to resent injuries, but are ridiculous in being angry at a jest.—Rochefoucauld.

How comes it to pass, then, that we appear such cowards in reasoning, and are so afraid to stand the test of ridicule?—Shaftesbury.

Sneering springs out of the wish to deny; and wretched must that state of mind be that wishes to take refuge in doubt.—L. E. Landon.

I have lived one hundred years; and I die with the consolation of never having thrown the slightest ridicule upon the smallest virtue.—Fontenelle.

Ridicule is a weak weapon, when levelled at a strong mind;
But common men are cowards, and dread an empty laugh. —Tupper.

Ridicule, which chiefly arises from pride, a selfish passion, is but at best a gross pleasure, too rough an entertainment for those who are highly polished and refined.—Henry Home.

It is easy for a man who sits idle at home, and has nobody to please but himself, to ridicule or censure the common practices of mankind.—Johnson.

Betray mean terror of ridicule, thou shalt find fools enough to mock thee; but answer thou their language with contempt, and the scoffers will lick thy feet.—Tupper.

Some men are, in regard to ridicule, like tin-roofed buildings in regard to hail: all that hits them bounds rattling off; not a stone goes through.—Beecher.

Ridicule, the weapon of all others most feared by enthusiasts of every description, and which, from its predominance over such minds, often checks what is absurd, and fully as often smothers that which is noble.—Walter Scott.

But touch me, and no minister so sore.
Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time
Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme,
Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
And the sad burthen of some merry song.
—Pope.

The talent of turning men into ridicule, and exposing to laughter those one converses with, is the gratification of little minds and ungenerous tempers. A young man with this cast of mind cuts himself off from all manner of improvement.—Addison.

It is a good plan, with a young person of a character to be much affected by ludicrous and absurd representations, to show him plainly by examples that there is nothing which may not be thus represented. He will hardly need to be told that everything is not a mere joke.—Whately.

The raillery which is consistent with good-breeding is a gentle animadversion of some foible, which, while it raises the laugh in the rest of the company, doth not put the person rallied out of countenance, or expose him to shame or contempt. On the contrary, the jest should be so delicate that the object of it should be capable of joining in the mirth it occasions.—Fielding.

We can learn to read and write, but we cannot learn raillery; that must be a particular gift of nature; and, to tell the truth, I esteem him happy who does not wish to acquire it. The character of sarcasm is dangerous; although this quality makes those laugh whom it does not wound, it, nevertheless, never procures esteem.—Oxenstiern.

It is commonly said, and more particularly by Lord Shaftesbury, that ridicule is the best test of truth; for that it will not stick where it is not just. I deny it. A truth learned in a certain light, and attacked in certain

words, by men of wit and humor, may, and often doth, become ridiculous, at least so far that the truth is only remembered and repeated for the sake of the ridicule.—Chesterfield.

The fatal fondness of indulging in a spirit of ridicule, and the injurious and irreparable consequences which sometimes attend the too severe reply, can never be condemned with more asperity than it deserves. Not to offend is the first step towards pleasing. To give pain is as much an offence against humanity as against good-breeding, and surely it is as well to abstain from an action because it is sinful, as because it is unpolite.—Blair.

Right

Sir, I would rather be right than be president.—Henry Clay.

There is a higher law than the constitution.—W. H. Seward.

Heaven itself has ordained the right.—Washington.

Right is the eternal sun; the world cannot delay its coming.—Wendell Phillips.

Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite, to follow as it draws.—Shakespeare.

Woman already controls by not seeming to do so. Talk no more of her rights.—Ouida.

Reparation for our rights at home, and security against the like future violations.—William Pitt.

Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us dare to do our duty as we understand it.—Lincoln.

The proof of a thing's being right is that it has power over the heart; that it excites us, wins us, or helps us.—Ruskin.

So I like life and I like righteousness; if I cannot keep the two together, I will let life go and choose righteousness.—Mencius.

Right is more beautiful than private affection, and is compatible with universal wisdom.—Emerson.

The glittering and sounding generalities of natural right which make up the declaration of independence.—Rufus Choate.

The Saviour comes in the strength of righteousness. Righteousness is at the bottom of all things. Righteousness is thorough; it is the very spirit of unsparing truth.—Phillips Brooks.

Of all "rights" which command attention at the present time among us, woman's rights seem to take precedence.—Horace Mann.

No man's conscience can tell him the rights of another man; they must be known by rational investigation or historical inquiry.—Johnson.

If men would only take the chances of doing right because it is right, instead of the immediate certainty of the advantage of doing wrong, how much happier would their lives be.—B. R. Haydon.

For the ultimate notion of right is that which tends to the universal good; and when one's acting in a certain manner has this tendency he has a right thus to act.—Francis Hutcheson.

For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.
—F. W. Faber.

Rightness expresses of actions what straightness does of lines; and there can no more be two kinds of right action than there can be two kinds of straight lines.—Herbert Spencer.

We hold these truths to be self-evident—that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that

among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.—Thomas Jefferson.

Woman's rights should come by evolution, and not by revolution. I want a little woman's right tried first, and then, if the experience is bad, we can go back on our track; if good, forward.—Joseph Cook.

Among the natural rights of the colonists are these: First, a right to life, secondly to liberty, thirdly to property; together with the right to defend them in the best manner they can.—Samuel Adams.

I believe in the admission of women to the full rights of citizenship and share in government, on the express grounds that few women keep house so badly or with such wastefulness as chancellors of the exchequer keep the state.—Theodore Parker.

If on one day we find the fast-spreading recognition of popular rights accompanied by a silent, growing perception of the rights of women, we also find it accompanied by a tendency towards a system of non-coercive education—that is, towards a practical illustration of the rights of children. —Herbert Spencer.

We hear in these days a great deal respecting rights—the rights of private judgment, the rights of labor, the rights of property, and the rights of man. Rights are grand things, divine things in this world of God's; but the way in which we expound these rights, alas! seems to me to be the very incarnation of selfishness. I can see nothing very noble in a man who is forever going about calling for his own rights. Alas! alas! for the man who feels nothing more grand in this wondrous, divine world than his own rights.—Frederick W. Robertson.

Rigor

Rigor pushed too far is sure to miss its aim, however good, as the bow snaps that is bent too stiffly.—Schiller.

Rivalry

Emulation adds its spur.—Lucan.

Rivalry and envy are Siamese twins. —H. W. Shaw.

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere.—Shakespeare.

Women always find their bitterest foes among their own sex.—J. Petit-Senn.

Women see faults much more readily in each other than they can discover perfections.—Chamfort.

Women do not disapprove their rivals; they hate them.—James Parton.

If there's delight in love, 'tis when I see the heart which others bleed for bleed for me.—Congreve.

Emulation is not rivalry. Emulation is the child of ambition; rivalry is the unlovable daughter of envy.—Balzac.

If one must be rejected, one succeed, make him my lord within whose faithful breast is fixed my image, and who loves me best.—Dryden.

It is the privilege of posterity to set matters right between those antagonists who, by their rivalry for greatness, divided a whole age.—Addison.

It is impossible for authors to discover beauties in one another's works: they have eyes only for spots and blemishes.—Addison.

It is a fact capable of amiable interpretation that ladies are not the worst disposed towards a new acquaintance of their own sex, because she has points of inferiority.—George Eliot.

In ambition, as in love, the successful can afford to be indulgent towards their rivals. The prize our own, it is graceful to recognize the merit that vainly aspired to it.—Bovee.

It may be laid down as a general rule that no woman who hath any great pretensions to admiration is ever

well pleased in a company where she perceives herself to fill only a second place.—Fielding.

Women of the world never use harsh expressions when condemning their rivals. Like the savage they hurl elegant arrows, ornamented with feathers of purple and azure, but with poisoned points.—De Finod.

River

The river knows the way to the sea:
Without a pilot it runs and falls,
Blessing all lands with its charity.
—Emerson.

See the rivers, how they run,
Changeless to the changeless sea.
—Charles Kingsley.

The Nile, forever new and old,
Among the living and the dead,
Its mighty, mystic stream has rolled.
—Longfellow.

A little stream came tumbling from the height,
And struggling into ocean as it might.
Its bounding crystal frolick'd in the ray,
And gush'd from cliff to crag with saltless spray. —Byron.

And see the rivers how they run
Through woods and meads, in shade and sun;
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life, to endless sleep!
—Dyer.

Oh, river, gentle river! gliding on
In silence underneath this starless sky!
Thine is a ministry that never rests
Even while the living slumber.
* * * * * *
Thou pausest not in thine allotted task,
Oh, darkling river!
—William Cullen Bryant.

Oh, river! darkling river! what a voice
Is that thou utterest while all else is still—
The ancient voice that, centuries ago,
Sounded between thy hills, while Rome was yet
A weedy solitude by Tiber's stream!
—William Cullen Bryant.

Robbery

He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all. —Shakespeare.

The robbed that smiles steals something from the thief.—Shakespeare.

Robin

Poor Robin sits and sings alone,
When showers of driving sleet,
By the cold winds of winter blown,
The cottage casement beat.
—Rev. Wm. Lisle Bowles.

The wood-robin sings at my door,
And her song is the sweetest I hear
From all the sweet birds that incessantly pour
Their notes through the noon of the year.
—James G. Clarke.

Poor robin, driven in by rain-storms wild
To lie submissive under household hands
With beating heart that no love understands,
And scared eye, like a child
Who only knows that he is all alone
And summer's gone. —D. M. Mulock.

Bearing His cross, while Christ passed forth forlorn,
His God-like forehead by the mock crown torn,
A little bird took from that crown one thorn.
To soothe the dear Redeemer's throbbing head,
That bird did what she could; His blood, 'tis said,
Down dropping, dyed her tender bosom red.
Since then no wanton boy disturbs her nest;
Weasel nor wild cat will her young molest;
All sacred deem the bird of ruddy breast.
—Hoskyns-Abrahall.

On fair Britannia's isle, bright bird,
A legend strange is told of thee,—
'Tis said thy blithesome song was hushed
While Christ toiled up Mount Calvary,
Bowed 'neath the sins of all mankind;
And humbled to the very dust
By the vile cross, while viler man
Mocked with a crown of thorns the Just.
Pierced by our sorrows, and weighed down
By our transgressions,—faint and weak,
Crushed by an angry judge's frown,
And agonies no word can speak,—
'Twas then, dear bird, the legend says
That thou, from out His crown, didst tear
The thorns, to lighten the distress,
And ease the pain that he must bear.
While pendant from thy tiny beak
The gory points thy bosom pressed,
And crimsoned with thy Saviour's blood
The sober brownness of thy breast!
Since which proud hour for thee and thine
As an especial sign of grace
God pours like sacramental wine
Red signs of favor o'er thy race!
—Delle W. Norton.

Rogue

The rogue has everywhere the advantage.—Goethe.

One rogue leads another.—Homer.

Great rogues hang the little ones.—Mazarin.

When rogues fall out honest men get their own.—Sir M. Hale.

There is no den in the wide world to hide a rogue.—Emerson.

Rogues are prone to find things before they are lost.—Douglas Jerrold.

Roguery is thought by some to be cunning and laughable: it is neither; it is devilish.—Carlyle.

There is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous men.—Shakespeare.

Many a man would have turned rogue if he knew how.—Hazlitt.

Rogues in rags are kept in countenance by rogues in ruffles.—Pope.

After a long experience of the world, I affirm, before God, I never knew a rogue who was not unhappy.—Junius.

Rogues are always found out in some way. Whoever is a wolf will act like a wolf, that is most certain. —La Fontaine.

An honest man you may form of windle-straws, but to make a rogue you must have grist.—Schiller.

Make yourself an honest man, and then you may be sure that there is one rascal less in the world.—Carlyle.

I have known men who have been sold and bought a hundred times, who have only got very fat and very comfortable in the process of exchange.—Ouida.

Romance

Romances, in general, are calculated rather to fire the imagination than to inform the judgment.—Richardson.

Romance is the poetry of literature.—Mme. Necker.

In the meanest hut is a romance, if you knew the hearts there.—Varnhagen von Ense.

Romance has been elegantly defined as the offspring of fiction and love.—Disraeli.

There will always be romance in the world so long as there are young hearts in it.—Bovée.

A tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney-corner.—Sir P. Sidney.

The twilight that surrounds the border-land of old romance.—Longfellow.

In this commonplace world every one is said to be romantic who either admires a fine thing or does one.—Pope.

Romances paint at full length people's wooings,
But only give a bust of marriages:
For no one cares for matrimonial cooings,
There's nothing wrong in a connubial kiss.
Think you, if Laura had been Petrarch's wife,
He would have written sonnets all his life?
—Byron.

Imagination, whatever may be said to the contrary, will always hold a place in history, as truth does in romance. Has not romance been penned with history in view?—Arsène Houssaye.

What philosopher of the schoolroom, with the mental dowry of four summers, ever questions the power of the wand that opened the dark eyes of the beautiful princess, or subtracts a single inch from the stride of seven leagues?—Willmott.

I despair of ever receiving the same degree of pleasure from the most exalted performances of genius which I felt in childhood from pieces which my present judgment regards as trifling and contemptible.—Burke.

Romance is always young.—Whittier.

Parent of golden dreams, Romance!—Byron.

He loved the twilight that surrounds
The border-land of old romance;
Where glitter hauberk, helm, and lance,
And banner waves, and trumpet sounds,
And ladies ride with hawk on wrist,
And mighty warriors sweep along,
Magnified by the purple mist,
The dusk of centuries and of song.
—Longfellow.

Romance is the truth of imagination and boyhood. Homer's horses clear the world at a bound. The child's eye needs no horizon to its prospect. The oriental tale is not too vast. Pearls dropping from trees are only falling leaves in autumn. The palace that grew up in a night merely awakens a wish to live in it. The impossibilities of fifty years are the commonplaces of five.—Willmott.

Rome

O Rome! my country! city of the soul!—Byron.

When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;
And when Rome falls—the world.
—Byron.

See the wild waste of all-devouring years!
How Rome her own sad sepulchre appears,
With nodding arches, broken temples spread!
The very tombs now vanish'd like their dead! —Pope.

I am in Rome! Oft as the morning ray
Visits these eyes, waking at once I cry,
Whence this excess of joy? What has befallen me?
And from within a thrilling voice replies,
Thou art in Rome! A thousand busy thoughts
Rush on my mind, a thousand images;
And I spring up as girt to run a race!
—Sam'l Rogers.

It was the calm and silent night!
Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to might
And now was queen of land and sea.
No sound was heard of clashing wars,
Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain.
Apollo, Pallas, Jove and Mars,
Held undisturbed their ancient reign,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago. —Alfred Domett.

Rome, Rome, thou art no more
As thou hast been!
On thy seven hills of yore
Thou sat'st a queen.
—Mrs. Hemans.

Roses

The smiles of God's goodness.—Wilberforce.

Behold the glowing blush upon the rose.—T. B. Read.

And I will make the beds of roses.—Marlowe.

The budding rose above the rose full blown.—Wordsworth.

From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.—Shakespeare.

The red rose on triumphant brier.—Shakespeare.

Blown roses hold their sweetness to the last.—Dryden.

A white rosebud for a guerdon.—E. B. Browning.

Roses were sette of sweete savour,
With many roses that thei bere.
—Chaucer.

Yon rose-buds in the morning dew,
How pure amang the leaves sae green!
—Burns.

When love came first to earth, the spring spread rose-beds to receive him.—Campbell.

The rose that lives its little hour is prized beyond the sculptured flower.—Bryant.

The gathered rose and the stolen heart can charm but for a day.—Emma C. Embury.

Happy are they who can create a rose-tree, or erect a honeysuckle.—Gray.

And 'tis my faith that every flower enjoys the air it breathes.—Wordsworth.

'Tis the last rose of summer, left blooming alone.—Moore.

O'ercanopied with luscious woodbine, with sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine.—Shakespeare.

The rose is wont with pride to swell, and ever seeks to rise.—Goethe.

It never rains roses: when we want more roses, we must plant more trees. —George Eliot.

The seasons alter; hoary-headed frosts fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose.—Shakespeare.

All June I bound the rose in sheaves.
Now, rose by rose, I strip the leaves.
—Robert Browning.

Proud be the rose, with rain and dews her head impearling.—Wordsworth.

Rose of the desert! thus should woman be
Shining uncourted, lone and safe, like thee.
—Moore.

The coming spring would first appear, and all this place with roses strew, if busy feet would let them grow.—Waller.

Mild May's eldest child, the coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine, the murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves. —Keats.

The rosebuds lay their crimson lips together, and the green leaves are whispering to themselves.—Amelia B. Welby.

And half in shade and half in sun;
The rose sat in her bower,
With a passionate thrill in her crimson heart. —Bayard Taylor.

For those roses bright, oh, those roses bright!
I have twined them in my sister's locks
That are hid in the dust from sight.
—Phebe Cary.

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying. —Herrick.

A wreath of dewy roses, fresh and sweet, just brought from out the garden's cool retreat.—Julia C. R. Dorr.

Rose of the garden! such is woman's lot—
Worshipp'd while blooming—when she fades, forgot. —Moore.

And when the parent-rose decays and dies,
With a resembling face the daughter-buds arise. —Prior.

The rose distils a healing balm
The beating pulse of pain to calm.
—Moore.

The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears;
The rose is sweetest wash'd with morning dew,
And love is loveliest when embalmed in tears. —Scott.

The rose saith in the dewy morn,
I am most fair;
Yet all my loveliness is born
Upon a thorn.—Christina G. Rossetti.

O, how much more doth Beauty beauteous seem,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem,
For that sweet odor which doth in it live.
—Shakespeare.

The rose
Propt at the cottage door with careful hands,
Bursts its green bud, and looks abroad for May. —Thos. Buchanan Read.

I am the one rich thing that morn
Leaves for the ardent noon to win;
Grasp me not, I have a thorn,
But bend and take my being in.
—Harriet Prescott Spofford.

Rose! thou art the sweetest flower,
That ever drank the amber shower;
Rose! thou art the fondest child
Of dimpled Spring, the wood-nymph wild.
—Moore.

Woo on, with odour wooing me,
Faint rose with fading core;
For God's rose-thought, that blooms in thee,
Will bloom forevermore.
—George MacDonald.

What would the rose with all her pride be worth,
Were there no sun to call her brightness forth? —Moore.

It is written on the rose
In its glory's full array:
Read what those buds disclose—
"Passing away."—Mrs. Hemans.

I wish I might a rose-bud grow
And thou wouldst cull me from the bower,
To place me on that breast of snow
Where I should bloom a wintry flower
—Dionysius.

And the rose like a nymph to the bath addrest,
Which unveiled the depth of her glowing breast,
Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air,
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare.
—Shelley.

I watched a rose-bud very long
Brought on by dew and sun and shower,
Waiting to see the perfect flower:
Then when I thought it should be strong
It opened at the matin hour
And fell at even-song.
—Christina G. Rossetti.

We bring roses, beautiful fresh roses,
Dewy as the morning and coloured like the dawn;
Little tents of odour, where the bee reposes,
Swooning in sweetness of the bed he dreams upon.
—Thos. Buchanan Read.

The roses that in yonder hedge appear
Outdo our garden-buds which bloom within;
But since the hand may pluck them every day,
Unmarked they bud, bloom, drop, and drift away.
—Jean Ingelow.

A sunbeam warm'd thee into bloom;
A zephyr's kiss thy blushes gave:
The tears of ev'ning shed perfume,
And morn will beam upon thy grave.
How like to thee, thou transient flower,
The doom of all we love on earth;
Beauty, like thee, but decks an hour,
Decay feeds on it from its birth.—Bohn.

If on creation's morn the king of heaven
To shrubs and flowers a sovereign lord had given,
O beauteous rose, he had anointed thee
Of shrubs and flowers the sovereign lord to be;
The spotless emblem of unsullied truth,
The smile of beauty and the glow of youth,
The garden's pride, the grace of vernal bowers,
The blush of meadows, and the eye of flowers.
—Bohn.

Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd!
Like the vase, in which roses have once been distill'd—
You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.
—Moore.

O beautiful, royal Rose,
O Rose, so fair and sweet!
Queen of the garden art thou,
And I—the Clay at thy feet!
* * * * *
Yet, O thou beautiful Rose!
Queen rose, so fair and sweet,
What were lover or crown to thee
Without the Clay at thy feet?
—Julia C. R. Dorr.

It was nothing but a rose I gave her,—
Nothing but a rose
Any wind might rob of half its savor,
Any wind that blows.
* * * * * *
Withered, faded, pressed between these pages,
Crumpled, fold on fold,—
Once it lay upon her breast, and ages
Cannot make it old!
—Harriet Prescott Spofford.

You love the roses—so do I. I wish
The sky would rain down roses, as they rain
From off the shaken bush. Why will it not?
Then all the valleys would be pink and white,
And soft to tread on. They would fall as light
As feathers, smelling sweet; and it would be
Like sleeping and yet waking, all at once.
Over the sea, Queen, where we soon shall go,
Will it rain roses? —George Eliot.

How fair is the Rose! what a beautiful flower.
The glory of April and May!
But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,
And they wither and die in a day.
Yet the Rose has one powerful virtue to boast,
Above all the flowers of the field;
When its leaves are all dead, and fine colours are lost,
Still how sweet a perfume it will yield!
—Isaac Watts.

Royalty

Ay, every inch a king.—Shakespeare.

Ah! vainest of all things
Is the gratitude of kings.
—Longfellow.

The trappings of a monarchy would set up an ordinary commonwealth.—Samuel Johnson.

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.—Shakespeare.

In that fierce light which beats upon a throne.—Tennyson.

For monarchs seldom sigh in vain. —Scott.

Every citizen is king under a citizen king.—Favart.

The state!—it is I!—Attributed to Louis XIV. of France.

The king reigns but does not govern.—Thiers.

Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own.—Shakespeare.

As yourselves your empires fall,
And every kingdom hath a grave.
—William Habington.

What is a king? a man condemn'd to bear
The public burthen of the nation's care.
—Prior.

Every noble crown is, and on earth will forever be, a crown of thorns.—Carlyle.

Kings are like stars—they rise and set, they have
The worship of the world, but no repose.
—Shelley.

There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would.
—Shakespeare.

Clemency is the surest proof of a true monarch.—Corneille.

Every monarch is subject to a mightier one.—Seneca.

They (Americans) equally detest the pageantry of a king and the supercilious hypocrisy of a bishop.—Junius.

The rule
Of the many is not well. One must be chief
In war and one the king. —Homer.

A man's a man,
But when you see a king, you see the work
Of many thousand men.—George Eliot.

They say princes learn no art truly, but the art of horsemanship. The reason is, the brave beast is no flatterer. He will throw a prince as soon as his groom.—Ben Jonson.

God save our gracious king!
Long live our noble king!
God save the king!
—Henry Carey.

Yet looks he like a king; behold, his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majesty. —Shakespeare.

The first king was a successful soldier;
He who serves well his country has no need of ancestors. —Voltaire.

A substitute shines brightly as a king
Until a king be by, and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. —Shakespeare.

A crown! what is it?
It is to bear the miseries of a people!
To hear their murmurs, feel their discontents,
And sink beneath a load of splendid care!
—Hannah More.

Here lies our sovereign lord, the king,
Whose word no man relies on,
Who never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one.
—Said by a Courtier of Charles II.

Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honor for an inward toil;
And, for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of restless cares.
—Shakespeare.

God gives not kings the stile of gods in vaine,
For on his throne his sceptre do they sway;
And as their subjects ought them to obey,
So kings should feare and serve their God againe. —King James.

Let us sit upon the ground
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:
How some have been depos'd, some slain in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd,
Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd,
All murder'd. —Shakespeare.

The king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them.—Shakespeare

A crown,
Golden in show, is but a wreath of thorns,
Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights
To him who wears the regal diadem.
—Milton.

Princes that would their people should do well
Must at themselves begin, as at the head;
For men, by their example, pattern out
Their imitations, and regard of laws:
A virtuous court a world to virtue draws.
—Ben Jonson.

O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars and women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again. —Shakespeare.

O wretched state of kings! O doleful fate!
Greatness misnamed, in misery only great!
Could men but know the endless woe it brings,
The wise would die before they would be kings.
Think what a king must do! It tasks the best
To rule the little world within his breast,
Yet must he rule it, and the world beside,
Or king is none, undone by power and pride.
Think what a king must be! What burdens bear
From birth to death! His life is one long care.
It wears away in tasks that never end.
He has ten thousand foes, but not one friend. —R. H. Stoddard.

Rudeness

Spite and ill-nature are among the most expensive luxuries in life.—Dr. Johnson.

Nothing is more silly than the pleasure some people take in "speaking their minds." A man of this make will say a rude thing for the mere pleasure of saying it, when an opposite behavior, full as innocent, might have preserved his friend, or made his fortune.—Steele.

A man has no more right to say an uncivil thing than to act one; no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down.—Johnson.

Irony is to the high-bred what billingsgate is to the vulgar; and when one gentleman thinks another gentleman an ass, he does not say it point-blank, he implies it in the politest terms he can invent.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Discourtesy does not spring merely from one bad quality, but from several —from foolish vanity, from ignorance of what is due to others, from indolence, from stupidity, from distraction of thought, from contempt of others, from jealousy.—La Bruyère.

Society is infected with rude, cynical, restless, and frivolous persons who prey upon the rest, and whom no public opinion concentrated into good manners, forms accepted by the sense of all, can reach; the contradictors and railers at public and private tables, who are like terriers, who conceive it the duty of a dog of honor to growl at any passer-by, and do the honors of the house by barking him out of sight.—Emerson.

Ruins

Mile-stones on the road of time.—Chamfort.

The legendary tablets of the past.—Walter Scott.

The monuments of mutability.—Rivarol.

Black-letter record of the ages.—Diderot.

Tully was not so eloquent as thou, thou nameless column with the buried base.—Byron.

The ruins of a house may be repaired; why cannot those of the face? —La Fontaine.

The ruins of himself! now worn away
With age, yet still majestic in decay.
—Homer.

Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives elate,
Full on thy bloom. —Burns.

The broken eggshell of a civilization which time has hatched and devoured. —Julia Ward Howe.

Final Ruin fiercely drives
Her ploughshare o'er creation.
—Young.

Prostrate the beauteous ruin lies; and all
That shared its shelter, perish in its fall.
—Wm. Pitt.

For, to make deserts, God, who rules mankind,
Begins with kings, and ends the work by wind.
—Victor Hugo.

There is a temple in ruin stands,
Fashion'd by long forgotten hands:
Two or three columns, and many a stone,
Marble and granite, with grass o'ergrown!
—Byron.

* * * For such a numerous host
Fled not in silence through the frighted deep
With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
Confusion worse confounded. —Milton.

All things decay with time; the forest sees
The growth and downfall of her aged trees:
That timber tall, which threescore lustres stood
The proud dictator of the state-like wood—
I mean the sov'reign of all plants, the oak,
Droops, dies, and falls without the cleaver's stroke. —Herrick.

Ye glorious Gothic scenes! how much ye strike
All phantasies, not even excepting mine:
A gray wall, a green ruin, rusty pike,
Make my soul pass the equinoctial line
Between the present and past worlds, and hover
Upon their airy confines, half-seas over.
—Byron.

There is given
Unto the things of earth, which Time hath bent,
A spirit's feeling, and where he hath leant
His hand, but broke his scythe, there is a power
And magic in the ruined battlement;
For which the palace of the present hour
Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are its dower. —Byron.

As I stand here this pleasant afternoon, looking up at the old chapel (the Mission Dolores), its ragged senility contrasting with the smart spring sunshine, its two gouty pillars with the plaster dropping away like tattered bandages, its rayless windows, its crumbling entrances, the leper spots on its whitewashed wall eating through the dark adobe—I give the poor old mendicant but a year longer to sit by the highway and ask alms in the names of the blessed saints.—Bret Harte.

How rev'rend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft its arch'd and pond'rous roof!
By its own weight made steadfast and immovable.
Looking tranquillity! It strikes an awe
And terror to my aching sight! The tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart. —Congreve.

I do love these ancient ruins:
We never tread upon them, but we set
Our foot upon some rev'rend history;
And questionless, here in this open court,
Which now lies naked to the injuries
Of stormy weather, some lie interr'd, who
Lov'd the church so well, and gave so largely to't,
They thought it should have canopy'd their bones
Till doomsday: but all things have their end;
Churches and cities, which have diseases like to men,
Must have like death that we have.
Webster.

'Tis now the raven's bleak abode;
'Tis now the apartment of the toad;
And there the fox securely feeds;
And there the poisonous adder breeds,
Conceal'd in ruins, moss and weeds;
While, ever and anon, there falls
Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls.
Yet time has seen, which lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,
Has seen the broken pile complete,
Big with the vanity of state;
But transient is the smile of fate!
A little rule, a little sway,
A sunbeam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.
—Dyer.

Ruins in some countries indicate prosperity; in others, decay. In Egypt, Greece and Italy they record the decline and fall of great empires; in England, Scotland and Wales they mark abolition of feudal tyranny, the establishment of popular freedom, and the consolidation of national strength. The lawless power formerly dispersed among petty chiefs is now concentrated in the legal magistrate. The elegant villa has succeeded to the frowning castle. Where the wild deer roamed the corn now waves; the

sound of the hammer has drowned the war-cry of the henchman.—R. Anderson.

Rumor

Rumor is the food of gossip.—Antoine Bret.

False rumors die of their own stench.—Chatfield.

At every word a reputation dies.—Pope.

A long-tongued, babbling gossip!—Shakespeare.

Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.—Shakespeare.

Bring me no more reports.—Shakespeare.

Rumor has winged feet like Mercury.—Beecher.

Rumor is like bees; the more you fight them the more you don't get rid of them.—H. W. Shaw.

Rumor is a vagrant without a home, and lives upon what it can pick up.—H. W. Shaw.

It flourishes by its very activity, and gains new strength by its movements.—Virgil.

Idle rumors were also added to well-founded apprehension.—Lucan.

Rumor, once started, rushes on like a river, until it mingles with, and is lost in the sea.—Rivarol.

Enemies carry a report in a quite different form from the original.—Plautus.

It is among uneducated women that we may look for the most confirmed gossips.—Chamfort.

In every ear it spread, on every tongue it grew.—Pope.

Nine-tenths of the world is entertained by scandalous rumors, which are never dissected until they are dead, and, when pricked, collapse like an empty bladder.—Horace Greeley.

Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the fear'd.—Shakespeare.

Rumor does not always err; it sometimes even elects a man.—Tacitus.

Rumour was the messenger
Of defamation, and so swift, that none
Could be the first to tell an evil tale.
—Pollok.

If it were not for a goodly supply of rumors, half true and half false, what would the gossips do?—Haliburton.

Many a wretch has rid on a hurdle who has done less mischief than utterers of forged tales, coiners of scandal, and clippers of reputation.—Sheridan.

The tale-bearer and the tale-hearer should be both hanged up, back to back, one by the tongue, the other by the ear.—South.

How violently do rumors blow the sails of popular judgments! How few there be that can discern between truth and truth-likeness, between shows and substance!—Sir P. Sidney.

The flying rumours gather'd as they roll'd,
Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told;
And all who told it added something new,
And all who heard it made enlargements too.
—Pope.

Some report elsewhere whatever is told them; the measure of fiction always increases, and each fresh narrator adds something to what he has heard.—Ovid.

Rumor is a pipe blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures, and of so easy and so plain a stop that the blunt monster with uncounted heads, the still-discordant wavering multitude, can play upon it.—Shakespeare.

He that easily believes rumors has the principle within him to augment rumors. It is strange to see the rav-

enous appetite with which some devourers of character and happiness fix upon the sides of the innocent and unfortunate.—Jane Porter.

Curse the tongue
Whence slanderous rumour, like the adder's drop,
Distills her venom, withering friendship's faith,
Turning love's favour. —Hillhouse.

The art of spreading rumors may be compared to the art of pin-making. There is usually some truth, which I call the wire; as this passes from hand to hand, one gives it a polish, another a point, others make and put on the head, and at last the pin is completed.—John Newton.

Straightway throughout the Libyan cities flies rumor—the report of evil things than which nothing is swifter; it flourishes by its very activity and gains new strength by its movements; small at first through fear, it soon raises itself aloft and sweeps onward along the earth. Yet its head reaches the clouds. * * * A huge and horrid monster covered with many feathers: and for every plume a sharp eye, for every pinion a biting tongue. Everywhere its voices sound, to everything its ears are open.—Virgil.

S

Sabbath

On Sunday heaven's gates stand open.—George Herbert.

Perpetual memory of the Maker's rest.—Bishop Mant.

Peaceful sleep out the Sabbath of the tomb.—Pope.

The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath.—Bible.

The poor man's day.—Grahame.

Sunday is the golden clasp that binds together the volume of the week.—Longfellow.

He who ordained the Sabbath loved the poor.—O. W. Holmes.

Let it ever be the most joyful and praiseful day of the seven.—Beecher.

I feel as if God had, by giving the Sabbath, given fifty-two springs in every year.—Coleridge.

The Sabbath is not a day to feast our bodies, but to feed our souls.—Empress Josephine.

The Sabbath-day is the savings-bank of humanity.—Frederic Saunders.

The Sabbaths of Eternity,
One Sabbath deep and wide.
—Tennyson.

The longer I live the more highly do I estimate the Christian Sabbath, and the more grateful do I feel towards those who impress its importance on the community.—Daniel Webster.

O day most calm, most bright, the fruit of this, the next world's bud.—George Herbert.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky.
—George Herbert.

There are many persons who think Sunday is a sponge with which to wipe out the sins of the week.—H. W. Beecher.

Thou art my single day, God lends to leaven
What were all earth else, with a feel of heaven. —Robert Browning.

So sang they, and the empyrean rung
With Hallelujahs. Thus was Sabbath kept.
—Milton.

Students of every age and kind, beware of secular study on the Lord's day.—Professor Miller.

See Christians, Jews, one heavy Sabbath keep,
And all the western world believe and sleep. —Pope.

How still the morning of the hallow'd day!
Mute is the voice of rural labour, hush'd
The ploughboy's whistle, and the milkmaid's song. —Grahame.

Sunday observe; think, when the bells do chime, 'tis angels' music; therefore come not late.—George Herbert.

There is a Sunday conscience as well as a Sunday coat; and those who

make religion a secondary concern put the coat and conscience carefully by to put on only once a week.—Charles Dickens.

Now, really, this appears the common case
Of putting too much Sabbath into Sunday—
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?
—Hood.

Sunday, that day so tedious to the triflers of earth, so full of beautiful reposes of calmness and strength for the earnest and heavenly minded.—Maria J. McIntosh.

He that remembers not to keep the Christian Sabbath at the beginning of the week will be in danger to forget before the end of the week that he is a Christian.—Sir Edmund Turner.

O day of rest! how beautiful, how fair, how welcome to the weary and the old! day of the Lord! and truce of earthly care! day of the Lord, as all our days should be.—Longfellow.

A world without a Sabbath would be like a man without a smile, like a summer without flowers, and like a homestead without a garden. It is the joyous day of the whole week.—Beecher.

The Sunday is the core of our civilization, dedicated to thought and reverence. It invites to the noblest solitude and to the noblest society.—Emerson.

Let us escape! This is our holiday—
God's day, devote to rest; and through the wood
We'll wander, and perchance find heavenly food,
So, profitless it shall not pass away.
—W. G. Simms.

The green oasis, the little grassy meadow in the wilderness, where, after the week-days' journey, the pilgrim halts for refreshment and repose.—Dr. Reade.

We believe that the first day of the week is the Lord's day, or Christian Sabbath; and is to be kept sacred to religious purposes, by abstaining from all secular labor and sinful recreations; by the devout observance of all the means of grace, both private and public; and by preparation for that rest that remaineth for the people of God.—Baptist Church Manual.

The happiness of heaven is the constant keeping of the Sabbath. Heaven is called a Sabbath, to make those who have Sabbaths long for heaven, and those who long for heaven love Sabbaths.—Philip Henry.

If the Sunday had not been observed as a day of rest during the last three centuries, I have not the slightest doubt that we should have been at this moment a poorer people and less civilized.—Macaulay.

The Sundaies of man's life,
Thredded together on time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal, glorious King.
On Sunday heaven's gates stand ope;
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than hope.
—Herbert.

Fresh glides the brook and blows the gale,
Yet yonder halts the quiet mill;
The whirring wheel, the rushing sail
How motionless and still!
Six days stern Labour shut the poor
From nature's careless banquet-hall;
The seventh, an Angel opes the door,
And, smiling, welcomes all!
—Bulwer.

Life and blessing will attend the man who observes the Sabbath. The Sabbath of rest is a continual lesson to him to turn his eye from all created objects, and look to that heavenly rest into which God is entered, and which is promised to man.—J. Milner.

Gently on tiptoe Sunday creeps,
Cheerfully from the stars he peeps,
Mortals are all asleep below,
None in the village hears him go;
E'en chanticleer keeps very still,
For Sunday whispered, 'twas his will.
—John Peter Hebel.

O what a blessing is Sunday, interposed between the waves of worldly business like the divine path of the Israelites through Jordan! There is nothing in which I would advise you to be more strictly conscientious than in keeping the Sabbath day holy. I

can truly declare that to me the Sabbath has been invaluable.—Wilberforce.

Hail, Holy Day! the blessing from above
Brightens thy presence like a smile of love,
Smoothing, like oil upon a stormy sea,
The roughest waves of human destiny—
Cheering the good, and to the poor oppress'd
Bearing the promise of their heavenly rest.
—Mrs. Hale.

O day most calm, most bright,
The fruit of this, the next world's bud,
Th' indorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a friend, and with his blood;
The couch of time, care's balm and bay;
The week were dark, but for thy light;
Thy torch doth show the way.
—George Herbert.

Bright shadows of true rest! some shoots of bliss;
Heaven once a week;
The next world's gladness prepossest in this;
A day to seek;
Eternity in time; the steps by which
We climb above all ages: lamps that light
Man through his heap of dark days: and the rich
And full redemption of the whole week's flight.
—Henry Vaughan.

For, bless the gude mon, gin he had his ain way,
He'd na let a cat on the Sabbath say "mew;"
Nae birdie maun whistle, nae lambie maun play,
An' Phœbus himsel' could na travel that day.
As he'd find a new Joshua in Andie Agnew.
—Moore.

The seventh day this; the jubilee of man:
London! right well thou know'st the day of prayer:
Then thy spruce citizen, wash'd artisan,
And smug apprentice gulp their weekly air:
The coach of hackney, whiskey, one-horse chair,
And humblest gig, through sundry suburbs whirl;
To Hampstead, Brentford, Harrow, make repair;
Till the tired jade the wheel forgets to hurl,
Provoking envious gibe from each pedestrian churl.
—Byron.

Nothing draws along with it such a glory as the Sabbath. Never has it unfolded without some witness and welcome, some song and salutation. It has been the coronation day of martyrs—the first day of saints. It has been from the first day till now the sublime day of the church of God; still the outgoings of its morning and evening rejoice. Let us then remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.—James Hamilton.

Oh! welcome to the wearied Earth
The Sabbath resting comes,
Gathering the sons of toil and care
Back to their peaceful homes;
And, like a portal to the skies,
Opens the House of God,
Where all who seek may come and learn
The way the Saviour trod.
But holier to the wanderer seems
The Sabbath on the deep,
When on, and on, in ceaseless course,
The toiling bark must keep,
And not a trace of man appears
Amid the wilderness
Of waters—then it comes like dove
Direct from heaven to bless.
—Mrs. Hale.

But, chiefly, man the day of rest enjoys,
Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day:
On other days, the man of toil is doom'd
To eat his joyless bread, lonely, the ground
Both seat and board—screen'd from the winter's cold
And summer's heat, by neighbouring hedge or tree;
But on this day, embosom'd in his home,
He shares the frugal meal with those he loves;
With those he loves he shares the heart-felt joy
Of giving thanks to God,—not thanks of form,
A word and a grimace, but reverently,
With cover'd face and upward earnest eye.
Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day.
The pale mechanic now has leave to breathe
The morning air pure from the city's smoke,
As wandering slowly up the river's bank,
He meditates on Him whose powers he marks
In each green tree that proudly spreads the bough,
And in the tiny dew-bent flowers that bloom
Around the roots; and while he thus surveys
With elevated joy each rural charm,
He hopes, (yet fears presumption in the hope,)
That heaven may be one Sabbath without end.
—Grahame.

Sacrament (See Communion)

He who receives a sacrament does not perform a good work, he receives a benefit.—Martin Luther.

Sacraments, ordained of Christ, are not only badges or tokens of Christian men's profession; but rather they are certain signs of grace, and God's good-will towards us, by the which He doth work invisibly in us, and doth not only quicken, but also strengthen and confirm our faith in Him.—Articles of Methodist Episcopal Church.

Sacrifice

You cannot win without sacrifice.—Charles Buxton.

It is easier to sacrifice great than little things.—Montaigne.

Who lives for humanity, must be content to lose himself.—O. B. Frothingham.

Upon such sacrifices the gods themselves throw incense.—Shakespeare.

It is what we give up, not what we lay up, that adds to our lasting store.—Hosea Ballou.

The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.—Bible.

What you most repent of is a lasting sacrifice made under an impulse of good-nature. The goodness goes; the sacrifice sticks.—Charles Buxton.

Teach self-denial, and make its practice pleasurable, and you create for the world a destiny more sublime than ever issued from the brain of the wildest dreamer.—Sir Walter Scott.

A good man not only forbears those gratifications which are forbidden by reason and religion, but even restrains himself in unforbidden instances.—Atterbury.

Our virtues are dearer to us the more we have had to suffer for them. It is the same with our children. All profound affection admits a sacrifice.—Vauvenargues.

Would we codify the laws that should reign in households, and whose daily transgression annoys and mortifies us, and degrades our household life, we must adorn every day with sacrifices. Good manners are made up of petty sacrifices.—Emerson.

The great foundation of civil virtue is self-denial; and there is no one above the necessities of life but has opportunities of exercising that noble quality, and doing as much as his circumstances will bear for the ease and convenience of other men.—Steele.

The opportunities of making great sacrifices for the good of mankind are of rare occurrence; and he who remains inactive till it is in his power to confer signal benefits or yield important services is in imminent danger of incurring the doom of the slothful servant.—Robert Hall.

Sadness

The ground of all great thoughts is sadness.—Bailey.

Our sadness is not sad, but our cheap joys.—Thoreau.

'Tis impious in a good man to be sad.—Young.

Too much sadness hath congealed your blood.—Shakespeare.

Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thoughts.—Shelley.

They praise my rustling show, and never see my heart is breaking for a little love.—Christina G. Rossetti.

There is a chord in every human heart that has a sigh in it if touched aright.—Ouida.

Alas that we must dwell, my heart and I, so far asunder!—Christina G. Rossetti.

Of all tales 'tis the saddest—and more sad,
Because it makes us smile. —Byron.

A plague of sighing and grief! It blows a man up like a bladder.—Shakespeare.

Take my word for it, the saddest thing under the sky is a soul incapable of sadness.—Mme. de Gasparin.

Dim sadness did not spare that time celestial visages; yet, mixed with pity, violated not their bliss.—Milton.

Some people habitually wear sadness, like a garment, and think it a becoming grace. God loves a cheerful worshipper.—Chapin.

Child of mortality, whence comest thou? Why is thy countenance sad, and why are thine eyes red with weeping?—Anna Letitia Barbauld.

A man cannot be cheerful and good-natured unless he is also honest; which is not to be said of sadness.—Steele.

Be sad, good brothers, for, by my faith, it very well becomes you: sorrow so royally in you appears, that I will deeply put the fashion on.—Shakespeare.

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.
—Longfellow.

We look before and after,
And sigh for what is not,
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught:
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought. —Shelley.

It is quite deplorable to see how many rational creatures, or at least who are thought so, mistake suffering for sanctity, and think a sad face and a gloomy habit of mind propitious offerings to that Deity whose works are all light and lustre and harmony and loveliness.—Lady Morgan.

Sailor (See Ship)

Poor child of danger, nursling of the storm,
Sad are the woes that wreck thy manly form!
Rocks, waves, and winds, the shatter'd bark delay,
Thy heart is sad, thy home is far away.
—Campbell.

O Thou, who in Thy hand dost hold
The winds and waves that wake or sleep,
Thy tender arms of mercy fold
Around the seamen on the deep.
—Hannah F. Gould.

I love the sailor; his eventful life—
His generous spirit—his contempt of danger—
His firmness in the gale, the wreck, the strife;
And though a wild and reckless ocean-ranger,
God grant he make the port, when life is o'er,
Where storms are hush'd, and billows break no more. —Walter Colton.

Hark to the Boatswain's call, the cheering cry!
While through the seaman's hand the tackle glides;
Or schoolboy Midshipman that, standing by,
Strains his shrill pipe as good or ill betides,
And well the docile crew that skilful urchin guides. —Byron.

There's one whose fearless courage yet has never failed in fight;
Who guards with zeal our country's weal, our freedom, and our right;
But though his strong and ready arm spreads havoc in its blow;
Cry "Quarter!" and that arm will be the first to spare its foe.
He recks not though proud Glory's shout may be the knell of death;
The triumph won, without a sigh he yields his parting breath.
He's Britain's boast, and claims a toast! "In peace, my boys, or war,
Here's to the brave upon the wave, the gallant English Tar." —Eliza Cook.

Saint Patrick's Day

It is not a bad thing, it is an exceedingly good thing, that on this one day of the year at least, people of Irish nativity and race, with guests of other nations, should assemble around the festive board and in the lecture hall to hear something that shall take them out of the ruts of to-day, take them away from the miserable, selfish thought of their business, of their own even laudable, though at the same time, petty domestic cares, and remind them of their ancestors, to tell them something of the place of their race and nation in the history of the world, and in the work that the universal Father surely has to do for each of the races that He has placed upon earth, as He has given work for each of the individual children that He sends into the world. It is a good thing for them to revive the memory of their history, to be filled with a noble emulation of the glories of their fathers that shall make them examine

their own consciences, as it were, to see whether they are degenerate sons of illustrious sires, shall inspire them with a firm resolve to transmit to a remote posterity the blessings of religion or character of whatsoever kind they have inherited from their fathers. And it is peculiarly pleasing for us in this sweet land of America, in this our beloved country, where Celt and Saxon and Latin come together to form the magnificent race of the future, that shall be, we may well believe, the race that shall dominate the world and hasten and make speedier the coming of the day foreseen by the poet and prayed for by sage and saint, when the whole human family shall be literally one, and when wars shall cease among men, when the miserable race prejudices shall be things of the barbarous past and the whole world shall be composed of one magnificent family of which the various nations, if they shall still retain their individuality, shall be but members, speaking one language, largely assimilated in blood, and with no rivalry but the magnificent holy emulation to show forth the glory of the Father by the wondrous work of the heart and hand of His human children.—Dr. Edward McGlynn.

It is somewhat suggestive that the apostle of Ireland was himself a foreign-born citizen. He acquired a better right to speak for Ireland than any man that was ever born in it, before or since. And that should be a lesson to moderate certain Irish patriots who would have it that there is nothing good that does not come from Ireland. There are good things, always have been and always will be, out of Ireland, as well as every country, as well as in it, and while it is permissible for us on this one day of the year to blow our own horn a little, it is well for us to be modest enough to acknowledge and to be thankful for the apostle who was not an Irishman and yet was the best Irishman that ever lived.—Dr. Edward McGlynn.

Saints

As no roads are so rough as those that have just been mended, so no sinners are so intolerant as those that have just turned out saints.—Colton.

For virtue's self may too much zeal be had;
The worst of madmen is a saint run mad.
—Pope.

But jest apart—what virtue canst thou trace
In that broad brim that hides thy sober face?
Does that long-skirted drab, that over-nice
And formal clothing, prove a scorn of vice?
Then for thine accent—what in sound can be
So void of grace as dull monotony?
—Crabbe.

In the wicked there's no vice,
Of which the saints have not a spice,
And yet that thing that's pious in
The one, in the other is a sin.
Is it not ridiculous, and nonsense,
A saint should be a slave to conscience?
—Butler.

Salutation

As a man's salutation, so is the total of his character; in nothing do we lay ourselves so open as in our manner of meeting and salutation.—Lavater.

Salvation

The condition of salvation is that kind of belief in Jesus Christ which authenticates itself in repentance for the past and in an amendment of life for the future.—L. L. Noble.

None shall be saved by Christ but those only who work out their own salvation while God is working in them by His truth and His Holy Spirit. We cannot do without God; and God will not do without us.—Matthew Henry.

"But what can mortal man do to secure his own salvation?" Mortal man can do just what God bids him do. He can repent and believe. He can arise and follow Christ as Matthew did.—W. Gladden.

The waters of salvation, welling forth from the mercy-seat above, have descended in copious floods to refresh and bless the earth. And will you refuse to drink of the river of life which flows full and free before you, proffering health and gladness to your famished soul, because you cannot discover every thing pertaining to its

source, far, far away in the recesses of the Eternal Mind?—G. B. Ide.

We believe that the blessings of salvation are made free to all by the gospel; that it is the immediate duty of all to accept them by a cordial, penitent, and obedient faith; and that nothing prevents the salvation of the greatest sinner on earth but his own inherent depravity and voluntary rejection of the gospel; which rejection involves him in an aggravated condemnation.—Baptist Church Manual.

What hinders that you should be a child of God? Is not salvation free? Is not the invitation to it flung out to you on every page of the New Testament? Is not Christ offered to you in all His offices? and are you not welcome to all His benefits if you want them? Is not the Holy Spirit promised to them that ask Him? Nothing can hinder you from being a Christian, but your own worldly, selfish, proud, obstinate, unworthy, and self-righteous heart.—Ichabod Spencer.

Sarcasm

Sarcasm poisons reproof.—E. Wigglesworth.

Sarcasm, I now see to be, in general, the language of the devil.—Carlyle.

A sneer is the weapon of the weak. Like other devil's weapons, it is always cunningly ready to our hand, and there is more poison in the handle than in the point.—Lowell.

At the best, sarcasms, bitter irony, scathing wit, are a sort of sword-play of the mind. You pink your adversary, and he is forthwith dead; and then you deserve to be hung for it.—Bovee.

He that cometh to seek after knowledge with a mind to scorn and censure shall be sure to find matter for his humor, but none for his instruction.—Bacon.

He who rests satisfied in merely defending himself against sarcasm and abuse is always a loser.—Goethe.

A true sarcasm is like a sword-stick; it appears, at first sight, to be much more innocent than it really is, till, all of a sudden, there leaps something out of it—sharp and deadly and incisive—which makes you tremble and recoil.—Sydney Smith.

Satan

Satan, as a master, is bad; his work much worse; and his wages worst of all.—Fuller.

Here we may reign secure; and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition, though in hell.
Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven.
—Milton.

The infernal serpent; he it was, whose guile,
Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceiv'd
The mother of mankind. —Milton.

If Satan doth fetter us, 'tis indifferent to him whether it be by a cable or by a hair; nay, perhaps the smallest sins are his greatest stratagems.

Meanwhile the adversary of God and man,
Satan, with thoughts inflam'd of highest design,
Puts on swift wings, and towards the gates of Hell
Explores his solitary flight; sometimes
He scours the right hand coast, sometimes the left:
Now shaves with level wing the deep; then soars
Up to the fiery concave, tow'ring high.
—Milton.

Satiety

In all pleasure there is satiety.—Hakewill.

Passion raves herself to rest, or flies.—Byron.

All surfeit is the father of much fast.—Shakespeare.

Satiety is a neighbor to continued pleasures.—Quintilian.

With pleasure drugged he almost longed for woe.—Byron.

To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof little more than a little is by much too much.—Shakespeare.

With much we surfeit; plenty makes us poor.—Drayton.

The wholesomest meats that are will breed satiety.—Sir John Harrington.

The same stale viands, served up over and over, the stomach nauseates. —R. Wynne.

I hold this to be the rule of life, "Too much of anything is bad."—Terence.

In everything satiety closely follows the greatest pleasures.—Cicero.

But thy words, with grace divine imbued, bring to their sweetness no satiety.—Milton.

We grow tired of ourselves, much more of other people.—Hazlitt.

Pleasure and satiety live next door to each other.—J. Petit-Senn.

If I had a lover who wanted to hear from me every day, I would break with him.—Mme. de la Fayette.

A surfeit of the sweetest things the deepest loathing to the stomach brings. —Shakespeare.

Love dies by satiety, and forgetfulness inters it.—Du Cœur.

Everything that is in superabundance overflows from the full bosom. —Horace.

The longest absence is less perilous to love than the terrible trials of incessant proximity.—Ouida.

The flower which we do not pluck is the only one which never loses its beauty or its fragrance.—W. R. Alger.

The ear is cloyed unto satiety with honeyed strains, that daily from the fount of Helicon flow murmuring.—William Herbert.

Attainment is followed by neglect, possession by disgust; and the malicious remark of the Greek epigrammatist on marriage may be applied to every other course of life, that its two days of happiness are the first and the last.—Johnson.

Some are cursed with the fullness of satiety; and how can they bear the ills of life when its very pleasures fatigue them?—Colton.

Satiety comes of too frequent repetition; and he who will not give himself leisure to be thirsty can never find the true pleasure of drinking.—Montaigne.

For ennui is a growth of English root,
Though nameless in our language:—we retort
The fact for words, and let the French translate
That awful yawn which sleep cannot abate.
—Byron.

The fruition of what is unlawful must be followed by remorse. The core sticks in the throat after the apple is eaten, and the sated appetite loathes the interdicted pleasure for which innocence was bartered.—Jane Porter.

Pleasure, when it is a man's chief purpose, disappoints itself; and the constant application to it palls the faculty of enjoying it, though it leaves the sense of our inability for that we wish, with a disrelish of everything else.—Steele.

The most voluptuous and loose person breathing, were he tied to follow his hawks and his hounds, his dice and his courtships every day, would find it the greatest torment and calamity that could befall him; he would fly to the mines and galleys for his recreation.—South.

Who riseth from a feast,
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse, that doth untread again
His tedious measures with the unabated fire,
That he did pave them first? all things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.
—Shakespeare.

There is no sense of weariness like that which closes in a day of eager

and unintermittent pursuit of pleasure. The apple is eaten, but "the core sticks in the throat." Expectation has then given way to ennui, appetite to satiety.—Bovee.

But passion raves herself to rest, or flies;
And vice, that digs her own voluptuous tomb
Had buried long his hopes, no more to rise:
Pleasure's pall'd victim! life-abhorring gloom
Wrote on his faded brow curst Cain's unresting doom. —Byron.

'Twas strange—in youth all action and all life,
Burning for pleasure, not averse from strife;
Woman—the field—the ocean—all that gave
Promise of gladness, peril of a grave,
In turn he tried—he ransack'd all below,
And found his recompense in joy or woe,
No tame trite medium; for his feelings sought
In that intenseness an escape from thought:
The tempest of his heart in scorn had gazed
On that the feebler elements hath rais'd;
The rapture of his heart had look'd on high,
And ask'd if greater dwelt beyond the sky:
Chain'd to excess, the slave of such extreme,
How woke he from the wildness of that dream,
Alas! he told not—but he did awake
To curse the wither'd heart that would not break. —Byron.

Satire

Satire is the disease of art.—Chamfort.

Wit larded with malice.—Shakespeare.

No sword bites so fiercely as an evil tongue.—Sir P. Sidney.

The empty vessel makes the greatest sound.—Shakespeare.

Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away.—Byron.

Thou shining supplement of public law!—Young.

Pointed satire runs him through and through.—Oldham.

Among those who are able to understand it, satire has a power of fascination that no other written thing possesses.—Stanley Lane-Poole.

To lash the vices of a guilty age.—Churchill.

Satirists do expose their own ill nature.—Dr. Watts.

Undeserved merit is satire.—S. S. Cox.

Fools are my theme; let satire be my song.—Byron.

Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter.—Shakespeare.

Satire shou'd, like a polished razor keen, wound with a touch that is scarcely felt or seen.—Mary Wortley Montagu.

In the present state of the world it is difficult not to write lampoons.—Juvenal.

A bitter jest, when the satire comes too near the truth, leaves a sharp sting behind.—Tacitus.

The feathered arrow of satire has oft been wet with the heart's blood of its victims.—Disraeli.

Satire or sense, alas! can it feel?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?
—Pope.

Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
To run amuck and tilt at all I meet.
—Pope.

Satire lies about men of letters during their lives, and eulogy after their death.—Voltaire.

When dunces are satiric, I take it for a panegyric.—Swift.

In general satire, every man perceives
A slight attack, yet neither fears nor grieves. —Crabbe.

By satire kept in awe, shrink from ridicule, though not from law.—Byron.

Men are more satirical from vanity than from malice.—La Rochefoucauld.

Satire among the Romans, but not among the Greeks, was a bitter invective poem.—Dryden.

Satire often proceeds less from ill nature than a desire to display wit.—Lady Blessington.

Satire that is seasonable and just is often more effectual than law or gospel.—H. W. Shaw.

Satire is a kind of poetry in which human vices are reprehended.—Dryden.

The laughter which it creates is impish and devilish, the very mirth of fiends, and its wit the gleam and glare of infernal light.—E. P. Whipple.

Satire recoils whenever charged too high; round your own fame the fatal splinters fly.—Young.

You must not think that a satiric style allows of scandalous and brutish words; the better sort abhor scurrility.—Roscommon.

It is as hard to satirize well a man of distinguished vices as to praise well a man of distinguished virtues.—Swift.

He that hath a satirical vein, as he maketh others afraid of his wit, so he had need be afraid of others' memory.—Bacon.

In my youth I thought of writing a satire on mankind! but now in my age I think I should write an apology for them.—Horace Walpole.

Lampoons and satires, that are written with wit and spirit, are like poisoned darts, which not only inflict a wound, but make it incurable.—Addison.

Lampoons, like squibs, may make a present blaze; but time and thunder pay respect to bays.—Waller.

Friendly satire may be compared to a fine lancet, which gently breathes a vein for health's sake.—Richardson.

Of a bitter satirist it might be said that the person or thing on which his satire fell shriveled up as if the devil had spit on it.—Hawthorne.

A little wit and a great deal of ill-nature will furnish a man for satire; but the greatest instance of wit is to commend well.—Tillotson.

Satire is a sort of glass wherein beholders do generally discover everybody's face but their own, which is the chief reason for that kind reception it meets with in the world.—Swift.

Satires and lampoons on particular people circulate more by giving copies in confidence to the friends of the parties, than by printing them.—Sheridan.

Simonides, a poet famous in his generation, is, I think, author of the oldest satire that is now extant, and, as some say, of the first that was ever written.—Addison.

Truth is quite beyond the reach of satire. There is so brave a simplicity in her that she can no more be made ridiculous than an oak or a pine.—Lowell.

When satire flies abroad on falsehood's wing,
Short is her life, and impotent her sting;
But when to truth allied, the wound she gives
Sinks deep, and to remotest ages lives.
—Churchill.

A satire should expose nothing but what is corrigible, and should make a due discrimination between those that are and those that are not the proper objects of it.—Addison.

In fashionable circles general satire, which attacks the fault rather than the person, is unwelcome; while that which attacks the person and spares the fault is always acceptable.—Richter.

Satire is a composition of salt and mercury; and it depends upon the different mixture and preparation of these ingredients, that it comes out a

noble medicine or a rank poison.—Jeffrey.

Satire is at once the most agreeable and most dangerous of mental qualities. It always pleases when it is refined, but we always fear those who use it too much; yet satire should be allowed when unmixed with spite, and when the person satirized can join in the satire.—La Rochefoucauld.

The end of satire is the amendment of vices by correction; and he who writes honestly is no more an enemy to the offender than the physician to the patient when he prescribes harsh remedies.—Dryden.

Why should we fear? and what? The laws?
They all are armed in Virtue's cause;
And aiming at the self-same end,
Satire is always Virtue's friend.
—Churchill.

Though folly, robed in purple, shines,
Though vice exhausts Peruvian mines,
Yet shall they tremble and turn pale
When satire wields her mighty flail.
—Churchill.

Whose wound no salve can cure. Each blow doth leave
A lasting sear, that with a poison eats
Into the marrow of their fame, and lives;
Th' eternal ulcer to their memories.
—Randolph.

Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-ey'd virgin steal a tear.
—Pope.

Wycherley in his writings is the sharpest satirist of his time, but in his nature he has all the softness of the tenderest dispositions. In his writings he is severe, bold, undertaking; in his nature, gentle, modest, inoffensive.—Granville.

Her caustic manner of speaking of friends as well as foes caused Madame du Deffand to be compared to the physician who said: "My friend fell sick—I attended him; he died—I dissected him."—J. A. Bent.

Should a writer single out and point his raillery at particular persons, or satirize the miserable, he might be sure of pleasing a great part of his readers, but must be a very ill man if he could please himself.—Addison.

Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend,
A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend.
—Pope.

Enough of satire; in less harden'd times
Great was her force, and mighty were her rhymes.
I've read of men, beyond man's daring brave,
Who yet have trembled at the strokes she gave;
Whose souls have felt more terrible alarms
From her one line, than from a world in arms.
—Churchill.

Most satirists are indeed a public scourge;
Their mildest physic is a farrier's purge;
Their acrid temper turns, as soon as stirr'd,
The milk of their good purpose all to curd.
Their zeal begotten, as their works rehearse,
By lean despair upon an empty purse.
—Cowper.

For a young and presumptuous poet a disposition to write satires is one of the most dangerous he can encourage. It tempts him to personalities, which are not always forgiven after he has repented and become ashamed of them. —Southey.

It is certain that satirical poems were common at Rome from a very early period. The rustics, who lived at a distance from the seat of government, and took little part in the strife of factions, gave vent to their petty local animosities in coarse Fescennine verse.—Macaulay.

The men of the greatest character in this kind were Horace and Juvenal. There is not, that I remember, one ill-natured expression in all their writings, not one sentence of severity, which does not apparently proceed from the contrary disposition.—Steele.

Satire is, indeed, the only sort of composition in which the Latin poets whose works have come down to us

were not mere imitators of foreign models; and it is therefore the sort of composition in which they have never been excelled.—Macaulay.

Among the writers of antiquity there are none who instruct us more openly in the manners of their respective times in which they lived than those who have employed themselves in satire, under whatever dress it may appear.—Addison.

Of satires I think as Epictetus did, "If evil be said of thee, and if it be true, correct thyself; if it be a lie, laugh at it." By dint of time and experience I have learned to be a good post-horse; I go through my appointed daily stage, and I care not for the curs who bark at me along the road. —Frederick the Great.

As men neither fear nor respect what has been made contemptible, all honor to him who makes oppression laughable as well as detestable. Armies cannot protect it then; and walls which have remained impenetrable to cannon have fallen before a roar of laughter or a hiss of contempt.—Whipple.

When scandal has new-minted an old lie,
Or tax'd invention for a fresh supply,
'Tis call'd a satire, and the world appears
Gathering around it with erected ears;
A thousand names are toss'd into the crowd,
Some whisper'd softly, and some twang'd aloud,
Just as the sapience of an author's brain,
Suggests it safe or dangerous to be plain.
—Cowper.

The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the razor's edge invisible,
Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen
Above the sense of sense; so sensible
Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things. —Shakespeare.

But the most annoying of all public reformers is the personal satirist. Though he may be considered by some few as a useful member of society, yet he is only ranked with the hangman, whom we tolerate because he executes the judgment we abhor to do ourselves, and avoid with a natural detestation of his office. The pen of the one and the cord of the other are inseparable in our minds.—Jane Porter.

Satire, whilst envy and ill-humor sway
The mind of man, must always make her way;
Nor to a bosom, with discretion fraught,
Is all her malice worth a single thought.
The wise have not the will, nor fools the power,
To stop her headstrong course; within the hour
Left to herself, she dies; opposing strife
Gives her fresh vigor, and prolongs her life.
—Churchill.

Satirical writers and speakers are not half so clever as they think themselves, nor as they are thought to be. They do winnow the corn, it is true, but it is to feed upon the chaff. I am sorry to add that they who are always speaking ill of others are also very apt to be doing ill to them. It requires some talent and some generosity to find out talent and generosity in others, though nothing but self-conceit and malice are needed to discover or to imagine faults. It is much easier for an ill-natured man than for a good-natured man to be smart and witty.—Rev. Dr. Sharpe.

Savage

The most savage people are also the ugliest.—Mary Somerville.

Wolves and bears, they say, casting their savagery aside, have done like offices of pity.—Shakespeare.

The leading characteristic of the savage state is its refusal or avoidance of industry.—Brisbane.

When man is not properly trained, he is the most savage animal on the face of the globe.—Plato.

Man is neither by birth nor disposition a savage, nor of unsocial habits, but only becomes so by indulging in vices contrary to his nature.—Plutarch.

Scaffold

It is the toilet of death, but it leads to immortality.—Charlotte Corday.

I had rather be guillotined than a guillotiner.—Danton.

I hope the edge of your guillotine is sharper than your scissors.—Duclos.

That a scaffold of execution should grow a scaffold of coronation.—Sir P. Sidney.

They are sending me to the scaffold. Well, my friends, we must go to it gayly.—Danton.

When they go smiling to the scaffold, it is time to break in pieces the sickle of death.—Danton.

Pardon, gentles all, the flat unraised spirits that have dared on this unworthy scaffold to bring forth so great an object.—Shakespeare.

I will never, for the future, paint the portrait of a tyrant until his head lies before me on the scaffold.—J. L. David.

Scandal

At every word a reputation dies.—Pope.

Believe that story false that ought not to be true.—Sheridan.

Dead scandals form good subjects for dissection.—Byron.

A man dishonored is worse than dead.—Cervantes.

No scandal about Queen Elizabeth, I hope.—Shakespeare.

Her tea she sweetens, as she sips, with scandal.—Rogers.

Love and scandal are the best sweeteners of tea.—Fielding.

Praise undeserved is scandal in disguise.—Pope.

On eagle's wings immortal scandals fly, while virtue's actions are but born and die.—Stephen Harvey.

If hours did not hang heavy, what would become of scandal?—Bancroft.

There's a lust in man, no charm can tame, of loudly publishing our neighbor's shame.—Juvenal.

Flavia, most tender of her own good name, is rather careless of a sister's fame.—Cowper.

Ye prime adepts in scandal's school, who rail by precept and detract by rule!—Sheridan.

Skilled by a touch to deepen scandal's tints with all the high mendacity of hints.—Byron.

No particular scandal one can touch but it confounds the breather.—Shakespeare.

A cruel story runs on wheels, and every hand oils the wheels as they run.—Ouida.

The scandal of the world is what makes the offence; it is not sinful to sin in silence.—Molière.

Scandal is the sport of its authors, the dread of fools, and the contempt of the wise.—W. B. Clulow.

Scandal has something so piquant, it is a sort of cayenne to the mind.—Byron.

Convey a libel in a frown, and wink a reputation down.—Swift.

He rams his quill with scandal and with scoff,
But 'tis so very foul, it won't go off.
—Young.

Scandal, like a reptile crawling over a bright grass, leaves a trail and a stain.—Cunningham.

Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamor, and evil speaking be put away from you, with all malice.—Bible.

Detraction's a bold monster and fears not
To wound the fame of princes if it find
But any blemish in their lives to work on.
—Massinger.

A good word is an easy obligation; but not to speak ill requires only our

silence, which costs us nothing.—Tillotson.

You know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them.
—Shakespeare.

If there is any person to whom you feel dislike, that is the person of whom you ought never to speak.—Cecil.

A little scandal is an excellent thing; nobody is ever brighter or happier of tongue than when he is making mischief of his neighbors.—Ouida.

Scandals are like dandelion seeds—they are arrow-headed, and stick where they fall, and bring forth and multiply fourfold.—Ouida.

Scandal is what one-half the world takes pleasure in inventing, and the other half in believing.—Chatfield.

Many a wretch has rid on a hurdle who has done less mischief than utterers of forged tales, coiners of scandal, and clippers of reputation.—Sheridan.

The tale-bearer and the tale-hearer should be both hanged up, back to back, one by the tongue, the other by the ear.—South.

I never listen to calumnies, because, if they are untrue, I run the risk of being deceived, and if they are true, of hating persons not worth thinking about.—Montesquieu.

No one loves to tell of scandal except to him who loves to bear it. Learn, then, to rebuke and check the detracting tongue by showing that you do not listen to it with pleasure.—St. Jerome.

Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend,
A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend.
—Pope.

Scandal breeds hatred; hatred begets division; division makes faction, and faction brings ruin.—Quarles.

No might nor greatness in mortality can censure escape; back-wounding calumny the whitest virtue strikes; what king so strong, can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?—Shakespeare.

Assail'd by scandal and the tongue of strife,
His only answer was a blameless life;
And he that forged, and he that threw the dart,
Had each a brother's interest in his heart.
—Cowper.

I find great numbers of moderately good people who think it fine to talk scandal. They regard it as a sort of evidence of their own goodness.—F. W. Faber.

Socrates, when informed of some derogating speeches one had used concerning him behind his back, made only this facetious reply, "Let him beat me too when I am absent."—La Fontaine.

It is a certain sign of an ill heart to be inclined to defamation. They who are harmless and innocent can have no gratification that way; but it ever arises from a neglect of what is laudable in a man's self.—Steele.

There are a set of malicious, prating, prudent gossips, both male and female, who murder characters to kill time; and will rob a young fellow of his good name before he has years to know the value of it.—Sheridan.

Queen Mary had a way of interrupting tattle about elopements, duels, and play debts, by asking the tattlers, very quietly yet significantly, whether they had ever read her favorite sermon—Dr. Tillotson on Evil Speaking.—Macaulay.

It is not good to speak evil of all whom we know bad; it is worse to judge evil of any who may prove good. To speak ill upon knowledge shows a want of charity; to speak ill upon suspicion shows a want of honesty.—Warwick.

Malice may empty her quiver, but cannot wound; the dirt will not stick.

the jests will not take. Without the consent of the world, a scandal doth not go deep; it is only a slight stroke upon the injured party, and returneth with the greater force upon those that gave it.—Saville.

A tale of scandal is as fatal to the credit of a prudent lady as a fever is generally to those of the strongest constitutions. But there is a sort of puny, sickly reputation, that is always ailing, yet will wither the robuster characters of a hundred prudes.—Sheridan.

The improbability of a malicious story serves but to help forward the currency of it, because it increases the scandal. So that, in such instances, the world is like the pious St. Austin, who said he believed some things because they were absurd and impossible. —Sterne.

As every one is pleased with imagining that he knows something not yet commonly divulged, secret history easily gains credit; but it is for the most part believed only while it circulates in whispers, and when once it is openly told, is openly refuted.—Dr. Johnson.

Tears are copiously showered over frailties the discoverer takes a malicious delight in circulating; and thus, all granite on one side of the heart, and all milk on the other, the unsexed scandal-monger hies from house to house, pouring balm from its weeping eyes on the wounds it inflicts with its stabbing tongue.—Whipple.

These are the spiders of society;
They weave their petty webs of lies and sneers,
And lie themselves in ambush for the spoil,
The web seems fair, and glitters in the sun,
And the poor victim winds him in the toil
Before he dreams of danger or of death.
—L. E. Landon.

It generally takes its rise either from an ill-will to mankind, a private inclination to make ourselves esteemed, an ostentation of wit, and vanity of being thought in the secrets of the world; or from a desire of gratifying any of these dispositions of mind in those persons with whom we converse. —Addison.

The circle smil'd, then whisper'd, and then sneer'd;
The misses bridled, and the matrons frown'd;
Some hoped things might not turn out as they fear'd;
Some would not deem such women could be found;
Some ne'er believ'd one half of what they heard;
Some look'd perplex'd, and others look'd profound;
And several pitied, with sincere regret,
Poor Lord Augustus Fitz-Plantagenet.
—Byron.

Be deaf unto the suggestions of tale-bearers, calumniators, pick-thank or malevolent detractors, who, while quiet men sleep, sowing the tares of discord and division, distract the tranquillity of charity and all friendly society. These are the tongues that set the world on fire—cankerers of reputation, and, like that of Jonah's gourd, wither a good name in a single night. —Sir T. Browne.

The world with calumny abounds,
The whitest virtue slander wounds;
There are whose joy is, night and day,
To talk a character away:
Eager from rout to rout they haste,
To blast the generous and the chaste,
And hunting reputations down,
Proclaim their triumphs through the town
What mind's in such a base employment
To feel the slightest self-enjoyment!
—Pope.

Scars

A scar nobly got is a good livery of honor.—Shakespeare.

The scars of the body—what are they, compared to the hidden ones of the heart?—Madame de Maintenon.

Who has not raised a tombstone, here and there, over buried hopes and dead joys, on the road of life? Like the scars of the heart, they are not to be obliterated.—Ninon de Lenclos.

Scepticism

Sceptics are yet the most credulous —Goethe.

Sceptics are generally ready to believe anything, provided it is sufficiently improbable.—Von Knebel.

Human knowledge is the parent of doubt.—Greville.

Freethinkers are generally those who never think at all.—Sterne.

Scepticism is a barren coast, without a harbor or lighthouse.—Beecher.

It is men of faith, not sceptics, who have made the world aware that they were in it.—Channing.

The sceptic only stumbles at matter of fact.—Von Knebel.

Improbability is the food upon which scepticism is nourished.—Locke.

It is ever the improbable that the sceptic is the most ready to give ear to.—Voltaire.

I will listen to any one's convictions; but, pray, keep your doubts to yourself.—Goethe.

An atheist is more reclaimable than a papist, as ignorance is sooner cured than superstition.—Sterne.

I know not any crime so great that a man could contrive to commit as poisoning the sources of eternal truth. —Dr. Johnson.

Scepticism has never founded empires, established principles, or changed the world's heart. The great doers in history have always been men of faith.—Chapin.

The sceptic, when he plunges into the depths of infidelity, like the miser who leaps from the shipwreck, will find that the treasures which he bears about him will only sink him deeper in the abyss.—Colton.

I would rather dwell in the dim fog of superstition than in air rarefied to nothing by the air-pump of unbelief; in which the panting breast expires, vainly and convulsively gasping for breath.—Richter.

Scepticism commonly takes up the room left by defect of imagination, and is the very quality of mind most likely to seek for sensual proof of supersensual things. If one came from the dead it could not believe; and yet it longs for such a witness, and will put up with a very dubious one.—Lowell.

This a sacred rule we find
Among the nicest of mankind,
(Which never might exception brook
From Hobbes even down to Bolingbroke,)
To doubt of facts, however true,
Unless they know the causes too.
—Churchill.

Let no presuming impious railer tax
Creative Wisdom, as if aught was formed
In vain, or not for admirable ends,
Shall little haughty ignorance pronounce
His works unwise, of which the smallest part
Exceed the narrow vision of her mind?
—Thomson.

As a man of pleasure, by a vain attempt to be more happy than any man can be, is often more miserable than most men are, so the sceptic, in a vain attempt to be wise beyond what is permitted to man, plunges into a darkness more deplorable, and a blindness more incurable than that of the common herd, whom he despises, and would fain instruct.—Colton.

Oh! lives there, Heaven! beneath thy dread expanse,
One hopeless, dark idolater of chance,
Content to feed with pleasures unrefin'd,
The lukewarm passions of a lowly mind;
Who mouldering earthward, 'reft of every trust,
In joyless union wedded to the dust,
Could all his parting energy dismiss,
And call this barren world sufficient bliss?
—Campbell.

Scholarship

A scholar has no ennui.—Richter.

Scholarship, save by accident, is never the measure of a man's power. —J. G. Holland.

To talk in public, to think in solitude, to read and to hear, to inquire and answer inquiries, is the business of a scholar.—Johnson.

In the true literary man there is thus ever, acknowledged or not by the world, a sacredness; he is the light of the world; the world's priest—

guiding it, like a sacred pillar of fire, in its dark pilgrimage through the waste of time.—Carlyle.

The resources of the scholar are proportioned to his confidence in the attributes of the intellect.—Emerson.

The mind of the scholar, if you would have it large and liberal, should come in contact with other minds. It is better that his armor should be somewhat bruised by rude encounters, even, than hang forever rusting on the wall.—Longfellow.

A great scholar, in the highest sense of the term, is not one who depends simply on an infinite memory, but also on an infinite and electrical power of combination; bringing together from the four winds, like the Angel of the Resurrection, what else were dust from dead men's bones, into the unity of breathing life.—De Quincey.

Scholars are men of peace; they bear no arms, but their tongues are sharper than Actius's sword, their pens carry further, and give a louder report than thunder. I had rather stand in the shock of a basilisk than in the fury of a merciless pen.—Sir Thomas Browne.

School

The modest temple of wisdom.—Franklin.

Public instruction should be the first object of government.—Napoleon I.

Not only the needle-gun, but the schools have won our battles.—Lehnert.

The Prussian schoolmaster won the battle of Sadowa.—Moltke.

Whoe'er excels in what we prize,
appears a hero in our eyes.—Shenstone.

A great school is very trying; it never can present images of rest and peace.—Dr. T. Arnold.

Whose school-hours are all days and nights of our existence.—Carlyle.

To him and all of us the expressly appointed schoolmaster and schoolings are as nothing.—Carlyle.

Yet he's gentle, never schooled and yet learned.—Shakespeare.

To sentence a man of true genius to the drudgery of a school is to put a race-horse in a mill.—Colton.

Then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. —Shakespeare.

What made our revolution a foregone conclusion was the act of the general court, passed in May, 1647, which established the system of common schools.—Lowell.

More is learned in a public than in a private school, from emulation There is the collision of mind with mind, or the radiation of many minds pointing to one center.—Dr. Johnson.

Alas! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play,
No sense have they of ills to come,
No care beyond to-day. —Gray.

Whipping, that's virtue's governess,
Tutoress of arts and sciences;
That mends the gross mistakes of nature,
And puts new life into dull matter;
That lays foundation for renown,
And all the honours of the gown.
—Butler.

Oft in the lone churchyard at night I've seen,
By glimpse of moonshine, chequering through the trees,
The school-boy with his satchel in his hand,
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up;
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones,
(With nettles skirted, and with moss o'ergrown,
That tell in homely phrase who lie below;)
Sudden he starts! and hears, or thinks he hears,
The sound of something purring at his heels. —Blair.

Let the soldier be abroad if he will; he can do nothing in this age. There is another personage abroad—a person less imposing—in the eyes of some, perhaps, insignificant. The school-

master is abroad; and I trust to him, armed with his primer, against the soldier in full military array.—Brougham.

To every class we have a school assign'd,
Rules for all ranks, and food for every mind:
Yet one there is, that small regard to rule
Or study pays, and still is deem'd a school;
That, where a deaf, poor, patient widow sits,
And awes some thirty infants as she knits;
Infants of humble, busy wives, who pay
Some trifling price for freedom through the day.
At this good matron's hut the children meet,
Who thus becomes the mother of the street. —Crabbe.

Lord, let me make this rule
To think of life as school,
And try my best
To stand each test,
And do my work,
And nothing shirk.

Should someone else outshine
This dullard head of mine,
Should I be sad?
I will be glad.
To do my best
Is Thy behest.

Some day the bell will sound,
Some day my heart will bound,
As with a shout
That school is out
And lessons done,
I homeward run.
—Maltbie Babcock.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way
With blossom'd furze, unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school:
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning's face;
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd;
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declar'd how much he knew;
'T was certain he could write and cypher too.
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage;
And e'en the story ran, that he could gauge. —Goldsmith.

The opening of the first grammar-school was the opening of the first trench against monopoly in church and state; the first row of trammels and pothooks which the little Shearjashubs and Elkanahs blotted and blubbered across their copy-books was the preamble to the Declaration of Independence.—Lowell.

Science

Science is the topography of ignorance.—O. W. Holmes.

Science dissects death.—Frederick W. Robertson.

Human science is uncertain guess.—Prior.

Toil of science swells the wealth of art.—Schiller.

Science does not know its debt to imagination.—Emerson.

Steam, that great civilizer.—Freeman Hunt.

While bright-eyed Science watches round.—Gray.

We hail science as man's truest friend and noblest helper.—Moses Harvey.

Science has but one fashion—to lose nothing once gained.—Stedman.

Who thinks all science, as all virtue, vain.—Dryden.

Science is the systematic classification of experience.—George Henry Lewes.

Science is the natural ally of religion.—Theodore Parker.

One science only will one genius fit,
So vast is art, so narrow human wit.
—Pope.

Science when well digested is nothing but good sense and reason.—Stanislaus.

Science sees signs: poetry, the thing signified.—J. C. and A. W. Hare.

For science is * * * like virtue, its own exceeding great reward. —Chas. Kingsley.

O star-eyed Science, hast thou wander'd there,
To waft us home the message of despair?
—Campbell.

Science is busy with the hither-end of things, not the thither-end.—Chas. H. Parkhurst.

In the earliest ages science was poetry, as in the latter poetry has become science.—Lowell.

Steam is no stronger now than it was a hundred years ago, but it is put to better use.—Emerson.

Science deals exclusively with things as they are in themselves.—Ruskin.

The birth of science was the death of superstition.—Huxley.

The work of science is to substitute facts for appearances, and demonstrations for impressions.—Ruskin.

Science seldom renders men amiable; women, never.—Beauchêne.

Nothing tends so much to the corruption of science as to suffer it to stagnate.—Burke.

How many wells of science there are in whose depths there is nothing but clear water!—J. Petit-Senn.

The only hope of science is genuine induction.—Bacon.

What cannot art and industry perform,
When science plans the progress of their toil!
—Beattie.

Old sciences are unraveled like old stockings, by beginning at the foot.—Swift.

Science ever has been, and ever must be, the safeguard of religion.—Sir David Brewster.

Our science, so called, is always more barren and mixed with error than our sympathies.—Thoreau.

Art and science have their meeting-point in method.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Science and art are the handmaids of religion.—François Delsarte.

Science surpasses the old miracles of mythology.—Emerson.

'Twas thus by the glare of false science betray'd,
That leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind.
—Beattie.

Science is teaching man to know and reverence truth, and to believe that only as far as he knows and loves it can he live worthily on earth, and vindicate the dignity of his spirit.—Moses Harvey.

Science is simply common sense at its best—that is, rigidly accurate in observation, and merciless to fallacy in logic.—Huxley.

There cannot be a body of rules without a rationale, and this rationale constitutes the science.—Sir G. C. Lewis.

Through all God's works there runs a beautiful harmony. The remotest truth in His universe is linked to that which lies nearest the throne.—E. H. Chapin.

What are the sciences but maps of universal laws, and universal laws but the channels of universal power; and universal power but the outgoings of a universal mind?—Edward Thomson.

Science is a good piece of furniture for a man to have in an upper chamber, provided he has common sense on the ground floor.—O. W. Holmes.

Science confounds everything; it gives to the flowers an animal appetite, and takes away from even the plants their chastity.—Joubert.

Science * * * necessitates a faith commensurate with the grander orbits and universal laws which it discloses. Yet it does not surprise the moral sentiment. That was older, and awaited

expectant these larger insights.—Emerson.

When man seized the loadstone of science, the loadstar of superstition vanished in the clouds.—W. R. Alger.

Extinguished theologians lie about the cradle of every science, as the strangled snakes besides that of Hercules.—Professor Huxley.

I value science—none can prize it more,
It gives ten thousand motives to adore:
Be it religious, as it ought to be,
The heart it humbles, and it bows the knee. —Abraham Coles.

The sciences are said, and they are truly said, to have a mutual connection, that any one of them may be the better understood, for an insight into the rest.—Bishop Horsley.

Science has penetrated the constitution of nature, and unrolled the mysterious pages of its history, and started again many, as yet, unanswered questions in respect to the mutual relations of matter and spirit, of nature and of God.—Noah Porter.

We cannot but think there is something like a fallacy in Mr. Buckle's theory that the advance of mankind is necessarily in the direction of science, and not in that of morals.—Lowell.

Science—in other words, knowledge—is not the enemy of religion; for, if so, then religion would mean ignorance. But it is often the antagonist of school-divinity.—Holmes.

Nothing has tended more to retard the advancement of science than the disposition in vulgar minds to vilify what they cannot comprehend.—Johnson.

The sciences throw an inexpressible grace over our compositions, even where they are not immediately concerned; as their effects are discernible where we least expect to find them.—Pliny.

Shun no toil to make yourself remarkable by some talent or other; yet do not devote yourself to one branch exclusively. Strive to get clear notions about all. Give up no science entirely; for science is but one.—Seneca.

Science corrects the old creeds, sweeps away, with every new perception, our infantile catechisms, and necessitates a faith commensurate with the grander orbits and universal laws which it discloses.—Emerson.

But when science, passing beyond its own limits, assumes to take the place of theology, and sets up its own conception of the order of nature as a sufficient account of its cause, it is invading a province of thought to which it has no claim, and not unreasonably provokes the hostility of its best friends.—M. B. Carpenter.

The sciences are of a sociable disposition, and flourish best in the neighborhood of each other; nor is there any branch of learning but may be helped and improved by assistance drawn from other arts.—Blackstone.

They may say what they like; everything is organized matter. The tree is the first link of the chain; man is the last. Men are young; the earth is old. Vegetable and animal chemistry are still in their infancy. Electricity, galvanism,—what discoveries in a few years!—Napoleon I.

Blessings on Science! When the earth seem'd old,
When Faith grew doting, and the Reason cold,
'Twas she discover'd that the world was young,
And taught a language to its lisping tongue:
'Twas she disclosed a future to its view,
And made old knowledge pale before the new. —Charles Mackay.

Blessings on Science, and her handmaid Steam!
They make Utopia only half a dream;
And show the fervent, of capacious souls,
Who watch the ball of Progress as it rolls,
That all as yet completed, or begun,
Is but the dawning that precedes the sun. —Charles Mackay.

To the natural philosopher, to whom the whole extent of nature belongs, all the individual branches of science

constitute the links of an endless chain, from which not one can be detached without destroying the harmony of the whole.—Friedrich Schoedler.

Our abiding belief is that just as the workmen in the tunnel of St. Gothard, working from either end, met at last to shake hands in the very central root of the mountain, so students of nature and students of Christianity will yet join hands in the unity of reason and faith, in the heart of their deepest mysteries.—Lemuel Moss.

Science is knowledge certain and evident in itself, or by the principles from which it is deducted, or with which it is certainly connected. It is subjective, as existing in the mind; objective, as embodied in truths; speculative, as leading to do something, as in practical science.—William Fleming.

It is certain that a serious attention to the sciences and liberal arts softens and humanizes the temper, and cherishes those fine emotions in which true virtue and honor consist. It rarely, very rarely happens that a man of taste and learning is not, at least, an honest man, whatever frailties may attend him.—Hume.

The strength of all sciences, which consisteth in their harmony, each supporting the other, is as the strength of the old man's fagot in the band; for were it not better for a man in a fair room to set up one great light, or branching candlestick of lights, than to go about with a small watch-candle into every corner?—Bacon.

Science is, I believe, nothing but trained and organized common-sense, differing from the latter only as a veteran may differ from a raw recruit; and its methods differ from those of common-sense only so far as the guardsman's cut and thrust differ from the manner in which a savage wields his club.—Professor Huxley.

To me there never has been a higher source of earthly honor or distinction than that connected with advances in science. I have not possessed enough of the eagle in my character to make a direct flight to the loftiest altitudes in the social world; and I certainly never endeavored to reach those heights by using the creeping powers of the reptile, who, in ascending, generally chooses the dirtiest path, because it is the easiest.—Sir H. Davy.

Trace science then, with modesty thy guide;
First strip off all her equipage of pride;
Deduct what is but vanity, or dress,
Or learning's luxury, or idleness;
Or tricks to show the stretch of human brain,
Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain;
Expunge the whole, or lop th' excrescent parts
Of all our vices have created arts;
Then see how little the remaining sum
Which serv'd the past, and must the times to come. —Pope.

I have spent much time in the study of the abstract sciences; but the paucity of persons with whom you can communicate on such subjects disgusted me with them. When I began to study man, I saw that these abstract sciences are not suited to him, and that in diving into them, I wandered farther from my real object than those who knew them not, and I forgave them for not having attended to these things. I expected then, however, that I should find some companions in the study of man, since it was so specifically a duty. I was in error. There are fewer students of man than of geometry.—Pascal.

Holding then to science with one hand—the left hand—we give the right hand to religion, and cry: "Open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things, more wondrous than the shining worlds can tell." Obedient to the promise, religion does awaken faculties within us, does teach our eyes to the beholding of more wonderful things. Those great worlds blazing like suns die like feeble stars in the glory of the morning, in the presence of this new light. The soul knows that an infinite sea of love is all about it, throbbing through it, everlasting arms of affec-

tion lift it, and it bathes itself in the clear consciousness of a Father's love.—Bishop H. W. Warren.

Scolding

No man was ever scolded out of his sins.—Cowper.

The utmost that severity can do is to make men hypocrites; it can never make them converts.—Dr. John Moore.

Scorn

Scorn at first, makes after-love the more.—Shakespeare.

Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes.—Shakespeare.

A dismal, universal hiss, the sound of public scorn.—Milton.

I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman. —Shakespeare.

So let him stand, through ages yet unborn,
Fix'd statue on the pedestal of scorn!
—Byron.

Infamous wretch! so much below my scorn,
I dare not kill thee. —Dryden.

Alas! to make me
The fixed figure of the time, for scorn
To point his slow and moving finger at.
—Shakespeare.

Thou mayst from law, but not from scorn escape. The pointed finger, cold, averted eye, insulted virtue's hiss, thou canst not fly.—Charles Sprague.

Scotland

Stands Scotland where it did?—Shakespeare.

Hear, Land o' Cakes and brither Scots
Frae Maiden Kirk to Johnny Groat's.
—Burns.

Give me but one hour of Scotland;
Let me see it ere I die.
—Wm. E. Aytoun.

That garret of the earth—that knuckle end of England—that land of Calvin, oatcakes and sulphur.—Sydney Smith.

From scenes like these old Scotia s grandeur springs.—Burns.

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to heaven is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content. —Burns.

The Scots are poor, cries surly English pride,
True is the charge, nor by themselves denied,
Are they not, then, in strictest reason clear,
Who wisely come to mend their fortunes here. —Churchill.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory! —Burns.

O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band,
That knits me to thy rugged strand!
—Scott.

And though, as you remember, in a fit
Of wrath and rhyme, when juvenile and curly,
I railed at Scots to show my wrath and wit,
Which must be owned was sensitive and surly,
Yet 'tis in vain such sallies to permit,
They cannot quench young feelings fresh and early:
I "scotched, not killed" the Scotchman in my blood,
And love the land of "mountain and of flood." —Byron.

Scriptural Quotations

OLD TESTAMENT.

Genesis ii. 18.

It is not good that the man should be alone.

Genesis iii. 19.

For dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.

Genesis ix. 6.

Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.

Genesis iv. 9.

Am I my brother's keeper?

Genesis iv. 13.
My punishment is greater than I can bear.

Genesis xvi. 12.
His hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him.

Genesis xlii. 38.
Bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.

Genesis xlix. 4.
Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel.

Deuteronomy xix. 21.
Eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot.

Deuteronomy xxxii. 10.
He kept him as the apple of his eye.

Ruth i. 16.
For whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.

1 Samuel xiii. 14.
A man after his own heart.

2 Samuel i. 20.
Tell it not in Gath; publish it not in the streets of Ashkelon.

2 Samuel i. 23.
Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided.

2 Samuel i. 25.
How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle!

2 Samuel i. 26.
Very pleasant hast thou been unto me: thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women.

1 Kings ix. 7.
A proverb and a byword among all people.

1 Kings xviii. 21.
How long halt ye between two opinions?

1 Kings xix. 12.
A still, small voice.

1 Kings xx. 11.
Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off.

1 Kings xviii. 44.
Behold, there ariseth a little cloud out of the sea, like a man's hand.

Job i. 21.
The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.

Job iii. 17.
There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary be at rest.

Job v. 7.
Yet man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward.

Job xvi. 2.
Miserable comforters are ye all.

Job xix. 25.
I know that my Redeemer liveth.

Job xxviii. 18.
The price of wisdom is above rubies.

Job xxix. 15.
I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame.

Job xxxi. 35.
That mine adversary had written a book.

Job xxxviii. 11.
Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed.

Psalm xvi. 6.
The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places.

Psalm xviii. 10.
Yea, he did fly upon the wings of the wind.

Psalm xxiii. 2.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters.

Psalm xxiii. 4.
Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.

Psalm xxxvii. 25.
I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.

Psalm xxxvii. 35.
Spreading Himself like a green bay tree.

Psalm xxxvii. 37.
Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright.

Psalm xlv. 1.
My tongue is the pen of a ready writer.

Psalm xxxix. 3.
While I was musing the fire burned,

Psalm lv. 6.
Oh, that I had wings like a dove!

Psalm lxxii. 9.
His enemies shall lick the dust.

Psalm lxxxv. 10.
Mercy and truth are met together: righteousness and peace have kissed each other.

Psalm xc. 9.
We spend our years as a tale that is told.

Psalm cv. 18.
The iron entered into his soul.

Psalm cvii. 27.
They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end.

Psalm cxxvii. 2.
He giveth his beloved sleep.

Psalm cxxxiii. 1.
Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!

Psalm cxxxvii. 5.
If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning.

Psalm cxxxvii. 2.
We hanged our harps on the willows.

Psalm cxxxix. 14.
For I am fearfully and wonderfully made.

Proverbs iii. 17.
Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

Proverbs xi. 14.
In the multitude of counsellors there is safety.

Proverbs xiii. 12.
Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.

Proverbs xiv. 9.
Fools make a mock at sin.

Proverbs xiv. 10.
The heart knoweth his own bitterness.

Proverbs xiv. 34.
Righteousness exalteth a nation.

Proverbs xv. 1.
A soft answer turneth away wrath.

Proverbs xv. 17.
Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.

Proverbs xviii. 14.
A wounded spirit who can bear?

Proverbs xvi. 18.
Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.

Proverbs xvi. 31.
The hoary head is a crown of glory.

Proverbs xxii. 6.
Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old he will not depart from it.

Proverbs xxiii. 5.
For riches certainly make themselves wings.

Proverbs xxiv. 33.
Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep.

Proverbs xxv. 22.
For thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head.

Proverbs xxvi. 13.
There is a lion in the way; a lion is in the streets.

Proverbs xxvii. 1.
Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.

Proverbs xxviii. 1.
The wicked flee when no man pursueth.

Ecclesiastes i. 9.
There is no new thing under the sun.

Ecclesiastes i. 14.
All is vanity and vexation of spirit.

Ecclesiastes v. 12.
The sleep of a laboring man is sweet.

Ecclesiastes vii. 2.
It is better to go to the house of mourning than to go to the house of feasting.

Ecclesiastes ix. 4.
For a living dog is better than a dead lion.

Ecclesiastes ix. 10.
Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.

Ecclesiastes ix. 11.
The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.

Ecclesiastes xii. 1.
Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.

Ecclesiastes xi. 1.
Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days.

Ecclesiastes vii. 16.
Be not righteous overmuch.

Ecclesiastes xii. 5.
And the grasshopper shall be a burden.

Ecclesiastes xii. 5.
Man goeth to his long home.

Ecclesiastes xii. 6.
Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern.

Ecclesiastes xii. 7.
Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

Ecclesiastes xii. 8.
Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher; all is vanity.

Ecclesiastes xii. 12.
Of making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh.

Isaiah xi. 6.
The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid.

Isaiah xxviii. 10.
Precept upon precept; line upon line: here a little, and there a little.

Isaiah xxxviii. 1.
Set thine house in order.

Isaiah xl. 6.
All flesh is grass.

Isaiah xl. 15.
Behold, the nations are as a drop of a bucket, and are counted as the small dust of the balance.

Isaiah xlii. 3.
A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench.

Isaiah liii. 7.
He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter.

Isaiah lx. 22.
A little one shall become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation.

Isaiah lxi. 3.
To give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.

Isaiah lxiv. 6.
We all do fade as a leaf.

Jeremiah vii. 3.
Amend your ways and your doings.

Jeremiah viii. 22.
Is there no balm in Gilead? is there no physician there?

Jeremiah xiii. 23.
Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?

Ezekiel xviii. 2.
The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge.

Daniel v. 27.
Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting.

Daniel vi. 12.
The thing is true, according to the law of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not.

Hosea viii. 7.
For they have sown the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind.

Micah iv. 3.
And they shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks.

Micah iv. 4.
But they shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig tree.

Habakkuk ii. 2.
Write the vision, and make it plain upon tables, that he may run that readeth it.

Malachi iv. 2.
But unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings.

Ecclesiasticus xiii. 1.
He that toucheth pitch shall be defiled therewith.

Ecclesiasticus xiii. 7.
He will laugh thee to scorn.

NEW TESTAMENT.

Matthew ii. 18.
Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not.

Matthew iv. 4.
Man shall not live by bread alone.

Matthew vi. 34.
Take therefore no thought for the morrow; for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

Matthew v. 13.
Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost his savor, wherewith shall it be salted?

Matthew v. 14.
Ye are the light of the world. A city set upon a hill cannot be hid.

Matthew vi. 3.
But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth.

Matthew vi. 21.
Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.

Matthew vi. 24.
Ye cannot serve God and Mammon.

Matthew vi. 28.
Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin.

Matthew vii. 6.
Neither cast ye your pearls before swine.

Matthew vii. 7.
Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you.

Matthew viii. 20.
The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head.

Matthew ix. 37.
The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few.

Matthew x. 16.
Be ye therefore wise as serpents, and harmless as doves.

Matthew x. 30.
But the very hairs of your head are all numbered.

Matthew xiv. 27.
Be of good cheer: it is I; be not afraid.

Matthew xii. 34.
Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.

Matthew xiii. 57.
A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country, and in his own house.

Matthew xv. 14.
And if the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch.

Matthew xii. 33.
The tree is known by his fruit.

Matthew xv. 27.
Yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table.

Matthew xvi. 23.
Get thee behind me, Satan.

Matthew xvi. 26.
For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?

Matthew xvii. 4.
It is good for us to be here.

Matthew xix. 6.
What therefore God hath joined together let not man put asunder.

Matthew xix. 24.
It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God.

Matthew xx. 15.
Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own?

Matthew xxii. 14.
For many are called, but few are chosen.

Matthew xxiii. 24.
Ye blind guides! which strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel.

Matthew xxiii. 27.
For ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones.

Matthew xxiv. 28.
For wheresoever the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together.

Matthew xxv. 29.
Unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance: but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.

Matthew xxvi. 41.
Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation: the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.

Mark iv. 9.
He that ears to hear, let him hear.

Mark v. 9.
My name is Legion.

Mark ix. 44.
Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.

Luke iii. 9.
And now also the ax is laid unto the root of the trees.

Luke iv. 23.
Physician, heal thyself.

Luke xi. 23.
He that is not with me is against me.

Luke xii. 19.
And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry.

Luke xii. 35.
Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning.

Luke xvi. 8.
For the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light.

Luke xvii. 2.
It were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he cast into the sea.

Luke xvii. 32.
Remember Lot's wife.

Luke xix. 22.
Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee.

John i. 46.
Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?

John iii. 3.
Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.

John iii. 8.
The wind bloweth where it listeth.

John v. 35.
He was a burning and a shining light.

John vii. 24.
Judge not according to the appearance.

John xii. 8.
For the poor always ye have with you.

John xii. 35.
Walk while ye have the light, lest darkness come upon you.

John xiv. 2.
In my Father's house are many mansions.

John vi. 12.
Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost.

John xiv. 1.
Let not your heart be troubled.

John xv. 13.
Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.

Acts ix. 5.
It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks.

Acts xx. 35.
It is more blessed to give than to receive.

Romans ii. 11.
For there is no respect of persons with God.

Romans vi. 23.
For the wages of sin is death.

Romans viii. 28.
And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God.

Romans xii. 16.
Be not wise in your own conceits.

Romans xii. 20.
Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.

Romans xii. 21.
Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.

Romans xiii. 1.
The powers that be are ordained of God.

Romans xiii. 7.
Render therefore to all their dues.

Romans xiii 10.
Love is the fulfilling of the law.

Romans xiv. 5.
Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind.

1 Corinthians iii. 6.
I have planted, Apollos watered; but God gave the increase.

1 Corinthians iii. 13.
Every man's work shall be made manifest.

1 Corinthians v. 3.
Absent in body, but present in spirit.

1 Corinthians v. 6.
Know ye not that a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump?

1 Corinthians ix. 22.
I am made all things to all men.

1 Corinthians vii. 31.
For the fashion of this world passeth away.

1 Corinthians x. 12.
Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.

1 Corinthians xiii. 1.
As sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

1 Corinthians xiii. 11.
When I was a child I spake as a child.

1 Corinthians xiii. 12.
For now we see through a glass, darkly.

1 Corinthians xv. 33.
Be not deceived: evil communications corrupt good manners.

1 Corinthians xv. 47.
The first man is of the earth, earthy.

1 Corinthians xv. 55.
O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?

2 Corinthians v. 7.
We walk by faith, not by sight.

2 Corinthians vi. 2.
Behold, now is the accepted time.

2 Corinthians vi. 8.
By evil report and good report.

Galatians vi. 5.
For every man shall bear his own burden.

Galatians vi. 7.
Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

Ephesians iv. 26.
Be ye angry, and sin not: let not the sun go down upon your wrath.

Philippians i. 21.
For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.

Colossians ii. 21.
Touch not; taste not; handle not.

1 Thessalonians v. 21.
Prove all things; hold fast that which is good.

1 Timothy iii. 3.
Not greedy of filthy lucre.

1 Timothy v. 18.
The laborer is worthy of his reward.

1 Thessalonians i. 3.
Remembering without ceasing your work of faith, and labor of love.

1 Timothy v. 23.
Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake.

1 Timothy vi. 10.
For the love of money is the root of all evil.

2 Timothy iv. 7.
I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.

Titus i. 15.
Unto the pure all things are pure.

Hebrews xi. 1.
Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.

Hebrews xii. 6.
For whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth.

Hebrews xiii. 2.
Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.

James i. 12.
Blessed is the man that endureth temptation for when he is tried he shall receive the crown of life.

James iii. 5.
Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth!

James iv. 7.
Resist the devil, and he will flee from you.

1 Peter iv. 8.
Charity shall cover the multitude of sins.

1 Peter v. 8.
Be sober, be viligant; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about seeking whom he may devour.

2 Peter iii. 10.
But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night.

1 John iv. 18.
There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear.

Revelation ii. 27.
He shall rule them with a rod of iron.

Revelation xxii. 13.
I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last.

Revelation ii. 10
Be thou faithful unto death.

Scripture

This book of stars lights to eternal bliss.—George Herbert.

The history of every man should be a Bible.—Novalis.

The illumined record of celestial truth.—Hosea Ballou.

A Bible and a newspaper in every house.—Franklin.

Writ in the climate of heaven, and in the language spoken by angels.—Longfellow.

But Thy good word informs my soul
How I may climb to heaven.—Watts.

It was a common saying among the Puritans,
"Brown bread and the Gospel is good fare."
—Matthew Henry.

Out from the heart of nature rolled
The burdens of the Bible old.
—Emerson.

Shallows where a lamb could wade and depths where an elephant would drown.—Matthew Henry.

A stream where alike the elephant may swim, and the lamb may wade.—Gregory the Great.

We must not only read the Scriptures, but we must make their rules of life our own.—Hosea Ballou.

Revealed religion first informed thy sight, and reason saw not till faith sprung to light.—Dryden.

The Bible is a book of faith, and a book of doctrine, and a book of morals, and a book of religion, of especial revelation from God.—Daniel Webster.

The majesty of the Scriptures strikes me with admiration, as the purity of the gospel has its influence on my heart.—Rousseau.

The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose. An evil soul producing holy witness is like a villain with a smiling cheek.—Shakespeare.

There are no songs comparable to the songs of Zion, no orations equal to those of the prophets.—Milton.

The truths of the Scriptures are so marked and inimitable, that the inventor would be more of a miraculous character than the hero.—Rousseau.

Thus I clothe my naked villany with old odd ends, stolen out of holy writ; and seem a saint when most I play the devil.—Shakespeare.

Whence but from heaven could men unskilled in arts, in several ages born, in several parts, weave such agreeing truths?—Dryden.

We account the Scriptures of God to be the most sublime philosophy. I find more sure marks of authenticity in the Bible than in any profane history whatever.—Isaac Newton.

How glad the heathens would have been,
That worship idols, wood and stone,
If they the book of God had seen.
—Watts.

A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun,
It gives a light to every age,
It gives, but borrows none.
—Cowper.

And that the Scriptures, though not every where
Free from corruption, or entire, or clear,
Are uncorrupt, sufficient, clear, entire,
In all things which our needful faith require.
—Dryden.

I have read it through many times; I now make a practice of going through it once a year. It is a book of all others for lawyers, as well as divines: and I pity the man who cannot find in it a rich supply of thought and rule for conduct.—Daniel Webster.

Most wondrous book! bright candle of the Lord!
Star of Eternity! The only star
By which the bark of man could navigate
The sea of life, and gain the coast of bliss
Securely. —Pollok.

A noble book! All men's book! It is our first, oldest statement of the

never-ending problem,—man's destiny, and God's ways with him here on earth; and all in such free-flowing outlines,—grand in its sincerity, in its simplicity, in its epic melody, and repose of reconcilement.—Carlyle.

Within that awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries!
Happiest they of human race,
To whom God has granted grace
To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,
To lift the latch, and force the way:
And better had they ne'er been born,
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn.
—Scott.

The word unto the prophet spoken
Was writ on tablets yet unbroken;
The word by seers or sibyls told,
In groves of oak or fanes of gold,
Still floats upon the morning wind,
Still whispers to the willing mind.
—Emerson.

Cities fall, empires come to nothing, kingdoms fade away as smoke. Where is Numa, Minos, Lycurgus? Where are their books? and what has become of their laws? But that this book no tyrant should have been able to consume, no tradition to choke, no heretic maliciously to corrupt; that it should stand unto this day, amid the wreck of all that was human, without the alteration of one sentence so as to change the doctrine taught therein, —surely there is a very singular providence, claiming our attention in a most remarkable manner.—Bishop Jewell.

Scrupulousness

Generals are not to be too scrupulous.—Napoleon I.

Scrupulous people are not suited to great affairs.—Turgot.

No man, I fear, can effect great benefits for his country without some sacrifice of the minor virtues.—Sydney Smith.

Sculpture

Milton was a genius that could cut a colossus from a rock, but could not carve heads upon cherry-stones.—Dr. Johnson.

Such is the strength of art, rough things to shape.—James Howell.

And the cold marble leapt to life, a god.—Milman.

Here the marble statues breathe in rows.—Addison.

Then marble, soften'd into life, grew warm.—Pope.

Like the Grecian, woos the image he himself has wrought.—Prior.

It was Dante who called this noble art God's grandchild.—Washington Allston.

He, like Amphion, makes those quarries leap into fair figures from a confused heap.—Waller.

Thy shape in every part so clean as might instruct the sculptor's art. —Dryden.

Then sculpture and her sister arts revived; stones leaped to form, and rocks began to live.—Pope.

Madame de Staël pronounced architecture to be frozen music; so is statuary crystallized spirituality.—Alcott.

Where are the forms the sculptor's soul hath seized? In him alone. Can nature show as fair?—Byron.

The value of statuary is owing to its difficulty. You would not value the finest head cut upon a carrot.— Dr. Johnson.

The statue lies hid in a block of marble; and the art of the statuary only clears away the superfluous matter, and removes the rubbish.—Addison.

The marble index of a mind forever
Voyaging through strange seas of thought, alone. —Wordsworth.

Sculpture is more than painting. It is greater
To raise the dead to life than to create
Phantoms that seem to live.—Longfellow.

The sculptor does not work for the anatomist, but for the common observer of life and nature.—Ruskin.

The beauty of a plastic work is, above all, plastic; and an art always degenerates when, discarding its own peculiar means for exciting interest, it borrows those of another art.—Taine.

A sculptor wields
The chisel, and the stricken marble grows
To beauty. —Bryant.

So stands the statue that enchants the world,
So bending tries to veil the matchless boast,
The mingled beauties of exulting Greece.
—Thomson.

Sculpture is not the mere cutting of the form of anything in stone; it is the cutting of the effect of it. Very often the true form, in the marble, would not be in the least like itself.—Ruskin.

Sculptors are obliged to follow the manners of the painters, and to make many ample folds, which are unsufferable hardness, and more like a rock than a natural garment.—Dryden.

The idea of the painter and the sculptor is undoubtedly that perfect and excellent example of the mind, by imitation of which imagined form all things are represented which fall under human sight.—Dryden.

Moral beauty is the basis of all true beauty. This foundation is somewhat covered and veiled in Nature. Art brings it out, and gives it more transparent forms.—Victor Cousin.

The stone unhewn and cold
Becomes a living mould,
The more the marble wastes
The more the statue grows.
—Michael Angelo.

The sculptor must paint with his chisel; half his touches are not to realize, but to put power into, the form. They are touches of light and shadow, and raise a ridge, or sink a hollow, not to represent an actual ridge or hollow, but to get a line of light, or a spot of darkness.—Ruskin.

In sculpture did ever anybody call the Apollo a fancy piece? Or say of the Laocoön how it might be made different? A masterpiece of art has in the mind a fixed place in the chain of being, as much as a plant or a crystal.—Emerson.

The ideal is to be obtained by selecting and assembling in one whole the beauties and perfections which are usually seen in different individuals, excluding everything defective or unseemly, so as to form a type or model of the species.—William Fleming.

Sculpture is more divine, and more like Nature,
That fashions all her works in high relief,
And that is Sculpture. This vast ball, the Earth,
Was moulded out of clay, and baked in fire;
Men, women, and all animals that breathe
Are statues, and not paintings.
—Longfellow.

Sea

Mystery of waters,—never slumbering sea!—Montgomery.

He maketh the deep to boil like a pot.—Bible.

He that will learn to pray, let him go to sea.—George Herbert.

Praise the sea, but keep on land.—George Herbert.

The sea, that home of marvels.—W. E. Gladstone.

The sea drinks the air and the sun the sea.—Anacreon.

The sea is certainly common to all. —Plautus.

There is sorrow on the sea; it cannot be quiet.—Bible.

O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free,
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
Survey our empire, and behold our home!
—Byron.

The garrulous sea is talking to the shore; let us go down and hear the graybeard's speech.—Alexander Smith.

Surely oak and threefold brass surrounded his heart who first trusted a

frail vessel to the merciless ocean.—Horace.

The ocean's surfy, slow, deep, mellow voice, full of mystery and awe, moaning over the dead it holds in its bosom, or lulling them to unbroken slumbers in the chambers of its vasty depths.—Haliburton.

Ours are the tears, though few, sincerely shed,
While ocean shrouds and sepulchres our dead. —Byron.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast.
—Allan Cunningham.

Tumultuous waves embroil'd the bellowing flood,
All trembling, deafen'd, and aghast we stood!
No more the vessel plough'd the dreadful wave,
Fear seized the mighty, and unnerved the brave. —Pope.

The sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide region round,
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies,
Or like a cradled creature lies.
—Barry Cornwall.

There shrinks no ebb in that tideless sea,
Which changeless rolls eternally;
So that wildest of waves, in their angriest mood,
Scarce break on the bounds of the land for a rood;
And the powerless moon beholds them flow,
Heedless if she come or go. —Byron.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell—
Then shriek'd the timid, and stood still the brave,
Then some leap'd overboard with dreadful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave;
And the sea yawn'd around her like a hell,
And down she suck'd with her the whirling wave,
Like one who grapples with his enemy,
And strives to strangle him before he die.
—Byron.

The sea has been called deceitful and treacherous, but there lies in this trait only the character of a great natural power, which, to speak according to our own feelings, renews its strength, and, without reference to joy or sorrow, follows eternal laws which are imposed by a higher Power. —Wilhelm von Humboldt.

He knows enough, the mariner, who knows
Where lurk the shelves, and where the whirlpools boil,
What signs portend the storm: to subtler minds
He leaves to scan, from what mysterious cause
Charybdis rages in the Ionian wave;
Whence those impetuous currents in the main
Which neither oar nor sail can stem; and why
The roughening deep expects the storm, as sure
As red Orion mounts the shrouded heaven.
—Armstrong.

I saw a thousand fearful wracks:
A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon:
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea.
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit there were crept,
As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by. —Shakespeare.

In the vast archipelago of the east, where Borneo and Java and Sumatra lie, and the Molucca Islands, and the Philippines, the sea is often fanned only by the land and sea breezes, and is like a smooth bed, on which these islands seem to sleep in bliss,—islands in which the spice and perfume gardens of the world are embowered, and where the bird of paradise has its home, and the golden pheasant, and a hundred others of brilliant plumage, whose flight is among thickets so luxuriant, and scenery so picturesque, that European strangers find there the fairy land of their youthful dreams.—Marryat.

Season

In the journey of the year, the autumn is Venice, spring is Naples, certainly, and the majestic maturity of summer is Rome.—George William Curtis.

The autumn with its fruits provides disorders for us, and the winter's cold

turns them into sharp diseases, and the spring brings flowers to strew our hearses, and the summer gives green turf and brambles to bind up our graves.—Jeremy Taylor.

Ah! well away!
Seasons flower and fade.
—Tennyson.

How many things by season seasoned are
To their right praise, and true perfection!
—Shakespeare.

Perceiv'st thou not the process of the year,
How the four seasons in four forms appear,
Resembling human life in ev'ry shape they wear?
Spring first, like infancy, shoots out her head,
With milky juice requiring to be fed: * * *
Proceeding onward whence the year began,
The Summer grows adult, and ripens into man. * * *
Autumn succeeds, a sober, tepid age,
Not froze with fear, nor boiling into rage; * * *
Last, Winter creeps along with tardy pace,
Sour is his front, and furrowed is his face.
—Dryden.

O, Winter! Put away thy snowy pride;
O, Spring! Neglect the cowslip and the bell;
O, Summer! Throw thy pears and plums aside;
O, Autumn! Bid the grape with poison swell.
—Chatterton.

These, as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
* * * * * *
Then comes Thy glory in the Summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then Thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year;
* * * * * *
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfined,
And spreads a common feast for all that live.
In Winter awful Thou! with clouds and storms
Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime. —Thomson.

Our seasons have no fixed returns,
Without our will they come and go;
At noon our sudden summer burns,
Ere sunset all is snow. —Lowell.

January grey is here,
Like a sexton by her grave;
February bears the bier,
March with grief doth howl and rave,
And April weeps—but, O ye hours!
Follow with May's fairest flowers.
—Shelley.

Autumn to winter, winter into spring,
Spring into summer, summer into fall,—
So rolls the changing year, and so we change;
Motion so swift, we know not that we move. —D. M. Mulock.

When spring unlocks the flowers to paint the laughing soil;
When summer's balmy showers refresh the mower's toil;
When winter binds in frosty chains the fallow and the flood,
In God the earth rejoiceth still, and owns his Maker good. —Heber.

The Summer comes and the Summer goes;
Wild-flowers are fringing the dusty lanes,
The shallows go darting through fragrant rains,
Then, all of a sudden—it snows.
—T. B. Aldrich.

Secrecy

Neither hear nor tell secrets.—Fuller.

Secrecy is the chastity of friendship.—Jeremy Taylor.

Be thine own privy counsellor.—Beaconsfield.

Deep in my shut and silent heart.—Byron.

Keep your misfortunes to yourself.—Hazlitt.

Two may keep counsel putting one away!—Shakespeare.

Fire that is closest kept burns most of all.—Shakespeare.

What thou seest, speak of with caution.—Solon.

If you wish to preserve your secret, wrap it up in frankness.—Alexander Smith.

The secret known to two is no longer a secret.—Ninon de Lenclos.

Three may keep a secret, if two of them are dead.—Benjamin Franklin.

Let thy discontents be thy secrets. —Benjamin Franklin.

Two may keep counsel when the third's away.—Shakespeare.

Men conceal the past scenes of their lives.—Lucretius.

The desert is mute, and dead men tell no tales.—Laboulaye.

He only is secret who never was trusted.—Congreve.

Conceal thy domestic ills.—Thales.

A secret at home is like rocks under tide.—D. M. Mulock.

There is a secret drawer in every woman's heart.—Victor Hugo.

And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue.
—Shakespeare.

What thou intendest to do, speak not of before thou doest it.—Pittachus.

To keep your secret is wisdom; but to expect others to keep it is folly. —Holmes.

'Tis in my memory lock'd,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.
—Shakespeare.

He who trusts a secret to his servant makes his own man his master.—Dryden.

I vow and protest there's more plague than pleasure with a secret. —Colman.

A secret is seldom safe in more than one breast.—Swift.

We confide our secrets in friendship, but they escape us in love.—Du Cœur.

He deserves small trust who is not privy counsellor to himself.—Forde.

Know not what you know, and see not what you see.—Plautus.

He who gives up the smallest part of a secret has the rest no longer in his power.—Richter.

Where secrecy or mystery begins, vice or roguery is not far off.—Johnson.

Secrecy in suits goes a great way towards success.—Bacon.

No disguise can long conceal love where it really exists, nor feign it where it is not.—Rochefoucauld.

A secret is too little for one, enough for two, and too much for three.—Howell.

Sell your confidence at a high price, if at all; to be strong, keep your own counsel.—Dumas, Père.

In that corroding secrecy which gnaws the heart to show the effect, but not the cause.—Byron.

When a secret is revealed, it is the fault of the man who has intrusted it. —Bruyère.

The truly wise man should have no keeper of his secret but himself.—Guizot.

Who shall be true to us, when we are so unsecret to ourselves?—Shakespeare.

What is mine, even to my life, is hers I love; but the secret of my friend is not mine!—Sir P. Sidney.

It is safer to be silent than to reveal one's secret to any one, and telling him not to mention it.—Saadi.

Secrecy is the element of all goodness; even virtue, even beauty is mysterious.—Carlyle.

When we desire to confine our words, we commonly say they are spoken under the rose.—Browne.

How can we expect another to keep our secret if we cannot keep it ourselves.—La Rochefoucauld.

To whom you betray your secret you sell your liberty.—Franklin.

Secrecy is best taught by commencing with ourselves.—Chamfort.

It is always a poor way of reading the hearts of others to try to conceal our own.—Rousseau.

Secret enmities are more to be feared than open ones.—Cicero.

You are in a pitiable condition when you have to conceal what you wish to tell.—Syrus.

When I am in danger of bursting, I will go and whisper among the reeds. —Swift.

Everybody knows worse of himself than he knows of other men.—Dr. Johnson.

Thou art sworn as deeply to affect what we intend as closely to conceal what we impart.—Shakespeare.

A woman can keep one secret,—the secret of her age.—Voltaire.

Secrets with girls, like guns with boys, are never valued till they make a noise.—Crabbe.

In love we are not only liable to betray ourselves, but also the secrets of others.—J. Petit-Senn.

Thou hast betrayed thy secret as a bird betrays her nest, by striving to conceal it.—Longfellow.

The wise man tells not what he knows. It is not prudent to sport with one's head by revealing the king's secrets.—Saadi.

Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.—Shakespeare.

Under every guilty secret there is hidden a brood of guilty wishes, whose unwholesome infecting life is cherished by the darkness.—George Eliot.

A secret in his mouth,
Is like a wild bird put into a cage;
Whose door no sooner opens, but 'tis out.
—Johnson.

People addicted to secrecy are so without knowing why; they are not so for cause, but for secrecy's sake.—Hazlitt.

None are so fond of secrets as those who do not mean to keep them; such persons covet secrets as a spendthrift covets money, for the purpose of circulation.—Colton.

Women and young men are very apt to tell what secrets they know from the vanity of having been intrusted.—Chesterfield.

Constant you are, but yet a woman; and for secrecy, no lady closer; for I well believe thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know.—Shakespeare.

I have played the fool, the gross fool, to believe the bosom of a friend would hold a secret mine could not contain.—Massinger.

Secrecy is for the happy,—misery, hopeless misery, needs no veil; under a thousand suns it dares act openly.—Schiller.

A secret is like silence: you cannot talk about it, and keep it. It is like money; when once you know there is any concealed, it is half discovered.—Paul Chatfield.

A man can keep another person's secret better than his own; a woman, on the contrary, keeps her secret though she blabs all others.—Bruyère.

There are inscriptions on our hearts which, like that on Dighton rock, are never to be seen except at dead-low tide.—O. W. Holmes.

Then stop if you're wise, nor the secret let fall,
For a secret once told is no secret at all.
—P. J. Searle.

Trust him not with your secrets who, when left alone in your room, turns over your papers.—Lavater.

When two friends part they should lock up one another's secrets, and interchange their keys.—Feltham.

God preserve us! If men knew what is done in secret, no one would be free from the interference of others.—Saadi.

If a fool knows a secret, he tells it because he is a fool; if a knave knows one, he tells it wherever it is his interest to tell it.—Chesterfield.

He was a wise fellow, and had good discretion, that, being bid to ask what he would of the king, desired he might know none of his secrets.—Shakespeare.

But that I am forbid,
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul.
—Shakespeare.

Nothing is so oppressive as a secret; women find it difficult to keep one long; and I know a goodly number of men who are women in this regard.—La Fontaine.

Never inquire into another man's secret; but conceal that which is intrusted to you, though pressed both by wine and anger to reveal it.—Horace

Secrecy is the soul of all great designs. Perhaps more has been effected by concealing our own intentions than by discovering those of our enemy.—Colton.

Never confide your secrets to paper; it is like throwing a stone in the air; and if you know who throws the stone, you do not know where it may fall.—Calderon.

He that discovers himself, till he hath made himself master of his desires, lays himself open to his own ruin, and makes himself prisoner to his own tongue.—Quarles.

Generally he perceived in men of devout simplicity this opinion: that the secrets of nature were the secrets of God,—part of that glory into which man is not to press too boldly.—Bacon.

The yearnings of a woman's solitary spirit, the outgushings of her shrinking sensibility, the cravings of her alienated heart, are indulged only in the quiet loneliness of her solitude.—Bethmont.

Connoisseur says that every secret he tells to one of the fair sex is a sticking-plaster, which attaches him to her, and often begets a second secret.—Richter.

To tell your own secrets is generally folly, but that folly is without guilt; to communicate those with which we are intrusted is always treachery, and treachery for the most part combined with folly.—Dr. Johnson.

I find she loves him because she hides it. Love teaches cunning even to innocence; and when he gets possession, his first work is to dig deep within a heart, and there lie hid, and like a miser in the dark, feast alone.—Dryden.

I will govern my life and my thoughts as if all the world were to see the one and to read the other; for what does it signify to make anything a secret to my neighbor, when to God all our privacies are open?—Seneca.

A resolution that is communicated is no longer within thy power; thy intentions become now the plaything of chance; he who would have his commands certainly carried out must take man by surprise.—Goethe.

We must regard all matter as an intrusted secret which we believe the person concerned would wish to be considered as such. Nay, further still, we must consider all circumstances as secrets intrusted which would bring scandal upon another if told.—Leigh Hunt.

Everyone agrees that a secret should be kept intact, but everyone does not agree as to the nature and importance of secrecy. Too often we consult ourselves as to what we should say, what we should leave unsaid. There are few permanent secrets, and the scruple against revealing them will not last forever.—La Rochefoucauld.

Secrecy of design, when combined with rapidity of execution, like the column that guided Israel in the deserts, becomes the guardian pillar of light and fire to our friends, a cloud of overwhelming and impenetrable darkness to our enemies.—Colton.

You cannot hide any secret. If the artist succor his flagging spirits by opium or wine, his work will characterize itself as the effect of opium or wine. If you make a picture or a statue, it sets the beholder in that state of mind you had when you made it. If you spend for show, on building, or gardening, or on pictures, or on equipages, it will so appear. We are all physiognomists and penetrators of character, and things themselves are detective.—Emerson.

The rules that I shall propose concerning secrecy, and from which I think it not safe to deviate without long and exact deliberation, are, never to solicit the knowledge of a secret,—not willingly, nor without many limitations, to accept such confidence when it is offered; when a secret is once admitted, to consider the trust as of a very high nature, important as society and sacred as truth, and therefore not to be violated for any incidental convenience, or slight appearance of contrary fitness.—Johnson.

Sects

Sects differ more in name than tenets.—Balzac.

Fierce sectarianism breeds fierce latitudinarianism.—De Quincey.

The effective strength of sects is not to be ascertained merely by counting heads.—Macaulay.

But since our sects in prophecy grow higher,
The text inspires not them, but they the text inspire. —Dryden.

His liberal soul with every sect agreed,
Unheard their reasons, he received their creed. —Crabbe.

For forms of faith let graceless zealots fight; his can't be wrong whose life is in the right.—Pope.

Few sects have derived their sentiments purely from sacred oracles, but are the emanations of distinguished leaders.—Robert Hall.

The Japanese, who have but two systems of religion,—namely, that of Buddhism and Shintoism,—have yet many sects under each.—Henry Mason.

All sects are different, because they come from men; morality is everywhere the same, because it comes from God.—Voltaire.

Security

He who stands upon his own strength will never stand.—Thomas Brooks.

How easy it is for men to be swollen with admiration of their own strength and glory, and to be lifted up so high as to lose sight both of the ground whence they rose, and the hand that advanced them.—Bishop Hall.

When life has been well spent; when there is a conscience without reproach; when there is faith in the Saviour; when there is a well-founded hope of heaven, there can be nothing that should disquiet us.—Albert Barnes.

When you have overcome one temptation, you must be ready to enter the lists with another. As distrust, in some sense, is the mother of safety, so security is the gate of danger. A man had need to fear this most of all, that he fears not at all.—Thomas Brooks.

Self (See Self-love, Selfishness, etc.)

Of all mankind each loves himself the best.—Terence.

Born to myself, I like myself alone.—Rochester.

I to myself am dearer than a friend.—Shakespeare.

And though all cry down self, none means
His ownself in a literal sense.—Butler.

Do you want to know the man against whom you have most reason to

guard yourself? Your looking-glass will give you a very fair likeness of his face.—Whately.

We have this principal desire implanted in us by nature, that our first wish is to preserve ourselves.—Yonge.

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote
on all the chords with might;
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling,
pass'd in music out of sight.
—Tennyson.

Explore the dark recesses of the mind,
In the soul's honest volume read mankind;
And own, in wise and simple, great and small,
The same grand leading principle in all,
* * * and by whatever name we call
The ruling tyrant, self is all in all.
—Churchill.

Self-conceit

Self-contemplation is apt to end in self-conceit.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Even dress is apt to inflame a man's opinion of himself.—Henry Home.

In one thing men of all ages are alike; they have believed obstinately in themselves.—Jacobi.

We can bear to be deprived of everything but our self-conceit.—Hazlitt.

The less a man thinks or knows about his virtues the better we like him.—Emerson.

There is a generation that are pure in their own eyes, and yet is not washed from their filthiness.—Bible.

Many men spend their lives in gazing at their own shadows, and so dwindle away into shadows thereof.—Hare.

In the same degree that we overrate ourselves, we shall underrate others; for injustice allowed at home is not likely to be corrected abroad.—Washington Allston.

Prize not thyself by what thou hast, but by what thou art; he that values a jewel by her golden frame, or a book by her silver clasps, or a man by his vast estate, errs; if thou art not worth more than the world can make thee, thy Redeemer had a bad pennyworth, or thou an uncurious Redeemer.—Quarles.

I have sometimes thought that people are, in a sort, happy, that nothing can put out of countenance with themselves, though they neither have nor merit other people's.—William Penn.

He that fancies himself very enlightened because he sees the deficiencies of others may be very ignorant, because he has not studied his own.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Self-conceit is a weighty quality, and will sometimes bring down the scale when there is nothing else in it. It magnifies a fault beyond proportion, and swells every omission into an outrage.—Jeremy Collier.

To be infatuated with the power of one's own intellect is an accident which seldom happens but to those who are remarkable for the want of intellectual power. Whenever Nature leaves a hole in a person's mind, she generally plasters it over with a thick coat of self-conceit.—Longfellow.

And yet we are very apt to be full of ourselves, instead of Him that made what we so much value, and but for whom we can have no reason to value ourselves. For we have nothing that we can call our own, no, not ourselves; for we are all but tenants, and at will too, of the great Lord of ourselves, and the rest of this great farm, the world that we live upon.—William Penn.

Those who, either from their own engagements and hurry of business, or from indolence, or from conceit and vanity, have neglected looking out of themselves, as far as my experience and observation reach, have from that time not only ceased to advance, and improve in their performances, but have gone backward. They may be compared to men who have lived upon their principal, till they are reduced to beggary, and left without resources.—Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Self-confidence

Self-confidence is the first requisite to great undertakings.—Johnson.

Self-confidence is either a petty pride in our own narrowness, or a realization of our duty and privilege as one of God's children.—Phillips Brooks.

Self-confidence is not hope; it is the self-judgment of your own internal forces in their relation to the world without, which results from the failure of many hopes and the non-realization of many fears.—Bulwer-Lytton.

The great characteristic of men of active genius is a sublime self-confidence, springing not from self-conceit, but from an intense identification of the man with his object, which lifts him altogether above the fear of danger and death, which gives to his enterprise a character of insanity to the common eye, and which communicates an almost superhuman audacity to his will.—E. P. Whipple.

Self-control

I will be lord over myself.—Goethe.

Who to himself is law no law doth need.—Chapman.

Self-control is only courage under another form.—Samuel Smiles.

He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city.—Bible.

Those who can command themselves command others.—Hazlitt.

Most powerful is he who has himself in his power.—Seneca.

The constancy of sages is nothing but the art of locking up their agitation in their hearts.—Rochefoucauld.

What is the best government? That which teaches us to govern ourselves.—Goethe.

He overcomes a stout enemy that overcomes his own anger.—Chilo.

Real glory springs from the silent conquest of ourselves.—Thomson.

No conflict is so severe as his who labors to subdue himself.—Thomas à Kempis.

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power. —Tennyson.

No man is such a conqueror as the man who has defeated himself.—Henry Ward Beecher.

He who reigns within himself, and rules passions, desires, and fears, is more than a king.—Milton.

In the supremacy of self-control consists one of the perfections of the ideal man.—Herbert Spencer.

Resolve to be thyself; and know that he who finds himself, loses his misery. —Matthew Arnold.

No man is free who cannot command himself.—Pythagoras.

He is a fool who cannot be angry; but he is a wise man who will not.—English Proverb.

Chain up the unruly legion of thy breast. Lead thine own captivity captive, and be Cæsar within thyself.—Sir T. Browne.

It is in length of patience and endurance and forbearance that so much of what is good in mankind and womankind is shown.—Arthur Helps.

Better conquest never canst thou make than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts against giddy, loose suggestions.—Shakespeare.

May I govern my passions with absolute sway,
And grow wiser and better as my strength wears away,
* * * by a gentle decay.
—Dr. Walter Pope.

I think the first virtue is to restrain the tongue; he approaches nearest to the gods who knows how to be silent even though he is in the right.—Cato.

Conquer thyself. Till thou hast done that thou art a slave; for it is

almost as well for thee to be in subjection to another's appetite as thy own.—Burton.

When Alexander had subdued the world, and wept that none were left to dispute his arms, his tears were an involuntary tribute to a monarchy that he knew not,—man's empire over himself.—Jane Porter.

The Romans rightly employed the same word (*virtus*) to designate courage, which is, in a physical sense, what the other is in a moral; the highest virtue of all being victory over ourselves.—Samuel Smiles.

Who, in the midst of just provocation to anger, instantly finds the fit word which settles all around him in silence is more than wise or just; he is, were he a beggar, of more than royal blood, he is of celestial descent. —Lavater.

It is not the man who is beside himself, but he who is cool and collected,—who is master of his countenance, of his voice, of his actions, of his gestures, of every part of his play,—who can work upon others at his pleasure. —Diderot.

Over the time thou hast no power; to redeem a world sunk in dishonesty has not been given thee; solely over one man therein thou hast a quite absolute, uncontrollable power; him redeem, him make honest.—Carlyle.

The man who could withstand, with his fellow-men in single line, a charge of cavalry may lose all command of himself on the occurrence of a fire in his own house, because of some homely reminiscence unknown to the observing bystander.—Helps.

Self-deceit

Who has deceived thee so often as thyself?—Franklin.

Every man is his own greatest dupe. —W. R. Alger.

We cheat ourselves in order to enjoy a calm conscience without possessing virtue.—St. Lambert.

The coward reckons himself cautious, the miser frugal.—Henry Home.

We deceive and flatter no one by such delicate artifices as we do ourselves.—Schopenhauer.

To be deceived by our enemies or betrayed by our friends is insupportable; yet by ourselves are we often content to be so treated.—Rochefoucauld.

What man, in his right mind, would conspire his own hurt? Men are beside themselves, when they transgress against their convictions.—William Penn.

The greatest of fools is he who imposes on himself, and in his greatest concern thinks certainly he knows that which he has least studied, and of which he is most profoundly ignorant. —Shaftesbury.

Nothing is so easy as to deceive one's self; for what we wish, that we readily believe; but such expectations are often inconsistent with the real state of things.—Demosthenes.

From the beginning of the world to this day there was never any great villainy acted by men, but it was in the strength of some great fallacy put upon their minds by a false representation of evil for good or good for evil.—South.

Many a man has a kind of a kaleidoscope, where the bits of broken glass are his own merits and fortunes; and they fall into harmonious arrangements, and delight him, often most mischievously and to his ultimate detriment; but they are a present pleasure. —Helps.

Self-defence

Self-defence is a virtue,
Sole bulwark of all right. —Byron.

To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;
But, in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just.
—Shakespeare.

The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on;
And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood. —Shakespeare.

Self-denial

There is nothing fruitful except sacrifice.—Lacordaire.

Self-denial is a monkish virtue.—Hume.

Whoso lives for humanity must be content to lose himself.—O. B. Frothingham.

Self-denial is the best riches.—Seneca.

The more a man denies himself the more he shall obtain from God.—Horace.

The first lesson in Christ's school is self-denial.—Matthew Henry.

Great is self-denial! * * * Life goes all to ravels and tatters where that enters not.—Carlyle.

Self-denial is often the sacrifice of one sort of self-love for another.—Colton.

Self-denial is the quality of which Jesus Christ set us the example.—Ary Scheffer.

Pure self-denial is our good angel's hand barring the gates of sin.—Abbé Mullois.

How happy one would be if one could throw off one's self as one throws off others!—Mme. du Deffand.

In common things the law of sacrifice takes the form of positive duty.—Froude.

The worst education which teaches self-denial is better than the best which teaches everything else, and not that.—John Sterling.

Self-denial is a virtue of the highest quality, and he who has it not, and does not strive to acquire it, will never excel in anything.—Conybeare.

Self-denial is indispensable to a strong character, and the loftiest kind thereof comes only of a religious stock,—from consciousness of obligation and dependence upon God.—Theodore Parker.

Brave conquerors! for so you are,
That war against your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's desires.
—Shakespeare.

Only the soul that with an overwhelming impulse and a perfect trust gives itself up forever to the life of other men, finds the delight and peace which such complete self-surrender has to give.—Phillips Brooks.

There never did and never will exist anything permanently noble and excellent in a character which was a stranger to the exercise of resolute self-denial.—Walter Scott.

It is certainly much easier wholly to decline a passion than to keep it within just bounds and measures; and that which few can moderate almost anybody may prevent.—Charron.

Self-denial does not belong to religion as characteristic of it; it belongs to human life; the lower nature must always be denied when you are trying to rise to a higher sphere.—Beecher.

The lives of men who have been always growing are strewed along their whole course with the things they have learned to do without.—Phillips Brooks.

Alas! this time is never the time for self-denial, it is always the next time. Abstinence is so much more pleasant to contemplate upon the other side of indulgence.—George MacDonald.

The only conclusive evidence of a man's sincerity is that he gives himself for a principle. Words, money, all things else, are comparatively easy to give away; but when a man makes a gift of his daily life and practice, it is plain that the truth, whatever it may be, has taken possession of him.—Lowell.

Self-esteem

A great man is an abstraction of some one excellence; but whoever fancies himself an abstraction of excellence, so far from being great, may

be sure that he is a blockhead, equally ignorant of excellence or defect of himself or others.—Hazlitt.

A self-made man? Yes; and worships his creator.—Henry Clapp.

He who, to be happy, needs nothing but himself, is happy.—Auerbach.

Other people are least satisfied with those women who are best satisfied with themselves.—Mme. de Salm.

He who does not think too much of himself is much more esteemed than he imagines.—Goethe.

Blinded as they are as to their true character by self-love, every man is his own first and chiefest flatterer.—Plutarch.

We are so little and vain that the esteem of five or six persons about us is enough to content and amuse us.—Pascal.

All men who know not where to look for truth, save in the narrow well of self, will find their own image at the bottom, and mistake it for what they are seeking.—Lowell.

I look upon the too good opinion that man has of himself to be the nursing-mother of all the false opinions, both public and private.—Montaigne.

We censure others but as they disagree from that humor which we fancy laudable in ourselves, and commend others but for that wherein they seem to quadrate and consent with us.—Sir T. Browne.

Let a man's talents and virtues be what they may, we only feel satisfaction in his society as he is satisfied in himself. We cannot enjoy the good qualities of a friend if he seems to be none the better for them.—Hazlitt.

Could all mankind lay claim to that estimate which they pass upon themselves, there would be little or no difference betwixt lapsed and perfect humanity; and God might again review His image with paternal complacency, and still pronounce it good.—Bishop Norris.

I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly that will put me in trust; to love him that is honest, to converse with him that is wise, and says little; to fear judgment; to fight, when I cannot choose; and to eat no fish.—Shakespeare.

Every man, in judging of himself, is his own contemporary. He may feel the gale of popularity, but he cannot tell how long it will last. His opinion of himself wants distance, wants time, wants numbers, to set it off and confirm it.—Hazlitt.

Self-examination

He who knows himself knows others.—Colton.

Know thyself; this is the great object.—Seneca.

Oh, the difficulty of fixing the attention of men on the world within them! —Coleridge.

It is easy to look down on others; to look down on ourselves is the difficulty.—Landor.

What the superior man seeks is in himself; what the small man seeks is in others.—Confucius.

There are two persons in the world we never see as they are,—one's self and one's other self.—Arsène Houssaye.

I study myself more than any other subject; it is my metaphysic, it is my physic.—Montaigne.

I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.—Shakespeare.

We neither know nor judge ourselves; others may judge, but cannot know us; God alone judges, and knows too.—Wilkie Collins.

Though not always called upon to condemn ourselves, it is always safe to suspect ourselves.—Whately.

Observe thyself as thy greatest enemy would do; so shalt thou be thy greatest friend.—Jeremy Taylor.

A man has generally the good or ill qualities which he attributes to mankind.—Shenstone.

Go to your bosom;
Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know. —Shakespeare.

One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
Of stupid starers and of loud huzzas.
—Pope.

There is a luxury in self-dispraise;
And inward self-disparagement affords
To meditative spleen a grateful feast.
—Wordsworth.

Whatever you dislike in another person, take care to correct in yourself by the gentle reproof.—Sprat.

O that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves!—Shakespeare.

How shall we learn to know ourselves? By reflection? Never; but only through action. Strive to do thy duty; then shalt thou know what is in thee.—Goethe.

Speak no more:
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;
And there I see such black and grained spots
As will not leave their tinct.—Shakespeare.

It is greatly wise to talk with our past hours, and ask them what report they bore to heaven, and how they might have borne more welcome news. —Young.

When you descant on the faults of others, consider whether you be not guilty of the same. To gain knowledge of ourselves, the best way is to convert the imperfections of others into a mirror for discovering our own.—Henry Home.

Inspect the neighborhood of thy life; every shelf, every nook of thy abode; and, nestling in, quarter thyself in the farthest and most domestic winding of thy snail-house!—Richter.

If any speak ill of thee, fly home to thy own conscience and examine thy heart. If thou art guilty, it is a just correction; if not guilty, it is a fair instruction—George Herbert.

Never lose sight of this important truth, that no one can be truly great until he has gained a knowledge of himself, a knowledge which can only be acquired by occasional retirement.—Zimmermann.

It belongs to every large nature, when it is not under the immediate power of some strong unquestioning emotion, to suspect itself, and doubt the truth of its own impressions, conscious of possibilities beyond its own horizon.—George Eliot.

We should every night call ourselves to an account: What infirmity have I mastered to-day? what passion opposed? what temptation resisted? what virtue acquired? Our vices will abate of themselves if they be brought every day to the shrift.—Seneca.

Of all literary exercitations, whether designed for the use or entertainment of the world, there are none of so much importance, or so immediately our concern, as those which let us into the knowledge of our own nature. Others may exercise the understanding or amuse the imagination; but these only can improve the heart and form the human mind to wisdom.—Bishop Warburton.

Let not sleep fall upon thy eyes till thou hast thrice reviewed the transactions of the past day. Where have I turned aside from rectitude? What have I been doing? What have I left undone, which I ought to have done? Begin thus from the first act, and proceed; and, in conclusion, at the ill which thou hast done, be troubled, and rejoice for the good.—Pythagoras.

If thou seest anything in thyself which may make thee proud, look a little further and thou shalt find enough to humble thee; if thou be wise, view the peacock's feathers with his feet, and weigh thy best parts with thy imperfections.—Quarles.

In order to judge of the inside of others, study your own; for men in general are very much alike, and though one has one prevailing passion, and another has another, yet their operations are much the same; and whatever engages or disgusts, pleases, or offends you in others, will, *mutatis mutandis*, engage, disgust, please, or offend others in you.—Chesterfield.

Never let us be discouraged with ourselves. It is not when we are conscious of our faults that we are the most wicked; on the contrary, we are less so. We see by a brighter light; and let us remember for our consolation, that we never perceive our sins till we begin to cure them.—Fénelon.

Summe up at night what thou hast done by day;
And in the morning what thou hast to do.
Dresse and undresse thy soul; mark the decay
And growth of it: if, with thy watch, that too
Be down, then winde up both; since we shall be
Most surely judg'd, make thy accounts agree. —Herbert.

Self-help

God helps them that help themselves. —Benjamin Franklin.

No grace can save any man unless he helps himself.—Henry Ward Beecher.

God gives every bird its food, but does not throw it into the nest.—J. G. Holland.

The faculty of self-help is that which distinguished man from animals; that it is the Godlike element, or holds within itself the Godlike element, of his constitution.—J. G. Holland.

Help thyself, and God will help thee. —George Herbert.

Self-interest

As far as the stars are from the earth, and as different as fire is from water, so much do self-interest and integrity differ.—Lucan.

Self-interest is the most ingenious and persuasive of all the agents that deceive our consciences, while by means of it our unhappy and stubborn prejudices operate in their greatest force.—Bryant.

For the world is only governed by self-interest.—Schiller.

The virtues are lost in self-interest, as rivers in the sea.—Rochefoucauld.

Selfishness

That household god, a man's own self.—Flavel.

The force of selfishness is inevitable —Hillard.

Be not in the desire of thine own ease.—Saadi.

No man is more cheated that the selfish man.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Offended self-love never forgives.—Vizée.

Selfishness at the expense of others' happiness is demonism.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Selfishness, if but reasonably tempered with wisdom, is not such an evil trait.—Ruffini.

Where all are selfish, the sage is no better than the fool, and only rather more dangerous.—Froude.

Selfishness is that detestable vice which no one will forgive in others, and no one is without in himself.—Henry Ward Beecher.

It is difficult to persuade mankind that the love of virtue is the love of themselves.—Cicero.

If a man fancies that he loves his mistress for her own sake, he is very much mistaken.—Rochefoucauld.

Selfishness, when it is punished by the world, is mostly punished because it is connected with egotism.—Sir Arthur Helps.

No indulgence of passion destroys the spiritual nature so much as re-

spectable selfishness.—George MacDonald.

Selfishness in art, as in other things, is sensibility kept at home.—Washington Allston.

The same people who can deny others everything are famous for refusing themselves nothing.—Leigh Hunt.

Selfishness is the making a man's self his own centre, the beginning and end of all he doeth.—John Owen.

To be selfish is to sacrifice the nobler for the meaner ends, and to be sordidly content.—Hugh R. Haweis.

Less, less of self each day,
And more, my God, of Thee!
—Horatius Bonar.

And though all cry down self, none means His own self in a literal sense.—Butler.

All the good maxims which are in the world fail when applied to one's self.—Pascal.

"I am always nearest to myself," says the Latin proverb.—Macaulay.

Beware of no man more than of yourself; we carry our worst enemies within us.—C. H. Spurgeon.

It is self-love and its offspring self-deception, which shut the gates of heaven, and lead men, as if in a delicious dream, to hell.—Christian Scriver.

How pleased is every paltry elf
To prate about that thing, himself!
—Churchill.

Each one wishes for his own advantage, rather than that of others.—Terence.

Hence we cannot see our own faults; when others transgress we become censors.—Phædrus.

To be saved is only this,—salvation from our own selfishness.—Whittier.

It is to be doubted whether he will ever find the way to heaven who desires to go thither alone.—Feltham.

We can neither change nor overpower God's eternal suffrage against selfishness and meanness.—James Martineau.

I learned that no man in God's wide earth is either willing or able to help any other man.—Pestalozzi.

It is astonishing how well men wear when they think of no one but themselves.—Bulwer-Lytton.

In the North the first words are, Help me; in the South, Love me.—Rousseau.

What can one possibly introduce into a mind that is already full, and full of itself?—Joubert.

O my God, how true it is that we may have of Thy gifts and yet may be full of ourselves!—Mme. Guyon.

The fondness we have for self furnishes another long rank of prejudices —Dr. Watts.

Lo! now, what hearts have men! they never mount as high as woman in her selfless mood.—Tennyson.

We erect the idol self, and not only wish others to worship, but worship ourselves.—Cecil.

Be, as many now are, luxurious to yourself, parsimonious to your friends. —Juvenal.

Everyone for his home, everyone for himself.—M. Dupin.

It never enters the lady's head that the wet-nurse's baby probably dies.—Harriet Martineau.

Where all are selfish, the sage is no better than the fool, and only rather more dangerous.—Froude.

The force of selfishness is as inevitable and as calculable as the force of gravitation.—Hillard.

We wish to constitute all the happiness, or, if that cannot be, the misery of the one we love.—Bruyère.

It is very natural for a young friend and a young lover to think the persons they love have nothing to do but to please them.—Pope.

Selfishness, not love, is the actuating motive of the gallant.—Mme. Roland.

The selfish man suffers more from his selfishness than he from whom that selfishness withholds some important benefit.—Emerson.

The fawning courtier and the surly squire often mean the same thing,—each his own interest.—Bishop Berkeley.

It is not truth, justice, liberty, which men seek; they seek only themselves. And O that they knew how to seek themselves aright!—Jacobi.

If we look only to self even in spiritual things, it is still selfishness, though possibly on a somewhat higher plane than before.—A. P. Van Giesen.

Thorough selfishness destroys or paralyzes enjoyment. A heart made selfish by the contest for wealth is like a citadel stormed in war, utterly shattered.—Henry Ward Beecher.

If you seek in the spirit of selfishness, to grasp all as your own, you shall lose all, and be driven out of the world, at last, naked and forlorn, to everlasting poverty and contempt.—Jonathan Edwards.

Our selfishness is so robust and many-clutching that, well encouraged, it easily devours all sustenance away from our poor little scruples.—George Eliot.

A vice utterly at variance with the happiness of him who harbors it, and, as such, condemned by self-love.—Mackintosh.

Take the selfishness out of this world and there would be more happiness than we should know what to do with.—H. W. Shaw.

We can neither change nor overpower God's eternal suffrage against selfishness and meanness.—James Martineau.

Behold the fine appointment he makes with me; that man never did love anyone but himself.—Mme. de Maintenon.

No man is much pleased with a companion who does not increase, in some respect, his fondness for himself.—Dr. Johnson.

The selfish heart deserves the pain it feels;
More gen'rous sorrow, while it sinks, exalts,
And conscious virtue mitigates the pang.
—Young.

The very heart and root of sin is in an independent spirit. We erect the idol self; and not only wish others to worship, but worship ourselves.—Richard Cecil.

There are some people who think that all the world should share their misfortune, although they do not share in the sufferings of anybody else.—Achilles Poincelot.

There is an ill-breeding to which, whatever our rank and nature, we are almost equally sensitive,—the ill-breeding that comes from want of consideration for others.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Self-interest, that leprosy of the age, attacks us from infancy, and we are startled to observe little heads calculate before knowing how to reflect.—Mme. de Girardin.

Milton has carefully marked in his Satan the intense selfishness, the alcohol of egotism, which would rather reign in hell than serve in heaven.—Coleridge.

The essence of true nobility is neglect of self. Let the thought of self pass in, and the beauty of a great action is gone, like the bloom from a soiled flower.—Froude.

Sordid selfishness doth contract and narrow our benevolence, and cause us, like serpents, to infold ourselves within ourselves, and to turn out our stings to all the world besides.—Walter Scott.

A long experience impresses me with the belief that selfishness does not grow in intensity as we move downward in society from class to class.—Gladstone.

Enough of self, that darling luscious theme,
O'er which philosophers in raptures dream;
Of which with seeming disregard they write
Then prizing most when most they seem to slight. —Churchill.

How often, in this cold and bitter world, is the warm heart thrown back upon itself! Cold, careless, are we of another's grief; we wrap ourselves in sullen selfishness.—L. E. Landon.

As frost to the bud, and blight to the blossom, even such is self-interest to friendship; for confidence cannot dwell where selfishness is porter at the gate.—Tupper.

How much that the world calls selfishness is only generosity with narrow walls,—a too exclusive solicitude to maintain a wife in luxury, or make one's children rich.—T. W. Higginson.

Our infinite obligations to God do not fill our hearts half as much as a petty uneasiness of our own; nor His infinite perfections as much as our smallest wants.—Hannah More.

Glory, built
On selfish principles, is shame and guilt;
The deeds that men admire as half divine,
Stark naught, because corrupt in their design. —Cowper.

The selfish man cuts away the sand from under his own feet, he digs his own grave; and every time, from the beginning of the world until now, God Almighty pushes him into the grave and covers him up.—C. H. Fowler.

We are too much haunted by ourselves; we project the central shadow of ourselves on everything around us. And then comes in the gospel to rescue us from this selfishness. Redemption is this—to forget self in God.—F. W. Robertson.

Formerly thy soul was great, ardent, vast; the entire circle of the universe found place in thy heart. O Charles, that thou hast become small, that thou hast become miserable, since thou lovest no one but thyself!—Schiller.

There are too many who reverse both the principles and the practice of the Apostles; they become all things to all men, not to serve others, but themselves; and they try all things only to hold fast that which is bad.—Colton.

There are some tempers—how shall I describe them—formed either of such impenetrable matter, or wrought up by habitual selfishness to such an utter insensibility of what becomes of the fortunes of their fellow-creatures, as if they were not partakers of the same nature, or had no lot or connection at all with the species.—Sterne.

Aristotle has said that man is by nature a social animal, and he might have added, a selfish one too. Heroism, self-denial, and magnanimity in all instances, where they do not spring from a principle of religion, are but splendid altars on which we sacrifice one kind of self-love to another.—Colton.

Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonour'd and unsung.—Scott.

Explore the dark recesses of the mind,
In the soul's honest volume read mankind,
And own, in wise and simple, great and small,
The same grand leading principle in all;
* * * * *
For parent and for child, for wife and friend,
Our first great mover, and our last great end
Is one; and by whatever name we call
The ruling tyrant, Self, is all in all.
—Churchill.

Self-knowledge

Man, know thyself! all wisdom centres there.—Young.

Go to your bosom, knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know.—Shakespeare.

Marry, sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass; so that by my

foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself.—Shakespeare.

The only thing a man knows is himself.—Alexander Smith.

To know thyself—in others self-concern;
Would'st thou know others? read thyself—and learn! —Schiller.

The most difficult thing in life is to know yourself.—Thales.

That man must daily wiser grow,
Whose search is bent himself to know.
—Gay.

Man's science is the culture of his heart;
And not to lose his plummet in the depths
Of nature, or the more profound of God.
—Young.

He that knows himself, knows others; and he that is ignorant of himself could not write a very profound lecture on other men's heads.—Colton.

You are surprised at your imperfections,—why? I should infer from that, that your self-knowledge is small. Surely you might rather be astonished that you do not fall into more frequent and more grievous faults, and thank God for His upholding grace.—Jean Nicolas Grou.

Self-love

Love thyself last.—Shakespeare.

Reservation is self-love.—Bettina.

Offended self-love never forgives.—Vigée.

True self-love and social are the same.—Pope.

Self-love is the greatest of flatterers.—Rochefoucauld.

In all time self-love has blinded the wisest.—Villefré.

A prudent consideration for Number One.—Bulwer-Lytton.

I to myself am dearer than a friend.—Shakespeare.

Would you hurt a man keenest, strike at his self-love.—Lew Wallace.

The world is governed by love,—self-love.—Rivarol.

Self-love was born before love.—De Finod.

Self-love is a busy prompter.—Johnson.

Self-love and reason to one end aspire.—Pope.

Love yourself; and in that love not unconsidered leave your honor.—Shakespeare.

Self-love is the most inhibited sin in the canon.—Shakespeare.

Self-love, as it happens to be well or ill conducted, constitutes virtue and vice.—Rochefoucauld.

Self-love leads men of narrow minds to measure all mankind by their own capacity.—Jane Porter.

Self-love exaggerates our faults as well as our virtues.—Goethe.

There are wounds of self-love which one does not confess to one's dearest friends.—J. Petit-Senn.

Our self-love can be resigned to the sacrifice of everything but itself.—La Harpe.

Our self-love is ever ready to revolt from our better judgment, and join the enemy within.—Steele.

Self-love makes as many tyrants, perhaps, as love.—Imbert.

O impudent! regardful of thy own, whose thoughts are centred on thyself alone!—Dryden.

Self is the great antichrist and anti-God in the world, that sets up itself above all else.—Charnock.

The most amiable people are those who least wound the self-love of others.—Bruyère.

Almost every one flatters himself that he and his are exceptionable.—Alphonse Karr.

Self-love is not so vile a sin as self-neglecting.—Shakespeare.

Men indulge those opinions and practices that favor their pretensions.—L'Estrange.

Of all mankind, each loves himself the best.—Terence.

Self-love is more cunning than the most cunning man in the world.—La Rochefoucauld.

Cut out the love of self, like an autumn lotus with thy hand!—Buddha.

All other love is extinguished by self-love; beneficence, humanity, justice, philosophy, sink under it.—Epicurus.

Whatever discoveries we may have made in the regions of self-love, there still remain many unknown lands.—Rochefoucauld.

It is the nature of extreme self-lovers as they will set an house on fire and it were but to roast their eggs.—Bacon.

Blind self-love, vanity, lifting aloft her empty head, and indiscretion, prodigal of secrets more transparent than glass, follow close behind.—Horace.

A man who loves only himself and his pleasures is vain, presumptuous, and wicked even from principle.—Vauvenargues.

Plato said that of all things in the world we should beware of that folly by which most men please themselves and despise a better judgment.—Jeremy Taylor.

Esteeming others merely for their agreement with us in religion, opinion, and manner of living is only a less offensive kind of self-adoration.—Rev. T. Adam.

It is falling in love with our own mistaken ideas that makes fools and beggars of half mankind.—Young.

Nothing is so capable of diminishing self-love as the observation that we disapprove at one time what we approve at another.—Rochefoucauld.

Man's that savage beast whose mind, from reason to self-love declined, delights to prey upon his kind.—Sir J. Denham.

Self-love is an instrument useful but dangerous; it often wounds the hand which makes use of it, and seldom does good without doing harm.—Rousseau.

Every man is prompted by the love of himself to imagine that he possesses some qualities superior, either in kind or degree, to those which he sees allotted to the rest of the world.—Dr. Johnson.

A gentleman is one who understands and shows every mark of deference to the claims of self-love in others, and exacts it in return from them.—Hazlitt.

That man alone loves himself rightly who procures the greatest possible good to himself through the whole of his existence, and so pursues pleasure as not to give for it more than it is worth.—Benjamin Franklin.

Self-love is the instrument of our preservation; it resembles the provision for the perpetuity of mankind. It is necessary, it is dear to us, it gives us pleasure, and we must conceal it.—Voltaire.

O villainous! I have looked upon the world for four times seven years; and since I could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found man that knew how to love himself.—Shakespeare.

Self-love is a principle of action; but among no class of human beings has nature so profusely distributed this principle of life and action as through the whole sensitive family of genius.—Isaac Disraeli.

Such is the infatuation of self-love, that, though in the general doctrine of the vanity world all men agree, yet al-

most everyone flatters himself that his own case is to be an exception from the common rule.—Blair.

The secret of our self-love is just the same as that of our liberality and candor. We prefer ourselves to others only because we have a more intimate consciousness and confirmed opinion of our own claims and merits than of any other person's.—Hazlitt.

That the principle of self-love (or, in other words, the desire of happiness) is neither an object of approbation nor of blame, is sufficiently obvious. It is inseparable from the nature of man as a rational and a sensitive being.—Dugald Stewart.

Every man, like Narcissus, becomes enamored of the reflection of himself, only choosing a substance instead of a shadow. His love for any particular woman is self-love at second-hand, vanity reflected, compound egotism.—Horace Smith.

Self-love, in a well-regulated breast, is as the steward of the household, superintending the expenditure, and seeing that benevolence herself should be prudential, in order to be permanent, by providing that the reservoir which feeds should also be fed.—Colton.

Those who have affirmed self-love to be the basis of all our sentiments and all our actions are much in the right. There is no occasion to demonstrate that men have a face; as little need is there of proving to them that they are actuated by self-love.—Voltaire.

Self-love is, in almost all men, such an over-weight that they are incredulous of a man's habitual preference of the general good to his own; but when they see it proved by sacrifices of ease, wealth, rank, and of life itself, there is no limit to their admiration.—Emerson.

Oh, the incomparable contrivance of Nature, who has ordered all things in so even a method that wherever she has been less bountiful in her gifts, there she makes it up with a larger dose of self-love, which supplies the former deficits and makes all even.—Erasmus.

It is allowed that the cause of most actions, good or bad, may be resolved into the love of ourselves; but the self-love of some men inclines them to please others, and the self-love of others is wholly employed in pleasing themselves. This makes the great distinction between virtue and vice.—Swift.

The most notorious swindler has not assumed so many names as self-love, nor is so much ashamed of his own. She calls herself patriotism, when at the same time she is rejoicing at just as much calamity to her native country as will introduce herself into power, and expel her rivals.—Colton.

It is this unquiet self-love that renders us so sensitive. The sick man, who sleeps ill, thinks the night long. We exaggerate, from cowardice, all the evils which we encounter; they are great, but our sensibility increases them. The true way to bear them is to yield ourselves up with confidence to God.—Fénelon.

If we listen to our self-love, we shall estimate our lot less by what it is than by what it is not; shall dwell upon its hindrances and be blind to its possibilities; and, comparing it only with imaginary lives, shall indulge in flattering dreams of what we should do if we had but power, and give if we had but wealth, and be if we had no temptations.—James Martineau.

Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul;
Reason's comparing balance rules the whole.
Man, but for that, no action could attend,
And, but for this, were active to no end:
Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot;
Or, meteor-like, flame lawless thro' the void,
Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.
—Pope.

The cause of all the blunders committed by man arises from this excessive self-love. For the lover is blinded by the object loved; so that he passes a wrong judgment on what is

just, good and beautiful, thinking that he ought always to honor what belongs to himself in preference to truth. For he who intends to be a great man ought to love neither himself nor his own things, but only what is just, whether it happens to be done by himself, or by another.—Plato.

Self-praise

A man's praises have very musical and charming accents in another's mouth, but very flat and untunable in his own.—Xenophon.

Self-preservation

No evangelical precept jostles out that of a lawful self-preservation.—South.

Self-reliance

The basis of good manners is self-reliance.—Emerson.

Time and I against any two.—Philip the Second.

For they can conquer who believe they can.—Virgil.

Doubt whom you will, but never yourself.—Bovee.

Do thine own work, and know thyself.—Plato.

Think wrongly, if you please, but in all cases think for yourself.—Lessing.

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie, which we ascribe to Heaven.—Shakespeare.

No man should part with his own individuality and become that of another.—Channing.

If you would have a faithful servant, and one that you like, serve yourself.—Franklin.

Let every eye negotiate for itself, and trust no agent.—Shakespeare.

It is seldom that we find out how great are our resources until we are thrown upon them.—Bovee.

Welcome evermore to gods and men is the self-helping man.—Emerson.

If women only knew the extent of their power!—Alphonse Karr.

Trust not overmuch to the blessed Magdalen; learn to protect yourself.—Beaconsfield.

A person under the firm persuasion that he can command resources virtually has them.—Livy.

The weakest spot in every man is where he thinks himself to be the wisest.—Nathaniel Emmons.

The supreme fall of falls is this,—the first doubt of one's self.—Mme. de Gasparin.

If there be a faith that can remove mountains, it is faith in one's own power.—Marie Ebner-Eschenbach.

He is best served who has no occasion to put the hand of others at the end of his arms.—Cervantes.

I have ever held it as a maxim never to do that through another which it was possible for me to execute myself.—Montesquieu.

Our own opinion of ourselves should be lower than that formed by others, for we have a better chance at our imperfections.—Thomas à Kempis.

Though we best know and cannot deny our imperfections, it is not for us to lose our self-reliance and true manhood.—Chamfort.

Help from without is often enfeebling in its effects, but help from within invariably invigorates.—Samuel Smiles.

Look well into thyself; there is a source which will always spring up if thou wilt always search there.—Marcus Antoninus.

Opposition is what we want and must have, to be good for anything. Hardship is the native soil of manhood and self-reliance.—John Neal.

Great is the strength of an individual soul true to its high trust; mighty is it, even to the redemption of a world.—Mrs. L. M. Child.

In life, as in whist, hope nothing from the way cards may be dealt to you. Play the cards, whatever they be, to the best of your skill.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Thoroughly to believe in one's own self, so one's self were thorough, were to do great things.—Tennyson.

As it is in himself alone that man can find true and enduring happiness, so in himself alone can he find true and efficient consolation in misfortune. —Babo.

Forget not that the man who cannot enjoy his own natural gifts in silence, and find his reward in the exercise of them, will generally find himself badly off.—Goethe.

He who thinks he can find within himself the means of doing without others is much mistaken; but he who thinks that others cannot do without him is still more mistaken.—Rochefoucauld.

We must calculate not on the weather, nor on fortune, but upon God and ourselves. He may fail us in the gratification of our wishes, but never in the encounter with our exigencies. —Simms.

Watch over yourself. Be your own accuser, then your judge; ask yourself grace sometimes, and, if there is need, impose upon yourself some pain.—Seneca.

Humility is the part of wisdom, and is most becoming in men. But let no one discourage self-reliance; it is, of all the rest, the greatest quality of true manliness.—Kossuth.

It is for little souls, that truckle under the weight of affairs, not to know how clearly to disengage themselves, and not to know how to lay them aside and take them up again.—Montaigne.

Providence has done, and I am persuaded is disposed to do, a great deal for us; but we are not to forget the fable of Jupiter and the countryman. —Washington.

It's right to trust in God; but, if you don't stand to your halliards your craft'll miss stays, and your faith'll be blown out of the bolt-ropes in the turn of a marlinspike.—George MacDonald.

It is impossible you should take true root but by the fair weather that you make yourself; it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest. —Shakespeare.

Self-distrust is the cause of most of our failures. In the assurance of strength there is strength, and they are the weakest, however strong, who have no faith in themselves or their powers.—Bovee.

Men on all occasions throw themselves upon foreign assistances to spare their own, which are the only certain and sufficient ones with which they can arm themselves.—Montaigne.

It is at the approach of extreme danger when a hollow puppet can accomplish nothing, that power falls into the mighty hands of nature, of the spirit giant-born, who listens only to himself, and knows nothing of compacts.—Schiller.

Confidence in one's self is the chief nurse of magnanimity, which confidence, notwithstanding, doth not leave the care of necessary furniture for it: and therefore, of all the Grecians, Homer doth ever make Achilles the best armed.—Sir P. Sidney.

The human mind, in proportion as it is deprived of external resources, sedulously labors to find within itself the means of happiness, learns to rely with confidence on its own exertions, and gains with greater certainty the power of being happy.—Zimmermann.

Nine times out of ten, the best thing that can happen to a young man is to

be tossed overboard and compelled to sink or swim for himself. In all my acquaintance I never knew a man to be drowned who was worth the saving. —James A. Garfield.

Both poetry and philosophy are prodigal of eulogy over the mind which ransoms itself by its own energy from a captivity to custom, which breaks the common bounds of empire, and cuts a Simplon over mountains of difficulty for its own purposes, whether of good or of evil.—Horace Mann.

Whatever your sex or position, life is a battle in which you are to show your pluck; and woe be to the coward! Whether passed on a bed of sickness or a tented field, it is ever the same fair play, and admits no foolish distinctions. Despair and postponement are cowardice and defeat. Men were born to succeed, not to fail.—Thoreau.

For the man who makes everything that leads to happiness, or near to it, to depend upon himself, and not upon other men, on whose good or evil actions his own doings are compelled to hinge,—such a one, I say, has adopted the very best plan for living happily. This is the man of moderation; this is the man of manly character and of wisdom.—Plato.

Philosophers have very justly remarked that the only solid instruction is that which the pupil brings from his own depths; that the true instruction is not that which transmits notions wholly formed, but that which renders him capable of forming for himself good opinions. That which they have said in regard to the intellectual faculties applies equally to the moral faculties. There is for the soul a spontaneous culture, on which depends all the real progress in perfection.—Degerando.

Men seem neither to understand their riches nor their strength; of the former they believe greater things than they should; of the latter much less. Self-reliance and self-denial will teach a man to drink out of his own cistern, and eat his own sweet bread, and to learn and labor truly to get his living, and carefully to expend the good things committed to his trust.—Lord Bacon.

Self-respect

The truest self-respect is not to think of self.—Beecher.

Above all things, reverence yourself. —Pythagoras.

Self-respect,—the corner-stone of all virtue.—Sir John Herschel.

A man who is not ashamed of himself need not be ashamed of his early condition.—Daniel Webster.

Who will adhere to him that abandons himself?—Sir P. Sidney.

Let us respect gray Lairs, but, above all, our own.—J. Petit-Senn.

Content to do the best work he could, to preserve his own dignity, and leave the rest to future.—Hamerton.

Self-respect is, next to religion, the chiefest bridle of all vices.—Bacon.

All must respect those who respect themselves.—Beaconsfield.

Every man stamps his value on himself; the price we challenge for ourselves is given us.—Schiller.

Let a man use great reverence and manners to himself.—Pythagoras.

Self-respect governs morality: respect for others governs our behavior. —Ségur.

I care not so much what I am in the opinion of others as what I am in my own; I would be rich of myself and not by borrowing.—Montaigne.

To have a respect for ourselves guides our morals; and to have a deference for others governs our manners. —Sterne.

No more important duty can be urged upon those who are entering the great theater of life than simple loyalty to their best convictions.—Chapin

Be noble-minded! Our own heart, and not other men's opinions of us, forms our true honor.—Schiller.

When thou hast profited so much that thou respectest even thyself, thou mayst let go thy tutor.—Seneca.

A man can do without his own approbation in much society, but he must make great exertions to gain it when he lives alone.—Sydney Smith.

I will have a care of being a slave to myself, for it is a perpetual, a shameful, and the heaviest of all servitudes; and this may be done by moderate desires.—Seneca.

It has been said that self-respect is the gate of heaven, and the most cursory observation shows that a degree of reserve adds vastly to the latent force of character.—Tuckerman.

The pious and just honoring of ourselves may be thought the radical moisture and fountain-head from whence every laudable and worthy enterprise issues forth.—Milton.

Have not too low thoughts of thyself. The confidence a man hath of his being pleasant in his demeanor is a means whereby he infallibly cometh to be such.—Burton.

Never violate the sacredness of your individual self-respect. Be true to your own mind and conscience, your heart and your soul; so only can you be true to God.—Theodore Parker.

Self-respect is the noblest garment with which a man may clothe himself, —the most elevating feeling with which the mind can be inspired. One of Pythagoras' wisest maxims, in his Golden Verses, is that in which he enjoins the pupil to "reverence himself." —Samuel Smiles.

Be and continue poor, young man, while others around you grow rich by fraud and disloyalty; be without place or power, while others beg their way upwards; bear the pain of disappointed hopes, while others gain theirs by flattery; forego the gracious pressure of the hand, for which others cringe and crawl. Wrap yourself in your own virtue, and seek a friend and your daily bread. If you have, in such a course, grown gray with unblenched honor, bless God and die.—Heinzelmann.

It may be no less dangerous to claim, on certain occasions, too little than too much. There is something captivating in spirit and intrepidity, to which we often yield as to a resistless power; nor can we often yield as to a resistless power; nor can he reasonably expect the confidence of others who too apparently distrusts himself.—Johnson.

Self-righteousness

Regret not that which is past; and trust not to thine own righteousness.—St. Anthony.

Never have I greater reason for suspicion that when I am particularly pleased with myself, my faith, my progress, and my alms.—Christian Scriver.

Let us pray God that He would root out of our hearts every thing of our own planting, and set out there, with His own hands, the tree of life, bearing all manner of fruits.—Fénelon.

You can always tell when a man is a great ways from God—he is always talking about himself, how good he is. But the moment he sees God by the eye of faith, he is down on his knees, and, like Job, he cries, "Behold I am vile."—D. L. Moody.

There is nothing so small but that we may honor God by asking His guidance of it, or insult Him by taking it into our own hands; and what is true of the Deity is equally true of His revelation.—Ruskin.

For when man comes to front the everlasting God, and look the splendor of His judgments in the face, personal integrity, the dream of spotlessness and innocence, vanishes into thin air; your decencies and your church-goings and your regularities and your attachment to a correct school and party, your gospel formulas of sound doctrine

—what is all that, in front of the blaze of the wrath to come?—F. W. Robertson.

To depend partly upon Christ's righteousness and partly upon our own is to set one foot upon a rock and another in the quicksands. Christ will either be to us all in all in point of righteousness, or else nothing at all.—Thomas Erskine.

God has nothing to say to the self-righteous. Unless you humble yourself before Him in the dust, and confess before Him your iniquities and sins, the gate of heaven, which is open only for sinners, saved by grace, must be shut against you forever.—D. L. Moody.

A man may as certainly miscarry by his seeming righteousness and supposed graces, as by gross sins; and that is, when a man doth trust in these as his righteousness before God, for the satisfying His justice, appeasing His wrath, procuring His favor, and obtaining his own pardon.—Joseph Alleine.

What self-righteous persons take to themselves, is the same work that Christ was engaged in when He was in His agony and bloody sweat, and when He died on the cross, which was the greatest thing that ever the eyes of angels beheld. Christ could accomplish other parts of this work without cost; but this cost Him His life, as well as innumerable pains and labors. Yet this is the part which self-righteous persons go about to accomplish for themselves.—Jonathan Edwards.

Self-sacrifice

Happy the man whom indulgent fortune allows to pay to virtue what he owes to nature, and to make a generous gift of what must otherwise be ravished from him by cruel necessity.—Hume.

Contempt of all outward things, which come in competition with duty, fulfills the ideal of human greatness. This conviction, that readiness to sacrifice life's highest material good and life itself, is essential to the elevation of human nature, is no illusion of ardent youth, nor outburst of blind enthusiasm. It does not yield to growing wisdom. It is confirmed by all experience. It is sanctioned by conscience—that universal and eternal lawgiver whose chief dictate is, that every thing must be yielded up for the right.—W. E. Channing.

That which especially distinguishes a high order of man from a low order of man, that which constitutes human goodness, human nobleness, is surely not the degree of enlightenment with which men pursue their own advantage; but it is self-forgetfulness; it is self-sacrifice; it is the disregard of personal pleasure, personal indulgence, personal advantage, remote or present, because some other line of conduct is more right.—J. A. Froude.

Self-sufficiency

An obstinate, ungovernable self-sufficiency plainly points out to us that state of imperfect maturity at which the graceful levity of youth is lost and the solidity of experience not yet acquired.—Junius.

Self-will

Lawless are they that make their wills their law.—Shakespeare.

Self-will is so ardent and active that it will break a world to pieces to make a stool to sit on.—Cecil.

Be not under the dominion of thine own will; it is the vice of the ignorant who vainly presume on their own understanding.—Cervantes.

Weakness has many stages. There is a difference between feebleness by the impotency of the will, of the will to the resolution, of the resolution to the choice of means, of the choice of the means to the application.—Cardinal de Retz.

Sense

What thin partitions sense from thought divide!—Pope.

The hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.—Shakespeare.

You are an annihilator of sense.—Congreve.

He had used the word in its Pickwickian sense.—Dickens.

You cram these words into mine ears, against the stomach of my sense. —Shakespeare.

Whatsoever contradicts my sense,
I hate to see, and never can believe.
—Roscommon.

He who loses not his senses in certain things has no senses to lose.—Lessing.

The trouble with men of sense is that they are so dreadfully in earnest all the while.—Bovee.

'Tis use alone that sanctifies expense
And splendor borrows all her rays from sense. —Pope.

Good sense, which only is the gift of heaven,
And though no science, fairly worth the seven. —Pope.

If Poverty is the Mother of Crimes, want of Sense is the Father.—De La Bruyère.

Good sense and good nature are never separated, though the ignorant world has thought otherwise.—Dryden.

How many people there are who are desperate by too quick a sense of a constant infelicity!—Jeremy Taylor.

Him of the western dome, whose weighty sense
Flows in fit words and heavenly eloquence.
—Dryden.

Of plain sound sense life's current coin is made;
With that we drive the most substantial trade. —Young.

It is commonly a dangerous thing for a man to have more sense than his neighbors. Socrates paid for his superiority with his life; and if Aristotle saved his skin, it was by taking to his heels in time.—Wieland.

Fine sense and exalted sense are not half so useful as common sense; there are forty men of wit for one man of good sense; and he that will carry nothing about with him but gold, will be every day at a loss for readier change.—Addison.

Sense is our helmet, wit is but the plume;
The plume exposes, 'tis our helmet saves.
Sense is the diamond, weighty, solid, sound;
When cut by wit, it casts a brighter beam;
Yet, wit apart, it is a diamond still.
—Young.

To act with common sense, according to the moment, is the best wisdom I know; and the best philosophy, to do one's duties, to take the world as it comes, submit respectfully to one's lot, bless the goodness that has given us so much happiness with it, whatever it is, and despise affectation.—Horace Walpole.

All the beautiful orders of architecture and creations of the pencil, all the conceptions of the beautiful in nature and art and humanity, are inventions extorted, as it were, from the mind to extend and increase the pleasures of sense.—Elihu Burritt.

Sensibility

Sensibility is nature's celestia spring.—Sir Walter Scott.

Men have marble, women waxen, minds.—Shakespeare.

Breasts that beat, and cheeks that glow.—Dr. Johnson.

Feeling loves a subdued light.—Mme. Swetchine.

And the touch'd needle trembles to the pole.—Pope.

Susceptible persons are more affected by a change of tone than by unexpected words.—George Eliot.

Too much sensibility creates unhappiness, too much insensibility creates crime.—Talleyrand.

The heart that is soonest awake to the flowers is always the first to be touched by the thorns.—Moore.

Excessive sensibility is only another name for morbid self-consciousness.—Bovee.

The really sensitive are too sensitive to ever talk about it.—Mme. de Rieux.

Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure,
Thrill the deepest notes of wo.—Burns.

Where bright imagination reigns, the fine-wrought spirit feels acuter pains.—Hannah More.

Sensibility cannot be acquired; people are born thus, or they have it not.—Mme. de Genlis.

Dearly bought the hidden treasure finer feelings can bestow.—Burns.

The soul of music slumbers in the shell, till waked and kindled by the master's spell.—Rogers.

That chastity of honor that felt a stain like a wound.—Burke.

Women are more susceptible to pain than to pleasure.—Montaigne.

Women are ever the dupes or victims of their extreme sensitiveness.—Balzac.

It appears to me that strong sense and acute sensibility together constitute genius.—G. P. Morris.

The wild-flower wreath of feeling, the sunbeam of the heart.—Halleck.

The wounded limb shrinks even from the gentlest touch, and to the nervous the smallest shadow excites alarm.—Ovid.

Feeling hearts—touch them but lightly—pour
A thousand melodies unheard before.
—Rogers.

Sensibility would be a good portress if she had but one hand; with her right she opens the door to pleasure, but with her left to pain.—Colton.

It is with feeling as with religion; if a man really have any, he will have "none to speak of."—H. N. Hudson.

Forbear sharp speeches to her; she's a lady so tender of rebukes that words are strokes, and strokes death to her.—Shakespeare.

If sensuality were happiness, beasts were happier than men; but human felicity is lodged in the soul, not in the flesh.—Seneca.

How many women are born too finely organized in sense and soul for the highway they must walk with feet unshod!—O. W. Holmes.

The sensibility of man to trifles, and his insensibility to great things, are the marks of a strange inversion.—Pascal.

There are moments when petty slights are harder to bear than even a serious injury. Men have died of the festering of a gnat-bite.—Cecil Danby.

Laughter and tears are meant to turn the wheels of the same machinery of sensibility; one is wind-power, and the other water-power, that is all.—Holmes.

Prompt sense of equity! to thee belongs
The swift redress of unexamined wrongs:
Eager to serve, the cause perhaps untried,
But always apt to choose the suffering side!
—Hannah More.

Nor peace, nor ease the heart can know
Which, like the needle true,
Turns at the touch of joy or woe,
But turning, trembles too.—Mrs. Greville

A sensitive plant in a garden grew,
And the young winds fed it with silver dew,
And it opened its fan-like leaves to the light,
And closed them beneath the kisses of night.
—Shelley.

Women endowed with remarkable sensibilities enjoy much, but they also suffer much. The greater the light, the stronger will be the shadow.—Anna Cora Mowatt.

Men's feelings are always purest and most glowing in the hour of meet-

ing and of farewell; like the glaciers, which are transparent and rosy-hued only at sunrise and sunset, but throughout the day gray and cold.—Richter.

It seem'd as if each thought and look
And motion were that minute chain'd
Fast to the spot such root she took,
And—like a sunflower by a brook,
With face upturn'd—so still remain'd!
—Moore.

The hearts of some women tremble like leaves at every breath of love which reaches them, and they are still again. Others, like the ocean, are moved only by the breath of a storm, and not so easily lulled to rest.—Longfellow.

We care not how many see us in choler, when we rave and bluster, and make as much noise and bustle as we can; but if the kindest and most generous affection comes across us, we suppress every sign of it, and hide ourselves in nooks and covert.—Landor.

Since trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from our foibles springs;
Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
And though but few can serve, yet all may please;
Oh, let th' ungentle spirit learn from hence,
A small unkindness is a great offence.
—Hannah More.

Sensibility appears to me to be neither good nor evil in itself, but in its application. Under the influence of Christian principle, it makes saints and martyrs; ill-directed, or uncontrolled, it is a snare, and the source of every temptation; besides, as people cannot get it if it is not given them, to descant on it seems to me as idle as to recommend people to have black eyes or fair complexions.—Hannah More.

Where virtue is, sensibility is the ornament and becoming attire of virtue. On certain occasions it may almost be said to become virtue. But sensibility and all the amiable qualities may likewise become, and too often have become, the panders of vice and the instruments of seduction.—Coleridge.

Sensuality

Sensuality is the death of the soul.—Balzac.

Sin is the mother, and shame the daughter of lewdness.—Sir P. Sidney.

The body of a sensualist is the coffin of a dead soul.—Bovee.

A youth of sensuality and intemperance delivers over a worn-out body to old age.—Cicero.

Sensuality not only debases both body and mind, but dulls the keen edge of pleasure.—Fielding.

If sensuality were happiness beasts were happier than men; but human felicity is lodged in the soul, not in the flesh.—Seneca.

If sensuality be our only happiness we ought to envy the brutes, for instinct is a surer, shorter, safer guide to such happiness than reason.—Colton.

Ingrateful man with liquorish draughts, and morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind that from it all consideration slips.—Shakespeare.

When the cup of any sensual pleasure is drained to the bottom, there is always poison in the dregs. Anacreon himself declares that "the flowers swim at the top of the bowl!"—Jane Porter.

Though selfishness hath defiled the whole man, yet sensual pleasure is the chief part of its interest, and therefore by the senses it commonly works, and these are the doors and the windows by which iniquity entereth into the soul.—Baxter.

Sordid and infamous sensuality, the most dreadful evil that issued from the box of Pandora, corrupts every heart, and eradicates every virtue. Fly! wherefore dost thou linger? Fly, cast not one look behind thee; nor let even

thy thought return to the accursed evil for a moment.—Fénelon.

Those wretches who never have experienced the sweets of wisdom and virtue, but spend all their time in revels and debauches, sink downward day after day, and make their whole life one continued series of errors.—Plato.

I have read of a glass kept in an idol temple in Smyrna that would make beautiful things appear deformed, and deformed things appear beautiful; carnal sense is such a glass to wicked men, it makes heavenly things which are beautiful to appear deformed, and earthly things which are deformed to appear beautiful.—R. Venning.

For, in the language of Heraclitus, the virtuous soul is pure and unmixed light, springing from the body as a flash of lightning darts from the cloud. But the soul that is carnal and immersed in sense, like a heavy and dank vapor, can with difficulty be kindled, and caused to raise its eyes heavenward.—Plutarch.

If any sensual weakness arise, we are to yield all our sound forces to the overthrowing of so unnatural a rebellion; wherein how can we want courage, since we are to deal against so feeble an adversary, that in itself is nothing but weakness? Nay, we are to resolve that if reason direct it, we must do it, and if we must do it, we will do it; for to say "I cannot" is childish, and "I will not" is womanish.—Sir P. Sidney.

Sentiment

Sentiment is the ripened fruit of fancy.—Mme. Deluzy.

Sentiment is the poetry of the imagination.—Lamartine.

A woman should not paint sentiment till she has ceased to inspire it.—Lady Blessington.

Sentiment has a kind of divine alchemy, rendering grief itself the source of tenderest thoughts and far-reaching desires, which the sufferer cherishes as sacred treasures.—Talfourd.

One can impose silence on sentiment, but one cannot give it limits.—Mme. Necker.

Sentiment is intellectualized emotion; emotion precipitated, as it were, in pretty crystals by the fancy.—Lowell.

All sentiment is sight; because sentiment has a reference to nothing beyond itself, and is always real wherever a man is conscious of it. But all determinations of the understanding are not right.—Hume.

A general loftiness of sentiment, independence of men, consciousness of good intentions, self-oblivion in great objects, clear views of futurity; thoughts of the blessed companionship of saints and angels, trust in God as the friend of truth and virtue,—these are the states of mind in which I should live.—Channing.

Sentiment and principle are often mistaken for each other, though, in fact, they widely differ. Sentiment is the virtue of ideas, and principle the virtue of action. Sentiment has its seat in the head; principle, in the heart. Sentiment suggests fine harangues and subtle distinctions; principle conceives just notions, and performs good actions in consequence of them. Sentiment refines away the simplicity of truth, and the plainness of piety, and, as Voltaire, that celebrated wit, has remarked of his no less celebrated contemporary, Rousseau, "gives us virtue in words, and vice in deeds." Sentiment may be called the Athenian who knew what was right; and principle, the Lacedemonian who practiced it.—Blair.

Sentimentalism

What we mean by sentimentalism is that state in which a man speaks deep and true sentiments not because he feels them strongly, but because he perceives that they are beautiful, and that it is touching and fine to say them, —things which he fain would feel, and

fancies that he does feel.—F. W. Robertson.

Sentiments (Miscellaneous)

Foul words and foul thoughts make a foul soul.

Hate sin as you would a poisonous snake.

Be gentle, genteel, genuine and generous.

Be happy if you can, but do not despise those who are otherwise, for you know not their troubles.

They that do nothing are in the readiest way to do that which is worse than nothing.

Kick a barking dog and he will bark the more. Never notice him, and he will shut up.

Speak to living ears as you will wish you had spoken when they are dead.

The boy who uses vulgar words will be shunned by all right-minded boys.

Do you want true peace with men? Make your peace with God.

The fewer the thoughtless words spoken, the less regret.

When other people are fretful, do you be merciful and patient.

Beauty is a quality of the heart. It is more than skin deep.

Every person has two educations—one which he receives from others, and one more important, which he gives himself.

It many times falls out that we deem ourselves much deceived by others because we first deceive ourselves.

If you are going to do a good thing, do it now; if you are going to do a mean thing, wait till to-morrow.

Man is not born to solve the problem of the universe; but to find out what he has to do, and to restrain himself within the limits of his comprehension.

He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten its cause.

Separation

The divorced were never truly married.—J. L. Basford.

Short retirement urges sweet return.—Milton.

The relations of all living end in separation.—Mahabharata.

Short absence quickens love.—Mirabeau.

There exists no cure for a heart wounded with the sword of separation. Hitopadesa.

Indifferent souls never part; impassioned souls part, and return to one another.—Mme. Swetchine.

For since mine eyes your joyous sight did miss, my cheerful day is turned to cheerless night.—Spenser.

Thy soul * * *
Is as far from my grasp, is as free,
As the stars from the mountain-tops be,
As the pearl in the depths of the sea.
From the portionless king that would wear it.
—E. C. Stedman.

The limner's art may trace the absent feature,
And give the eye of distant weeping faith
To view the form of its idolatry;
But oh! the scenes 'mid which they met and parted;
The thoughts—the recollections sweet and bitter,—
Th' Elysian dreams of lovers, when they loved,—
Who shall restore them? —Maturin.

O thou that dost inhabit in my breast, leave not the mansion so long tenantless; lest, growing ruinous, the building fall and leave no memory of what it was!—Shakespeare.

When loving hearts are separated, not the one which is exhaled to heaven, but the survivor, it is which tastes the sting of death.—Duchess de Praslin.

When two loving hearts are torn asunder, it is a shade better to be the one that is driven away into action than the bereaved twin that petrifies at home.—Charles Reade.

I quit Paris unwillingly, because I must part from my friends; and I quit the country unwillingly, because I must part from myself.—Joubert.

Sermon (See Preaching)

I would not have preachers torment their hearers, and detain them with long and tedious preaching.—Luther.

A divine ought to calculate his sermons as an astrologer does his almanac—to the meridian of the place and people where he lives.—Hughes.

Reasons are the pillars of the fabric of a sermon, but similitudes are the windows which give the best light. The faithful minister avoids such stories whose mention may suggest bad thoughts to the auditors, and will not use a light comparison to make thereof a grave application, for fear lest his poison go further than his antidote.—Fuller.

Servants

Servant of God, well done.—Milton.

A pampered menial drove me from the door.—Thomas Moss.

Master, go on, and I will follow thee
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.
—Shakespeare.

If thou hast a loitering servant, send him of thy errand just before his dinner.—Fuller.

From kings to cobblers 'tis the same;
Bad servants wound their masters' fame.
—Gay.

Reward a good servant well; and rather get quit of a bad one than disquiet thyself with him.—Fuller.

Be not too familiar with thy servants; at first it may beget love, but in the end 'twill breed contempt.—Fuller.

Perfect servants would be the worst of all for certain masters, whose happiness consists in finding fault with them.—J. Petit-Senn.

—From the king
To the beggar, by gradation, all are servants;
And you must grant, the slavery is less
To study to please one, than many.
—Massinger.

Be not served with kinsman, or friends, or men intreated to stay; for they expect much, and do little; nor with such as are amorous, for their heads are intoxicated; and keep rather too few, than one too many.—Lord Burleigh.

Expect not more from servants than is just;
Reward them well, if they observe their trust,
Nor with them cruelty or pride invade;
Since God and nature them our brothers made.
—Denham.

Let thy servants be such as thou mayest command, and entertain none about thee but yeomen, to whom thou givest wages; for those that will serve thee without thy hire will cost thee treble as much as they that know thy fare.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

Service

My heart is ever at your service.—Shakespeare.

They also serve who only stand and wait.—Milton.

You know that love
Will creep in service where it cannot go.
—Shakespeare.

They serve God well,
Who serve his creatures.
—Mrs. Norton.

Who seeks for aid
Must show how service sought can be repaid.
—Lord Lytton.

I am an ass, indeed, you may prove it by my long ears. I have served him from the hour of my nativity to this

instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service but blows. When I am cold, he heats me with beating.—Shakespeare.

Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.
—Shakespeare.

We are his,
To serve him nobly in the common cause,
True to the death, but not to be his slaves.
—Cowper.

And ye shall succor men;
'Tis nobleness to serve;
Help them who cannot help again:
Beware from right to swerve.
—Emerson.

Small service is true service while it lasts:
Of humblest friends, bright Creature! scorn not one;
The Daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dew-drop from the Sun.
—Wordsworth.

When I have attempted to join myself to others by services, it proved an intellectual trick,—no more. They eat your service like apples, and leave you out. But love them, and they feel you, and delight in you all the time.—Emerson.

Servility

A nod from a lord is a breakfast for a fool.—Franklin.

O villains, vipers, dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!—Shakespeare.

Servility is to devotion what hypocrisy is to virtue.—Mme. de Girardin.

With that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.—Pope.

The politics of courtiers resemble their shadows; they cringe and turn with the sun of the day.—J. Petit-Senn.

Servility is disgusting to a truly noble character, and engenders only contempt.—Hosea Ballou.

Servitude

It is fit and necessary that some persons in the world should be in love with a splendid servitude.—South.

Corrupted freemen are the worst of slaves.—Garrick.

Servitude seizes on few, but many seize on her.—Seneca.

Slavery is as ancient as war, and war as human nature.—Voltaire.

Servitude is inherent; we are all slaves to duty or to force.—Marguerite de Valois.

All are born to observe laws; few are born to establish them.—Carlyle.

We become willing servants to the good by the bonds their virtues lay upon us.—Sir P. Sidney.

To use the hands in making quicklime into mortar is better than to cross them on the breast in attendance on a prince.—Saadi.

I have been formerly so silly as to hope that every servant I had might be made a friend; I am now convinced that the nature of servitude generally bears a contrary tendency. People's characters are to be chiefly collected from their education and place in life; birth itself does but little.—Shenstone.

Men in great places are thrice servants,—servants of the sovereign or state, servants of fame, and servants of business; so that they have no freedom, neither in their persons, nor in their actions, nor in their times.—Bacon.

Shadows

Come like shadows, so depart!—Shakespeare.

Thus shadow owes its birth to light.—Gay.

Across the singing waves the shadows creep.—Celia Thaxter.

What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue.—Burke.

Like black hulks the shadows of the great trees ride at anchor on the billowy sea of grass.—Longfellow.

The very shadows seem to listen.—Anna Katharine Green.

Some there be that shadows kiss;
Such have but a shadow's bliss.
—Shakespeare.

Follow a shadow, it still flies you:
Seem to fly it, it will pursue.
—Ben Jonson.

Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass.
—Shakespeare.

We stand in our own light wherever we go, and fight our own shadows forever.—Owen Meredith.

No, no! I am but shadow of myself:
You are deceived, my substance is not here.
—Shakespeare.

Shadows are in reality, when the sun is shining, the most conspicuous thing in a landscape, next to the highest lights.—Ruskin.

Shadows tonight
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers
Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond. —Shakespeare.

The shadows of the mind are like those of the body. In the morning of life they lie behind us; at noon, we trample them under foot; and in the evening they stretch long, broad and deepening before us.—Longfellow.

Shakespeare

Shakespeare has had neither equal nor second.—Macaulay.

The sage and seer of the human heart.—Henry Giles.

Shakespeare is an intellectual miracle.—Chalmers.

He was not of an age, but for all time.—Ben Jonson.

Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child!—Milton.

* * * Thou hadst small Latin and less Greek.—Ben Jonson.

No man is too busy to read Shakespeare.—Charles Buxton.

And rival all but Shakespear's name below.—Campbell.

Our myriad-minded Shakespeare.—Coleridge.

The genius of Shakespeare was an innate university.—Keats.

To him the mighty mother did unveil her awful face.—Gray.

He was honest, and of an open and free nature.—Ben Jonson.

The man whom nature's self had made to mock herself, and truth to imitate.—Spenser.

Nor sequent centuries could hit
Orbit and sum of Shakespeare's wit.
—Emerson.

To see Kean act was like reading Shakespeare by flashes of lightning.—Coleridge.

Shakespeare is not our poet, but the world's,
Therefore on him no speech!
—Walter Savage Landor.

Nature listening stood, whilst Shakespeare play'd,
And wonder'd at the work herself had made. —Churchill.

Whatever can be known of the heart of man may be found in Shakespeare's plays.—Goethe.

Shakespeare's magic could not copied be:
Within that circle none durst walk but he.
—Dryden.

Corneille is to Shakespeare as a clipped hedge is to a forest.—Dr. Johnson.

Soul of the age! the applause, delight, the wonder of our stage.—Ben Jonson.

I think most readers of Shakespeare sometimes find themselves thrown into exalted mental conditions like those produced by music.—O. W. Holmes.

Those who accuse him to have wanted learning give him the greater commendation.—Dryden.

It is not so correct to say that he speaks from nature as that she speaks through him.—Pope.

Sweet Swan of Avon! What a sight it were
To see thee in our water yet appear.
—Ben Jonson.

In his comic scenes, Shakespeare seems to produce, without labor, what no labor can improve.—Dr. Johnson.

There, Shakespeare, on whose forehead climb
The crowns o' the world. Oh, eyes sublime,
With tears and laughters for all time!
—Mrs. Browning.

Shakespeare, Butler and Bacon have rendered it extremely difficult for all who come after them to be sublime, witty or profound.—Colton.

Shakespeare is one of the best means of culture the world possesses. Whoever is at home in his pages is at home everywhere.—H. N. Hudson.

Others abide our question. Thou art free.
We ask and ask—Thou smilest and art still,
Out-topping knowledge.—Matthew Arnold.

Shakespeare is a great psychologist, and whatever can be known of the heart of man may be found in his plays.—Goethe.

There is only one writer in whom I find something that reminds me of the directness of style which is found in the Bible. It is Shakespeare.—Heinrich Heine.

The imitators of Shakespeare, fixing their attention on his wonderful power of expression, have directed their imitation to this.—Matthew Arnold.

If ever Shakespeare rants, it is not when his imagination is hurrying him along, but when he is hurrying his imagination along.—Macaulay.

Shakespeare was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of the books to read nature; he looked inward, and found her there.—Dryden.

Shakespeare is dangerous to young poets; they cannot but reproduce him, while they fancy that they produce themselves.—Goethe.

We are apt to consider Shakespeare only as a poet; but he was certainly one of the greatest moral philosophers that ever lived.—Lady Montagu.

In strength of intellect he was a demigod; in profundity of view; a prophet; in all-seeing wisdom, a protecting spirit.—Schlegel.

The stream of time, which is constantly washing the dissoluble fabrics of other poets, passes without injury by the adamant of Shakespeare.—Dr. Johnson.

Shakespeare (whom you and every play house bill
Style the divine, the matchless, what you will)
For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight
And grew immortal in his own despite.
—Pope.

What needs my Shakespeare for his honor'd bones,
The labor of an age in pilèd stones?
* * * * * *
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a livelong monument.
—Milton.

Then to the well-trod stage anon
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
—Milton.

Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines!
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.
—Ben Jonson.

Now you who rhyme, and I who rhyme,
Have not we sworn it, many a time,
That we no more our verse would scrawl,
For Shakespeare he had said it all!
—R. W. Gilder.

When Shakespeare is charged with debts to his authors, Landor replies, "Yet he was more original than his originals. He breathed upon dead

bodies and brought them into life."—Emerson.

In the plays of Shakespeare man appears as he is, made up of a crowd of passions which contend for the mastery over him, and govern him in turn. —Macaulay.

The passages of Shakespeare that we most prize were never quoted until within this century.—Emerson.

It was said of Euripides, that every verse was a precept; and it may be said of Shakespeare, that from his works may be collected a system of civil and economical prudence.—Dr. Johnson.

In Shakespeare one sentence begets the next naturally; the meaning is all inwoven. He goes on kindling like a meteor through the dark atmosphere.—Coleridge.

Shakespeare's personages live and move as if they had just come from the hand of God, with a life that, though manifold, is one, and, though complex, is harmonious.—Mazzini.

Scorn not the Sonnet. Critic, you have frowned,
Mindless of its just honours; with this key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart.
—Wordsworth.

This was Shakespeare's form,
Who walked in every path of human life,
Felt every passion; and to all mankind
Doth now, will ever, that experience yield
Which his own genius only could acquire.
—Akenside.

Admirable as he was in all parts of his art, we most admire him for this, that while he has left us a greater number of striking portraits than all other dramatists put together, he has scarcely left us a single caricature.—Macaulay.

I remember, the players have often mentioned it as an honor to Shakespeare, that in his writing (whatsoever he penned) he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, would he had blotted a thousand.—Ben Jonson.

Highest among those who have exhibited human nature by means of dialogue stands Shakespeare. His variety is like the variety of nature,—endless diversity, scarcely any monstrosity.—Macaulay.

Whatever other learning he wanted, he was master of two books unknown to many profound readers, though books which the last conflagration can alone destroy,—I mean the book of nature and that of man.—Young.

If I say that Shakespeare is the greatest of intellects, I have said all concerning him. But there is more in Shakespeare's intellect than we have yet seen. It is what I call an unconscious intellect; there is more virtue in it than he himself is aware of.—Carlyle.

If he had sorrows, he has made them the woof of everlasting consolation to his kind; and if, as poets are wont to whine, the outward world was cold to him, its biting air did but trace itself in loveliest frostwork of fancy on the many windows of that self-centred and cheerful soul.—Lowell.

His imperial muse tosses the creation like a bauble from hand to hand, to embody any capricious thought that is uppermost in her mind. The remotest spaces of nature are visited, and the farthest sundered things are brought together by a subtle spiritual connection.—Emerson.

Shakespeare is of no age, nor, I may add, of any religion or party or profession. The body and substance of his works come out of the unfathomable depths of his own oceanic mind; his observation and reading supplied him with the drapery of his figures.—Coleridge.

No nation has produced anything like his equal. There is no quality in the human mind, there is no class of topics, there is no region of thought, in which he has not soared or descended, and none in which he has not said the commanding word.—Emerson.

Vast objects of remote altitude must be looked at a long while before they are ascertained. Ages are the telescope tubes that must be lengthened out for Shakespeare; and generations of men serve but a single witness to his claims.—Landor.

What king has he not taught state, as Talma taught Napoleon? What maiden has not found him finer than her delicacy? What lover has he not outloved? What sage has he not outseen? What gentleman has he not instructed in the rudeness of his behavior?—Emerson.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the stage, immortal Shakespeare rose;
Each change of many-colored life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new;
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain,
His powerful strokes presiding Truth impress'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.
—Dr. Johnson.

Shakespeare stands alone. His want of erudition was a most happy and productive ignorance; it forced him back upon his own resources, which were exhaustless. If his literary qualifications made it impossible for him to borrow from the ancients, he was more than repaid by the powers of his invention, which made borrowing unnecessary.—Colton.

For a good poet's made, as well as born,
And such wast thou! Look how the father's face
Lives in his issue; even so the race
Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shine
In his well-turned and true-filèd lines;
In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
As brandished at the eyes of ignorance.
—Ben Jonson.

There is something so wild, and yet so solemn, in the speeches of his ghosts, fairies, witches, and the like imaginary persons, that we cannot forbear thinking them natural, though we have no rule by which to judge of them, and must confess, if there are such beings in the world, it looks highly probable they should talk and act as he has represented them.—Addison.

When great poets sing,
Into the night new constellations spring,
With music in the air that dulls the craft
Of rhetoric. So when Shakespeare sang or laughed
The world with long, sweet Alpine echoes thrilled
Voiceless to scholars' tongues no muse had filled
With melody divine. —C. P. Cranch.

This figure that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut,
Wherein the graver had a strife
With Nature, to outdo the life:
Oh, could he but have drawn his wit
As well in brass, as he has hit
His face, the print would then surpass
All that was ever writ in brass;
But since he cannot, reader, look
Not on his picture, but his book.
—Ben Jonson.

In the first seat, in robe of various dyes,
A noble wildness flashing from his eyes,
Sat Shakespeare: in one hand a wand he bore,
For mighty wonders fam'd in days of yore:
The other held a globe, which to his will
Obedient turn'd, and own'd the master's skill:
Things of the noblest kind his genius drew,
And look'd through nature at a single view:
A loose he gave to his unbounded soul,
And taught new lands to rise, new seas to roll;
Call'd into being scenes unknown before,
And passing nature's bounds, was something more. —Churchill.

Among the English authors, Shakespeare has incomparably excelled all others. That noble extravagance of fancy, which he had in so great perfection, thoroughly qualified him to touch the weak, superstitious part of his readers' imagination, and made him capable of succeeding where he had nothing to support him besides the strength of his own genius.—Addison.

Shame

O shame! where is thy blush?—Shakespeare.

Those who fear not guilt yet start at shame.—Churchill.

Hide, for shame, Romans, your grandsires' images, that blush at their degenerate progeny!—Dryden.

A nightingale dies for shame if another bird sings better.—Burton.

I count him lost who is lost to shame.—Plautus.

False shame only is harmful.—Livy.

Where shame is, there is also fear.—Milton.

Conscience is a blushing, shamefaced spirit.—Shakespeare.

Shame is the dying embers of virtue.—H. W. Shaw.

Shame sticks ever close to the ribs of honor.—Middleton.

Nature's hasty conscience.—Miss Edgeworth.

Shame is a feeling of profanation.—Novalis.

If not yet lost to all the sense of shame.—Homer.

The most curious offspring of shame if shyness.—Sydney Smith.

To disregard what the world thinks of us is not only arrogant but utterly shameless.—Cicero.

Of all evils to the generous, shame is the most deadly pang.—Thomson.

The worst kind of shame is being ashamed of frugality or poverty.—Livy.

I am ashamed of my master and not of my servitude.—Seneca.

While shame keeps its watch, virtue is not wholly extinguished from the heart.—Burke.

It is the guilt, not the scaffold, which constitutes the shame.—Corneille.

I know not how to tell thee! Shame rises in my face, and interrupts the story of my tongue!—Otway.

Shame greatly hurts or greatly helps mankind.—Homer.

Shame may restrain what law does not prohibit.—Seneca.

In shame there is no comfort but to be beyond all bounds of shame.—Sir P. Sidney.

Shame is like the weaver's thread; if it breaks in the net, it is wholly imperfect.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Mortifications are often more painful than real calamities.—Goldsmith.

As soon as she (woman) begins to be ashamed of what she ought not, she will not be ashamed of what she ought.—Livy.

Nothing is truly infamous, but what is wicked; and therefore shame can never disturb an innocent and virtuous mind.—Sherlock.

He that blushes not at his crime, but adds shamelessness to shame, hath nothing left to restore him to virtue.—Thomas Fuller.

Love taught him shame, and shame, with love at strife,
Soon taught the sweet civilities of life.
—Dryden.

All is confounded, all!
Reproach and everlasting shame
Sits mocking in our plumes.
—Shakespeare.

But 'neath yon crimson tree,
Lover to listening maid might breathe his flame,
Nor mark, within its roseate canopy,
Her blush of maiden shame.
—Bryant.

The bold defiance of a woman is the certain sign of her shame; when she has once ceased to blush, it is because she has too much to blush for.—Talleyrand.

There are two restraints which God has laid upon human nature, shame and fear; shame is the weaker, and has place only in those in whom there are some reminders of virtue.—Tillotson.

I can bear scorpion's stings, tread fields of fire, in frozen gulfs of cold eternal lie, be tossed aloft through tracts of endless void, but cannot live in shame.—Joanna Baillie.

For often vice, provoked to shame, borrows the color of a virtuous deed; thus libertines are chaste, and misers good, a coward valiant, and a priest sincere.—Sewell.

That holy shame, which ne'er forgets
What clear renown it us'd to wear;
Whose blush remains when virtue sets,
To show her sunshine has been there.
—Moore.

And there's a lust in man no charm can tame
Of loudly publishing our neighbor's shame;
On eagle's wings immortal scandals fly,
While virtuous actions are but born and die.
—Juvenal.

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom, is—to die.
—Goldsmith.

He was not born to shame:
Upon his brow shame was asham'd to sit;
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth.
—Shakespeare.

When knaves and fools combin'd o'er all prevail,
When justice halts, and right begins to fail,
E'en then the boldest start from public sneers,
Afraid of shame—unknown to other fears.
More darkly sin, by satire kept in awe,
And shrink from ridicule, though not from law. —Byron.

Shame is a feeling of profanation. Friendship, love and piety ought to be handled with a sort of mysterious secrecy; they ought to be spoken of only in the rare moments of perfect confidence,—to be mutually understood in silence. Many things are too delicate to be thought.—many more, to be spoken.—Novalis.

Shamrock

O, the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
Chosen leaf
Of bard and chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock. —Moore.

I'll seek a four-leaved shamrock in all the fairy dells,
And if I find the charmèd leaves, oh, how I'll weave my spells!
—Samuel Lover.

Ships

The true ship is the ship builder.—Emerson.

And let our barks across the pathless flood
Hold different courses. —Scott.

Ships, dim discovered, dropping from the clouds.—Thomson.

Like ships that have gone down at sea,
When heaven was all tranquillity. —Moore.

And the wind plays on those great sonorous harps, the shrouds and masts of ships.—Longfellow.

Being in a ship is being in a jail, with the chance of being drowned.—Samuel Johnson.

Ships that sailed for sunny isles,
But never came to shore.
—Thos. Hervey.

She walks the waters like a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements to strife.
—Byron.

She bears her down majestically near,
Speed on her prow, and terror in her tier.
—Byron.

A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigged,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively have quit it.—Shakespeare.

There's not a ship that sails the ocean,
But every climate, every soil,
Must bring its tribute, great or small,
And help to build the wooden wall!
—Longfellow.

Build me straight, O worthy Master!
Staunch and strong, a goodly vessel
That shall laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!
—Longfellow.

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still.
—Tennyson.

Behold the threaden sails,
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
Breasting the lofty surge.—Shakespeare.

Heaven speed the canvas, gallantly unfurl'd,
To furnish and accommodate a world,
To give the Pole the produce of the sun,
And knit th' unsocial climates into one.
—Cowper.

Upon the gale she stoop'd her side,
And bounded o'er the swelling tide,
As she were dancing home;
The merry seamen laugh'd to see
Their gallant ship so lustily
Furrow the green-sea foam. —Scott.

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd thorne,
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were love-sick with them: the oars were silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes.—Shakespeare.

Shipwreck

He who has suffered shipwreck, fears to sail
Upon the seas, though with a gentle gale.
—Herrick.

Or shipwrecked, kindles on the coast
False fires, that others may be lost.
—Wordsworth.

Some hoisted out the boats, and there was one
That begged Pedrillo for an absolution,
Who told him to be damn'd,—in his confusion. —Byron.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell—
Then shriek'd the timid, and stood still the brave,—
Then some leap'd overboard with fearful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave.
—Byron.

O, I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,
Who had no doubt some noble creature in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart! poor souls! they perish'd. —Shakespeare.

But hark! what shriek of death comes in the gale,
And in the distant ray what glimmering sail
Bends to the storm?—Now sinks the note of fear!
Ah! wretched mariners!—no more shall day
Unclose his cheering eye to light ye on your way! —Mrs. Radcliffe.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.
—Longfellow.

In vain, alas! the sacred shades of yore
Would arm the mind with philosophic lore,
In vain they'd teach us, at the latest breath,
To smile serene amid the pangs of death.
—Falconer.

Again she plunges! hark! a second shock
Bilges the splitting vessel on the rock;
Down on the vale of death, with dismal cries,
The fated victims shuddering cast their eyes
In wild despair; while yet another stroke
With strong convulsion rends the solid oak:
Ah heaven!—behold her crashing ribs divide!
She loosens, parts, and spreads in ruin o'er the tide. —Falconer.

Sickness

If there be a regal solitude, it is a sick-bed. How the patient lords it there!—Lamb.

Sickness is a sort of early old age; it teaches us a diffidence in our earthly state.—Pope.

Few spirits are made better by the pain and languor of sickness; as few great pilgrims become eminent saints. —Thomas à Kempis.

In sickness let me not so much say, am I getting better of my pain? as am I getting better for it?—Shakespeare.

What, is Brutus sick,
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night?
—Shakespeare.

A malady
Preys on my heart that med'cine cannot reach. —Maturin.

Some maladies are rich and precious and only to be acquired by the right of inheritance or purchased with gold.—Nathaniel Hawthorne.

In sickness the soul begins to dress herself for immortality. And first she unties the strings of vanity that made her upper garments cleave to the world and sit uneasy.—Jeremy Taylor.

It is with diseases of the mind as with those of the body; we are half dead before we understand our disorders, and half cured when we do.—Colton.

The best of remedies is a beefsteak
Against sea-sickness; try it, sir, before
You sneer, and I assure you this is true,
For I have found it answer—so may you.
—Byron.

Sickness is the mother of modesty, as it puts us in mind of our mortality, and while we drive on heedlessly in the full career of worldly pomp and jollity, kindly pulls us by the ear, and brings us to a sense of our duty.—Burton.

Of all the know-nothing persons in this world, commend us to the man who has "never known a day's illness." He is a moral dunce, one who has lost the greatest lesson in life; who has skipped the finest lecture in that great school of humanity, the sick-chamber. —Hood.

It is in sickness that we most feel the need of that sympathy which shows how much we are dependent one upon another for our comfort, and even necessities. Thus disease, opening our eyes to the realities of life, is an indirect blessing.—Hosea Ballou.

When a man is laboring under the pain of any distemper, it is then that he recollects there is a God, and that he himself is but a man. No mortal is then the object of his envy, his admiration or his contempt; and, having no malice to gratify, the tales of slander excite him not.—Pliny.

He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake; 'tis true, this god did shake:
His coward lips did from their colour fly,
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world
Did lose his lustre. —Shakespeare.

As I see in the body, so I know in the soul; they are oft most desperately sick who are least sensible of their disease; whereas he that fears each light wound for mortal seeks a timely cure, and is healed. I will not reckon it my happiness that I have many sores, but since I have them, I am glad they grieve me. I know the cure is not the more dangerous because my wounds are more grievous; I should be more sick if I complained less.—Arthur Warwick.

The delicate face where thoughtful care already mingled with the winning grace and loveliness of youth, the too bright eye, the spiritual head, the lips that pressed each other with such high resolve and courage of the heart, the slight figure, firm in its bearing and yet so very weak.—Dickens.

Lemira's sick; make haste, the doctor call,
He comes: but where's his patient?—at the ball;
The doctor stares; her woman curtsies low,
And cries, "My lady, sir, is always so:
Diversions put her maladies to flight;
True, she can't stand, but she can dance all night:
I've known my lady (for she loves a tune)
For fevers take an opera in June:
And, though perhaps you'll think the practice bold,
A midnight park is sov'reign for a cold."
—Young.

Disease generally begins that equality which death completes; the distinctions which set one man so much above another are very little perceived in the gloom of a sick-chamber, where it will be vain to expect entertainment from the gay, or instruction from the wise; where all human glory is obliterated, the wit is clouded, the reasoner perplexed, and the hero subdued; where the highest and brightest of mortal beings finds nothing left him but the consciousness of innocence.—Johnson.

Sighs

To sigh, yet feel no pain.—Moore.

Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.—Gray.

He sighed;—the next resource is the full moon,
Where all sighs are deposited; and now
It happen'd luckily, the chaste orb shone.
—Byron.

My soul has rest, sweet sigh! alone in thee.—Petrarch.

Sped the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole.
—Pope.

Sighs

Which perfect Joy, perplexed for utterance,
Stole from her sister Sorrow.
—Tennyson.

But sighs subside, and tears (e'en widows') shrink,
Like Arno in the summer, to a shallow
So narrow as to shame their wintry brink,
Which threatens inundations deep and yellow!
Such diff'rence do a few months make. You'd think
Grief a rich field that never would lie fallow;
No more it doth; its ploughs but change their boys,
Who furrow some new soil to sow for joys.
—Byron.

Yet sighes, deare sighes, indeede true friends you are
That do not leave your left friend at the wurst,
But, as you with my breast, I oft have nurst
So, gratefull now, you waite upon my care.
—Sir Philip Sidney.

Sight

And for to se, and eek for to be seye.—Chaucer.

There is none so blind as they that won't see.—Swift.

And every eye
Gaz'd as before some brother of the sky.
—Homer.

Then purg'd with euphrasy and rue
The visual nerve, for he had much to see.
—Milton.

For sight is woman-like and shuns the old.
(Ah! he can see enough, when years are told,
Who backwards looks). —Victor Hugo.

And finds with keen, discriminating sight,
Black's not so black;—nor white so very white.
—Canning.

For any man with half an eye,
What stands before him may espy;
But optics sharp it needs I ween,
To see what is not to be seen.
—John Trumbull.

Our sight is the most perfect and most delightful of all our senses; it fills the mind with the largest variety of ideas;—converses with its objects at the greatest distance, and continues the longest in action without being tired or satiated with its proper enjoyments.—Addison.

Sight is by much the noblest of the senses. We receive our notices from the other four, through the organs of sensation only. We hear, we feel, we smell, we taste, by touch. But sight rises infinitely higher. It is refined above matter, and equals the faculty of spirit.—Sterne.

Signs

The sun shall be darkened, and the moon shall not give her light, and the stars shall fall from heaven, and the powers of the heavens shall be shaken. —Bible.

The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous, to the frighted fields. —Shakespeare.

And there shall be signs in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars; and upon the earth distress of nations, with perplexity; the sea and the waves roaring; men's hearts failing them for fear. —Bible.

Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!
Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky;
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,
That have consented unto Henry's death!
—Shakespeare.

At my nativity
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets; and, at my birth,
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shaked like a coward. —Shakespeare.

Silence

Keep thou the door of my lips.—Bible.

Silence is a true friend who never betrays.—Confucius.

Give thy thoughts no tongue.—Shakespeare.

Silence is the sanctuary of prudence.—Balthasar Gracian.

Silence is more eloquent than words. —Carlyle.

Silence! the pride of reason.—Holmes.

Great souls suffer in silence.—Schiller.

Speech is great, but silence is greater.—Carlyle.

Silence does not always mean wisdom.—Coleridge.

Silence is the mother of truth.—Earl of Beaconsfield.

Silence more musical than any song. —Christina G. Rossetti.

Silence in times of suffering is the best.—Dryden.

Silence never yet betrayed any one! —Rivarol.

To women silence gives their proper grace.—Sophocles.

Silence is the perfect herald of joy. —Shakespeare.

Not much talk,—a great, sweet silence.—Henry James, Jr.

Speech is of time, silence is of eternity.—Carlyle.

Come then, expressive Silence.—Thomson.

Silence is the best resolve for him who distrusts himself.—La Rochefoucauld.

The unspoken word never does harm. —Kossuth.

Silence sweeter is than speech.—D. M. Mulock.

There is no diplomacy like silence. —Beaconsfield.

The Muses were dumb while Apollo lectured.—Lamb.

Silence,—the applause of real and durable impressions.—Lamartine.

Still people are dangerous.—La Fontaine.

Nothing is more useful than silence. —Menander.

Silence never makes any blunders. —H. W. Shaw.

Silence that spoke, and eloquence of eyes.—Homer.

Silence in woman is like speech in man.—Ben Jonson.

Speak fitly, or be silent wisely.—George Herbert.

Silence, beautiful voice.—Tennyson.

Let us be silent, so we may hear the whisper of the gods.—Emerson.

Silent anguish is the more dangerous.—Racine.

I'll speak to thee in silence.—Shakespeare.

Be silent and safe—silence never betrays you.—John Boyle O'Reilly.

The silente man still suffers wrong. —J. P. Collier.

Silence is the eternal duty of man. —Carlyle.

The silence that is in the starry sky.—Wordsworth.

Still as the peaceful walks of ancient night; silent as are the lamps that burn on tombs.—Shakespeare.

Silence is not only never thirsty, but also never brings pain or sorrow. —Hippocrates.

Silently as a dream the fabric rose;
No sound of hammer or of saw was there.
—Cowper.

Shallow brookes murmur moste, deepe silent slide away.—Sir Philip Sidney.

There are some silent people who are more interesting than the best talkers.—Earl of Beaconsfield.

And they three passed over the white sands, between the rocks, silent as the shadows.—Coleridge.

Three Silences there are: the first of speech,
The second of desire, the third of thought.
—Longfellow.

With silence, nephew, be thou politic.—Shakespeare.

Silence holds the door against the strife of tongue and all the impertinences of idle conversation.—James Hervey.

And silence, like a poultice, comes
To heal the blows of sound.
—O. W. Holmes.

Silence is learned by the many misfortunes of life.—Seneca.

If a word be worth one shekel, silence is worth two.—Rabbi Ben Azai.

The deepest rivers make least din,
The silent soule doth most abound in care.
—Earl of Stirling.

By silence, I hear other men's imperfections and conceal my own.—Zeno.

Silence has been given to woman the better to express her thoughts.—Desnoyers.

To be silent is but a small virtue; but it is a serious fault to reveal secrets.—Ovid.

Silence is a figure of speech, unanswerable, short, cold, but terribly severe.—Theodore Parker.

Silence and simplicity obtrude on no one, but are yet two unequaled attractions in woman.—Lamartine.

Silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.
—Shakespeare.

Stillborn silence! thou that art
Flood-gate of the deeper heart!
—Richard Fleckno.

Even a fool, when he holdeth his peace, is counted wise.—Bible.

The nobleness of silence. The highest melody dwells only in silence, —the sphere melody, the melody of health.—Carlyle.

The silence of the people is a lesson for kings.—Soanen.

What shall I say to you? What can I say
Better than silence is? —Longfellow.

It is only reason that teaches silence. The heart teaches us to speak.—Richter.

As we must account for every idle word, so we must for every idle silence.—Franklin.

We may give more offense by our silence than even by impertinence.—Hazlitt.

I regret often that I have spoken, never that I have been silent.—Publius Syrus.

Her full heart—its own interpreter—translates itself in silence on her cheek.—Amelia B. Welby.

None preaches better than the ant, and she says nothing.—Franklin.

A judicious silence is always better than truth spoken without charity.—De Sales.

If thou desire to be held wise, be so wise as to hold thy tongue.—Quarles.

What manly eloquence could produce such an effect as woman's silence?—Michelet.

There is nothing wherein their womanliness is more honestly garnished than with silence.—Nicholas Udall.

There is likewise a reward for faithful silence.—Horace.

Be silent always, when you doubt your sense,
And speak, tho' sure, with seeming diffidence.
—Pope.

True gladness doth not always speak; joy bred and born but in the tongue is weak.—Ben Jonson.

To check the starts and sallies of the soul, and break off all its commerce with the tongue.—Addison.

After speech, silence is the greatest power in the world.—Lacordaire.

Silence is the understanding of fools and one of the virtues of the wise.—Bernard de Bonnard.

Silence is like nightfall; objects are lost in it insensibly.—Madame Swetchine.

The temple of our purest thoughts is—silence!—Mrs. Hale.

A beggar that is dumb, you know, may challenge double pity.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

There is an eloquent silence which serves to approve or to condemn: there is a silence of discretion and of respect.—La Rochefoucauld.

Silence, when nothing need be said, is the eloquence of discretion.—Bovee.

Silence is deep as eternity; speech is shallow as time.—Carlyle.

Be checked for silence, but never taxed for speech.—Shakespeare.

We can refute assertions, but who can refute silence?—Dickens.

Learn to hold thy tongue. Five words cost Zacharias forty weeks' silence.—Fuller.

Silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.
—Shakespeare.

Nothing at times is more expressive than silence.—George Eliot.

Do you think a woman's silence can be natural?—Farquhar.

Not every one who has the gift of speech understands the value of silence.—Lavater.

Silence often expresses more powerfully than speech the verdict and judgment of society.—Earl of Beaconsfield.

I shall leave the world without regret, for it hardly contains a single good listener.—Fontenelle.

Be silent, or say something better than silence.—Pythagoras.

Deep vengeance is the daughter of deep silence.—Alfieri.

The great silent man! Looking round on the noisy inanity of the world,—words with little meaning, actions with little worth,—one loves to reflect on the great Empire of Silence.—Carlyle.

O, my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise,
For saying nothing. —Shakespeare.

It is always observable that silence propagates itself, and that the longer talk has been suspended the more difficult it is to find anything to say.—Johnson.

Let me silent be;
For silence is the speech of love,
The music of the spheres above.
—R. H. Stoddard.

That silence is one of the great arts of conversation is allowed by Cicero himself, who says there is not only an art, but an eloquence in it.—Hannah More.

Silence, the great Empire of Silence: higher than all stars; deeper than the Kingdom of Death! It alone is great; all else is small.—Carlyle.

It is better to remain silent than to speak the truth ill-humoredly, and spoil an excellent dish by covering it with bad sauce.—St. Francis de Sales.

A person that would secure to himself great deference will, perhaps, gain his point by silence as effectually as by anything he can say.—Shenstone.

Of every noble work the silent part is best,
Of all expression, that which cannot be expressed. —W. W. Story.

It has been said with some meaning that if men would but rest in silence, they might always hear the music of the spheres.—Arthur Helps.

The people, doubtless, have the right to murmur, but they have also the right to be silent, and their silence is the lesson of kings.—Jean de Beauvais.

He who cannot withal keep his mind to himself cannot practice any considerable thing whatsoever.—Carlyle.

There is a silence which hath been no sound; there is a silence which no sound may be—in the cold grave.—Hood.

Silence is the safest response for all the contradiction that arises from impertinence, vulgarity, or envy.—Zimmermann.

If the prudence of reserve and decorum sometimes dictates silence, at others prudence of a higher order may justify speaking.—Burke.

When wit and reason both have fail'd to move
Kind looks and actions, (from success) do prove
Ev'n silence may be eloquent in love.
—Congreve.

Silence is a trick when it imposes. Pedants and scholars, churchmen and physicians, abound in silent pride.—Zimmermann.

Silence never shows itself to so great an advantage as when it is made the reply to calumny and defamation, provided that we give no just occasion for them.—Addison.

Silence is one of the hardest kind of arguments to refute. There is no good substitute for wisdom; but silence is the best that has yet been discovered.—H. W. Shaw.

The deepest life of nature is silent and obscure; so often the elements that move and mould society are the results of the sister's counsel and the mother's prayer.—Chapin.

To be silent is sometimes an art, yet not so great a one as certain people would have us believe, who are wisest when they are most silent.—Wieland.

I think the first virtue is to restrain the tongue; he approaches nearest to the gods who knows how to be silent, even though he is in the right.—Cato.

A man's profundity may keep him from opening on a first interview, and his caution on a second; but I should suspect his emptiness, if he carried on his reserve to a third.—Colton.

God's poet is silence! His song is unspoken,
And yet so profound, so loud, and so far,
It fills you, it thrills you with measures unbroken,
And as soft, and as fair, and as far as a star. —Joaquin Miller.

No one can take less pains than to hold his tongue. Hear much, and speak little; for the tongue is the instrument of the greatest good and greatest evil that is done in the world. —Sir Walter Raleigh.

Striving to tell his woes, words would not come;
For light cares speak, when mighty griefs are dumb. —Samuel Daniel.

What; gone without a word
Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;
For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it. —Shakespeare.

Silence is the element in which great things fashion themselves together, that, at length, they may emerge, full-formed and majestic, into the daylight of life, which they are henceforth to rule.—Carlyle.

He knows not how to speak who cannot be silent; still less how to act with vigor and decision. Who hastens to the end is silent; loudness is impotence.—Lavater.

The more a man desirous to pass at a value above his worth can contrast, by dignified silence, the garrulity of trivial minds, the more the world will give him credit for the wealth which he does not possess.—Bulwer-Lytton.

I like better for one to say some foolish thing upon important matters than to be silent. That becomes the subject of discussion and dispute, and the truth is discovered.—Diderot.

Nature, which has given us one organ for speaking, has given us two for hearing, that we may learn that it is better to hear than to speak.—Nabi Effendi.

Silence! coeval with eternity! thou wert ere Nature's self began to be; thine was the sway ere heaven was formed on earth, ere fruitful thought conceived creation's birth.—Pope.

Well might the ancients make silence a god; for it is the element of all godhood, infinitude, or transcendental greatness,—at once the source and the ocean wherein all such begins and ends.—Carlyle.

You know
There are moments when silence, prolonged and unbroken,
More expressive may be than all words ever spoken.
It is when the heart has an instinct of what
In the heart of another is passing.
—Owen Meredith.

True silence is the rest of the mind, and is to the spirit what sleep is to the body, nourishment and refreshment. It is a great virtue: it covers folly, keeps secrets, avoids disputes, and prevents sin.—William Penn.

Of all our loving Father's gifts,
I often wonder which is best,—
And cry: Dear God, the one that lifts
Our soul from weariness to rest,
The rest of Silence,—that is best.
—Mary Clemmer.

Down through the starry intervals,
Upon this weary-laden world,
How soft the soul of Silence falls!
How deep the spell wherewith she thralls,
How wide her mantle is unfurled.
—Mary Clemmer.

There is a silence, the child of love, which expresses everything, and proclaims more loudly than the tongue is able to do; there are movements that are involuntary proofs of what the soul feels.—Alfieri.

It is better either to be silent, or to say things of more value than silence. Sooner throw a pearl at hazard than an idle or useless word; and do not say a little in many words, but a great deal in a few.—Pythagoras.

Speech is often barren; but silence also does not necessarily brood over a full nest. Your still fowl, blinking at you without remark, may all the while be sitting on one addled nest-egg; and when it takes to cackling, will have nothing to announce but that addled delusion.—George Eliot.

Silence! Oh, well are Death and Sleep and Thou
Three brethren named, the guardians gloomy-winged,
Of one abyss, where life and truth and joy
Are swallowed up. —Shelley.

When a woman has the gift of silence she possesses a quality above the vulgar. It is a gift of Heaven seldom bestowed; without a little miracle it cannot be accomplished; and Nature suffers violence when Heaven puts a woman in the humor of observing silence.—Corneille.

They are the strong ones of the earth, the mighty food for good or evil, —those who know how to keep silence when it is a pain and a grief to them; those who give time to their own souls to wax strong against temptation, or to the powers of wrath to stamp upon them their withering passage.—Emerson.

Silence is one of the great arts of conversation, as allowed by Cicero himself, who says "there is not only an art, but an eloquence in it"; and this opinion is confirmed by a great modern, Lord Bacon. For a well-bred woman may easily and effectually promote the most useful and elegant conversation without speaking a word. The modes of speech are scarcely more variable than the modes of silence.—Blair.

Euripides was wont to say, silence was an answer to a wise man; but we seem to have greater occasion for it in our dealing with fools and unreasonable persons; for men of breeding and sense will be satisfied with reason and fair words.—Plutarch.

Simile

A good simile,—as concise as a king's declaration of love.—Sterne.

A good simile is the sunshine of wisdom.—Hosea Ballou.

Simplicity

Simplicity is the great friend of Nature.—Sterne.

Simplicity is a jewel rarely found.—Ovid.

Simplicity is a delicate imposition.—Rochefoucauld.

The expression of truth is simplicity.—Seneca.

Simplicity is oftenest an adroit pretence.—Mme. de Lambert.

There is a majesty in simplicity.—Pope.

The greatest truths are the simplest. Hosea Ballou.

Plain living and high thinking.—Wordsworth.

Affected simplicity is refined imposture.—Rochefoucauld.

We have exchanged the Washingtonian dignity for the Jeffersonian simplicity.—Bishop Potter.

There is a majesty in simplicity which is far above the quantities of wit.—Pope.

Simplicity, of all things, is the hardest to be copied.—Steele.

Generally nature hangs out a sign of simplicity in the face of a fool.—Fuller.

Nothing is more simple than greatness; indeed, to be simple is to be great.—Emerson.

There is one show of breeding vulgarity seldom assumes,—simplicity.—George MacDonald.

Simplicity is an exact medium between too little and too much.—Sir Joshua Reynolds.

The feeling heart, simplicity of life and elegance and taste.—Thomson.

Upright simplicity is the deepest wisdom, and perverse craft the merest shallowness.—Barrow.

The greatest truths are the simplest; and so are the greatest men.—Hare.

The fewer our wants, the nearer we resemble the gods.—Socrates.

There are certain occasions when, in art, simplicity is an audacious originality.—Achilles Poincelot.

Never anything can be amiss when simpleness and duty tender it.—Shakespeare.

In character, in manners, in style, in all things, the supreme excellence is simplicity.—Longfellow.

Whose nature is so far from doing harm,
That he suspects none. —Shakespeare.

An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.—Shakespeare.

The simple-hearted and sincere never do more than half deceive themselves.—Joubert.

To me more dear, congenial to my heart, one native charm, than all the gloss of art.—Goldsmith.

Simplicity of character is the natural result of profound thought.—Hazlitt.

How many undervalue the power of simplicity! But it is the real key to the heart.—Wordsworth.

Simplicity is a captivating grace in woman, as rare as it is attractive.—De Finod.

Simplicity is that grace which frees the soul from all unnecessary reflections upon itself.—Fénelon.

Genuine simplicity of heart is a healing and cementing principle.—Burke.

True elegance becomes the more so as it approaches simplicity.—Beecher.

Simplicity is Nature's first step, and the last of Art.—P. J. Bailey.

Nothing so truly becomes feminine beauty as simplicity.—Mme. Deluzy.

The mother of good spirits and companion of repose!—Nicolas Fontaine.

When a thought is too weak to be simply expressed, it is a clear proof that it should be rejected.—Vauvenargues.

Simplicity is the great friend to nature, and if I would be proud of anything in this silly world, it should be of this honest alliance.—Sterne.

How desirable is this simplicity! who will give it to me? I will quit all else; it is the pearl of great price. —Fénelon.

The true friend of truth and good loves them under all forms, but he loves them most under the most simple form.—Lavater.

A childlike mind in its simplicity practises that science of good to which the wise may be blind.—Schiller.

He alone is a man who can resist the genius of the age, the tone of fashion, with vigorous simplicity and modest courage.—Lavater.

Be simple and modest in your deportment, and treat with indifference whatever lies between virtue and vice. —Marcus Antoninus.

If you wish to be like a little child, study what a little child could understand,—Nature; and do what a little child could do,—love.—Charles Kingsley.

Her head was bare;
But for her native ornament of hair;
Which in a simple knot was tied above,
Sweet negligence, unheeded bait of love!
—Ovid.

It is far more difficult to be simple than to be complicated; far more difficult to sacrifice skill and cease exertion in the proper place, than to expend both indiscriminately.—Ruskin.

The fairest lives, in my opinion, are those which regularly accommodate themselves to the common and human model, without miracle, without extravagance.—Montaigne.

Albert Durer, the famous painter, used to say he had no pleasure in pictures that were painted with many colors, but in those which were painted with a choice simplicity. So it is with me as to sermons.—Luther.

Purity and simplicity are the two wings with which man soars above the earth and all temporary nature. Simplicity is in the intention, purity in the affection; simplicity turns to God; purity unites with and enjoys him.—Thomas à Kempis.

When a man is made up wholly of the dove, without the least grain of the serpent in his composition, he becomes ridiculous in many circumstances of life, and very often discredits his best actions.—Addison.

The farther we advance in knowledge, the more simplicity shall we discover in those primary rules that regulate all the apparently endless, complicated, and multiform operations of the Godhead.—Colton.

The world could not exist if it were not simple. This ground has been tilled a thousand years, yet its powers remain ever the same; a little rain, a little sun, and each spring it grows green again.—Goethe.

If thou hadst simplicity and purity, thou wouldst be able to comprehend all things without error, and behold them without danger. The pure heart safely pervades not only heaven, but hell.—Thomas à Kempis.

The best painters, as they progress in reputation and towards perfection, are found to dispense more and more with the technique of the art, for simpler methods. Simplicity never fails to charm.—Balzac.

Simplicity is the law of Nature for man as well as for flowers. When the tapestry (corolla) of the nuptial bed (calyx) is excessive, luxuriant, it is

unproductive. The fertile flowers are single, not double.—Thoreau.

I am convinced, both by faith and experience, that to maintain one's self on this earth is not a hardship but a pastime, if we will live simply and wisely; as the pursuits of the simpler nations are still the sports of the more artificial.—Thoreau.

Simplicity is the character of the spring of life, costliness becomes its autumn; but a neatness and purity, like that of the snow-drop or lily of the valley, is the peculiar fascination of beauty, to which it lends enchantment, and gives what amiability is to the mind.—Longfellow.

Simplicity is doubtless a fine thing, but it often appeals only to the simple. Art is the only passion of true artists. Palestrina's music resembles the music of Rossini, as the song of the sparrow is like the cavatina of the nightingale. Choose!—Mme. de Girardin.

The most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness,—one who loves life, and understands the use of it; obliging alike at all hours; above all, of a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor. For such an one we gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, the profoundest thinker. —Lessing.

Simplicity is the straightforwardness of a soul which refuses itself any reaction with regard to itself or its deeds. This virtue differs from and surpasses sincerity. We see many people who are sincere without being simple. They do not wish to be taken for other than what they are; but they are always fearing lest they should be taken for what they are not.—Fénelon.

Sin

Sin is essentially a departure from God.—Luther.

Sin is disease, deformity, and weakness.—Plato.

It is not the back, but the heart, that must bleed for sin.—South.

Death from sin no power can separate.—Milton.

Sin is a state of mind, not an outward act.—Sewell.

Sin will pluck on sin.—Shakespeare.

Sin and her shadow, death.—Milton.

Sin let loose speaks punishment at hand.—Cowper.

To step aside is human!—Burns.

Sin is ashamed of sin.—Chapman.

Every man has his devilish minutes. —Lavater.

So many laws argue so many sins, —Milton.

Pain is the outcome of sin.—Buddha.

Some sins do bear their privilege on earth.—Shakespeare.

Age whitens hairs, but not sin.—J. Petit-Senn.

'T is the will that makes the actior good or ill.—Herrick.

Every sin provokes its punishment. —A. Bronson Alcott.

Fears of sinning let in thoughts of sin.—Crabbe.

And love the sin for the dear sinner's sake.—Juvenal.

Few love to hear the sins they love to act.—Shakespeare.

But the trail of the serpent is over them all.—Moore.

Secret sins commonly lie nearest the heart.—Thomas Brooks.

Pride and conceit were the original sin of man.—Le Sage.

Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.—Shakespeare.

Sin is free, or you cannot make sin out of it.—Joseph Cook.

Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin.—Shakespeare.

O sin, what hast thou done to this fair earth!—Dana.

Sin writes histories; goodness is silent.—Goethe.

Sin, every day, takes out a patent for some new invention.—E. P. Whipple.

Poverty and wealth are comparative sins.—Victor Hugo.

There is the seed of all sins—of the vilest and worst of sins—in the best of men.—Thomas Brooks.

Nature has no promise for society, least of all, any remedy for sin.—Horace Bushnell.

O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In princely guards. —Shakespeare.

God hath yoked to guilt her pale tormentor, misery.—Bryant.

Sin is the only thing in the world which never had an infancy, that knew no minority.—South.

Where is the thief who cannot find bad when he hunts for it?—St. Augustine.

Vice is attended with temporary felicity, piety with eternal joy.—Bayard.

He that hath slight thoughts of sin never had great thoughts of God.—Rev. Dr. Owen.

Other men's sins are before our eyes, our own are behind our back.—Seneca.

Sin hath broke the world's sweet peace—unstrung
Th' harmonious chords to which the angels sung. —Dana.

I could not live in peace if I put the shadow of a wilful sin between myself and God.—George Eliot.

Sin may be clasped so close, we cannot see its face.—Trench.

The greater part of mankind are angry with the sinner and not with the sin.—Seneca.

I am a man
More sinned against than sinning.
—Shakespeare.

O, what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!
—Shakespeare.

Suffer anything from man, rather than sin against God.—Sir Henry Vane.

See sin in state, majestically drunk;
Proud as a peeress, prouder as a punk.
—Pope.

How shall I lose the sin yet keep the sense,
And love th' offender, yet detest the offence? —Pope.

In Adam's fall—
We sinned all.
—From the New England Primer.

Law can discover sin, but not remove,
Save by those shadowy expiations weak.
—Milton.

Every sin deserveth God's wrath and curse, both in this life and that which is to come.—Westminster Catechism.

Be not familiar with the idea of wrong, for sin in fancy mothers many an ugly fact.—Theodore Parker.

How immense appear to us the sins that we have not committed!—Madame Necker.

There are sins of omission as well as those of commission.—Mme. Deluzy.

Sin is not taken out of man, as Eve was out of Adam, by putting him to sleep.—Wendell Phillips.

It is not alone what we do, but also what we do not do, for which we are accountable.—Molière.

Where lives the man that hath not tried how mirth can into folly glide, and folly into sin?—Sir Walter Scott

A great sin is a course of wickedness abridged into one act.—South.

Angels for the good man's sin wept to record, and blushed to give it in.—Campbell.

Sin is the fruitful parent of distempers, and ill lives occasion good physicians.—South.

He is no man on whom perfections wait,
That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate. —Shakespeare.

Yes, every sin is a mistake, and the epitaph for the sinner is, "Thou fool." —Alexander Maclaren.

He that avoideth not small faults, by little and little falleth into greater. —Thomas à Kempis.

Besides the guilt of sin and the power of sin, there is the stain of sin. —Nathaniel Culverwell.

O, what authority and show of truth can cunning sin cover itself withal!—Shakespeare.

A man does not necessarily sin who does that which our reason and our conscience condemn.—J. G. Holland.

Drudgery and knowledge are of a kin,
And both descended from one parent sin.
—Butler.

Let guilty men remember their black deeds do lean on crutches made of slender reeds.—John Webster.

If we desire to judge justly, we must persuade ourselves that none of us is without sin.—Seneca.

It is the sin which we have not committed which seems the most monstrous.—Boileau.

The knowledge of my sin
Is half-repentance.
—Bayard Taylor.

There is no harder work in the world than sin.—South.

I have learned what a sin is against an infinite imperishable being, such as is the soul of man.—Coleridge.

Sin spoils the spirit's delicacy, and unwillingness deadens its susceptibility. —Charles H. Parkhurst.

The fact is that sin is the most unmanly thing in God's world. You never were made for sin and selfishness. You were made for love and obedience.—J. G. Holland.

Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall;
Some run from breaks of ice, and answer none:
And some condemned for a fault alone.
—Shakespeare.

Our sins, like to our shadows when our day is in its glory, scarce appeared; towards our evening how great and monstrous they are!—Suckling.

My sin is the black spot which my bad act makes, seen against the disk of the Sun of Righteousness. Hence religion and sin come and go together. —Charles H. Parkhurst.

As sins proceed they ever multiply, and like figures in arithmetic, the last stands for more than all that went before it.—Sir Thomas Browne.

Evil courses can yield pleasure no longer than while thought and reflection can be kept off.—Richardson.

Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes. —Shakespeare.

Men scanning the surface count the wicked happy; they see not the frightful dreams that crowd a bad man's pillow.—Tupper.

Sin is never at a stay; if we do not retreat from it, we shall advance in it; and the farther on we go, the more we have to come back.—Barrow.

Not only commission makes a sin. A man is guilty of all those sins he hateth not. If I cannot avoid all, yet I will hate all.—Bishop Hall.

If we did not first take great pains to corrupt our nature, our nature would never corrupt us.—Clarendon.

There is a vast difference between sins of infirmity and those of presump-

tion, as vast as between inadvertency and deliberation.—South.

Sin is the insurrection and rebellion of the heart against God; it turns from Him, and turns against Him; it takes up arms against God.—Richard Alleine.

No sin is small. It is a sin against an infinite God, and may have consequences immeasurable. No grain of sand is small in the mechanism of a watch.—Jeremy Taylor.

I learn the depth to which I have sunk from the length of the chain let down to up-draw me. I ascertain the mightiness of the ruin by examining the machinery for restoration.—Henry Melvill.

There is no immunity from the consequences of sin; punishment is swift and sure to one and all.—Hosea Ballou.

Cast out thy Jonah—every sleeping and secure sin that brings a tempest upon thy ship, vexation to thy spirit. —Reynolds.

He who has it in his power to commit sin, is less inclined to do so. The very idea of being able, weakens the desire.—Ovid.

We are all sinful. Therefore whatever we blame in another we shall find in our own bosoms.—Seneca.

A man cannot practise sin and be a good citizen. Burke says very truly: "Whatever disunites man from God disunites man from man."—Chapin.

If ye do well, to your own behoof will ye do it; and if ye do evil, against yourselves will ye do it.—Koran.

When thou art preparing to commit a sin, think not that thou wilt conceal it; there is a God that forbids crimes to be hidden.—Tibullus.

God made sin possible just as he made all lying wonders possible, but he never made it a fact, never set anything in his plan to harmonize with it. Therefore it enters the world as a forbidden fact against everything that God has ordained.—Horace Bushnell.

Confess thee freely of thy sin; for to deny each article with oath, cannot remove nor choke the strong conception that I do groan withal.—Shakespeare.

Never let any man imagine that he can pursue a good end by evil means, without sinning against his own soul! Any other issue is doubtful; the evil effect on himself is certain.—Southey.

Sin is dark and loves the dark, still hides from itself in gloom, and in the darkest hell is still itself the darkest hell and the severest woe.—Pollok.

The wicked are wicked, no doubt, and they go astray and they fall, and they come by their deserts; but who can tell the mischief which the very virtuous do?—Thackeray.

Thou wilt not chronicle our sand-like sins;
For sin is small, and mean, and barren.
Good
Only is great, and generous, and fruitful.
Number the mountains, not the sands, O
God! —Bailey.

Earnest toil and strong endeavour
Of a spirit which within
Wrestles with familiar evil
And besetting sin. —Whittier.

Know'st thou not all germs of evil
In thy heart await their time?
Not thyself, but God's restraining,
Stays their growth of crime.
—Whittier.

Think not for wrongs like these unscourged to live;
Long may ye sin, and long may Heaven forgive;
But when ye least expect, in sorrow's day,
Vengeance shall fall more heavy for delay.
—Churchill.

Anger and just rebuke, and judgment given,
That brought into this world a world of woe,
Sin and her shadow Death, and Misery,
Death's harbinger. —Milton.

Let him that sows the serpent's teeth not hope to reap a joyous harvest. Every crime has, in the moment of its perpetration, its own

avenging angel,—dark misgivings at the inmost heart.—Schiller.

Man-like is it to fall into sin,
Fiend-like is it to dwell therein,
Christ-like is it for sin to grieve,
God-like is it all sin to leave.
—Friedrich von Logau.

Come, now again, thy woes impart,
Tell all thy sorrows, all thy sin,
We cannot heal the throbbing heart
Till we discern the wounds within.
—Crabbe.

The sin that now rises to memory as your bosom sin, let this first of all be withstood and mastered. Oppose it instantly by a detestation of it, by a firm will to conquer it, by reflection, by reason, and by prayer.—W. E. Channing.

Every single gross act of sin is much the same thing to the conscience that a great blow or fall is to the head; it stuns and bereaves it of all use of its senses for a time.—South.

Although a man has so well purged his mind that nothing can trouble or deceive him any more, yet he reached his present innocence through sin.—Seneca.

I am in process of bringing all my sins to light for the purpose of getting rid of them. We never know how rich we are until we break up housekeeping!—Hénault.

No man can be stark naught at once. Let us stop the progress of sin in our soul at the first stage, for the farther it goes the faster it will increase.—Fuller.

There are some sins which are more justly to be denominated surprises than infidelities. To such the world should be lenient, as, doubtless, Heaven is forgiving.—Massillon.

It should console us for the fact that sin has not totally disappeared from the world, that the saints are not wholly deprived of employment.—Simms.

He that falls into sin is a man, that grieves at it is a saint, that boasteth of it is a devil; yet some glory in that shame, counting the stains of sin the best complexion of their souls.—Fuller.

If thou wouldst conquer thy weakness, thou must never gratify it. No man is compelled to evil: his consent only makes it his. It is no sin to be tempted, but to be overcome.—William Penn.

It is the goodly outside that sin puts on which tempteth to destruction. It has been said that sin is like the bee, with honey in its mouth, but a sting in its tail.—Hosea Ballou.

A sturdy, hardened sinner shall advance to the utmost pitch of impiety, with less reluctance than he took the first step while his conscience was yet vigilant and tender.—Atterbury.

The greatest penalty of evil-doing is to grow into the likeness of bad men, and, growing like them, to fly from the conversation of the good, and be cut off from them, and cleave to and follow after the company of the bad. —Plato.

The whole sum and substance of human history may be reduced to this maxim: that when man departs from the divine means of reaching the divine end, he suffers harm and loss.—Theodore Parker.

They say sin touches not a man so near
As shame a woman; yet he too should be
Part of the penance, being more deep than she
Set in the sin. —Swinburne.

Though some of you with Pilate wash your hands
Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates
Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.
—Shakespeare.

Sin first is pleasing, then it grows easy, then delightful, then frequent, then habitual, then confirmed; then the man is impenitent, then he is obstinate, then he is resolved never to repent, and then he is ruined.—Leighton.

Many afflictions will not cloud and obstruct peace of mind so much as one

sin: therefore, if you would walk cheerfully, be most careful to walk holily. All the winds about the earth make not an earthquake, but only that within.—Archbishop Leighton.

Were the visage of sin seen at a full light, undressed and unpainted, it were impossible, while it so appeared, that any one soul could be in love with it, but would rather flee from it as hideous and abominable.—Leighton.

Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.
—Shakespeare.

Remember that every guilty compliance with the humors of the world, every sinful indulgence of our own passions, is laying up cares and fears for the hour of darkness; and that the remembrance of ill-spent time will strew our sick-bed with thorns, and rack our sinking spirits with despair. —Bishop Heber.

St. Augustine used to say that, but for God's grace, he should have been capable of committing any crime; and it is when we feel this sincerely, that we are most likely to be really improving, and best able to give assistance to others without moral loss to ourselves.—H. P. Liddon.

'Tis fearful building upon any sin;
One mischief enter'd, brings another in:
The second pulls a third, the third draws more.
And they for all the rest set ope the door:
Till custom take away the judging sense,
That to offend we think it no offence.
—Smith.

Of all the ingenious mistakes into which erring man has fallen, perhaps none have been so pernicious in their consequences, or have brought so many evils into the world, as the popular opinion that the way of the transgressor is pleasant and easy.—Hosea Ballou.

O sin, how you paint your face! how you flatter us poor mortals on to death! You never appear to the sinner in your true character; you make fair promises, but you never fulfil one; your tongue is smoother than oil, but the poison of asps is under your lip! —Hosea Ballou.

Some voluntary castaways there will always be, whom no fostering kindness and no parental care can preserve from self-destruction; but if any are lost for want of care and culture, there is a sin of omission in the society to which they belong.—Southey.

An Italian proverb says, "In men every mortal sin is venial; in woman every venial sin is mortal." And a German axiom, that "There are only two good women in the world: one of them is dead, and the other is not to be found."—G. A. Sala.

A few sensual and voluptuous persons may for a season eclipse this native light of the soul, but can never so wholly smother and extinguish it but that, at some lucid intervals, it will recover itself again, and shine forth to the conviction of their conscience.—Bentley.

Sin is a basilisk whose eyes are full of venom. If the eye of thy soul see her first, it reflects her own poison and kills her; if she see thy soul, unseen, or seen too late, with her poison, she kills thee: since therefore thou canst not escape thy sin, let not thy sin escape thy observation.—Quarles.

Take steadily some one sin, which seems to stand out before thee, to root it out, by God's grace, and every fibre of it. Purpose strongly, by the grace and strength of God, wholly to sacrifice this sin or sinful inclination to the love of God, to spare it not, until thou leave of it none remaining, neither root nor branch.—E. B. Pusey.

Every man has a paradise around him until he sins, and the angel of an accusing conscience drives him from his Eden. And even then there are holy hours, when this angel sleeps, and man comes back, and with the innocent eyes of a child looks into his lost paradise again.—Longfellow.

You cannot stay the shell in its flight; after it has left the mortar,

it goes on to its mark, and there explodes, dealing destruction all around. Just as little can you stay the consequences of a sin after it has been committed. You may repent of it, you may even be forgiven for it, but still it goes on its deadly and desolating way. It has passed entirely beyond your reach; once done, it cannot be undone. —Wm. M. Taylor.

Her rash hand in evil hour
Forth reaching to the fruit, she pluck'd, she eat;
Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat
Sighing through all her works gave signs of woe
That all was lost. —Milton.

Use sin as it will use you; spare it not, for it will not spare you; it is your murderer, and the murderer of the whole world. Use it, therefore, as a murderer should be used; kill it before it kills you; and though it brings you to the grave, as it did your head, it shall not be able to keep you there. You love not death; love not the cause of death.—Baxter.

From love of grace,
Lay not that flatt'ring unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks:
It will but skin and film the ulc'rous place;
Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen; confess yourself to heav'n;
Repent what's past, avoid what is to come;
And do not spread the compost on the weeds
To make them ranker. —Shakespeare.

O the dangerous siege
Sin lays about us! And the tyranny
He exercises when he hath expung'd,
Like to the horror of a winter's thunder,
Mix'd with a gushing storm; that suffers nothing
To stir abroad on earth, but their own rages,
Is sin, when it hath gather'd head above us:
No roof, no shelter can secure us so,
But he will drown our cheeks in fear or woe. —Chapman.

Sin! Sin! Thou art a hateful and horrible thing, that abominable thing which God hates. And what wonder? Thou hast insulted His holy majesty; thou hast bereaved Him of beloved children; thou hast crucified the Son of His infinite love; thou hast vexed His gracious Spirit; thou hast defied His power; thou hast despised His grace; and in the body and blood of Jesus, as if that were a common thing, thou hast trodden under foot His matchless mercy. Surely, brethren, the wonder of wonders is, that sin is not that abominable thing which we also hate.—Thomas Guthrie.

We are saved from nothing if we are not saved from sin. Little sins are pioneers of hell. The backslider begins with what he foolishly considers trifling with little sins. There are no little sins. There was a time when all the evil that has existed in the world was comprehended in one sinful thought of our first parent; and all the now evil is the numerous and horrid progeny of one little sin.—Howell.

Sincerity

Private sincerity is a public welfare. —Bartol.

Sincerity is the most compendious wisdom.—Chesterfield.

Weak persons cannot be sincere.—Rochefoucauld.

Sincerity is religion personified.—Chapin.

Faithfulness and sincerity first of all.—Confucius.

Her words are trusty heralds to her mind.—John Ford.

Sweet is true love, though given in vain.—Tennyson.

Loss of sincerity is loss of vital power.—Bovee.

Don't be "consistent," but be simply true.—Holmes.

Bashful sincerity and comely love. —Shakespeare.

Sincerity is the face of the soul, as dissimulation is the mask.—Sanial-Dubay.

There is no time so miserable but a man may be true.—Shakespeare.

To God, thy country, and thy friend be true.—Henry Vaughan.

A silent address is the genuine eloquence of sincerity.—Goldsmith.

Frank sincerity, though no invited guest, is free to all, and brings his welcome with him.—Havard.

Better is the wrong with sincerity, rather than the right with falsehood. —Tupper.

Sincerity is the way of heaven; to think how to be sincere is the way of man.—Mencius.

The only conclusive evidence of a man's sincerity is that he give himself for a principle.—Lowell.

Sincerity is impossible unless it pervade the whole being; and the pretence of it saps the very foundation of character.—Lowell.

The superior man * * * in regard to his speech * * * is anxious that it should be sincere.—Confucius.

There is no greater delight than to be conscious of sincerity on self-examination.—Mencius.

The true measure of life is not length, but honesty.—John Lyly.

Those who love with purity consider not the gift of the lover, but the love of the giver.—Thomas à Kempis.

Never apologize for showing feeling. My friend, remember that when you do so you apologize for truth.—Beaconsfield.

I should say sincerity, a deep, great, genuine sincerity, is the first characteristic of all men in any way heroic.—Carlyle.

Sincerity is the indispensable ground of all conscientiousness, and by consequence of all heartfelt religion.—Kant.

Let us then be what we are, and speak what we think, and in all things keep ourselves loyal to truth, and the sacred professions of friendship.—Longfellow.

It is with sincere affection or friendship as with ghosts and apparitions,—a thing that everybody talks of, and scarce any hath seen.—Rochefoucauld.

The more honesty a man has, the less he affects the air of a saint. The affectation of sanctity is a blotch on the face of piety.—Lavater.

Truth and fidelity are the pillars of the temple of the world; when these are broken, the fabric falls, and crushes all to pieces.—Owen Feltham.

He hath a heart as sound as a bell and his tongue is the clapper, for what his heart thinks his tongue speaks.—Shakespeare.

Men should be what they seem;
Or those that be not, would they might seem none! —Shakespeare.

Sincerity is to speak as we think, to do as we pretend and profess, to perform and make good what we promise, and really to be what we would seem and appear to be.—Tillotson.

I hope I shall always possess firmness and virtue enough to maintain, what I consider the most enviable of all titles, the character of an "honest man."—Washington.

I think you will find that people who honestly mean to be true really contradict themselves much more rarely than those who try to be "consistent."—Holmes.

Sincerity is an openness of heart; it is found in a very few people, and that which we see commonly is not it, but a subtle dissimulation, to gain the confidence of others.—Rochefoucauld.

An inward sincerity will of course influence the outward deportment; but where the one is wanting, there is great reason to suspect the absence of the other.—Sterne.

A silent, great soul; he was one of those who cannot but be in earnest;

whom Nature herself has appointed to be sincere.—Carlyle.

His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for's power to thunder. His heart's his mouth;
What his breast forges that his tongue must vent. —Shakespeare.

He that does as well in private between God and his own soul as in public, hath given himself a testimony that his purposes are full of honesty, nobleness, and integrity.—Jeremy Taylor.

The whole faculties of man must be exerted in order to call forth noble energies; and he who is not earnestly sincere lives in but half his being, self-mutilated, self-paralyzed.—Coleridge.

If the show of any thing be good for any thing, I am sure sincerity is better; for why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have such a quality as he pretends to? —Tillotson.

Sincerity and honesty carry one through many difficulties which all the arts he can invent would never help him through.—Stillingfleet.

The happy talent of pleasing either those above or below you seems to be wholly owing to the opinion they have of your sincerity * * * There need be no more said in honor of it than that it is what forces the approbation of your opponents.—Steele.

You know I say
Just what I think, and nothing more nor less.
And, when I pray, my heart is in my prayer.
I cannot say one thing and mean another:
If I can't pray, I will not make believe!
—Longfellow.

Let grace and goodness be the principal loadstone of thy affections; for love which hath ends will have an end, whereas that which is founded on true love will always continue.—Dryden.

The only conclusive evidence of a man's sincerity is that he gives himself for a principle. Words, money all things else, are comparatively easy to give away; but when a man makes a gift of his daily life and practice, it is plain that the truth whatever it may be, has taken possession of him.—Lowell.

Sincerity is the most compendious wisdom, an excellent instrument for the speedy despatch of business. It creates confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the labor of many inquiries, and brings things to an issue in few words.—Chesterfield.

He who is sincere hath the easiest task in the world, for, truth being always consistent with itself, he is put to no trouble about his words and actions; it is like traveling in a plain road, which is sure to bring you to your journey's end better than byways in which many lose themselves. —Tillotson.

No man can produce great things who is not thoroughly sincere in dealing with himself, who would not exchange the finest show for the poorest reality, who does not so love his work that he is not only glad to give himself for it, but finds rather a gain than a sacrifice in the surrender.—Lowell.

Sincerity,
Thou first of virtues, let no mortal leave
Thy onward path, although the earth should gape,
And from the gulf of hell destruction rise,—
To take dissimulation's winding way.
—Home.

Sincerity's my chief delight,
The darling pleasure of the mind;
O that I could to her invite,
All the whole race of human kind:
Take her, mortals, she's worth more
Than all your glory, all your fame,
Than all your glittering boasted store,
Than all the things that you can name,
She'll with her bring a joy divine,
All that's good, and all that's fine.
—Lady Chudleigh.

Now the best way in the world to seem to be anything is really to be what we would seem to be. Besides that it is many times as troublesome to make good the pretence of a good quality as to have it, and if a man

have it not it is ten to one but he is discovered to want it, and then all his pains and labor to seem to have it is lost.—Tillotson.

I remember a passage of one of Queen Elizabeth's great men, as advice to his friend. "The advantage," says he, "I had upon others at court was that I always spoke as I thought; which being not believed by them, I both preserved a good conscience, and suffered no damage from that freedom"; which, as it shows the vice to be older than our times, so does it that gallant man's integrity to be the best way of avoiding it.—William Penn.

Singers

He the sweetest of all singers.—Longfellow.

O! she will sing the savageness out of a bear.—Shakespeare.

His tongue is now a stringless instrument.—Shakespeare.

I do but sing because I must,
And pipe but as the linnets sing.
—Tennyson.

When God helps all the workers for His world,
The singers shall have help of Him, not last. —Mrs. Browning.

For my voice, I have lost it with hollaing and singing of anthems.—Shakespeare.

Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung
With feigning voice verses of feigning love.
—Shakespeare.

But one Puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes.—Shakespeare.

Forever singing, as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine.
—Addison.

Sweetest the strain when in the song
The singer has been lost.
—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

So she poured out the liquid music of her voice to quench the thirst of his spirit.—Nath. Hawthorne.

I love a ballad but even too well; if it be doleful matter, merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably.—Shakespeare.

Sang in tones of deep emotion,
Songs of love and songs of longing.
—Longfellow.

* * * Songs of that high art
Which, as winds do in the pine,
Find an answer in each heart.
—Longfellow.

I send my heart up to thee, all my heart
In this my singing!
For the stars help me, and the sea bear part. —Robert Browning.

Singing has nothing to do with the affairs of this world: it is not for the law. Singers are merry, and free from sorrows and cares.—Martin Luther.

Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek.
—Milton.

God sent His Singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to Heaven again.
—Longfellow.

Olympian bards who sung
Divine ideas below,
Which always find us young
And always keep us so.
—Emerson.

At every close she made, th' attending throng
Replied, and bore the burden of the song:
So just, so small, yet in so sweet a note,
It seem'd the music melted in the throat.
—Dryden.

Three merry boys, and three merry boys,
And three merry boys are we,
As ever did sing in a hempen string
Under the gallow-tree.
—Beaumont and Fletcher.

Above the clouds I lift my wing
To hear the bells of Heaven ring;
Some of their music, though my flights be wild,
To Earth I bring;
Then let me soar and sing!
—E. C. Stedman.

Among all the instruments which sound in Haydn's child's concerts, that best serves the purposes of educational music which is born with the

performer,—the voice. In the childhood of nations speaking was singing. —Richter.

Sing, seraph with the glory! heaven is high.
Sing, poet with the sorrow! earth is low.
The universe's inward voices cry
"Amen" to either song of joy and woe.
Sing, seraph, poet! sing on equally!
—Mrs. Browning.

Sing again, with your dear voice revealing
A tone
Of some world far from ours,
Where music and moonlight and feeling
Are one. —Shelley.

Every night he comes
With musics of all sorts and songs compos'd
To her unworthiness: it nothing steads us
To chide him from our eaves; for he persists
As if his life lay on't. —Shakespeare.

But would you sing, and rival Orpheus' strain,
The wond'ring forests soon should dance again;
The moving mountains hear the powerful call,
And headlong streams hang listening in their fall! —Pope.

The tenor's voice is spoilt by affectation,
And for the bass, the beast can only bellow;
In fact, he had no singing education,
An ignorant, noteless, timeless, tuneless fellow;
But being the prima donna's near relation,
Who swore his voice was very rich and mellow,
They hired him, though to hear him you'd believe
An ass was practicing recitative.
—Byron.

O Carril, raise again thy voice! let me hear the song of Selma, which was sung in my halls of joy, when Fingal, king of shields, was there, and glowed at the deeds of his fathers.—Ossian.

Singularity

No two on earth in all things can agree;
All have some darling singularity:
Women and men, as well as girls and boys,
In gewgaws take delight, and sigh for toys,
Your sceptres and your crowns, and such like things,
Are but a better kind of toys for kings.
In things indifferent reason bids us choose,
Whether the whim's a monkey or a muse.
—Churchill.

He who would be singular in his apparel had need have something superlative to balance that affectation.—Feltham.

Let those who would affect singularity with success first determine to be very virtuous, and they will be sure to be very singular.—Colton.

Skull

Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table on a roar?—Shakespeare.

Look on its broken arch, its ruined wall,
Its chambers desolate, its portals foul;
Yes, this was once ambition's airy hall,
The dome of thought, the palace of the soul. —Byron.

Thou hollow skull! what meanings lurk
Beneath that grin? 'tis but to say
Thy brain like mine was once at work
With thoughts that led thee far astray;
Longing for truth, you sought the day's clear light,
But miserably stray'd in gloom and night
—Goethe.

O empty vault of former glory!
Where'er thou wert in time of old,
Thy surface tells thy living story
Though now so hollow, dead, and cold:
For in thy form is yet descried
The traces left of young desire;
The painter's art, the statesman's pride,
The muse's song, the poet's fire;
But these, forsooth, now seem to be
Mere lumps on thy periphery.
—Dr. Forster.

These various organs show the place
Where friendship lov'd, where passion glow'd,
Where veneration grew in grace,
Where justice sway'd, where man was proud—
Whence wit its slippery sallies threw
On vanity, thereby defeated;
Where hope's imaginary view
Of things to come (fond fool) is seated;
Where circumspection made us fear,
'Mid gleams of joy some danger near.
—Dr. Forster

Sky

The starry cope of heaven.—Milton

The silence that is in the starry sky.—Wordsworth.

Green calm below, blue quietness above.—Whittier.

The sky is full of tokens which speak to the intelligent.—Hugh Miller.

This majestical roof, fretted with golden fire.—Shakespeare.

To understand that the sky is everywhere blue, we need not go round the world.—Goethe.

How bravely autumn paints upon the sky the gorgeous fame of summer which is fled!—Hood.

The heavens are nobly eloquent of the Deity, and the most magnificent heralds of their Maker's praise.—James Hervey.

That golden sky, which was the doubly blessed symbol of advancing day and of approaching rest.—George Eliot.

And they were canopied by the blue sky, so cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful, that God alone was to be seen in heaven.—Byron.

The soft blue sky did never melt
Into his heart; he never felt
The witching of the soft blue sky!
—Wordsworth.

The mountain at a given distance
In amber lies;
Approached, the amber flits a little,—
And that's the skies!
—Emily Dickinson.

Sometimes gentle, sometimes capricious, sometimes awful, never the same for two minutes together: almost human in its passions, almost spiritual in its tenderness, almost divine in its infinity.—Ruskin.

When I look into the blue sky, it seems so deep, so peaceful, so full of a mysterious tenderness, that I could lie for centuries, and wait for the dawning of the face of God out of the awful loving-kindness.—George MacDonald.

Heaven's ebon vault,
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
Seems like a canopy which love has spread
To curtain her sleeping world.
—Shelley.

The starry heaven, though it occurs so very frequently to our view, never fails to excite an idea of grandeur. This cannot be owing to anything in the stars themselves, separately considered. The number is certainly the cause. The apparent disorder augments the grandeur; for the appearance of care is highly contrary to our ideas of magnificence. Besides, the stars lie in such apparent confusion as makes it impossible, on ordinary occasions, to reckon them. This gives them the advantage of a sort of infinity.—Burke.

The moon has set
In a bank of jet
That fringes the Western sky.
The pleiads seven
Have sunk from heaven
And the midnight hurries by;
My hopes are flown
And alas! alone
On my weary couch I lie. —Sappho.

Sky is the part of creation in which Nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him and teaching him, than in any other of her works, and it is just the part in which we least attend to her.—Ruskin.

Slander

Slander is the solace of malignity. —Joubert.

On Rumor's tongue continual slanders ride.—Shakespeare.

Speak not evil one of another, brethren.—Bible.

Slander is the balm of malignity.—Chamfort.

There is no protection against slander.—Molière.

Cut men's throats with whisperings.—Ben Jonson.

Done to death by slanderous tongues. —Shakespeare.

No sword bites so fiercely as an evil tongue.—Sir P. Sidney.

I hate the man who builds his name
On ruins of another's fame. —Gay.

Read not my blemishes in the world's report.—Shakespeare.

A generous heart repairs a slanderous tongue.—Homer.

Slander is a complication, a comprisal and sum of all wickedness.—Barrow.

Never throw mud. You may miss your mark, but you must have dirty hands.—Joseph Parker.

Soft-buzzing Slander; silly moths that eat
An honest name. —Thomson.

The tongue of slander is too prompt with wanton malice to wound the stranger.—Æschylus.

They talk as they are wont, not as I merit; traduce by custom, as most dogs do bark.—Ben Jonson.

Thou wrong'st a gentleman who is as far from thy report as thou from honor.—Shakespeare.

Quick-circulating slanders mirth afford; and reputation bleeds in every word.—Churchill.

Slander lives upon succession, forever housed where it gets possession. —Shakespeare.

Calumny would soon starve and die of itself if nobody took it in and gave it lodging.—Leighton.

Slander is the revenge of a coward, and dissimulation his defence.—Johnson.

There would not be so many open mouths if there were not so many open ears.—Bishop Hall.

Slander meets no regard from noble minds; only the base believe what the base only utter.—Beller.

If slander be a snake, it is a winged one. It flies as well as creeps.—Douglas Jerrold.

The slander of some people is as great a recommendation as the praise of others.—Fielding.

Slanderers do not hurt me, because they do not hit me.—Socrates.

Where it concerns himself, who is angry at a slander makes it true.—Ben Jonson.

There is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail.—Shakespeare.

He rams his quill with scandal and with
scoff;
But 'tis so very foul, it won't go off.
—Young.

What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy
tongue
In noise so rude against me?
—Shakespeare.

Slander is a most serious evil; it implies two who do wrong, and one who is doubly wronged.—Herod.

Does not the law of Heaven say blood for
blood?
And he who taints kills more than he who
sheds it. —Byron.

I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here;
Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd
spear. —Shakespeare.

One doth not know
How much an ill word may empoison liking.
—Shakespeare.

Those who murder fame
Kill more than life destroyers. —Savage.

'Twas slander filled her mouth with lying
words;
Slander, the foulest whelp of Sin.
—Pollok.

A slander is like a hornet; if you cannot kill it dead the first blow, better not strike at it.—H. W. Shaw.

All slander must still be strangled in its birth, or time will soon conspire to make it strong enough to overcome the truth.—Sir W. Davenant.

When will talkers refrain from evil-speaking? When listeners refrain from evil-hearing.—Hare.

Have patience awhile; slanders are not long-lived. Truth is the child of Time; erelong she shall appear to vindicate thee.—Kant.

Slander, whose whisper over the world's diameter, as level as the can

non to its blank, transports his poisoned shot.—Shakespeare.

The proper way to check slander is to despise it; attempt to overtake and refute it, and it will outrun you.—Alex. Dumas.

The best way is to slander Valentine with falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent,—three things that women highly hold in hate.—Shakespeare.

There is nobody so weak of invention that cannot make some little stories to villify his enemy.—Addison.

As by flattery a man opens his bosom to his mortal enemy; so by detraction and slander he shuts the same to his best friends.—South.

Slander is a vice that strikes a double blow, wounding both him that commits and him against whom it is committed.—Saurin.

When the tongue of slander stings thee, let this be thy comfort,—they are not the worst fruits on which the wasps alight.—Bürger.

Remember, when incited to slander, that it is only he among you who is without sin that may cast the first stone.—Hosea Ballou.

The worthiest people are the most injured by slander, as we usually find that to be the best fruit which the birds have been pecking at.—Swift.

Set a watch over thy mouth, and keep the door of thy lips, for a talebearer is worse than a thief.—Bible.

Slander soaks into the mind as water into low and marshy places, where it becomes stagnant and offensive.—Confucius.

It is always to be understood, that a lady takes all you detract from the rest of her sex to be a gift to her.—Addison.

Enemies carry about slander, not in the form in which it took its rise. * * * The scandal of men is everlasting; even then does it survive when you would suppose it to be dead.—Plautus.

Curse the tongue whence slanderous rumor, like the adder's drop, distils her venom, withering friendship's faith, turning love's favor.—James A. Hillhouse.

There are * * * robberies that leave man or woman forever beggared of peace and joy, yet kept secret by the sufferer.—George Eliot.

If I can do it
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him.
—Shakespeare.

It is a busy talking world,
That with licentious breath blows like the wind
As freely on the palace, as the cottage.
—Rowe.

Slander, in the strict meaning of the term, comes under the head of lying; but it is a kind of lying which, like its antithesis flattery, ought to be set apart for special censure. —Washington Gladden.

What is slander? A verdict of "guilty" pronounced in the absence of the accused, with closed doors, without defense or appeal, by an interested and prejudiced judge.—Joseph Roux.

Slugs crawl and crawl over our cabbages, like the world's slander over a good name. You may kill them, it is true; but there is the slime.—Douglas Jerrold.

Oh! many a shaft, at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant;
And many a word, at random spoken,
May soothe or wound a heart that's broken.
—Walter Scott.

In all cases of slander currency, whenever the forger of the lie is not to be found, the injured parties should have a right to come on any of the indorsers.—Sheridan.

Those men who carry about and who listen to accusations should all be hanged, if so it could be at my decision —the carriers by their tongues, the listeners by their ears.—Plautus.

The surest method against scandal is to live it down by perseverance in well-doing, and by prayer to God that He would cure the distempered mind of those who traduce and injure us.—Boerhaave.

No might nor greatness in mortality can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny the whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?—Shakespeare.

Fond of those hives where folly reigns,
And cards and scandal are the chains,
Where the pert virgin slights a name,
And scorns to redden into shame.
—Swift.

Slander is perhaps the only vice which no circumstance can palliate, as well as being one which we are most ingenious in concealing from ourselves. —Massillon.

Believe nothing against another, but on good authority; nor report what may hurt another, unless it be a greater hurt to another to conceal it.—William Penn.

Slanderers are at all events economical for they make a little scandal go a great way, and rarely open their mouths except at the expense of other people.—Chatfield.

There is a lust in man no charm can tame,
Of loudly publishing his neighbour's shame;
On eagle's wings immortal scandals fly;
While virtuous actions are but born and die.
—Harvey.

The feeblest vermin can destroy,
As sure as stoutest beasts of prey;
And only with their eyes and breath
Infect, and poison men to death.
—Butler.

Malicious slander never would have leisure
To search, with prying eyes, for faults abroad,
If all, like me, consider'd their own hearts,
And wept the sorrows which they found at home. —Rowe.

It is a pretty general rule that the *médisante* is a termagant in her household; and as for our own sex, in nine cases out of ten, the evil tongue belongs to a disappointed man.—Bancroft.

What indulgence does the world extend to those evil-speakers who, under the mask of friendship, stab indiscriminately with the keen, though rusty blade of slander!—Mme. Roland.

Those who, without knowing us, think or speak evil of us, do no harm; it is not us they attack, but the phantom of their own imagination.—Bruyère.

Life would be a perpetual flea-hunt if a man were obliged to run down all the innuendoes, inveracities, insinuations and suspicions which are uttered against him.—Beecher.

Listen not to a tale-bearer or slanderer, for he tells thee nothing out of good-will; but as he discovereth of the secrets of others, so he will of thine in turn.—Socrates.

There is nothing which wings its flight so swiftly as calumny, nothing which is uttered with more ease; nothing is listened to with more readiness, nothing dispersed more widely.—Cicero.

I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,
Have not devis'd this slander.
—Shakespeare.

If Parliament were to consider the sporting with reputation of as much importance as sporting on manors, and pass an act for the preservation of fame as well as game, there are many who would thank them for the bill.—Sheridan.

So fruitful is slander in variety of expedients to satiate as well as disguise itself. But if these smoother weapons cut so sore, what shall we say of open and unblushing scandal, subjected to no caution, tied down to no restraints?—Sterne.

There is evil enough in man, God knows; but it is not the mission of every young man and woman to detail and report it all. Keep the atmosphere as pure as possible, and fragrant with gentleness and charity.—John Hall.

Close thine ear against him that shall open his mouth secretly against another. If thou receivest not his words, they fly back and wound the reporter. If thou dost receive them, they fly forward and wound the receiver.—Lavater.

Slander'd to death by villains,
That dare as well answer a man indeed
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue:
Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milksops!
—Shakespeare.

If any one tells you that such a person speaks ill of you, do not make excuse about what is said of you, but answer: "He was ignorant of my other faults, else he would not have mentioned these alone."—Epictetus.

The whisper'd tale,
That, like the fabling Nile, no fountain knows:
Fair-faced Deceit, whose wily conscious eye
Ne'er looks direct; the tongue that licks the dust,
But, when it safely dares, as prompt to sting.
—Thomson.

When a mean wretch cannot vie with another in virtue, out of his wickedness he begins to slander. The abject envious wretch will slander the virtuous man when absent, but when brought face to face his loquacious tongue becomes dumb.—Saadi.

Slander's mark was ever yet the fair;
The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.
So thou be good, slander doth but approve
Thy worth the greater. —Shakespeare.

We must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new trimm'd. —Shakespeare.

If any speak ill of thee, flee home to thy own conscience, and examine thy heart: if thou be guilty, it is a just correction; if not guilty, it is a fair instruction: make use of both; so shalt thou distil honey out of gall, and out of an open enemy create a secret friend.—Quarles.

Any one who is much talked of must be much maligned. This seems to be a harsh conclusion; but when you consider how much more given men are to depreciate than to appreciate, you will acknowledge that there is some truth in the saying.—Helps.

Slander is a poison which extinguishes charity, both in the slanderer and in the person who listens to it; so that a single calumny may prove fatal to an infinite number of souls; since it kills not only those who circulate it, but also all those who do not reject it. —St. Bernard.

Whence proceeds this weight we lay
On what detracting people say?
Their utmost malice cannot make
Your head, or tooth, or finger ache;
Nor spoil your shapes, distort your face,
Or put one feature out of place.
—Swift.

Slander,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Out-venoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world: kings, queens, and states,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters.
—Shakespeare.

Skilled by a touch to deepen scandal's tints,
With all the kind mendacity of hints,
While mingling truth with falsehood, sneers with smiles,
A thread of candor with a web of wiles;
A plain blunt show of briefly-spoken seeming,
To hide her bloodless heart's soul-harden'd scheming;
A lip of lies, a face formed to conceal;
And, without feeling, mock at all who feel:
With a vile mask the Gorgon would disown,
A cheek of parchment, and an eye of stone.
—Byron.

Nor do they trust their tongues alone,
But speak a language of their own;
Can read a nod, a shrug, a look,
Far better than a printed book;
Convey a libel in a frown,
And wink a reputation down;
Or, by the tossing of a fan,
Describe the lady and the man. —Swift.

How frequently is the honesty and integrity of a man disposed of by a smile or shrug! How many good and generous actions have been sunk into oblivion by a distrustful look, or stamped with the imputation of pro-

ceeding from bad motives, by a mysterious and seasonable whisper!—Sterne.

To be continually subject to the breath of slander will tarnish the purest virtue, as a constant exposure to the atmosphere will obscure the brightness of the finest gold; but in either case the real value of both continues the same, although the currency may be somewhat impeded.—Colton.

Slavery

Corrupted freemen are the worst of slaves.—David Garrick.

Base is the slave that pays.—Shakespeare.

Nothing in the world is lawless except a slave.—J. C. and A. W. Hare.

How great would be our peril if our slaves began to number us!—Seneca.

It is an irrepressible conflict between opposing and enduring forces.—William H. Seward.

Good kings are slaves, and their people are free.—Marie Leszczinski.

Not the Christian religion only, but nature herself, cries out against the state of slavery.—Leo X.

Thou art a slave, whom fortune's tender arm
With favour never clasp'd; but bred a dog.
—Shakespeare.

Slavery tolerates no freedom of the press, no freedom of speech, no freedom of opinion.—Hinton Rowan Helper.

Freedom and slavery! the one is the name of virtue, and the other of vice, and both are acts of the will.—Epictetus.

They (the blacks) had no rights which the white man was bound to respect.—Roger B. Taney.

Where slavery is there liberty cannot be, and where liberty is there slavery cannot be.—Charles Sumner.

A soil whose air is deemed too pure for slaves to breathe in.—Lofft.

Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still,
Slavery! said I—still thou art a bitter draught.
—Sterne.

Where bastard Freedom waves
Her fustian flag in mockery over slaves.
—Moore.

I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free.—Abraham Lincoln.

Whatever day
Makes man a slave, takes half his worth away.
—Homer.

No more slave states and no more slave territory.—Simon P. Chase.

That execrable sum of all villainies commonly called the slave-trade.—John Wesley.

Slavery is also as ancient as war, and war as human nature.—Voltaire.

In giving freedom to the slave we assure freedom to the free—honorable alike in what we give and what we preserve.—Abraham Lincoln.

The man who gives me employment which I must have or suffer, that man is my master, let me call him what I will.—Henry George.

By the law of slavery, man, created in the image of God, is divested of the human character, and declared to be a mere chattel.—Chas. Sumner.

Mechanic slaves
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view. —Shakespeare.

The slave power dares anything, and it can be conquered only by the united masses of the people. From Congress to the people, I appeal.—Charles Sumner.

Slavery is the parent of ignorance, and ignorance begets a whole brood of follies and vices; and every one of these is inevitably hostile to literary culture.—Hinton Rowan Helper.

Slavery it is that makes slavery; freedom, freedom. The slavery of women happened when the men were slaves of kings.—Emerson.

Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free:
They touch our country and their shackles fall. —Cowper.

There is not a man living who wishes more sincerely than I do to see a plan adopted for the abolition of slavery.—Washington.

And ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves. —Robert Paine.

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
* * * *
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.
—Lowell.

I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earn'd. —Cowper.

What! mothers from their children riven!
What! God's own image bought and sold!
Americans to market driven,
And bartered as the brute for gold!
—Whittier.

Our fellow-countrymen in chains!
Slaves—in a land of light and law!
Slaves—crouching on the very plains
Where rolled the storm of Freedom's war! —Whittier.

He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
Not color'd like his own, and having pow'r
T' enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause
Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.
—Cowper.

A Christian! going, gone!
Who bids for God's own image?—for His grace,
Which that poor victim of the market-place
Hath in her suffering won?
—Whittier.

This is a world of compensations, and he who would be no slave must consent to have no slave. Those who deny freedom to others deserve it not for themselves, and, under a just God, they cannot long retain it.—Lincoln.

Sharp penury afflicts these wretched isles!
There hope ne'er dawns, and pleasure never smiles.
The vassal wretch contented drags his chain,
And hears his famish'd babes lament in vain. —Falconer.

Measure slavery by the golden rule, and where is it? * * * It stands in the way of that automatic instinct of progress which is eternal in the human race and irresistible in human history.—Theodore Parker.

Enslave a man and you destroy his ambition, his enterprise, his capacity. In the constitution of human nature, the desire of bettering one's condition is the mainspring of effort. The first touch of slavery snaps this spring.—Horace Mann.

You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts
Because you bought them.
—Shakespeare.

The very mudsills of society. * * * We call them slaves. * * * But I will not characterize that class at the north with that term; but you have it. It is there, it is everywhere, it is eternal.—James H. Hammond.

Resolved, That the compact which exists between the North and the South is a covenant with death and an agreement with hell; involving both parties in atrocious criminality, and should be immediately annulled.—Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

The hearts within thy valleys bred,
The fiery souls that might have led
Thy sons to deeds sublime,
Now crawl from cradle to the grave,
Slaves—nay, the bondsmen of a slave,
And callous, save to crime. —Byron.

I never mean, unless some particular circumstances should compel me to do it, to possess another slave by purchase, it being among my first wishes to see some plan adopted by which slavery in this country may be abolished by law.—George Washington.

Slavery destroys, or vitiates, or pollutes, whatever it touches. No interest of society escapes the influence of its clinging curse. It makes Southern religion a stench in the nostrils of Christendom; it makes Southern politics a libel upon all the principles of republicanism; it makes Southern literature a travesty upon the honorable profession of letters.—Hinton Rowan Helper.

O execrable son! so to aspire
Above his brethren, to himself assuming
Authority usurp'd, from God not given.
He gave us only over beast, fish, fowl,
Dominion absolute; that right we hold
By his donation; but man over men
He made not lord; such title to himself
Reserving, human left from human free.
—Milton.

A crowd of shivering slaves of every nation,
And age, and sex, were in the market rang'd;
Each bevy with the merchant in his station:
Poor creatures! their good looks were sadly chang'd;
All save the blacks seem'd jaded with vexation,
From friends, and home, and freedom far estrang'd.
The negroes more philosophy display'd,—
Used to it, no doubt, as eels are to be flay'd. —Byron.

Ill-fated race! the softening arts of peace,
Whate'er the humanizing muses teach;
The godlike wisdom of the tempered breast;
Progressive truth, the patient force of thought;
Investigation calm, whose silent powers
Command the world; the light that leads to heaven;
Kind equal rule, the government of laws,
And all-protecting freedom, which alone
Sustains the name and dignity of man:
These are not theirs. —Thomson.

Slavery is no scholar, no improver; it does not love the whistle of the railroad; it does not love the newspaper, the mailbag, a college, a book or a preacher who has the absurd whim of saying what he thinks; it does not increase the white population; it does not improve the soil; everything goes to decay.—Emerson.

Sleep

How sweet, though lifeless, yet with life to lie; and without dying, oh, how sweet to die!—John Wolcott.

He giveth His beloved sleep.—Bible.

Night's sepulchre.—Byron.

Heaven trims our lamps while we sleep.—Alcott.

Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!—Young.

Sleep and Death are brothers.—Diogenes.

Sleep in peace, and wake in joy.—Scott.

Downy sleep, death's counterfeit.—Shakespeare.

Sleep, the antechamber of the grave.—Richter.

Our foster-nurse of nature is repose.—Shakespeare.

Sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye.—Shakespeare.

Sweet nurse of nature, over the senses creep.—Churchill.

Voluptuous as the first approach of sleep.—Byron.

Sleep, thou most gentle of the deities.—Ovid.

Inviting sleep and soft forgetfulness.—Wordsworth.

I let fall the windows of mine eyes.—Shakespeare.

Thou driftest gently down the tides of sleep.—Longfellow.

After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.—Shakespeare.

At my feet the city slumbered.—Longfellow.

The mystery of folded sleep.—Tennyson.

He sleeps well who is not conscious that he sleeps ill.—Bacon.

The soul shares not the body's rest. —Maturin.

Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber. —Shakespeare.

Fatigue is the best pillow.—Franklin.

Be sure they sleep not whom God needs.—Robert Browning.

No; death is not an eternal sleep.—Robespierre.

How many sleep who keep the world awake!—Young.

Sleep is the best cure for waking troubles.—Cervantes.

The world of sleep has an existence of its own.—Victor Hugo.

Sleepless themselves to give their readers sleep.—Pope.

I pray you, let none of your people stir me;
I have an exposition of sleep come upon me. —Shakespeare.

The timely dew of sleep, now falling with soft slumbrous weight, inclines our eyelids.—Milton.

The drowsy frightened steeds that draw the litter of close-curtained sleep.—Milton.

Sleep, riches, and health are only truly enjoyed after they have been interrupted.—Richter.

Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep.—Bible.

O sleep, why dost thou leave me? why thy visionary joys remove?—Congreve.

Weariness can snore upon the flint, when restive sloth finds the down pillow hard.—Shakespeare.

Sleep is a generous thief; he gives to vigor what he takes from time.—Elizabeth, Queen of Roumania.

God gives sleep to the bad, in order that the good may be undisturbed.—Saadi.

One hour's sleep before midnight is worth two after.—Fielding.

As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltless labor,
When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones.
—Shakespeare.

Sweet sleep fell upon his eyelids, unwakeful, most pleasant, the nearest like death.—Homer.

Deep rest, and sweet, most like indeed to death's own quietness.—Virgil.

A holy thing is sleep, on the worn spirit shed, and eyes that wake to weep.—Mrs. Hemans.

Sleep, to the homeless thou art home; the friendless find in thee a friend.—Ebenezer Elliott.

Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course, chief nourisher in life's feast.—Shakespeare.

Great eaters and great sleepers are incapable of anything else that is great.—Henry IV. of France.

Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.
—Scott.

O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her
And be her sense but as a monument.
—Shakespeare.

Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid.
—Shakespeare.

Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause
—Young.

It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter. —Shakespeare.

And to tired limbs and over-busy thoughts
Inviting sleep and soft forgetfulness.
—Wordsworth.

Be thy sleep
Silent as night is, and as deep.
—Longfellow.

Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep.—Shakespeare.

No one but an adventurous traveler can know the luxury of sleep.—Earl of Beaconsfield.

Sleep and death, two twins of winged race,
Of matchless swiftness, but of silent pace.
—Pope.

What probing deep
Has ever solved the mystery of sleep?
—T. B. Aldrich.

And on their lids * * *
The baby Sleep is pillowed. —Shelley.

Balow, my babe, lye still and sleipe,
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.
—Percy.

O sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole.
—Coleridge.

Strange state of being! (for 'tis still to be)
Senseless to feel, and with seal'd eyes to see. —Byron.

What all so soon asleep; I wish mine eyes
Would with themselves shut up my thoughts. —Shakespeare.

There are a kind of men so loose of soul,
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs.
—Shakespeare.

Thou hast been called, O sleep! the friend of woe;
But 'tis the happy who have called thee so.
—Southey.

Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie.
—Shakespeare.

Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest. —Shakespeare.

Sleep will bring thee dreams in starry number—
Let him come to thee and be thy guest.
—Aytoun.

Near the Cimmerians, in his dark abode, deep in a cavern dwells the drowsy god.—Dryden.

Sleep is pain's easiest salve, and doth fulfill all offices of death, except to kill.—Donne.

The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe, the poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release.—Sir P. Sidney.

All sense of hearing and of sight enfold in the serene delight and quietude of sleep.—Longfellow.

The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And Nature must obey necessity.

Life's nurse, sent from heaven to create us anew day by day.—Reade.

When in the down I sink my head,
Sleep, Death's twin-brother, times my breath. —Tennyson.

Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep.—Shakespeare.

Sleep is death's younger brother, and so like him, that I never dare trust him without my prayers.—Sir Thomas Browne.

Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself! —Shakespeare.

Sleep, the fresh dew of languid love, the rain
Whose drops quench kisses till they burn again. —Shelley.

Take thou of me, sweet pillowes, sweetest bed;
A chamber deafe of noise, and blind of light,
A rosie garland and a weary hed.
—Sir Philip Sidney.

Kind sleep affords
The only boon the wretched mind can feel;
A momentary respite from despair.
—Murphy.

Bid them come forth and hear me.
Or at their chamber-door I'll beat the drum
Till it cry sleep to death. —Shakespeare.

There is one sweet lenitive at least for evils, which nature holds out; so I took it kindly at her hands, and fell asleep.—Sterne.

O gentle sleep! my welcome breath shall hail thee midst our mortal strife, who art the very thief of life, the very portraiture of death.—Alonzo de Ledesma.

Sleep is no servant of the will; it has caprices of its own: when courted most, it lingers still; when most pursued, 'tis swiftly gone.—Bowring.

Sleep hath its own world, a boundary between the things misnamed death and existence.—Byron.

Well the art thou knowest in soft forgetfulness to steep the eyes which sorrow taught to watch and weep.—Mrs. Tighe.

Balm that tames all anguish, saint that evil thoughts and aims takest away, and into souls dost creep, like to a breeze from heaven.—Wordsworth.

In a sound sleep the soul goes home to recruit her strength, which could not else endure the wear and tear of life.—Rahel.

Sleep is a god too proud to wait in palaces, and yet so humble too as not to scorn the meanest country cottages. —Cowley.

The long sleep of death closes our scars, and the short sleep of life our wounds. Sleep is the half of time which heals us.—Richter.

O magic sleep! O comfortable bird
That broodest o'er the troubled sea of the mind
Till it is hush'd and smooth! —Keats.

Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night,
Brother to Death, in silent darkness born;
Relieve my languish, and restore the light.
—Samuel Daniel.

To bed, to bed; sleep kill those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy senses,
As infants empty of all thought.
—Shakespeare.

When the sheep are in the fauld, and a' the kye at hame,
And all the weary world to sleep are gane.
—Lady Ann Barnard.

Even sleep is characteristic. How beautiful are children in their lovely innocence! how angel-like their blooming features! and how painful and anxious is the sleep of the guilty!—Wilhelm von Humboldt.

Sleep, the type of death, is also, like that which it typifies, restricted to the earth. It flies from hell, and is excluded from heaven.—Colton.

Put off thy cares with thy clothes; so shall thy rest strengthen thy labor; and so shall thy labor sweeten thy rest.—Quarles.

Sleep lingers all our lifetime about our eyes, as night hovers all day in the boughs of the fir-tree.—Emerson.

We sleep, but the loom of life never stops; and the pattern which was weaving when the sun went down is weaving when it comes up to-morrow. —Beecher.

I never take a nap after dinner but when I have had a bad night, and then the nap takes me.—Samuel Johnson.

Sleep, that knits up the raveled sleave of care, the death of each day's life, sore labor's bath, balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course, chief nourisher in life's feast.—Shakespeare.

Alike to the slave and his oppressor cometh night with sweet refreshment, and half of the life of the most wretched is gladdened by the soothings of sleep.—Tupper.

Sleep, gentle sleep, nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee, that thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down, and steep my senses in forgetfulness?—Shakespeare.

Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose to the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude, and in the calmest and most stillest night, with all appliances and means to boot, deny it to a king? —Shakespeare.

Sleep! to the homeless, thou art home
The friendless find in thee a friend;
And well is, wheresoe'er he roams,
Who meets thee at his journey's end.
—Ebenezer Elliott.

Oh, sleep! sweet sleep!
Whatever form thou takest, thou art fair
Holding unto our lips thy goblet filled
Out of oblivion's well, a healing draught
—Longfellow.

We wake sleeping, and sleep waking. I do not see so clearly in my sleep; but as to my being awake, I

never found it clear enough and free from clouds.—Montaigne.

For next to Death is Sleepe to be compared;
Therefore his house is unto his annext:
Here Sleepe, ther Richesse, and hel-gate them both betwext. —Spenser.

Thou lead them thus,
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep. —Shakespeare.

Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday. —Shakespeare.

Oh! lightly, lightly tread!
A holy thing is sleep,
On the worn spirit shed,
And eyes that wake to weep. —Mrs. Hemans.

Sleep is a death, O make me try,
By sleeping, what it is to die:
And as gently lay my head
On my grave, as now my bed. —Sir Thomas Browne.

O sleep! in pity thou art made
A double boon to such as we;
Beneath closed lids and folds of deepest shade
We think we see. —Frothingham.

These should be hours for necessities, not for delights; times to repair our nature with comforting repose, and not for us to waste these times.—Shakespeare.

O soft embalmer of the still midnight!
Shutting, with careful fingers and benign,
Our gloom-pleased eyes, embower'd from the light,
Enshaded in forgetfulness divine.
—Keats.

O peaceful Sleep! until from pain released
I breathe again uninterrupted breath!
Ah, with what subtile meaning did the Greek
Call thee the lesser mystery, at the feast
Whereof the greater mystery is death.
Longfellow.

Leave your bed upon the first desertion of sleep; it being ill for the eyes to read lying, and worse for the mind to be idle; since the head during that laziness is commonly a cage for unclean thoughts.—F. Osborn.

In due season he betakes himself to his rest; he (the Christian) presumes not to alter the ordinance of day and night, nor dare confound, where distinctions are made by his Maker.—Bishop Hall.

O sleep, we are beholden to thee, sleep;
Thou bearest angels to us in the night,
Saints out of heaven with palms. Seen by thy light
Sorrow is some old tale that goeth not deep;
Love is a pouting child.
—Jean Ingelow.

Let youth cherish sleep, the happiest of earthly boons, while yet it is at its command; for there cometh the day to all when "neither the voice of the lute nor the birds" shall bring back the sweet slumbers that fell on their young eyes as unbidden as the dews.—Bulwer-Lytton.

There are many ways of inducing sleep—the thinking of purling rills, or waving woods; reckoning of numbers; droppings from a wet sponge fixed over a brass pan, etc. But temperance and exercise answer much better than any of these succedaneums.—Sterne.

Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward into souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this—
"He giveth His beloved sleep?"

His dews drop mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men sow and reap.
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
"He giveth His beloved sleep."
—Mrs. Browning.

Is there aught in sleep can charm the wise?
To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
The fleeting moments of too short a life;
Total extinction of th' enlighten'd soul,
* * * * *
Who would in such a gloomy state remain
Longer than nature craves? —Thomson.

We are somewhat more than ourselves in our sleep; and the slumber of the body seems to be but the waking of the soul. It is the ligation of sense, but the liberty of reason; and our waking conceptions do not match the fancies of our sleep.—Sir T. Browne.

Sleep, thou repose of all things; sleep, thou gentlest of the deities; thou peace of the mind, from which care flies; who doest soothe the hearts of men wearied with the toils of the day, and refittest them for labor.—Ovid.

Beauties, when disposed to sleep,
Should from the eye of keen inspector keep:
The lovely nymph who would her swain surprise,
May close her mouth, but not conceal her eyes;
Sleep from the fairest face some beauty takes,
And all the homely features homelier makes. —Crabbe.

Softly, O midnight hours!
Move softly o'er the bowers
Where lies in happy sleep a girl so fair:
For ye have power, men say,
Our hearts in sleep to sway
And cage cold fancies in a moonlight snare.
—Aubrey Thos. De Vere.

To sleep, perchance to dream; ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. —Shakespeare.

O polish'd perturbation! golden care!
That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night! sleep with it now!
Yet not so sound and half so deeply sweet
As he whose brow with homely biggen bound
Snores out the watch of night.
—Shakespeare.

On your eyelids crown the god of sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness,
Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep
As is the difference betwixt day and night
The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east.
—Shakespeare.

"God bless the man who first invented sleep!"
So Sancho Panza said and so say I;
And bless him, also, that he didn't keep
His great discovery to himself, nor try
To make it,—as the lucky fellow might—
A close monopoly by patent right.
—J. G. Saxe.

The breath of peace was fanning her glorious brow, her head was bowed a very little forward, and a tress, escaping from its bonds, fell by the side of her pure white temple, and close to her just opened lips; it hung there motionless! no breath disturbed its repose! She slept as an angel might sleep, having accomplished the mission of her God.—Hawthorne.

For I am weary, and am overwrought
With too much toil, with too much care distraught,
And with the iron crown of anguish crowned.
Lay thy soft hand upon my brow and cheek,
O peaceful Sleep!
—Longfellow.

On eyes that watch as well as eyes that weep
Descends the solemn mystery of sleep,
Toiling and climbing to the very close,
The weary Body, longing for repose,
On the gained level of the day's ascent,
Halts for the night and pitches there its tent. —Abraham Coles.

Visit her, gentle Sleep! with wings of healing,
And may this storm be but a mountain-birth,
May all the stars hang bright above her dwelling,
Silent as though they watched the sleeping Earth! —Coleridge.

What means this heaviness that hangs upon me?
This lethargy that creeps through all my senses?
Nature, oppress'd and harass'd out with care,
Sinks down to rest. —Addison.

'Tis the voice of the sluggard; I hear him complain;
"You've waked me too soon, I must slumber again.
* * * * * *
A little more sleep and a little more slumber." —Watts.

How he sleepeth! having drunken
Weary childhood's mandragore,
From his pretty eyes have sunken
Pleasures to make room for more—
Sleeping near the withered nosegay which
he pulled the day before.
—E. B. Browning.

One-half of life is admitted by us to be passed in sleep, in which, however, it may appear otherwise, we have no perception of truth, and all our feelings are delusions; who knows but the other half of life, in which we

think we are awake, is a sleep also, but in some respects different from the other, and from which we wake when we, as we call it, sleep. As a man dreams often that he is dreaming, crowding one dreamy delusion on another.—Pascal.

Sleep on, Baby, on the floor.
Tired of all the playing,
Sleep with smile the sweeter for
That you dropped away in!
On your curls' full roundness stand
Golden lights serenely—
One cheek, pushed out by the hand,
Folds the dimple inly.
—E. B. Browning.

She sleeps: her breathings are not heard
In palace chambers far apart,
The fragrant tresses are not stirr'd
That lie upon her charmed heart.
She sleeps: on either hand upswells
The gold fringed pillow lightly prest:
She sleeps, nor dreams, but ever dwells
A perfect form in perfect rest.
—Tennyson.

All gifts but one the jealous God may keep
From our soul's longing, one he cannot—sleep.
This, though he grudge all other grace to prayer,
This grace his closed hand cannot choose but spare. —Swinburne.

Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee
And hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sound of sweetest melody?
—Shakespeare.

How happy he whose toil
Has o'er his languid pow'rless limbs diffus'd
A pleasing lassitude; he not in vain
Invokes the gentle Deity of dreams.
His pow'rs the most voluptuously dissolve
In soft repose; on him the balmy dews
Of Sleep with double nutriment descend.
—Armstrong.

O sleep! O sleep!
Do not forget me. Sometimes come and sweep,
Now I have nothing left, thy healing hand
Over the lids that crave thy visits bland,
Thou kind, thou comforting one.
For I have seen his face, as I desired,
And all my story is done.
O, I am tired. —Jean Ingelow.

Where, in the sharp lineaments of rigid and unsightly death, is the calm beauty of slumber; telling of rest for the waking hours that are past, and gentle hopes and loves for those which are to come? Lay death and sleep down, side by side, and say who shall find the two akin. Send forth the child and childish man together, and blush for the pride that libels our own old happy state, and gives its title to an ugly and distorted image.—Dickens.

She bids you
Upon the wanton rushes lay you down,
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness,
Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep
As is the difference 'twixt day and night.
—Shakespeare.

Man's rich restorative; his balmy bath,
That supples, lubricates, and keep in play
The various movements of this nice machine,
Which asks such frequent periods of repair,
When tir'd with vain rotations of the day,
Sleep winds us up for the succeeding dawn;
Fresh we spin on, till sickness clogs our wheels,
Or death quite breaks the spring, and motion ends. —Young.

It is a delicious moment, certainly, that of being well nestled in bed, and feeling that you shall drop gently to sleep. The good is to come, not past; the limbs have just been tired enough to render the remaining in one posture delightful; the labor of the day is gone. A gentle failure of the perceptions creeps over you; the spirit of consciousness disengages itself once more, and with slow and hushing degress, like a mother detaching her hand from that of a sleeping child, the mind seems to have a balmy lid closing over it, like the eye—it is closed—the mysterious spirit has gone to take its airy rounds.—Leigh Hunt.

Now, blessings light on him that first invented this same sleep! it covers a man all over, thoughts and all, like a cloak; it is meat for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, heat for the cold, and cold for the hot. It is the current coin that purchases all the pleasures of the world cheap; and

the balance that sets the king and the shepherd, the fool and the wise man, even. There is only one thing, which somebody once put into my head, that I dislike in sleep; it is, that it resembles death; there is very little difference between a man in his first sleep, and a man in his last sleep.—Cervantes.

The unchecked thought
Wanders at will upon enchanted ground,
Making no sound
In all the corridors * * *
The bell sleeps in the belfry—from its tongue
A drowsy murmur floats into the air,
Like thistle-down. Slumber is everywhere.
The rook's asleep, and, in its dreaming, caws;
And silence mopes where nightingales have sung;
The Sirens lie in grottos cool and deep,
The Naiads in the streams.
—T. B. Aldrich.

To sleep—there is a drowsy mellifluence in the very word that would almost serve to interpret its meaning—to shut up the senses and hoodwink the soul; to dismiss the world; to escape from one's self; to be in ignorance of our own existence; to stagnate upon the earth; just breathing out the hours, not living them—"doing no mischief, only dreaming of it;" neither merry nor melancholy, something between both, and better than either. Best friend of frail humanity, and, like all other friends, it is best estimated in its loss.—Longfellow.

Sloth

Prosperity engenders sloth.—Livy.

Drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags.—Bible.

Sloth * * * never arrived at the attainment of a good wish.—Cervantes.

Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears, while the key often used is always bright.—Franklin.

Many are idly busy.—Domitian was busy, but then it was catching flies.—Jeremy Taylor.

Flee sloth; for the indolence of the soul is the decay of the body.—Cato.

Sloth is the torpidity of the mental faculties; the sluggard is a living insensible.—Zimmermann.

That destructive syren sloth is ever to be avoided.—Horace.

So fixed are our spirits in slothfulness and cold indifference that we seldom overcome so much as one evil habit.—Thomas à Kempis.

As sloth seldom bringeth actions to good birth; so hasty rashness always makes them abortive ere well formed.—Arthur Warwick.

A sluggish, dawdling, and dilatory man may have spasms of activity, but he never acts continuously and consecutively with energetic quickness.—George S. Hillard.

Slovenliness is a lazy and beastly negligence of a man's own person, whereby he becomes so sordid as to be offensive to those about him.—Theophrastus.

Sloth is an inlet to disorder, and makes way for licentiousness. People that have nothing to do are quickly tired of their own company.—Jeremy Collier.

Excess is not the only thing which breaks men in their health, and in the comfortab'e enjoyment of themselves; but many are brought into a very ill and languishing habit of body by mere sloth; and sloth is in itself both a great sin, and the cause of many more.—South.

The very soul of the slothful does effectually but lie drowsing in his body, and the whole man is totally given up to his senses.—L'Estrange.

Smiles

A tender smile, our sorrow's only balm.—Young.

With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.—Scott.

Smiles are the language of love.—J. C. and A. W. Hare.

The smile that was childlike and bland.—Bret Harte.

One may smile, and smile, and be a villain.—Shakespeare.

The face that cannot smile is never fair.—Martial.

Their smiles and censures are to me the same.—Dryden.

The smiler with the knife under his cloak.—Chaucer.

A smile recures the wounding of a frown.—Shakespeare.

A villain with a smiling cheek.—Shakespeare.

I can smile, and murther while I smile.—Shakespeare.

Loose now and then a scattered smile, and that I will live upon.—Shakespeare.

Softness of smile indicates softness of character.—Lavater.

Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
—Pope.

For smiles from reason flow
To brute deny'd, and are of love the food.
—Milton.

A smile that glow'd
Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue.
—Milton.

Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are.
—Hartley Coleridge.

Sweet intercourse of looks and smiles; for smiles from reason flow.—Milton.

Struck blind with beauty! shot with a woman's smile.—Beaumont and Fletcher.

In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast substantial smile.—Dickens.

Many a withering thought lies hid, not lost, in smiles that least befit those who wear them most.—Byron.

The smiles of infants are said to be the first fruits of human reason.—H. N. Hudson.

She turned to him and smiled, but in that sort which makes not others smile.—Byron.

The Italians say that a beautiful woman by her smiles draws tears from our purse.—N. P. Willis.

Smiles are smiles only when the heart pulls the wire.—Theodore Winthrop.

There are few faces that can afford to smile: a smile is sometimes bewitching, in general vapid, often a contortion.—Earl of Beaconsfield.

The cheek may be tinged with a warm sunny smile, though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while.—Moore.

Something of a person's character may be discovered by observing when and how he smiles. Some people never smile; they merely grin.—Bovee.

A soul only needs to see a smile in a white-crape bonnet in order to enter the palace of dreams.—Victor Hugo.

He smiled as men smile when they will not speak, because of something bitter in the thought.—Mrs. Browning.

Is it not a thing divine to have a smile which, none know how, has the power to lighten the weight of that enormous chain which all the living in common drag behind them?—Victor Hugo.

A man I knew who lived upon a smile;
And well it fed him: he look'd plumb and fair,
While rankest venom foam'd through every vein.
—Dr. Young.

A smile is ever the most bright and beautiful with a tear upon it. What is the dawn without the dew? The tear is rendered by the smile precious above the smile itself.—Landor.

The smile of her I love is like the dawn
Whose touch makes Memnon sing:
O see where wide the golden sunlight flows—
The barren desert blossoms as the rose!
—R. W. Glider.

Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at anything.
—Shakespeare.

A beautiful smile is to the female countenance what the sunbeam is to the landscape; it embellishes an inferior face and redeems an ugly one. —Lavater.

It is a proof of boorishness to confer a favor with a bad grace; it is the act of giving that is hard and painful. How little does a smile cost!—Bruyère.

Those happy smilets that played on her ripe lip seemed not to know what guests were in her eyes; which parted thence as pearls from diamonds dropped.—Shakespeare.

A woman has two smiles that an angel might envy—the smile that accepts a lover afore words are uttered, and the smile that lights on the first-born baby.—Haliburton.

The harper smiled, well pleased; for ne'er
Was flatt'ry lost on poet's ear:
A simple race! they waste their toil
For the vain tribute of a smile. —Scott.

What smiles! They were the effluence of fine intellect, of true courage; they lit up her marked lineaments, her thin face, her sunken gray eye, like reflections from the aspect of an angel. —Charlotte Bronte.

It is the color which love wears, and cheerfulness, and joy—these three. It is the light in the window of the face by which the heart signifies to father, husband, or friend that it is at home and waiting.—Beecher.

The passing years had drunk a portion of the light from her eyes, and left their traces on her cheeks, as birds that drink at lakes leave their footprints on the margin. But the pleasant smile reminded him of the bygone days.—Longfellow.

What a sight there is in that word "smile!" it changes like a chameleon. There is a vacant smile, a cold smile, a smile of hate, a satiric smile, an affected smile; but, above all, a smile of love.—Haliburton.

Loud laughter is the mirth of the mob, who are only pleased with silly things; for true wit or good sense never excited a laugh since the creation of the world. A man of parts and fashion is therefore only seen to smile, but never heard to laugh.—Chesterfield.

Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh, as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile:
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.
—Shakespeare.

What sun is there within us that shoots his rays with so sudden a vigor? To see the soul flash in the face at this rate one would think would convert an atheist. By the way, we may observe that smiles are much more becoming than frowns. This seems a natural encouragement to good-humor; as much as to say, if people have a mind to be handsome, they must not be peevish and untoward.—Jeremy Collier.

Her smile was prodigal of summery shine,—
Gaily persistent,—like a morn in June
That laughs away the clouds, and up and down
Goes making merry with the ripening grain,
That slowly ripples,—its bent head drooped down,
With golden secret of the sheathèd seed.
—Margaret J. Preston.

There are many kinds of smiles, each having a distinct character. Some announce goodness and sweetness, others betray sarcasm, bitterness, and pride; some soften the countenance by their languishing tenderness, others brighten by their spiritual vivacity.—Lavater.

Smoking

May never lady press his lips, his proffer'd
love returning,
Who makes a furnace of his mouth, and
keeps his chimney burning;
May each true woman shun his sight, for
fear his fumes should choke her,
And none but those who smoke themselves
have kisses for a smoker.
—Anonymous.

A club there is of smokers—dare you come
To that close, clouded, hot, narcotic room?
When, midnight past, the very candles seem
Dying for air, and give a ghastly gleam;
When curling fumes in lazy wreaths arise,
And prosing topers rub their winking eyes.
—Crabbe.

Snob

That which we call a snob, by any other name would still be snobbish.—Thackeray.

He who meanly admires a mean thing is a snob—perhaps that is a safe definition of the character.—Thackeray.

You, who forget your own friends, meanly to follow after those of a higher degree, are a snob.—Thackeray.

An immense percentage of snobs, I believe, is to be found in every rank of this mortal life.—Thackeray.

Snow

A little snow, tumbled about, anon becomes a mountain.—Shakespeare.

Through the sharp air a flaky torrent flies,
Mocks the slow sight, and hides the gloomy
skies;
The fleecy clouds their chilly bosoms bare,
And shed their substance on the floating air.
—Crabbe.

Come, see the north-wind's masonry.
Out of an unseen quarry evermore
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected
roof
Round every windward stake, or tree, or
door.
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
So fanciful, so savage, naught cares he
For number or proportion. —Emerson.

How beautiful it was, falling so silently, all day long, all night long, on the mountains, on the meadows, on the roofs of the living, on the graves of the dead!—Longfellow.

Silently, like thoughts that come and go, the snowflakes fall, each one a gem.—W. H. Gibson.

The speckled sky is dim with snow,
The light flakes falter and fall slow;
Athwart the hill-top, rapt and pale,
Silently drops a silvery veil;
And all the valley is shut in
By flickering curtains gray and thin.
—J. T. Trowbridge.

On turf and curb and bower-roof
The snow-storm spreads its ivory woof;
It paves with pearl the garden-walk;
And lovingly around the tatter'd stalk
And snivering stem its magic weaves
A mantle fair as lily-leaves.
—J. T. Trowbridge.

Out of the bosom of the Air,
Out of the cloud-folds of her garments
shaken,
Over the woodlands brown and bare,
Over the harvest-fields forsaken,
Silent, and soft, and slow
Descends the snow. —Longfellow.

A cheer for the snow—the drifting snow;
Smoother and purer than Beauty's brow;
The creature of thought scarce likes to
tread
On the delicate carpet so richly spread.
With feathery wreaths the forest is bound,
And the hills are with glittering diadems
crown'd:
'Tis the fairest scene we can have below.
Sing, welcome, then, to the drifting snow!
—Eliza Cook.

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the
fields,
Seems nowhere to alight; the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the
heaven,
And veils the farmhouse at the garden's
end.
The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.
—Emerson.

Lo! while we are gazing, in swifter haste
Stream down the snows, till the air is
white,
As, myriads by myriads madly chased,
They fling themselves from their shadowy
height.
The fair, frail creatures of middle sky,
What speed they make, with their grave so
nigh;
Flake after flake,
To lie in the dark and silent lake!
—William Cullen Bryant.

Stand here by my side and turn, I pray,
On the lake below thy gentle eyes;
The clouds hang over it, heavy and gray,
And dark and silent the water lies;
And out of that frozen mist the snow
In wavering flakes begins to flow;
Flake after flake,
They sink in the dark and silent lake.
—William Cullen Bryant.

Sociability

We are more sociable, and get on better with people by the heart than the intellect.—Bruyère.

I cannot be certain not to meet with evil company, but I will be careful not to keep with evil company. I would willingly sort myself with such as should either teach or learn goodness; and if my companion cannot make me better, nor I him good, I will rather leave him ill than he shall make me worse.—Arthur Warwick.

Society

Society is the master, and man is the servant.—G. A. Sala.

Society is no comfort to one not sociable.—Shakespeare.

Society does not love its unmaskers.—Emerson.

Society is as ancient as the world.—Voltaire.

Society rests upon conscience and not upon science.—Amiel.

Intercourse is the soul of progress.—Charles Buxton.

People are to be taken in very small doses.—Emerson.

Society is ever ready to worship success, but rarely forgives failure.—Mme. Roland.

Society is composed of slow Christians and wide-awake sinners.—H. W. Shaw.

Among unequals what society
Can sort, what harmony or true delight?
—Milton.

Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the living truth!—Tennyson.

I never mingled with men, but I came home less of a man than I went out.—Tauler.

Society is a troop of thinkers and the best heads among them take the best places.—Emerson.

A man's reception depends upon his coat; his dismissal upon the wit he shows.—Beranger.

Man is a social animal formed to please in society.—Montesquieu.

Men would not live long in society if they were not the dupes of each other.—Rochefoucauld.

We mingle in society not so much to meet others as to escape ourselves.—H. W. Shaw.

Society becomes my glittering bride, and airy hopes my children.—Wordsworth.

In society mediocrity is not alone dangerous, it is fatal.—Mme. de Maintenon.

The world either breaks or hardens the heart.—Chamfort.

We take our colors, chameleon-like, from each other.—Chamfort.

Society is like a large piece of frozen water; and skating well is the great art of social life.—L. E. Landon.

The virtue most in request in society is conformity. Self-reliance is its aversion.—Emerson.

Formed of two mighty tribes, the bores and bored.—Byron.

Society develops wit, but its contemplation alone forms genius.—Mme. de Staël.

Solitude is as needful to the imagination as society is wholesome for the character.—Lowell.

An artist should be fit for the best society, and keep out of it.—Ruskin.

The state is the association of men, and not men themselves; the citizen may perish, and the man remain.—Montesquieu.

Society is the union of men and not the men themselves.—Montesquieu.

Society is, and must be, based upon appearances, and not upon the deepest realities.—Hamerton.

Sweet reader! you know what a toady is?—that agreeable animal which you meet every day in civilized society.—Earl of Beaconsfield.

The wise man sometimes flees from society from fear of being bored.—La Bruyère.

The upper current of society presents no certain criterion by which we can judge of the direction in which the under current flows.—Macaulay.

Society is the atmosphere of souls; and we necessarily imbibe from it something which is either infectious or healthful.—Bishop Hall.

Too elevated qualities often unfit a man for society. We do not go to market with ingots, but with silver and small change.—Chamfort.

It has been said that society is for the happy, the rich; we should rather say the happy have no need of it.—Madame de Girardin.

If you wish to appear agreeable in society, you must consent to be taught many things which you know already. —Lavater.

Without good company, all dainties lose their true relish, and, like painted grapes, are only seen, not tasted.—Massinger.

There are four varieties in society—the lovers, the ambitious, observers, and fools. The fools are the happiest. —Taine.

Society is composed of two great classes—those who have more dinners than appetite, and those who have more appetite than dinners.—Chamfort.

Society does not exist for itself, but for the individual: and man goes into it, not to lose, but to find himself.—Phillips Brooks.

Man perfected by society is the best of all animals; he is the most terrible of all when he lives without law and without justice.—Aristotle.

Society having ordained certain customs, men are bound to obey the law of society, and conform to its harmless orders.—Thackeray.

Man, like the generous vine, supported lives; the strength he gains is from the embrace he gives.—Pope.

Society is like a lawn where every roughness is smoothed, every bramble eradicated, and where the eye is delighted by the smiling verdure of a velvet surface.—Washington Irving.

Human society is made up of partialities. Each citizen has an interest and a view of his own, which, if followed out to the extreme, would leave no room for any other citizen.—Emerson.

It is with a company as it is with a punch, everything depends upon the ingredients of which it is composed.—Bovee.

It is most true that a natural and secret hatred and aversation towards society, in any man, hath somewhat of the savage beast.—Bacon.

Society is divided into two classes: the shearers and the shorn. We should always be with the former against the latter.—Talleyrand.

Unhappy he! who from the first of joys,
Society, cut off, is left alone
Amid this world of death. —Thomson.

The eyes of the social herd, who always observe little things, and generally form from them their opinions of great affairs.—Earl of Beaconsfield.

There is a sort of economy in Providence that one shall excel where another is defective, in order to make men more useful to each other, and mix them in society.—Addison.

Besides the general infusion of wit to heighten civility, the direct splendor of intellectual power is ever welcome in fine society, as the costliest addition to its rule and its credit.—Emerson.

Man in society is like a flow'r,
Blown in its native bed. 'Tis there alone
His faculties expanded in full bloom
Shine out, there only reach their proper use. —Cowper.

Society will pardon much to genius and special gifts; but, being in its nature conventional, it loves what is conventional, or what belongs to coming together.—Emerson.

In this great society wide lying around us, a critical analysis would find very few spontaneous actions. It is almost all custom and gross sense.—Emerson.

Society is a strong solution of books. It draws the virtue out of what is best worth reading, as hot water draws the strength of tea-leaves.—O. W. Holmes.

Society is the offspring of leisure; and to acquire this forms the only rational motive for accumulating wealth, notwithstanding the cant that prevails on the subject of labor.—Tuckerman.

It is the fine souls who serve us, and not what is called fine society. Fine society is only a self-protection against the vulgarities of the street and the tavern.—Emerson.

God having designed man for a sociable creature, furnished him with language, which was to be the great instrument and cementer of society.—Locke.

Society will be obeyed; if you refuse obedience, you must take the consequences. Society has only one law, and that is custom. Even religion itself is socially powerful only just so far as it has custom on its side.—Hamerton.

Popular privileges are consistent with a state of society in which there is great inequality of position. Democratic rights, on the contrary, demand that there should be equality of condition as the fundamental basis of the society they regulate.—Earl of Beaconsfield.

Society itself, which should create
Kindness, destroys what little we had got:
To feel for none is the true social art
Of the world's stoics—men without a heart.
—Byron.

Heaven forming each on other to depend,
A master, or a servant, or a friend,
Bids each on other for assistance call,
Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all. —Pope.

A man who has tasted with profound enjoyment the pleasure of agreeable society will eat with a greater appetite than he who rode horseback for two hours. An amusing lecture is as useful for health as the exercise of the body.—Kant.

The history of any private family, however humble, could it be fully related for five or six generations, would illustrate the state and progress of society better than the most elaborate dissertation.—Southey.

Unless society can effect by education what Lord Monboddo holds man to have done by willing it, and can get rid of her tail, it will be wisest to let the educated classes keep their natural station at the head.—Hare.

In all societies it is advisable to associate if possible with the highest; not that the highest are always the best, but because, if disgusted there, we can at any time descend. But if we begin with the lowest, to ascend is impossible.—Colton.

Society everywhere is in conspiracy against the manhood of every one of its members. Society is a joint-stock company, in which the members

agree, for the better securing of his bread to each shareholder, to surrender the liberty and culture of the eater.—Emerson.

It is an aphorism in physic, that unwholesome airs, because perpetually sucked into the lungs, do distemper health more than coarser diet used but at set times. The like may be said of society, which, if good, is a better refiner of the spirits than ordinary books.—F. Osborn.

From social intercourse are derived some of the highest enjoyments of life; where there is a free interchange of sentiments, the mind acquires new ideas; and by a frequent exercise of its powers, the understanding gains fresh vigor.—Addison.

Those can most easily dispense with society who are the most calculated to adorn it; they only are dependent on it who possess no mental resources, for though they bring nothing to the general mart, like beggars, they are too poor to stay at home.—Countess of Blessington.

As we ascend in society, like those who climb a mountain, we shall find that the line of perpetual congelation commences with the higher circles; and the nearer we approach to the grand luminary the court, the more frigidity and apathy shall we experience.—Colton.

Society is the true sphere of human virtue. In social, active life, difficulties will perpetually be met with, restraints of many kinds will be necessary; and studying to behave right in respect of these is a discipline of the human heart useful to others and improving to itself.—Elizabeth Carter.

Society is, indeed, a contract. * * * It is a partnership in all science; a partnership in all art, a partnership in every virtue, and in all perfection. As the ends of such a partnership cannot be obtained in many generations, it becomes a partnership not only between those who are living, but between those who are living, those who are dead, and those who are to be born.—Burke.

Wherever progress ends, decline invariably begins; but remember that the healthful progress of society is like the natural life of man—it consists in the gradual and harmonious development of all its constitutional powers, all its component parts, and you introduce weakness and disease into the whole system whether you attempt to stint or to force its growth.—Lord Lytton.

We submit to the society of those that can inform us, but we seek the society of those whom we can inform. And men of genius ought not to be chagrined if they see themselves neglected. For when we communicate knowledge, we are raised in our own estimation; but when we receive it, we are lowered.—Colton.

Those who have resources within themselves, who can dare to live alone, want friends the least, but, at the same time, best know how to prize them the most. But no company is far preferable to bad, because we are more apt to catch the vices of others than their virtues, as disease is far more contagious than health.—Colton.

Christian society is like a bundle of sticks laid together, whereof one kindles another. Solitary men have fewest provocations to evil, but, again, fewest incitations to good. So much as doing good is better than not doing evil will I account Christian good-fellowship better than an hermitish and melancholy solitariness.—Bishop Hall.

Society is the true sphere of human virtue. In social, active life, difficulties will perpetually be met with; restraints of many kinds will be necessary; and studying to behave right in respect of these is a discipline of the human heart useful to others and improving to itself. Suffering is no duty, but where it is necessary to avoid guilt, or to do good; nor pleasure a crime, but where it strengthens the influence of bad inclinations, or lessens

the generous activity of nature.—Elizabeth Carter.

Society is a long series of uprising ridges, which from the first to the last offer no valley of repose. Whenever you take your stand, you are looked down upon by those above you, and reviled and pelted by those below you. Every creature you see is a farthing Sisyphus, pushing his little stone up some Liliputian mole-hill. This is our world.—Bulwer-Lytton.

There is no security in evil society, where the good are often made worse, the bad seldom better, for it is the peevish industry of wickedness to find or make a fellow. It is like they will be birds of a feather that use to flock together. For such commonly doth their conversation make us as they are with whom we use to converse.—Arthur Warwick.

"It is not safe for man to be alone," nor can all which the cold-hearted pedant stuns our ears with upon the subject ever give one answer of satisfaction to the mind; in the midst of the loudest vauntings of philosophy, nature will have her yearnings for society and friendship. A good heart wants something to be kind to; and the best parts of our blood, and the purest of our spirits suffer most under the destitution.—Sterne.

It is in the middle classes of society that all the finest feeling, and the most amiable propensities of our nature do principally flourish and abound. For the good opinion of our fellow-men is the strongest though not the purest motive to virtue. The privations of poverty render us too cold and callous, and the privileges of property too arrogant and consequential, to feel; the first places us beneath the influence of opinion—the second, above it.—Colton.

Society is a republic. When an individual endeavors to lift himself above his fellows, he is dragged down by the mass, either by means of ridicule or of calumny. No one shall be more virtuous or more intellectually gifted than others. Whoever, by the irresistible force of genius, rises above the common herd is certain to be ostracised by society, which will pursue him with such merciless derision and detraction that at last he will be compelled to retreat into the solitude of his thoughts.—Heine.

Society,—the only field where the sexes have ever met on terms of equality, the arena where character is formed and studied, the cradle and the realm of public opinion, the crucible of ideas, the world's university, at once a school and a theater, the spur and the crown of ambition, the tribunal which unmasks pretension and stamps real merit, the power that gives government leave to be, and outruns the lazy Church in fixing the moral sense of the eye.—Wendell Phillips.

Soldier

The worse the man, the better the soldier.—Napoleon I.

War mends but few, and spoils multitudes.—Jeremy Taylor.

It is cruelty in war that buyeth conquest.—Sir P. Sidney.

A bright musket, but a ragged soldier.—Tilly.

Against the flying ball no valor avails.—Luther.

You may relish him more in the soldier than in the scholar.—Shakespeare.

War,—the trade of barbarians!—Napoleon I.

The victor's pastime, and the sport of war.—Prior.

Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier and afear'd?—Shakespeare.

My only ambition is to be first soldier of Italian independence.—Victor Emmanuel II.

We are like cloaks,—one thinks of us only when it rains.—Marshal Saxe.

A soldier seeking the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth.—Shakespeare.

This the soldier's life,
To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife. ——Shakespeare.

Nothing is more binding than the friendship of companions-in-arms.—George S. Hillard.

The stern joy that warriors feel in foemen worthy of their steel.—Sir Walter Scott.

A mere soldier, a mere tool, a kind
Of human sword in a friend's hand.
—Byron.

Let the gulled fool the toil of war pursue, where bleed the many to enrich the few.—Shenstone.

The warrior who cultivates his mind polishes his arms.—Boufflers.

He is a soldier, fit to stand by Cæsar
And give direction. —Shakespeare.

Though triumphs were to generals only due, crowns were reserved to grace the soldiers too.—Pope.

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er, dream of fighting fields no more.—Sir Walter Scott.

That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.
—Shakespeare.

Without a home must the soldier go, a changeful wanderer, and can warm himself at no home-lit hearth.—Schiller.

Enough of merit has each honored name
To shine untarnished on the rolls of fame,
And add new lustre to the historic page.
—David Humphreys.

You say, you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true.
And it shall please me well.
—Shakespeare.

Soldiers looked at as they ought to be. They are to the world as poppies to corn-fields.—Douglas Jerrold.

A soldier ought to consider peace only as a breathing-spell, which gives him leisure to contrive, and furnishes ability to execute, military plans.—Macchiavelli.

Such is the country maiden's fright,
When first a red-coat is in sight;
Behind the door she hides her face;
Next time at distance eyes the lace.
—Gay.

I hate these potent madmen, who keep all
Mankind awake, while they by their great deeds
Are drumming hard upon this hollow world,
Only to make a sound to last for ages.
—Crowne.

The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won. —Goldsmith.

Soldiers in arms! Defenders of our soil!
Who from destruction save us; who from spoil
Protect the sons of peace, who traffic or who toil;
Would I could duly praise you, that each deed
Your foes might honor, and your friends might read. —Crabbe.

For it 's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy, wait outside,"
But it 's "Special train for Atkins" when the trooper 's on the tide.
—Rudyard Kipling.

O it 's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy, go away,"
But it 's "Thank you, Mister Atkins," when the band begins to play.
—Rudyard Kipling.

Then it 's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy 'ow's yer soul?"
But it 's "Thin red lines of 'eroes" when the drums begin to roll.
—Rudyard Kipling.

What right has any free, reasonable soul on earth to sell himself for a shilling a day to murder any man, right or wrong, even his own brother or his own father, just because such a whiskered, profligate jackanapes as that officer, without learning, without any good except his own looking-glass and his opera-dancer,—a fellow who, just because he was born a gentleman, is set to command gray-headed men before he can command his own mean-

est passions. Good heavens! that the lives of free men should be intrusted to such a stuffed cockatoo; and that free men should be such traitors to their own flesh and blood as to sell themselves, for a shilling a day and the smirks of the nursery-maids, to do that fellow's bidding.—Charles Kingsley.

To swear, to game, to drink, to show at home
By lewdness, idleness, and Sabbath-breach,
The great proficiency he made abroad,
T' astonish and to grieve his gazing friends,
To break some maiden's and his mother's heart,
To be a pest where he was useful once,
Are his sole aim, and all his glory now.
—Cowper.

Policy goes beyond strength, and contrivance before action; hence it is that direction is left to the commander, execution to the soldier, who is not to ask why, but to do what he is commanded.—Xenophon.

Solitude

Solitude is sometimes best society.—Milton.

In solitude, where we are least alone.—Byron.

Solitude's the nurse of woe.—Parnell.

The thought, the deadly feel, of solitude.—Keats.

He makes a solitude, and calls it peace.—Byron.

There is a society in the deepest solitude.—Isaac Disraeli.

Until I truly loved, I was alone.—Mrs. Norton.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife.—Gray.

The secret of solitude is that there is no solitude.—Joseph Cook.

Then never less alone than when alone.—Samuel Rogers.

Few are the faults we flatter when alone.—Young.

Among them, but not of them.—Byron.

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow.—Goldsmith.

Solitude is the audience-chamber of God.—Anne C. Lynch.

Wholesome solitude, the nurse of sense!—Pope.

Sorrow's faded form, and solitude behind.—Gray.

I was never less alone than when by myself.—Gibbon.

Nothing is achieved without solitude.—Lacordaire.

Only the bad man is alone.—Diderot.

We enter the world alone, we leave it alone.—Froude.

It is solitude should teach us how to die.—Byron.

Solitude vivifies; isolation kills.—Joseph Roux.

Solitude has a healing consoler, friend, companion: it is work.—Auerbach.

Solitude, the sly enemy that doth separate a man from well-doing.—Sir P. Sidney.

Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the living truth!—Tennyson.

Prison'd in a parlour snug and small,
Like bottled wasps upon a southern wall.
—Cowper.

Solitude is the home of the strong; silence, their prayer.—Ravignan.

Solitude cherishes great virtues, and destroys little ones.—Sydney Smith.

That inward eye which is the bliss of solitude.—Wordsworth.

So lonely 'twas that God himself scarce seemed there to be.—Coleridge

Eagles we see fly alone; and they are but sheep which always herd together.—Sir P. Sidney.

O solitude! where are the charms that sages have seen in thy face?—Cowper.

One can be instructed in society; one is inspired only in solitude.—Goethe.

Solitude is the worst of all companions when we seek comfort and oblivion.—Méry.

Constant quiet fills my peaceful breast with unmixed joy.—Dillon.

Alone each heart must cover up its dead; alone, through bitter toil, achieve its rest.—Bayard Taylor.

Ah! wretched and too solitary he who loves not his own company!—Cowley.

Where musing Solitude might love to lift her soul above this sphere of earthliness.—Shelley.

Through the wide world he only is alone who lives not for another.—Rogers.

So vain is the belief
That the sequestered path has fewest flowers. —Thomas Doubleday.

They are never alone who are accompanied with noble thoughts.—Sir P. Sidney.

I love to be alone. I never found the companion that was so companionable as solitude.—Thoreau.

Man forms himself in his own interior, and nowhere else.—Lacordaire.

Through the lone groves would pace in solemn mood,
Wooing the pensive charms of solitude.
—Pye.

Haughtiness lives under the same roof with solitude.—Plato.

Loneliness is the first thing which God's eye named not good.—Milton.

Those beings only are fit for solitude who are like nobody, and are liked by nobody.—Zimmermann.

In the world a man lives in his own age; in solitude, in all the ages.—William Matthews.

Solitude either develops the mental powers, or renders men dull and vicious.—Victor Hugo.

Woe unto him that is never alone, and cannot bear to be alone.—Hamerton.

Him who lonely loves to seek the distant hills, and there converse with nature.—Thomson.

He that lives alone lives in danger; society avoids many dangers.—Marcus Antoninus.

Solitude shows us what we should be; society shows us what we are.—Cecil.

Solitude is as needful to the imagination as society is wholesome for the character.—Lowell.

He is never less at leisure than when at leisure, nor less alone than when he is alone.—Cicero.

Shall I, like an hermit, dwell
On a rock or in a cell?
—Sir Walter Raleigh.

The life of a solitary man will be certainly miserable, but not certainly devout.—Johnson.

How sweet, how passing sweet, is solitude;
But grant me still a friend in my retreat,
Whom I may whisper—solitude is sweet.
—Cowper.

When, musing on companions gone,
We doubly feel ourselves alone. —Scott.

A hermit who has been shut up in his cell in a college has contracted a sort of mould and rust upon his soul. —Dr. Watts.

The city does not take away, neither does the country give, solitude; solitude is within us.—Joseph Roux.

Converse with men makes sharp the glittering wit; but God to man doth speak in solitude.—John Stuart Blackie.

Oh, lost to virtue—lost to manly thought,
Lost to the noble sallies of the soul!
Who think it solitude to be alone.
—Young.

I am persuaded there is no such thing after all as a perfect enjoyment of solitude; for the more delicious the solitude the more one wants a companion.—Leigh Hunt.

Oh, the solitariness of sin! There is nothing like it, except, perhaps, the solitariness of death. In that isolation none can reach you, none can feed you.—Hugh R. Haweis.

There is always a part of our being into which those who are dearer to us far than our own lives are yet unable to enter.—Froude.

Heaven often protects valuable souls charged with great secrets, great ideas, by long shutting them up with their own thoughts.—Emerson.

To be exempt from the passions with which others are tormented is the only pleasing solitude.—Addison.

No doubt solitude is wholesome, but so is abstinence after a surfeit. The true life of man is in society.—Simms.

What would a man do if he were compelled to live always in the sultry heat of society, and could never better himself in cool solitude?—Hawthorne.

There is no man alone, because every man is a microcosm, and carries the whole world about him.—Sir T. Browne.

We could not endure solitude were it not for the powerful companionship of hope, or of some unseen one.—Richter.

All that poets sing, and grief hath known, of hopes laid waste, knells in that word "alone."—Bulwer-Lytton.

As there is no pleasure in military life for a soldier who fears death, so there is no independence in civil existence for the man who has an overpowering dread of solitude.—Hamerton.

I love tranquil solitude
And such society
As is quiet, wise, and good.
—Shelley.

If the mind loves solitude, it has thereby acquired a loftier character, and it becomes still more noble when the taste is indulged in.—Wilhelm von Humboldt.

The great man is he who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.—Emerson.

An entire life of solitude contradicts the purpose of our being, since death itself is scarcely an idea of more terror.—Burke.

It is shameful for a man to live as a stranger in his own country, and to be uninformed of her affairs and interests.—Manilius.

There is no such thing as solitude, nor anything that can be said to be alone and by itself but God, who is His own circle, and can subsist by Himself.—Sir T. Browne.

Solitude holds a cup sparkling with bliss in her right hand, a raging dagger in her left. To the blest she offers her goblet, but stretches towards the wretched the ruthless steel.—Klopstock.

Luther deters me from solitariness; but he does not mean from a sober solitude that rallies our scattered strengths and prepares us against any new encounter from without.—Atterbury.

Solitude, though it may be silent as light, is like light, the mightiest of agencies; for solitude is essential to man. All men come into this world alone; all leave it alone.—De Quincey.

It has been from age to age an affectation to love the pleasure of solitude among those who cannot possibly be supposed qualified for passing life in that manner.—Steele.

Solitude is the nurse of enthusiasm, and enthusiasm is the true parent of genius. In all ages solitude has been called for, has been flown to.—Disraeli.

What a brave privilege is it to be free from all contentions, from all envying or being envied, from receiving or paying all kinds of ceremonies! —Cowley.

I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute,
From the centre all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
—Cowper.

How use doth breed a habit in a man!
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And, to the nightingale's complaining notes,
Tune my distresses, and record my woes.
—Shakespeare.

I could live in the woods with thee in sight,
Where never should human foot intrude;
Or with thee find light in the darkest night,
And a social crowd in solitude.
—Tibullus.

It had been hard to have put more truth and untruth together in a few words than in that speech, "Whosoever is delighted with solitude is either a wild beast or a god."—Bacon.

Such only can enjoy the country who are capable of thinking when they are there; then they are prepared for solitude, and in that case solitude is prepared for them.—Dryden.

Solitude bears the same relation to the mind that sleep does to the body. It affords it the necessary opportunities for repose and recovery.—Simms.

Man dwells apart, though not alone,
He walks among his peers unread;
The best of thoughts which he hath known,
For lack of listeners are not said.
—Jean Ingelow.

Never does the soul feel so far from human life as when a man finds himself alone in the vistas of the moon, either in the streets of a sleeping city, the avenues of the woods, or by the border of the sea.—Elizabeth Stoddard.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie. —Pope.

If solitude deprives of the benefit of advice, it also excludes from the mischief of flattery. But the absence of others' applause is generally supplied by the flattery of one's own breast.—W. B. Clulow.

Why should we faint and fear to live alone,
Since all alone, so Heaven has will'd, we die,
Nor even the tenderest heart, and next our own,
Knows half the reasons why we smile and sigh. —Keble.

Solitude is not measured by the miles of space that intervene between a man and his fellows. The really diligent student in one of the crowded hives of Cambridge college is as solitary as a dervis in the desert.—Thoreau.

Thrice happy he, who by some shady grove,
Far from the clamorous world, doth live his own;
Though solitary, who is not alone,
But doth converse with that eternal love.
—Drummond.

But little do men perceive what solitude is, and how far its extendeth. For a crowd is not company; and faces are but a gallery of pictures; and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love.—Bacon.

That which happens to the soil when it ceases to be cultivated by the social man happens to man himself when he foolishly forsakes society for solitude; the brambles grow up in his desert heart.—Rivarol.

Solitude is one of the highest enjoyments of which our nature is susceptible. Solitude is also, when too long continued, capable of being made the most severe, indescribable, unendurable source of anguish.—Deloraine.

We must certainly acknowledge that solitude is a fine thing; but it is a pleasure to have some one who can answer, and to whom we can say, from time to time, that solitude is a fine thing.—Balzac.

He enter'd in his house—his home no more,
For without hearts there is no home;—and felt
The solitude of passing his own door
Without a welcome. —Byron.

Leisure and solitude are the best effect of riches, because mother of thought. Both are avoided by most rich men, who seek company and business, which are signs of being weary of themselves.—Sir W. Temple.

O for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumor of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more. —Cowper.

Solitude can be well applied and sit right upon but very few persons. They must have knowledge enough of the world to see the follies of it, and virtue enough to despise all vanity.—Cowley.

Solitude has but one disadvantage—it is apt to give one too high an opinion of one's self. In the world we are sure to be often reminded of every known or supposed defect we may have.—Byron.

Nature has presented us with a large faculty of entertaining ourselves alone, and often calls us to it, to teach us that we owe ourselves in part to society, but chiefly and mostly to ourselves.—Montaigne.

Solitude is a good school, but the world is the best theater; the institution is best there, but the practice here; the wilderness hath the advantage of discipline, and society opportunities of perfection.—Jeremy Taylor.

How many have found solitude, not only, as Cicero calls it, the pabulum of the mind, but the nurse of their genius! How many of the world's most sacred oracles have been uttered, like those of Dodona, from the silence of deep woods!—Bulwer-Lytton.

The wild bird that flies so lone and far has somewhere its nest and brood. A little fluttering heart of love impels its wings, and points its course. There is nothing so solitary as a solitary man.—Chapin.

Living a good deal alone will, I believe, correct me of my faults; for a man can do without his own approbation in much society, but he must make great exertions to gain it when he lives alone. Without it I am convinced solitude is not to be endured.—Sydney Smith.

O sacred solitude! divine retreat!
Choice of the prudent! envy of the great
By thy pure stream, or in thy waving shade,
We court fair wisdom, that celestial maid:
The genuine offspring of her lov'd embrace,
(Strangers on earth!) are innocence and peace. —Young.

And Wisdom's self
Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,
Where, with her best nurse, Contemplation,
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impaired. —Milton.

'Tis not for golden eloquence I pray,
A godlike tongue to move a stony heart—
Methinks it were full well to be apart
In solitary uplands far away,
Betwixt the blossoms of a rosy spray,
Dreaming upon the wonderful sweet face
Of Nature, in a wild and pathless place.
—Frederick Tennyson.

The man how bless'd, who, sick of gaudy scenes,
(Scenes apt to thrust between us and ourselves,)
Is led by choice to take his fav'rite walk
Beneath death's gloomy, silent, cypress shades,
Unpierc'd by vanity's fantastic ray;
To read his monuments, to weigh his dust,
Visit his vaults, and dwell among the tombs.
—Young.

Birds sing in vain to the ear, flowers bloom in vain to the eye, of mortified vanity and galled ambition. He who would know repose in retirement must carry into retirement his destiny, integral and serene, as the Cæsars transported the statue of Fortune into the

chamber they chose for their sleep.—Bulwer-Lytton.

The love of retirement has in all ages adhered closely to those minds which have been most enlarged by knowledge, or elevated by genius. Those who enjoyed everything generally supposed to confer happiness have been forced to seek it in the shades of privacy.—Johnson.

The man to solitude accustom'd long,
Perceives in everything that lives a tongue;
Not animals alone, but shrubs and trees
Have speech for him, and understood with ease,
After long drought when rains abundant fall,
He hears the herbs and flowers rejoicing all.
—Cowper.

A certain degree of solitude seems necessary to the full growth and spread of the highest mind; and therefore must a very extensive intercourse with men stifle many a holy germ, and scare away the gods, who shun the restless tumult of noisy companies and the discussion of petty interests.—Novalis.

One ought to love society, if he wishes to enjoy solitude. It is a social nature that solitude works upon with the most various power. If one is misanthropic, and betakes himself to loneliness that he may get away from hateful things, solitude is a silent emptiness to him.—Zimmermann.

All weighty things are done in solitude, that is, without society. The means of improvement consist not in projects, or in any violent designs, for these cool, and cool very soon, but in patient practicing for whole long days, by which I make the thing clear to my highest reason.—Richter.

When we withdraw from human intercourse into solitude, we are more peculiarly committed in the presence of the divinity; yet some men retire into solitude to devise or perpetrate crimes. This is like a man going to meet and brave a lion in his own gloomy desert, in the very precincts of his dread abode.—John Foster.

There is no such thing as a perfect secrecy to encourage a rational mind to the perpetration of any base action; for a man must first extinguish and put out the great light within him, his conscience; he must get away from himself, and shake off the thousand witnesses which he always carries about him, before he can be alone.—South.

In solitude the mind gains strength, and learns to lean upon herself; in the world it seeks or accepts of a few treacherous supports—the feigned compassion of one, the flattery of a second, the civilities of a third, the friendship of a fourth—they all deceive, and bring the mind back to retirement, reflection, and books.—Sterne.

Still this great solitude is quick with life.
Myriads of insects, gaudy as the flowers
They flutter over, gentle quadrupeds,
And birds, that scarce have learned the fear of man,
Are here, and sliding reptiles of the ground,
Startlingly beautiful. The graceful deer
Bounds to the wood at my approach. The bee,
* * * * * *
Fills the savannas with his murmurings.
—William Cullen Bryant.

Unsociable humors are contracted in solitude, which will, in the end, not fail of corrupting the understanding as well as the manners, and of utterly disqualifying a man for the satisfactions and duties of life. Men must be taken as they are, and we neither make them or ourselves better by flying from or quarreling with them.—Burke.

My retirement was now become solitude; the former is, I believe, the best state for the mind of man, the latter almost the worst. In complete solitude, the eye wants objects, the heart wants attachments, the understanding wants reciprocation. The character loses its tenderness when it has nothing to strengthen it, its sweetness when it has nothing to soothe it.—Hannah More.

The love of solitude, when cultivated in the morn of life, elevates the mind to a noble independence, but to ac-

quire the advantages which solitude is capable of affording, the mind must not be impelled to it by melancholy and discontent, but by a real distaste to the idle pleasures of the world, a rational contempt for the deceitful joys of life, and just apprehensions of being corrupted and seduced by its insinuating and destructive gayeties.—Zimmermann.

Solitude, the safeguard of mediocrity, is to genius the stern friend, the cold, obscure shelter where moult the wings which will bear it farther than suns and stars. He who would inspire and lead his race must be defended from traveling with the souls of other men, from living, breathing, reading, and writing in the daily time-worn yoke of their opinions.—Emerson.

O Solitude! if I must with thee dwell,
Let it not be among the jumbled heap
Of murky buildings; climb with me the steep,—
Nature's observatory—whence the dell,
In flowery slopes, its river's crystal swell,
May seem a span; let me thy vigils keep
'Mongst boughs pavilion'd, where the deer's swift leap
Startles the wild bee from the foxglove bell. —Keats.

Solitude delighteth well to feed on many thoughts;
There as thou sittest peaceful, communing with fancy,
The precious poetry of life shall gild its leaden cares;
There, as thou walkest by the sea beneath the gentle stars,
Many kindling seeds of good will sprout within thy soul;
Thou shalt weep in Solitude,—thou shalt pray in Solitude.
Thou shalt sing for joy of heart, and praise the grace of Solitude.
—Tupper.

In early youth, if we find it difficult to control our feelings, so we find it difficult to vent them in the presence of others. On the spring side of twenty, if anything affects us, we rush to lock ourselves up in our room, or get away into the street or the fields; in our earlier years we are still the savages of nature, and we do as the poor brutes do. The wounded stag leaves the herd; and if there is anything on a dog's faithful heart, he slinks away into a corner.—Bulwer-Lytton.

I am not alone,
For solitude like this is populous.
And its abundant life of sky and sun,
High-floating clouds, low mists, and wheeling birds,
And waves that ripple shoreward all day long,
Whether the tide is setting in or out,
Forever rippling shoreward, dark and bright,
As lights and shadows, and the shifting winds
Pursue each other in their endless play,
Is more than the companionship of man.
—R. H. Stoddard.

But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
And roam along, the world's tired denizen,
With none who bless us, none whom we can bless:
Minions of splendor shrinking from distress!
None that, with kindred consciousness endued,
If we were not, would seem to smile the less,
Of all that flatter'd, follow'd, sought and sued;
This is to be alone; this, this is solitude!
—Byron.

He who must needs have company must needs have sometimes bad company. Be able to be alone; lose not the advantage of solitude and the society of thyself; nor be only content but delight to be alone and single with Omnipotency. He who is thus prepared, the day is not uneasy, nor the night black unto him. Darkness may bound his eyes, not his imagination. In his bed he may lie, like Pompey and his sons, in all quarters of the earth; may speculate the universe, and enjoy the whole world in the hermitage of himself.—Sir Thomas Browne.

Song

Faith and joy are the ascensive forces of song.—Stedman.

The lively Shadow-World of Song.—Schiller.

Songs consecrate to truth and liberty.—Shelley.

Odds life! must one swear to the truth of a song?—Prior.

And heaven had wanted one immortal song.—Dryden.

Song forbids victorious deeds to die.
—Schiller.

Little dew-drops of celestial melody.
—Carlyle.

Vocal portraits of the national mind.—Lamb.

Oh, she will sing the savageness out of a bear.—Shakespeare.

That music in itself, whose sounds are song,
The poetry of speech. —Byron.

A careless song, with a little nonsense in it now and then, does not misbecome a monarch.—Horace Walpole.

Soft words, with nothing in them, make a song.—Edmund Waller.

The fineness which a hymn or psalm affords
Is when the soul unto the lines accords.
—Herbert.

Short swallow-flights of song, that dip
Their wings in tears, and skim away.
—Tennyson.

There is a certain flimsiness of poetry which seems expedient in a song.—Shenstone.

It was his nature to blossom into song, as it is a tree's to leaf itself in April.—Alexander Smith.

A song will outlive all sermons in the memory.—Henry Giles.

The song that we hear with our ears is only the song that is sung in our hearts.—Ouida.

The song on its mighty pinions
Took every living soul, and lifted it gently to heaven. —Longfellow.

What is the voice of song, when the world lacks the ear to taste?—Hawthorne.

I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglass, that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet.—Sir Philip Sidney.

All great song, from the first day when human lips contrived syllables, has been sincere song.—Ruskin.

Song is the tone of feeling. * * * If song, however, be the tone of feeling, what is beautiful singing? The balance of feeling, not the absence of it.—J. C. and A. W. Hare.

Unlike my subject now * * * shall be my song,
It shall be witty and it sha'n't be long!
—Earl of Chesterfield.

Because the gift of Song was chiefly lent,
To give consoling music for the joys
We lack, and not for those which we possess. —Bayard Taylor.

They sang of love and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."
—Bayard Taylor.

Every pert young fellow that has a moving fancy, and the least jingle of verse in his head, sets up for a writer of songs, and resolves to immortalize his bottle or his mistress.—Steele.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.
—Longfellow.

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night;
Methought it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:
Come, but one verse. —Shakespeare.

Although music appeals simply to the emotions, and represents no definite images in itself, we are justified in using any language which may serve to convey to others our musical expressions. Words will often pave the way for the more subtle operations of music, and unlock the treasures which sound alone can rifle, and hence the eternal popularity of song.—Hugh R. Haweis.

Every modulated sound is not a song, and every voice that executes a beautiful air does not sing. Singing should enchant. But to produce this effect there must be a quality of soul

and voice which is by no means common even with great singers.—Joubert.

Sophistry

Sophistry is the fallacy of argument.—Beecher.

Some men weave their sophistry till their own reason is entangled.—Johnson.

Sophistry is only fit to make men more conceited in their ignorance.—Locke.

When a false argument puts on the appearance of a true one, then it is properly called a sophism or fallacy.—Dr. Watts.

The juggle of sophistry consists, for the most part, in using a word in one sense in all the premises, and in another sense in the conclusion.—Coleridge.

As creeping ivy clings to wood or stone,
And hides the ruin that it feeds upon,
So sophistry cleaves close to and protects
Sin's rotten trunk, concealing its defects.
—Cowper.

Dogmatic jargon learnt by heart,
Trite sentences hard terms of art,
To vulgar ears seemed so profound,
They fancied learning in the sound.
—Gay.

There is no error which hath not some appearance of probability resembling truth, which, when men who study to be singular find out, straining reason, they then publish to the world matter of contention and jangling.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

Sophistry, like poison, is at once detected and nauseated, when presented to us in a concentrated form; but a fallacy which, when stated barely in a few sentences, would not deceive a child, may deceive half the world, if diluted in a quarto volume.—Whately.

Genius may dazzle, eloquence may persuade, reason may convince; but to render popular cold and comfortless sophistry, unaided by these powers, is a hopeless attempt.—Robert Hall.

Sorrow

Sorrow makes men sincere.—Beecher.

Social sorrow loses half its pain.—Johnson.

Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind.—Goldsmith.

Brief is sorrow, and endless is joy.—Schiller.

To live beneath sorrow, one must yield to it.—Mme. de Staël.

Nothing comes to us too soon but sorrow.—Bailey.

Till sorrow seemed to wear one common face.—Congreve.

Wisely weigh our sorrow with our comfort.—Shakespeare.

Sorrows remembered sweeten present joy.—Pollok.

Hang sorrow, care 'll kill a cat.—Ben Jonson.

Great sorrows cannot speak.—John Donne.

Sorrow, the great idealizer.—Lowell.

Sorrow is knowledge.—Byron.

All sorrows are bearable, if there is bread.—Cervantes.

Alas! sorrow from happiness is oft evolved.—Goethe.

Sorrow is held the eldest child of sin.—John Webster.

By sorrow of the heart the spirit is broken.—Bible.

Smit with exceeding sorrow unto Death.—Tennyson.

Sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.—Shakespeare.

There can be no rainbow without a cloud and a storm.—J. H. Vincent.

Down, thou climbing sorrow.—Shakespeare.

And weep the more, because I weep in vain.—Gray.

Sinks my sad soul with sorrow to the grave.—Homer.

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud.—Shakespeare.

There is no day without sorrow.—Seneca.

My peace is gone, my heart is heavy.—Goethe.

The heart may be broken, and the soul remain unshaken.—Napoleon.

It is easy in adversity to despise death; real fortitude has he who can dare to be wretched.—Seneca.

The sorrowful dislike the gay, and the gay the sorrowful.—Horace.

Sorrows are like thunder-clouds,—in the distance they look black, over our heads hardly gray.—Richter.

Joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow.
—Shakespeare.

We pick our own sorows out of the joys of other men, and from their sorrows likewise we derive our joys.—Owen Feltham.

Woes cluster; rare are solitary woes;
They love a train, they tread each other's heel. —Young.

The deeper the sorrow, the less tongue hath it.—Talmud.

Present unhappiness is selfish; past sorrow is compassionate.—Joseph Roux.

Sorrow causes more absence of mind and confusion than so-called levity.—Richter.

The natural effect of sorrow over the dead is to refine and elevate the mind.—Washington Irving.

Even by means of our sorrows we belong to the eternal plan.—Wilhelm von Humboldt.

This sorrow's heavenly;
It strikes where it doth love.
—Shakespeare.

Sorrow conceal'd, like an oven stopp'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders.
—Shakespeare.

Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break. —Shakespeare.

There is a joy in sorrow which none but a mourner can know.—Tupper.

Here I and sorrows sit:
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it. —Shakespeare.

Weep on; and, as thy sorrows flow,
I'll taste the luxury of woe.
—Moore.

One sorrow never comes but brings an heir,
That may succeed as his inheritor.
—Shakespeare.

That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.—Tennyson.

Not to sorrow freely is never t open the bosom to the sweets of th sunshine.—Simms.

Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been and may be again.
—Wordsworth.

Sorrow turns the stars into mourners, and every wind of heaven into a dirge.—Hannay.

Light griefs do speak, while sorrow's tongue is bound.—Seneca.

Every noble crown is, and on earth will ever be, a crown of thorns.—Carlyle.

Sorrow is Mount Sinai. If one will, one may go up and talk with God, face to face.—Beecher.

He that would soothe sorrow must not argue on the vanity of the most deceitful hopes.—Walter Scott.

The best enjoyment is half disappointment to what we mean, or would have, in this world.—Bailey.

He who has most of heart, knows most of sorrow.—Bailey.

How beautiful, if sorrow had not made
Sorrow more beautiful than Beauty's self.
—Keats.

The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown.
—Cowper.

Night brings out stars as sorrow shows us truths.—Bailey.

Any mind that is capable of a real sorrow is capable of good.—Mrs. Stowe.

Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies.
—Gray.

Affliction may one day smile again; and till then, sit thee down, sorrow! —Shakespeare.

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,—
Makes the night morning, and the noontide night.
—Shakespeare.

What signifies sadness, sir; a man grows lean on it.—Mackenzie.

Past sorrows, let us mod'rately lament them,
For those to come, seek wisely to prevent them.
—Webster.

I have that within which passeth show;
These, but the trappings and the suits of woe.
—Shakespeare.

Courage! even sorrows, when once they are vanished, quicken the soul, as rain the valley.—Salis.

Gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite the man that mocks at it, and sets it light.—Shakespeare.

If grief is to be mitigated, it must either wear itself out or be shared. —Madame Swetchine.

Many an inherited sorrow that has marred a life has been breathed into no human ear.—George Eliot.

Man alone is born crying, lives complaining, and dies disappointed.—Sir W. Temple.

It is those who make the least display of their sorrow who mourn the deepest.—Chapin.

Sorrow is not evil, since it stimulates and purifies.—Mazzini.

Could my griefs speak, the tale would have no end.—Otway.

Great sorrows have no leisure to complain:
Least ills vent forth, great griefs within remain.
—Goffe.

Sorrows must die with the joys they outnumber.—Schiller.

Sorrows humanize our race;
Tears are the showers that fertilize this world.
—Jean Ingelow.

Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted.—Bible.

I do not know of a better cure for sorrow than to pity somebody else.—H. W. Shaw.

To the old, sorrow is sorrow; to the young, it is despair.—George Eliot.

Thou makest the man, O Sorrow!—yes, the whole man,—as the crucible gold.—Lamartine.

Ah, if you knew what peace there is in an accepted sorrow!—Mme. Guyon.

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions! —Shakespeare.

Sorrow is the mere rust of the soul. Activity will cleanse and brighten it. —Johnson.

It is with sorrows, as with countries, each man has his own.—Chateaubriand.

Year chases year, decay pursues decay; still drops some joy from withering life away.—Dr. Johnson.

Do not look at life's long sorrow; see how small each moment's pain.—Adelaide A. Procter.

It eases some, though none it ever cured, to think their sorrows others have endured.—Shakespeare.

The seal of suffering impressed upon our destiny announces in clear characters our high calling.—De Gerando.

Whatever, below God, is the object of our love, will, at some time or other, be the matter of our sorrow.—Cecil.

As we retain but a faint remembrance of our felicity, it is but fair that the smartest stroke of sorrow should, if bitter, at least be brief.—Earl of Beaconsfield.

The first pressure of sorrow crushes out from our hearts the best wine; afterwards the constant weight of it brings forth bitterness,—the taste and stain from the lees of the vat.—Longfellow.

Believe me, every man has his secret sorrows which the world knows not; and oftentimes we call a man cold when he is only sad.—Longfellow.

In the voice of mirth there may be excitement, but in the tones of mourning there is consolation.—W. G. Clarke.

Sorrow, like a heavy hanging bell, once set on ringing, with his own weight goes; then little strength rings out the doleful knell.—Shakespeare.

Tell me what is sorrow? It is a garden-bed.
And what is joy? It is a little rose,
Which in that garden grows.
—R. H. Stoddard.

How beautiful is sorrow, when 't is drest
By virgin innocence? it makes
Felicity in others seem deform'd.
—Sir W. Davenant.

Sorrow is a stone that crushes a single bearer to the ground, while two are able to carry it with ease.—Bailey.

Whatever lives, lives to die in sorrow. We engage our hearts, and grasp after the things of this world, only to undergo the pang of losing them.—Schiller.

In extent sorrow is boundless,—it pours from ten million sources, and floods the world; but its depth is small,—it drowns few.—Charles Buxton.

Be of comfort, and your heavy sorrow
Part equally among us; storms divided,
Abate their force, and with less rage are guided. —Heywood.

There are sorrows that are not painful, but are of the nature of some acids, and give piquancy and flavor to life.—Beecher.

Real sorrow is almost as difficult to discover as real poverty. An instinctive delicacy hides the rays of the one and the wounds of the other. —Madame Swetchine.

Sorrow is knowledge; they who know thee most must mourn the deepest over the fatal truth, the tree of knowledge is not that of life.—Byron.

'T is the work of many a dark hour, many a prayer, to bring the heart back from an infant gone.—N. P. Willis.

There is enjoyment even in sadness; and the same souvenirs which have produced long regrets may also soften them.—De Boufflers.

We may learn from children how large a part of our grievances is imaginary. But the pain is just as real. —Bovee.

Thou canst not tell how rich a dowry sorrow gives the soul, how firm a faith and eagle sight of God.—Dean Alford.

The mind profits by the wreck of every passion, and we may measure our road to wisdom by the sorrows we have undergone.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Sorrow seems sent for our instruction, as we darken the cages of birds when we would teach them to sing.—Richter.

Affliction is a mother,
Whose painful throes yield many sons,
Each fairer than the other.
—Henry Vaughan.

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul,
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath.
—Shakespeare.

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish: earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.—Moore.

Sorrow is properly that state of the mind in which our desires are fixed upon the past without looking forward to the future.—Dr. Johnson.

The sorrow which calls for help and comfort is not the greatest, nor does it come from the depths of the heart.—Wilhelm von Humboldt.

It is foolish to pluck out one's hair for sorrow, as if grief could be assuaged by baldness.—Cicero.

Joy cannot unfold the deepest truths. Cometh white-robed Sorrow, stooping and wan, and flingeth wide the door she must not enter.—George MacDonald.

If hearty sorrow be a sufficient ransom for offence, I tender it here; I do as truly suffer as e'er I did commit.—Shakespeare.

It would seem that by our sorrows only we are called to a knowledge of the Infinite. Are we happy? The limits of life constrain us on all sides.—Madame Swetchine.

Sorrow itself is not so hard to bear as the thought of sorrow coming. Airy ghosts that work no harm do terrify us more than men in steel with bloody purpose.—Aldrich.

The human race are sons of sorrow born; and each must have his portion. Vulgar minds refuse, or crouch beneath their load; the brave bear theirs without repining.—Mallet.

There is a sacredness in tears. They are not the mark of weakness, but of power. They speak more eloquently than ten thousand tongues.—W. Irving.

The dark in soul see in the universe their own shadow; the shattered spirit can only reflect external beauty in form as untrue and broken as itself.—Binney.

The capacity of sorrow belongs to our grandeur; and the loftiest of our race are those who have had the profoundest grief, because they have had the profoundest sympathies.—Henry Giles.

Men die, but sorrow never dies;
The crowding years divide in vain,
And the wide world is knit with ties
Of common brotherhood in pain.
—Susan Coolidge.

O sorrow, wilt thou rule my blood,
But sometimes lovely, like a bride,
And put thy harsher moods aside,
If thou wilt have me wise and good.
—Tennyson.

A small sorrow distracts, a great one makes us collected; as a bell loses its clear tone when slightly cracked, and recovers it if the fissure is enlarged.—Richter.

'Tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.
—Shakespeare.

Alas! by some degree of woe
We every bliss must gain:
The heart can ne'er a transport know,
That never feels a pain.
—Lord Lyttleton.

Alas! I have not words to tell my grief;
To vent my sorrow would be some relief;
Light sufferings give us leisure to complain;
We groan, but cannot speak, in greater pain.
—Dryden.

When fresh sorrows have caused us to take some steps in the right way, we may not complain. We have invested in a life annuity, but the income remains.—Madame Swetchine.

Short time seems long in sorrow's sharp sustaining; though woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps, and they who watch see time how slow it creeps.—Shakespeare.

The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown;
No traveller ever reach'd that blest abode,
Who found not thorns and briars in his road. —Cowper.

There is no wisdom in useless and hopeless sorrow; but there is something in it so like virtue that he who is wholly without it cannot be loved, nor will by me, at least, be thought worthy of esteem.—Johnson.

To each his sufferings: all are men
Condemn'd alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
The unfeeling for his own. —Gray.

We fancy that our afflictions are sent us directly from above; sometimes we think it in piety and contrition, but oftener in moroseness and discontent. —Landor.

The echo of the nest-life, the voice of our modest, fairer, holier soul, is audible only in a sorrow-darkened bosom, as the nightingales warble when one veils their cage.—Richter.

Sorrows, as storms, bring down the clouds close to the earth; sorrows bring heaven down close; and they are instruments of cleansing and purifying.—Beecher.

The violence of sorrow is not at the first to be striven withal; being, like a mighty beast, sooner tamed with following than overthrown by withstanding.—Sir P. Sidney.

To love all mankind, from the greatest to the lowest, a cheerful state of being is required; but in order to see into mankind, into life, and still more into ourselves, suffering is requisite.—Richter.

The sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal, every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open, this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude.—Washington Irving.

Sorrow, being the natural and direct offspring of sin, that which first brought sin into the world, must, by necessary consequences, bring in sorrow also.—South.

Sorrow is sin's echo, and as the echo answers the voice best where there are broken walls and ruined buildings to return it, so is sorrow when reverberated by a broken ruined heart.—Philip Henry.

Time, thy name is sorrow. says the stricken
Heart of life, laid waste with wasting flame
Ere the change of things and thoughts requicken,
Time, thy name. —Swinburne.

I have, as when the sun doth light a storm,
Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile:
But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness. —Shakespeare.

As fate is inexorable, and not to be moved either with tears or reproaches, an excess of sorrow is as foolish as profuse laughter; while, on the other hand, not to mourn at all is insensibility.—Seneca.

To grieve for evils is often wrong; but it is much more wrong to grieve without them. All sorrow that lasts longer than its cause is morbid, and should be shaken off as an attack of melancholy, as the forerunner of a greater evil than poverty or pain.—Johnson.

It is the veiled angel of sorrow who plucks away one thing and another that bound us here in ease and security, and, in the vanishing of these dear objects, indicates the true home of our affections and our peace.—Chapin.

Religion prescribes to every miserable man the means of bettering his condition; nay, it shows him that the bearing of his afflictions as he ought to do, will naturally end in the removal of them.—Addison.

Vital is the relation between earthly sorrow and eternal satisfaction. The travail to which God's saints are subjected results in the birth of nobler natures and more sanctified spirits. Pain always promotes progress, and suffering invariably ensures success.—J. McC. Holmes.

Sorrow preys upon
Its solitude and nothing more diverts it
From its sad visions of the other world
Than calling it at moments back to this.
The busy have no time for tears.
—Byron.

Every Calvary has an Olivet. To every place of crucifixion there is likewise a place of ascension. The sun that was shrouded is unveiled, and heaven opens with hopes eternal to the soul which was nigh unto despair.—Henry Giles.

Fairer and more fruitful in the spring the vine becomes from the skilful pruning of the husbandman; less pure had been the gums which the odorous balsam gives, if it had not been cut by the knife of the Arabian shepherd.—Metastasio.

Part of our good consists in the endeavor to do sorrows away, and in the power to sustain them when the endeavor fails,—to bear them nobly, and thus help others to bear them as well.—Leigh Hunt.

Earth may embitter, not remove,
The love divinely given;
And e'en that mortal grief shall prove
The immortality of love,
And lead us nearer heaven.
—Mrs. E. B. Browning.

Oh, look not at thy pains or sorrows, how great soever; but look from them, look off them, look beyond them, to the Deliverer, whose power is over them, and whose loving, wise, and tender spirit is able to do thee good by them!—Isaac Penington.

Out of suffering have emerged the strongest souls; the most massive characters are seamed with scars; martyrs have put on their coronation robes glittering with fire, and through their tears have the sorrowful first seen the gates of heaven.—Chapin.

No wringing of the hands and knocking the breast, or wishing one's self unborn; all which are but the ceremonies of sorrow, the pomp and ostentation of an effeminate grief, which speak not so much the greatness of the misery as the smallness of the mind.—South.

If there is an evil in this world, it is sorrow and heaviness of heart. The loss of goods, of health, of coronets and mitres, is only evil as they occasion sorrow; take that out, the rest is fancy, and dwelleth only in the head of man.—Sterne.

As the Christian's sorrows multiply, his patience grows, until, with sweet, unruffled quiet, he can confront the ills of life, and, though inwardly wincing, can calmly pursue his way to the restful grave, while his old harsh voice is softly cadenced into sweetest melody, like the faint notes of an angel's whispered song. As patience deepens, charity and sympathy increase.—George C. Lorimer.

There's no way to make sorrow light
But in the noble bearing; be content;
Blows given from heaven are our due punishment;
All shipwrecks are not drownings; you see buildings
Made fairer from their ruins.
—W. Rowley.

Sorrow treads heavily, and leaves behind
A deep impression, e'en when she departs:
While joy trips by with steps light as the wind,
And scarcely leaves a trace upon our hearts
Of her faint foot-falls: only this is sure,
In this world nought, save misery, can endure.
—Mrs. Embury.

And o'er that fair broad brow were wrought
The intersected lines of thought;
Those furrows, which the burning share
Of sorrow ploughs untimely there:
Scars of the lacerating mind,
Which the soul's war doth leave behind.
—Byron.

Nature always wears the colors of the spirit. To a man laboring under calamity the heat of his own fire hath sadness in it. Then there is a kind of contempt of the landscape felt by him who has just lost by death a

dear friend. The sky is less grand as it shuts down over less worth in the population.—Emerson.

Whoever can turn his weeping eyes to heaven has lost nothing; for there, above, is everything he can wish for here below. He only is a loser, who persists in looking down on the narrow plains of the present time.—Richter.

Rash combat often immortalizes man; if he should fall, he is renowned in song; but after-ages reckon not the ceaseless tears which the forsaken woman sheds. Poets tell us not of the many nights consumed in weeping, or of the dreary days wherein her anguished soul vainly yearns to call her loved one back.—Goethe.

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day,
Her two blue windows faintly she upheaveth,
Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array
He cheers the morn, and all the world relieveth;
And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,
So is her face illumined with her eye.
—Shakespeare.

Sorrows, because they are lingering guests, I will entertain but moderately, knowing that the more they are made of, the longer they will continue; and for pleasures, because they stay not, and do but call to drink at my door, I will use them as passengers with slight respect. He is his own best friend that makes least of both of them.—Bishop Hall.

Do not cheat thy Heart and tell her,
"Grief will pass away,
Hope for fairer times in future,
And forget to-day."
Tell her, if you will, that sorrow
Need not come in vain;
Tell her that the lesson taught her
Far outweighs the pain.
—Adelaide A. Procter.

When some one sorrow, that is yet reparable, gets hold of your mind like a monomania,—when you think, because Heaven has denied you this or that, on which you had set your heart, that all your life must be a blank,—oh, then diet yourself well on biography,—the biography of good and great men. See how little a space one sorrow really makes in life. See scarce a page, perhaps, given to some grief similar to your own, and how triumphantly the life sails on beyond it.—Bulwer-Lytton.

For the external expressions and vent of sorrow, we know that there is a certain pleasure in weeping; it is the discharge of a big and swelling grief, of a full and strangling discontent; and therefore he that never had such a burden upon his heart as to give him opportunity thus to ease it has one pleasure in this world yet to come.—South.

When the cold breath of sorrow is sweeping
O'er the chords of the youthful heart,
And the earnest eye, dimm'd with strange weeping,
Sees the visions of fancy depart;
When the bloom of young feeling is dying,
And the heart throbs with passion's fierce strife,
When our sad days are wasted in sighing,
Who then can find sweetness in life?
—Mrs. Embury.

Sorrow, the heart must bear,
Sits in the home of each, conspicuous there.
Many a circumstance, at least,
Touches the very breast.
For those
Whom any sent away,—he knows:
And in the live man's stead,
Armor and ashes reach
The house of each. —Robert Browning.

He that hath so many causes of joy, and so great, is very much in love with sorrow and peevishness, who loses all these pleasures, and chooses to sit down on his handful of thorns. Such a person is fit to bear Nero company in his funeral sorrow for the loss of one of Poppea's hairs, or help to mourn for Lesbia's sparrow; and because he loves it he deserves to starve in the midst of plenty, and to want comfort whilst he is encircled with blessings.—Jeremy Taylor.

From the very summit of his sorrows, where he had gone to die, Moses, for the first time in his life, caught a view of the land of Canaan. He did not know, as he went over the rocks, torn and weary, how lovely the prospect was from the top. In this world, it frequently happens that when man has reached the place of anguish, God

rolls away the mist from his eyes, and the very spot selected as the receptacle of his tears, becomes the place of his highest rapture.—J. T. Headley.

Soul

'T is the Divinity that stirs within us—Addison.

Vital spark of heav'nly flame!—Pope.

There is a divinity within our breast.—Ovid.

The soul is one with its faith.—C. A. Bartol.

The temples perish, but the God still lives.—Bailey.

The soul, immortal as its sire, shall never die.—Montgomery.

A soul as white as Heaven.—Beaumont and Fletcher.

The soul never grows old—Longfellow.

The soul knows no persons.—Emerson.

A single soul is richer than all the worlds.—Alexander Smith.

The soul has more diseases than the body.—H. W. Shaw.

And her immortal part with angels lives.—Shakespeare.

The dome of Thought, the palace of the Soul.—Byron.

Life is the soul's nursery.—Thackeray.

There are no twin souls in God's universe.—J. G. Holland.

Silence and solitude, the soul's best friends.—Longfellow.

Grief dejects and wrings the tortured soul.—Roscommon.

The soul, like the body, lives by what it feeds on.—J. G. Holland.

A noble soul has no other merit than to be a noble soul.—Schiller.

And keeps that palace of the soul serene.—Edmund Waller.

The one thing in the world of value is the active soul.—Emerson.

Think'st thou I'll endanger my soul gratis?—Shakespeare.

Above the vulgar flight of common souls.—Arthur Murphy.

The feast of reason and the flow of soul.—Pope.

A corporation has no soul.—Coke.

Oh! how seldom the soul is silent, in order that God may speak.—Fénelon.

The gods approve the depth, and not the tumult of the soul.—Wordsworth.

Thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night.
—Shakespeare.

In the scenes of moral life the soul is at once actor and spectator.—Degérando.

The want of goods is easily repaired, but the poverty of the soul is irreparable.—Montaigne.

For of the soule the bodie forme doth take;
For soule is forme and doth the bodie make.
—Spenser.

Ah, could the soul, like the body, have a mirror! It has,—a friend.—W. R. Alger.

'T would take an angel from above
To paint th' immortal soul.
—Mrs. Welby.

The production of souls is the secret of unfathomable depth.—Victor Hugo.

There is a remedy for every wrong and a satisfaction for every soul.—R. W. Emerson.

Souls are dangerous things to carry straight through all the spilt salt-

petre of this world.—Mrs. E. B. Browning.

Men possessing small souls are generally the authors of great evils.—Goethe.

The countenance is the portrait of the soul, and the eyes mark its intentions—Cicero.

Christ bounds and terminates the vast desires of the soul; He is the very Sabbath of the soul.—John Flavel.

The imaginative faculty of the soul must be fed with objects immense and eternal.—Emerson.

And rest at last where souls unbodied dwell,
In ever-flowing meads of Asphodel.
—Homer.

The body,—that is dust; the soul,—it is a bud of eternity.—Nathaniel Culverwell.

From the looks—not the lips, is the soul reflected.—McDonald Clarke.

He had kept
The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept. —Byron.

The heart may be broken, and the soul remain unshaken.—Napoleon.

The soul on earth is an immortal guest, compelled to starve at an unreal feast.—Hannah More.

Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own.—Shakespeare.

The faculties of our souls differ as widely as the features of our faces and the forms of our frames.—J. G. Holland.

Death only this mysterious truth unfolds,
The mighty soul, how small a body holds.
—Juvenal.

The soul, uneasy and confin'd from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.
—Pope.

The limbs will quiver and move after the soul is gone.—Sam'l Johnson.

And the weak soul, within itself unblessed, leans for all pleasure on another's breast.—Goldsmith.

A soul without reflection, like a pile
Without inhabitant, to ruin runs.
—Dr. Young.

A happy soul, that all the way
To heaven hath a summer's day.
—Richard Crashaw.

And he that makes his soul his surety,
I think, does give the best security.
—Butler.

Ah, the souls of those that die
Are but sunbeams lifted higher.
—Longfellow.

A soul,—a spark of the never-dying flame that separates man from all the other beings of earth.—James Fenimore Cooper.

Yet stab at thee who will,
No stab the soul can kill!
—Sir Walter Raleigh.

The wealth of a soul is measured by how much it can feel; its poverty, by how little.—W. R. Alger.

I have a soul that, like an ample shield,
Can take in all, and verge enough for more.
—Dryden.

Gravity is the ballast of the soul, which keeps the mind steady.—Fuller.

A man's possessions are just as large as his own soul. If his title-deeds cover more, the surplus acres own him, not he the acres.—R. F. Hallock.

Not in the knowledge of things without, but in the perfection of the soul within, lies the empire of man aspiring to be more than man.—Bulwer-Lytton.

It seems to me as if not only the form, but the soul of man was made to "walk erect, and look upon the stars." Bulwer-Lytton.

Everywhere the human soul stands between a hemisphere of light and another of darkness; on the confines of two everlasting hostile empires, Necessity and Free Will.—Carlyle.

I am positive I have a soul; nor can all the books with which materialists have pestered the world ever convince me to the contrary.—Sterne.

But who would force the Soul, tilts with a straw
Against a Champion cased in adamant.
—Wordsworth.

Some men have a Sunday soul, which they screw on in due time, and take off again every Monday morning.—Robert Hall.

Alas! alas! why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once; and he that might the vantage best have took found out the remedy.—Shakespeare.

There is nothing that is so wonderfully created as the human soul. There is something of God in it. We are infinite in the future, though we are finite in the past.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Life was intended to be so adjusted that the body should be the servant of the soul, and always subordinate to the soul.—J. G. Holland.

The soul has, living apart from its corporeal envelope, a profound habitual meditation which prepares it for a future life.—Hippel.

The soul is a temple; and God is silently building it by night and by day. Precious thoughts are building it; disinterested love is building it; all-penetrating faith is building it.—Henry Ward Beecher.

The strongest love which the human heart has ever felt has been that for its Heavenly Parent. Was it not then constituted for this love?—W. E. Channing.

We all dread a bodily paralysis, and would make use of every contrivance to avoid it; but none of us is troubled about a paralysis of the soul.—Epictetus.

Our souls must become expanded by the contemplation of Nature's grandeur, before we can fully comprehend the greatness of man.—Heine.

The saddest of all failures is that of a soul, with its capabilities and possibilities, failing of life everlasting, and entering upon that night of death upon which morning never dawns.—Herrick Johnson.

There is a god within us, and we have intercourse with heaven. That spirit comes from abodes on high.—Ovid.

If our souls be immortal, this makes amends for the frailties of life and the sufferings of this state.—Tillotson.

It is the soul itself which sees and hears, and not those parts which are, as it were, but windows to the soul. —Cicero.

What is mind? No matter. What is matter? Never mind. What is the soul? It is immaterial.—Hood.

The Egyptians, by the concurrent testimony of antiquity, were among the first who taught that the soul was immortal.—Bishop Warburton.

Our immortal souls, while righteous, are by God himself beautified with the title of his own image and similitude. —Sir Walter Raleigh.

The human soul is hospitable, and will entertain conflicting sentiments and contradictory opinions with much impartiality.—George Eliot.

The soul of man is larger than the sky,
Deeper than ocean, or the abysmal dark
Of the unfathomed centre.
—Hartley Coleridge.

Within this wall of flesh
There is a soul counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love.
—Shakespeare.

Our souls sit close and silently within,
And their own web from their own entrails spin;
And when eyes meet far off, our sense is such,
That, spider-like, we feel the tenderest touch. —Dryden.

Why should I start at the plough of my Lord, that maketh deep furrows on my soul? I know he is no idle husbandman; he purposeth a crop.—Rutherford.

Whatever that be, which thinks, which understands, which wills, which acts, it is something celestial and divine; and, upon that account, must necessarily be eternal.—Cicero.

A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pygmy-body to decay,
And o'er-inform'd the tenement of clay.
—Dryden.

Is not the mighty mind, that son of heaven!
By tyrant life dethroned, imprison'd, pain'd?
By death enlarg'd, ennobled, deify'd?
Death but entombs the body; life the soul.
—Young.

Nothing gives us a greater idea of our soul, than that God has given us, at the moment of our birth, an angel to take care of it.—Jerome.

The soul,
Advancing ever to the source of light
And all perfection, lives, adores, and reigns
In cloudless knowledge, purity, and bliss.
—Henry Ware.

A sublime soul can rise to all kinds of greatness, but by an effort; it can tear itself from all bondage, to all that limits and constrains it, but only by strength of will. Consequently the sublime soul is only free by broken efforts.—Schiller.

Every thing here, but the soul of man, is a passing shadow. The only enduring substance is within. When shall we awake to the sublime greatness, the perils, the accountableness, and the glorious destinies of the immortal soul?—W. E. Channing.

Go and try to save a soul, and you will see how well it is worth saving, how capable it is of the most complete salvation. Not by pondering about it, nor by talking of it, but by saving it, you learn its preciousness.—Phillips Brooks.

A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify:
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.
—Charles Wesley.

Some of our philosophizing divines have too much exalted the faculties of our souls, when they have maintained that by their force mankind has been able to find out God.—Dryden.

What came from the earth returns to the earth, and the spirit that was sent from heaven, again carried back, is received into the temple of heaven. —Lucretius.

The most regular and most perfect soul in the world has but too much to do to keep itself upright from being overthrown by its own weakness.—Montaigne.

The light of love, the purity of grace,
The mind, the music breathing from her face,
The heart whose softness harmonized the whole—
And, oh! that eye was in itself a soul!
—Byron.

"No doubt," replied Scipio, "those are alive who have broken loose from the chains of the body as from a prison; it is yours, that is called life, that is really death."—Cicero.

As all curves have reference to their centres or foci, so all beauty of character has reference to the soul, and is a graceful gesture of recognition or waving of the body toward it. —Thoreau.

The image of God was no less resplendent in man's practical understanding,—namely, that storehouse of the soul in which are treasured up the rules of action and the seeds of morality.—South.

The human soul is like a bird that is born in a cage. Nothing can deprive it of its natural longings, or obliterate the mysterious remembrance of its heritage.—Epes Sargent.

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made;
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
As they draw nearer to their eternal home.
—Waller.

There are souls which fall from heaven like flowers; but ere the pure and fresh buds can open, they are trodden in the dust of the earth, and

lie soiled and crushed under the foul tread of some brutal hoof.—Richter.

A soul which is conversant with virtue is like an ever flowing source, for it is pure and tranquil and potable and sweet and communicative (social) and rich and harmless and free from mischief.—Epictetus.

We may compare the soul to a linen cloth: it must be first washed to take off its native hue and color, and to make it white; and afterwards it must be ever and anon washed to preserve it white.—South.

I hardly know a sight that raises one's indignation more than that of an enlarged soul joined to a contracted fortune; unless it be that so much more common one, of a contracted soul joined to an enlarged fortune.—Lord Greville.

Embellish the soul with simplicity, with prudence, and everything which is neither virtuous nor vicious. Love all men. Walk according to God; for, as a poet hath said, his laws govern all.—Marcus Antoninus.

The health of the soul is as precarious as that of the body; for when we seem secure from passions, we are no less in danger of their infection than we are of falling ill when we appear to be well.—Rochefoucauld.

The action of the soul is oftener in that which is felt and left unsaid than in that which is said in any conversation. It broods over every society, and men unconsciously seek for it in each other.—Emerson.

To me the external existence of my soul is proved from my idea of activity. If I work incessantly until my death, nature will give me another form of existence when the present can no longer sustain my spirit.—Goethe.

I am fully convinced that the soul is indestructible, and that its activity will continue through eternity. It is like the sun, which, to our eyes, seems to set in night; but it has in reality only gone to diffuse its light elsewhere.—Goethe.

The mind is never right but when it is at peace within itself; the soul is in heaven even while it is in the flesh, if it be purged of its natural corruptions, and taken up with divine thoughts, and contemplations.—Seneca.

The soul languishing in obscurity contracts a kind of rust, or abandons itself to the chimera of presumption; for it is natural for it to acquire something, even when separated from any one.—Quintilian.

The soul may be compared to a field of battle, where the armies are ready every moment to encounter. Not a single vice but has a more powerful opponent, and not one virtue but may be overborne by a combination of vices.—Goldsmith.

The little flower that opens in the meadows lives and dies in a season; but what agencies have concentrated themselves to produce it! So the human soul lives in the midst of heavenly help.—Elizabeth Peabody.

I consider the soul of man as the ruin of a glorious pile of buildings; where, amidst great heaps of rubbish, you meet with noble fragments of sculpture, broken pillars and obelisks, and a magnificence in confusion.—Steele.

Not all the subtilties of metaphysics can make me doubt a moment of the immortality of the soul, and of a beneficent Providence. I feel it, I believe it, I desire it, I hope it, and will defend it to my last breath.—Rousseau.

There are some men's souls that are so thin, so almost destitute of what is the true idea of soul, that were not the guardian angels so keen-sighted, they would altogether overlook them.—Beecher.

To whatever world He carries our souls when they shall pass out of these imprisoning bodies, in those worlds these souls of ours shall find

themselves part of the same great temple; for it belongs not to this earth alone.—Phillips Brooks.

The sun meets not the springing bud that stretches towards him with half the certainty that God, the source of all good, communicates himself to the soul that longs to partake of him. —William Law.

Or looks on heav'n with more than mortal eyes,
Bids his free soul expatiate in the skies,
Amid her kindred stars familiar roam,
Survey the region, and confess her home.
—Pope.

No iron chain, or outward force of any kind, could ever compel the soul of man to believe or to disbelieve: it is his own indefeasible light, that judgment of his; he will reign and believe there by the grace of God alone! —Carlyle.

What then do you call your soul? What idea have you of it? You cannot of yourselves, without revelation, admit the existence within you of anything but a power unknown to you of feeling and thinking.—Voltaire.

What is the elevation of the soul? A prompt, delicate, certain feeling for all that is beautiful, all that is grand; a quick resolution to do the greatest good by the smallest means; a great benevolence joined to a great strength and great humility.—Lavater.

Whate'er of earth is form'd, to earth returns,
* * * The soul
Of man alone, that particle divine,
Escapes the wreck of worlds, when all things fail. —W. C. Somerville.

There is, they say, (and I believe there is),
A spark within us of th' immortal fire,
That animates and moulds the grosser frame;
And when the body sinks, escapes to heaven;
Its native seat, and mixes with the gods.
—Armstrong.

Never let man imagine that he can pursue a good end by evil means, without sinning against his own soul! Any other issue is doubtful: the evil effect on himself is certain.—Southey.

It is certain that the soul is either mortal or immortal. The decision of this question must make a total difference in the principles of morals. Yet philosophers have arranged their moral system entirely independent of this. What an extraordinary blindness!—Pascal.

We endow
Those whom we love, in our fond, passionate blindness,
With power upon our souls too absolute
To be a mortal's trust. —Mrs. Hemans.

Making one object, in outward or inward nature, more holy to a single heart is reward enough for a life; for the more sympathies we gain or awaken for what is beautiful, by so much deeper will be our sympathy for that which is most beautiful,—the human soul!—Lowell.

The soul of man is not a thing which comes and goes, is builded and decays like the elemental frame in which it is set to dwell, but a very living force, a very energy of God's organic will, which rules and moulds this universe.—Froude.

O, how much greater is the soul of one man than the vicissitudes of the whole globe! Child of heaven, and heir of immortality, how from some star hereafter wilt thou look back on the ant-hill and its commotions, from Clovis to Robespierre, from Noah to the Final Fire!—Bulwer-Lytton.

Now, believe me, God hides some ideal in every human soul. At some time in our life we feel a trembling, fearful longing to do some good thing. Life finds its noblest spring of excellence in this hidden impulse to do our best.—Robert Collyer.

The soul, the mother of deep fears,
Of high hopes infinite,
Of glorious dreams, mysterious tears,
Of sleepless inner sight;
Lovely, but solemn, it arose,
Unfolding what no more might close.
—Mrs. Hemans.

The soul is a fire that darts its rays through all the senses; it is in this fire that existence consists; all the observations and all the efforts of

philosophers ought to turn towards this Me, the centre and moving power of our sentiments and our ideas.—Madame de Staël.

Alas! while the body stands so broad and brawny, must the soul lie blinded, dwarfed, stupefied, almost annihilated? Alas! this was, too, a breath of God, bestowed in heaven, but on earth never to be unfolded!—Carlyle.

If self-knowledge be a path to virtue, virtue is a much better one to self-knowledge. The more pure the soul becomes, it will, like certain precious stones that are sensible to the contact of poison, shrink from the fetid vapors of evil impressions.—Richter.

Go, Soul, the Body's guest,
Upon a thankless errand;
Fear not to touch the best,
The truth shall be thy warrant.
Go, since I needs must die,
And give them all the lie.
—Sir Walter Raleigh.

It is the Soul's prerogative, its fate,
To shape the outward to its own estate.
If right itself, then, all around is well;
If wrong, it makes of all without a hell.
So multiplies the Soul its joys or pain,
Gives out itself, itself takes back again.
Transformed by thee, the world hath but one face.
—R. H. Dana.

Who tells me he denies his soul's immortal,
Whate'er his boast, has told me he's a knave;
His duty, 'tis to love himself alone,
Nor care though mankind perish, if he smiles,
Who thinks ere long the man shall wholly die,
Is dead already; nought but brute survives.
—Young.

The soul that lives, ascends frequently, and runs familiarly through the streets of the heavenly Jerusalem, visiting the patriarchs and prophets, saluting the apostles, and admiring the army of martyrs. So do thou lead on thy heart, and bring it to the palace of the Great King.—Richard Baxter.

If I am mistaken in my opinion that the human soul is immortal, I willingly err; nor would I have this pleasant error extorted from me; and if, as some minute philosophers suppose, death should deprive me of my being, I need not fear the raillery of those pretended philosophers when they are no more.—Cicero.

The Soul, secure in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point:
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years:
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds!
—Addison.

As the flowers follow the sun, and silently hold up their petals to be tinted and enlarged by its shining, so must we, if we would know the joy of God, hold our souls, wills, hearts, and minds, still before Him, whose voice commands, whose love warns, whose truth makes fair our whole being. God speaks for the most part in such silence only. If the soul be full of tumult and jangling voices, His voice is little likely to be heard.—Alexander Maclaren.

This is my firm persuasion, that since the human soul exerts itself with so great activity, since it has such a remembrance of the best, such a concern for the future, since it is enriched with so many arts, sciences, and discoveries, it is impossible but the being which contains all these must be immortal.—Cato.

In the darkest hour through which a human soul can pass, whatever else is doubtful, this at least is certain. If there be no God and no future state, yet even then it is better to be generous than selfish, better to be chaste than licentious, better to be true than false, better to be brave than to be a coward.—F. W. Robertson.

Philosophers have widely differed as to the seat of the soul, and St. Paul has told us that out of the heart proceed murmurings; but there can be no doubt that the seat of perfect contentment is in the head, for every individual is thoroughly satisfied with his own proportion of brains.—Colton.

For it is unknown what is the real nature of the soul, whether it be born with the bodily frame or be infused at the moment of birth, whether it perishes along with us, when death separates the soul and body, or whether it visits the shades of Pluto and bottomless pits, or enters by divine appointment into other animals. —Lucretius.

My soul, the seas are rough, and thou a stranger
In these false coasts; O keep aloof; there's danger;
Cast forth thy plummet; see, a rock appears;
Thy ships want sea-room; make it with thy tears. —Quarles.

This boundless desire had not its original from man itself; nothing would render itself restless; something above the bounds of this world implanted those desires after a higher good, and made him restless in everything else. And since the soul can only rest is something infinite, there is something infinite for it to rest in. —Charnock.

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length are free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea! —O. W. Holmes.

To look upon the soul as going on from strength to strength, to consider that she is to shine forever with new accessions of glory, and brighten to all eternity; that she will be still adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge,—carries in it something wonderfully agreeable to that ambition which is natural to the mind of man.—Addison.

With what astonishment and veneration may we look into our own souls, where there are such hidden stores of virtue and knowledge, such inexhaustible sources of perfection. We know not yet what we shall be, nor will it ever enter into the heart to conceive the glory that will be always in reserve for it.—Addison.

After all, let a man take what pains he may to hush it down, a human soul is an awful, ghostly, unquiet possession for a bad man to have. Who knows the metes and bounds of it? Who knows all its awful perhapses,—those shudderings and tremblings, which it can no more live down than it can outlive its own eternity?—Mrs. Stowe.

Oh soul! I said, "thy boding murmurs cease;
Though sorrow bind thee as a funeral pall,
Thy Father's hand is guiding thee through all.
His love will bring a true and perfect peace.
Look upward once again; though drear the night,
Earth may be darkness, Heaven will give thee light!" —Mrs. Neal.

The soul, considered with its Creator, is like one of those mathematical lines that may draw nearer to another for all eternity without a possibility of touching it; and can there be a thought so transporting as to consider ourselves in these perpetual approaches to Him, who is not only the standard of perfection, but of happiness?—Addison.

Wander at will,
Day after day,—
Wander away,
Wandering still—
Soul that canst soar!
Body may slumber:
Body shall cumber
Soul-flight no more.
—Robert Browning.

The soul of a true Christian appears like such a little white flower as we see in the spring of the year, low and humble on the ground, opening its bosom to receive the pleasant beams of the sun's glory, rejoicing, as it were, in a calm rapture, diffusing around a sweet fragrancy, standing peacefully and lovingly in the midst of other flowers round about, all in like manner opening their bosoms to drink in the light of the sun.—Jonathan Edwards.

You can throw yourselves away. You can become of no use in the universe except for a warning. You can lose your souls. Oh, what a loss

is that! The perversion and degradation of every high and immortal power for an eternity! And shall this be true of any one of you? Will you be lost when One has come from heaven, traveling in the greatness of His strength, and with garments dyed in blood, on purpose to guide you home—home to a Father's house—to an eternal home?—Mark Hopkins.

Where are Shakespeare's imagination, Bacon's learning, Galileo's dream? Where is the sweet fancy of Sidney, the airy spirit of Fletcher, and Milton's thought severe? Methinks such things should not die and dissipate, when a hair can live for centuries, and a brick of Egypt will last three thousand years. I am content to believe that the mind of man survives, somehow or other, his clay. —Barry Cornwall.

The soul on earth is an immortal guest,
Compell'd to starve at an unreal feast:
A spark, which upward tends by nature's force:
A stream diverted from its parent source;
A drop dissever'd from the boundless sea;
A moment, parted from eternity;
A pilgrim panting for the rest to come;
An exile, anxious for his native home.
—Hannah More.

What, my soul, was thy errand here?
Was it mirth or ease,
Or heaping up dust from year to year?
"Nay, none of these!"
Speak, soul, aright in His holy sight,
Whose eye looks still
And steadily on thee through the night;
"To do His will!" —Whittier.

But whither went his soul, let such relate
Who search the secrets of the future state:
Divines can say but what themselves believe;
Strong proofs they have, but not demonstrative:
For, were all plain, then all sides must agree,
And faith itself be lost in certainty.
To live uprightly then is sure the best,
To save ourselves, and not to damn the rest. —Dryden.

Two things a master commits to his servant's care—the child and the child's clothes. It will be a poor excuse for the servant to say, at his master's return, "Sir, here are all the child's clothes, neat and clean, but the child is lost." Much so of the account that many will give to God of their souls and bodies at the great day. "Lord, here is my body; I am very grateful for it; I neglected nothing that belonged to its contents and welfare; but as for my soul, that is lost and cast away forever. I took little care and thought about it."—John Flavel.

Either we have an immortal soul, or we have not. If we have not, we are beasts,—the first and the wisest of beasts, it may be, but still true beasts. We shall only differ in degree and not in kind,—just as the elephant differs from the slug. But by the concession of the materialists of all the schools, or almost all, we are not of the same kind as beasts, and this also we say from our own consciousness. Therefore, methinks, it must be the possession of the soul within us that makes the difference. —Coleridge.

Our thoughts are boundless, though our frames are frail,
Our souls immortal, though our limbs decay;
Though darken'd in this poor life by a veil
Of suffering, dying matter, we shall play
In truth's eternal sunbeams; on the way
To heaven's high capitol our cars shall roll:
The temple of the Power whom all obey,
That is the mark we tend to, for the soul
Can take no lower flight, and seek no meaner goal.
—Percival's Prometheus.

We cannot describe the natural history of the soul, but we know that it is divine. All things are known to the soul. It is not to be surprised by any communication. Nothing can be greater than it, let those fear and those fawn who will. The soul is in her native realm; and it is wider than space, older than time, wide as hope, rich as love. Pusillanimity and fear she refuses with a beautiful scorn; they are not for her who putteth on her coronation robes, and goes out through universal love to universal power.—Emerson.

Sound

How deep is the magic of sound may be learned by breaking some sweet verses into prose. The operation has been compared to gathering

dew-drops, which shine like jewels upon the flower, but run into water in the hand. The elements remain, but the sparkle is gone.—Willmott.

Sweet is every sound,
Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is sweet;
Myriads of rivulets hurrying through the lawn,
The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees.
—Tennyson.

Sound—
That stealeth ever on the ear of him
Who, musing, gazeth on the distance dim,
And sees the darkness coming as a cloud—
Is not its form—its voice—most palpable and loud? —Poe.

Spain

Fair land! of chivalry the old domain,
Land of the vine and olive, lovely Spain!
Though not for thee with classic shores to vie
In charms that fix th' enthusiast's pensive eye;
Yet hast thou scenes of beauty, richly fraught
With all that wakes the glow of lofty thought;
Fountains, and vales, and rocks, whose ancient name
High deeds have raised to mingle with their fame. —Mrs. Hemans.

Not all the blood at Talavera shed,
Not all the marvels of Barossa's fight,
Not Albuera lavish of the dead,
Have won for Spain her well-asserted right.
When shall her olive-branch be free from blight?
When shall she breathe her from the blusing toil?
How many a doubtful day shall sink in night,
Ere the Frank robber turn him from his spoil,
And Freedom's stranger-tree grow native of the soil! —Byron.

Sparrow

The sparrows chirped as if they still were proud
Their race in Holy Writ should mentioned be. —Longfellow.

The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
That it had it head bit off by it young.
—Shakespeare.

Blithe wanderer of the wintry air,
Now here, now there, now everywhere,
Quick drifting to and fro,
A cheerful life devoid of care,
A shadow on the snow.
—George W. Bungay.

And in thy own sermon, thou
That the sparrow falls dost allow,
It shall not cause me any alarm;
For neither so comes the bird to harm,
Seeing our Father, thou hast said,
Is by the sparrow's dying bed;
Therefore it is a blessed place,
And the sparrow in high grace.
—George MacDonald.

Specialty

A man is like a bit of Labrador spar, which has no lustre as you turn it in your hand, until you come to a particular angle; then it shows deep and beautful colors. There is no adaptation or universal applicability in men, but each has his special talent, and the mastery of successful men consists in adroitly keeping themselves where and when that turn shall be oftenest to be practised.—Emerson.

Speculation

Conjecture as to things useful is good; but conjecture as to what it would be useless to know, such as whether men went upon all-fours, is very idle.—Johnson.

Wise man was he who counselled that speculation should have free course, and look fearlessly towards all the thirty-two points of the compass, whithersoever and howsoever it listed.—Carlyle.

The history of humankind to trace
Since Eve, the first of dupes, our doom unriddled,
A certain portion of the human race
Has certainly a taste for being diddled.
Witness the famous Mississippi dreams!
A rage that time seems only to redouble—
The banks, joint stocks, and all the flimsy schemes,
For rolling in Pactolian streams
That cost our modern rogues so little trouble
No matter what, to pasture cows on stubble
To twist sea-sand into a solid rope,
To make French bricks and fancy bread of rubble,
Or light with gas the whole celestial cope—
Only propose to blow a bubble,
And Lord! what hundreds will subscribe for soap! —Hood.

The besetting evil of our age is the temptation to squander and dilute thought on a thousand different lines of inquiry.—Sir John Herschel.

Speech

Speech is but the incorporation of thought.—Joubert.

Speak briefly and to the point.—Cato.

Speech is the index of the mind.—Seneca.

A knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.—Shakespeare.

Speech is silvern, Silence is golden.—German Proverb.

She speaks poniards, and every word stabs.—Shakespeare.

Be swift to hear, slow to speak.—Cleobulus.

Speech is * * * the art of * * * stifling and suspending thought.—Carlyle.

Hear much; speak little.—Bias.

In man speaks God.—Hesiod.

The silent countenance often speaks.—Ovid.

My voice stuck in my throat.—Virgil.

We must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us.—Shakespeare.

You drown him by your talk.—Plautus.

I will speak daggers to her, but use none.—Shakespeare.

Speech is reason's brother, and a kingly prerogative of man.—Tupper.

He mouths a sentence as curs mouth a bone.—Churchill.

In laboring to be concise, I become obscure.—Horace.

Speeches cannot be made long enough for the speakers, nor short enough for the hearers.—Perry.

Speak but little and well, if you would be esteemed as a man of merit.—Trench.

The true use of speech is not so much to express our wants as to conceal them.—Goldsmith.

All have the gift of speech, but few are possessed of wisdom.—Cato.

Your fair discourse hath been as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.
—Shakespeare.

The heart seldom feels what the mouth expresses.—Campistron.

Speech is a faculty given to man to conceal his thoughts.—Talleyrand.

They only employ words to disguise their thoughts.—Voltaire.

Speech is but broken light upon the depth
Of the unspoken. —George Eliot.

Thou speakest a word of great moment calmly.—Goethe.

Where Nature's end of language is declined, and men talk only to conceal the mind.—Young.

It was whispered balm, it was sunshine spoken!—Moore.

Speech is better than silence; silence is better than speech.—Emerson.

He who talks much cannot always talk well.—Goldoni.

The mouth of a wise man is in his heart; the heart of a fool is in his mouth.—Bible.

Consider in silence whatever any one says: speech both conceals and reveals the inner soul of man.—Cato.

His speech was a fine sample, on the whole,
Of rhetoric, which the learn'd call "rigmarole." —Byron.

Seldom is there much spoke, but something or other had better not been spoke.—South.

Let him be sure to leave other men their turn to speak.—Bacon.

The flowering moments of the mind drop half their petals in our speech.—O. W. Holmes.

Speech that leads not to action, still more that hinders it, is a nuisance on the earth.—Carlyle.

Just at the age 'twixt boy and youth,
When thought is speech, and speech is truth. —Scott.

The Chinese have an excellent proverb: "Be modest in speech, but excel in action."—Horace Mann.

Speech is power: speech is to persuade, to convert, to compel.—Emerson.

It is never so difficult to speak as when we are ashamed of our silence. —La Rochefoucauld.

The truth thy speech doth show,
within my heart reproves the swelling pride.—Dante.

I shall make you an impromptu at my leisure.—Molière.

A superior man is modest in his speech, but exceeds in his actions.—Confucius.

Conversation is the image of the mind; as the man, so is his speech.—Syrus.

I have often regretted having spoken, never having kept silent.—Syrus.

Do you wish people to speak well of you? Then do not speak at all yourself.—Pascal.

Speech is the golden harvest that followeth the flowering of thought.—Tupper.

Let no one be willing to speak ill of the absent.—Propertius.

We rarely repent of speaking little, but often of speaking too much.—Bruyère.

As a vessel is known by the sound, whether it be cracked or not; so men are proved, by their speeches, whether they be wise or foolish.—Demosthenes.

Rude am I in my speech
And little blessed with the soft phrase of peace. —Shakespeare.

I had a thing to say,
But I will fit it with some better time. —Shakespeare.

For brevity is very good,
Where we are or are not understood. —Butler.

And endless are the modes of speech, and far
Extends from side to side the field of words. —Homer.

Concerning the dead nothing but good shall be spoken.—Plutarch.

It is a tiresome way of speaking, when you should despatch the business, to beat about the bush.—Plautus.

Such as thy words are, such will thy affections be esteemed; and such will thy deeds as thy affections, and such thy life as thy deeds.—Socrates.

I would be loath to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it.—Shakespeare.

The speech of the tongue is best known to men: God best understands the language of the heart.—Warwick.

God has given us speech in order that we may say pleasant things to our friends, and tell bitter truths to our enemies.—Heinrich Heine.

Man is born with the faculty of speech. Who gives it to him? He who gives the bird its song.—Joubert.

One learns taciturnity best among people who have none, and loquacity among the taciturn.—Jean Paul Richter.

Choice word and measured phrase, above the reach
Of ordinary men. —Wordsworth.

Speech is as a pump, by which we raise and pour out the water from the

great lake of Thought,—whither it flows back again.—John Sterling.

Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt, and ye may know how ye ought to answer every man.—Bible.

When we are understood, we always speak well, and then all your fine diction serves no purpose.—Molière.

O that grave speech would cumber our quick souls
Like bells that waste the moments with their loudness. —George Eliot.

When Adam first of men,
To first of women Eve, thus moving speech,
Turn'd him all ear to hear new utterance flow. —Milton.

Speech was made to open man to man, and not to hide him; to promote commerce, and not betray it.—David Lloyd.

Speak not at all, in any wise, till you have somewhat to speak; care not for the reward of your speaking, but simply and with undivided mind for the truth of your speaking.—Carlyle.

A sentence well couched takes both the sense and the understanding. I love not those cart-rope speeches that are longer than the memory of man can fathom.—Feltham.

Lovers are apt to hear through their eyes, but the safest way is to see through their ears. Who was it that said, "Speak, that I may see you?"—Sterne.

Speech is like cloth of Arras opened and put abroad, whereby the imagery doth appear in figure; whereas in thoughts they lie but as in packs.—Plutarch.

Speak gently! 'tis a little thing
Dropp'd in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy, that it may bring
Eternity shall tell.—G. W. Langford.

He who does not make his words rather serve to conceal than discover the sense of his heart deserves to have it pulled out like a traitor's and shown publicly to the rabble.—Butler.

Discretion of speech is more than eloquence; and to speak agreeably to him with whom we deal is more than to speak in good words or in good order.—Bacon.

Depend upon it, sir, it is when you come close to a man in conservation that you discover what his real abilities are; to make a speech in a public assembly is a knack.—Dr. Johnson.

Half the sorrows of women would be averted if they could repress the speech they know to be useless,—nay, the speech they have resolved not to utter.—George Eliot.

Speech is too often not, as the Frenchman defined it, the art of concealing thought, but of quite stifling and suspending thought, so that there is none to conceal.—Carlyle.

Themistocles replied that a man's discourse was like to a rich Persian carpet, the beautiful figures and patterns of which can only be shown by spreading and extending it out; when it is contracted and folded up, they are obscured and lost.—Plutarch.

Sheridan once said of some speech, in his acute, sarcastic way, that "it contained a great deal both of what was new and what was true; but that unfortunately what was new was not true, and what was true was not new. —Hazlitt.

Abstruse and mystic thoughts you must express
With painful care, but seeming easiness;
For truth shines brightest thro' the plainest dress. —Wentworth Dillon.

God, that all-powerful Creator of nature and Architect of the world, has impressed man with no character so proper to distinguish him from other animals, as by the faculty of speech.—Quintilian.

Speech is the light, the morning of the mind:
It spreads the beauteous images abroad,
Which else lie furl'd and shrouded in the soul. —Dryden.

When you speak to any, especially of quality, look them full in the face;

other gestures betraying want of breeding, confidence, or honesty; dejected eyes confessing, to most judgments, guilt or folly.—F. Osborn.

When speech is given to a soul holy and true, time, and its dome of ages, becomes as a mighty whispering-gallery, round which the imprisoned utterance runs, and reverberates forever. —James Martineau.

Think all you speak; but speak not all you think:
Thoughts are your own; your words are so no more.
Where Wisdom steers, wind cannot make you sink:
Lips never err, when she does keep the door. —Delaune.

Boys flying kites haul in their white winged birds;
You can't do that way when you're flying words.
"Careful with fire," is good advice we know.
"Careful with words," is ten times doubly so.
Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes fall back dead;
But God Himself can't kill them when they're said. —Will Carleton.

Oh, but the heavenly grammar did I hold
Of that high speech which angels' tongues turn gold!
So should her deathless beauty take no wrong,
Praised in her own great kindred's fit and cognate tongue.
Or if that language yet with us abode
Which Adam in the garden talked with God!
But our untempered speech descends—poor heirs!
Grimy and rough-cast still from Babel's bricklayers:
Curse on the brutish jargon we inherit,
Strong but to damn, not memorise, a spirit!
A cheek, a lip, a limb, a bosom, they
Move with light ease in speech of working-day;
And women we do use to praise even so.
—Francis Thompson.

According, to Solomon, life and death are in the power of the tongue; and as Euripides truly affirmeth, every unbridled tongue in the end shall find itself unfortunate; for in all that ever I observed in the course of worldly things, I ever found that men's fortunes are oftener made by their tongues than by their virtues, and more men's fortunes overthrown thereby, also, than by their vices.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

Rude am I in my speech,
And little blessed with the soft phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest action in the tented field,
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle,
And therefore little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself. —Shakespeare.

Never is the deep, strong voice of man, or the low, sweet voice of woman, finer than in the earnest but mellow tones of familiar speech, richer than the richest music, which are a delight while they are heard, which linger still upon the ear in softened echoes, and which, when they have ceased, come, long after, back to memory, like the murmurs of a distant hymn.—Henry Giles.

Spider

The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line. —Pope.

"Will you walk into my parlor?"
Said a spider to a fly;
"'Tis the prettiest little parlor
That ever you did spy."
—Mary Howitt

Much like a subtle spider, which doth sit
In middle of her web, which spreadeth wide:
If aught do touch the utmost thread of it,
She feels it instantly on every side.
—Sir John Davies.

Or (almost) like a spider, who, confin'd
In her web's centre, shakt with every winde;
Moves in an instant, if the buzzing flie
Stir but a string of her lawn canopie.
—Du Bartas.

Spire

Magnific walls, and heaven-assaulting spires.—Smart.

Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise?—Pope.

Rushing from the woods, the spires
Seem from hence ascending fires!
—Dyer.

These pointed spires, that wound the ambient sky.—Prior.

Nought but the heaven-directed spire.—Wordsworth.

How the tall temples, as to meet their gods,
Ascend the skies! —Young.

The tapering pyramid,—whose spiky top has wounded the thick cloud.—Blair.

Thy best type, desire of the sad heart,—the heaven-ascending spire.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Yon towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds.—Shakespeare.

Ye swelling hills and spacious plains!
Besprent from shore to shore with steeple towers,
And spires whose "silent finger points to heaven." —Wordsworth.

View not this spire by measure given,
To buildings raised by common hands;
That fabric rises high as heaven,
Whose basis on devotion stands.
—Prior.

The village church, among the trees,
Where first our marriage-vows were given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
And point with taper spire to heaven.
—Rogers.

Where'er a spire points up to heaven,
Through storm and summer air,
Telling that all around have striven,
Man's heart, and hope, and prayer.
—Mrs. Hemans.

An instinctive taste teaches men to build their churches in flat countries with spire-steeples; which, as they cannot be referred to any other object, point as with silent finger to the sky and stars.—S. T. Coleridge.

Spirits

I can call spirits from the vasty deep.—Shakespeare.

Beautiful spirit, with thy hair of light and dazzling eyes of glory!—Byron.

Beware what spirit rages in your breast; for one inspired, ten thousand are possessed.—Roscommon.

Spirits live insphered, in regions mild, of calm and serene air.—Milton.

The spirits perverse with easy intercourse pass to and fro, to tempt or punish mortals.—Milton.

Spirits are not finely touched
But to fine issues. —Shakespeare.

For spirits when they please
Can either sex assume, or both.
—Milton.

There is an evil spirit continually active and intent to seduce.—South.

Spirits of peace, where are ye? are ye all gone?
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye? —Shakespeare.

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep. —Milton.

Without the notion and allowance of spirits, our philosophy will be lame and defective in one main part of it. —Locke.

He had been indulging in fanciful speculations on spiritual essences until he had an ideal world of his own around him.—Washington Irving.

Whither are they vanished? Into the air; and what seemed corporal melted, as breath into the wind.—Shakespeare.

How must a spirit, late escaped from earth, the truth of things new blazing in its eyes, look back astonished on the ways of men, whose lives' whole drift is to forget their graves!—Young.

All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear,
All intellect, all sense, and as they please
They limb themselves, and color, shape, or size
Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare. —Milton.

There's a spirit above, and a spirit below,
A spirit of joy, and a spirit of woe,
The spirit above is the spirit divine,
The spirit below is the spirit of wine.
—Written About 1825.

Wicked spirits may by their cunning carry further in a seeming confederacy or subserviency to the designs of a good angel.—Dryden.

For my own part, I am apt to join in the opinion with those who believe that all the regions of Nature swarm with spirits, and that we have multitudes of spectators on all our actions when we think ourselves most alone. —Addison.

Aërial spirits, by great Jove design'd
To be on earth the guardians of mankind:
Invisible to mortal eyes they go,
And mark our actions, good or bad, below:
The immortal spies with watchful care preside,
And thrice ten thousand round their charges glide:
They can reward with glory or with gold,
A power they by divine permission hold.
—Hesiod.

Whether dark presages of the night proceed from any latent power of the soul during her abstraction, or from any operation of subordinate spirits, has been a dispute.—Addison.

Spirituality

As a dead man cannot inherit an estate, no more can a dead soul inherit heaven. The soul must be resurrected in Christ.—D. L. Moody.

The contemplation of celestial things will make a man both speak and think more sublimely and magnificently when he descends to human affairs.—Cicero.

Heaven is not gained by a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies;
And we mount to its summit round by round.
—J. G. Holland.

A man is a fool who sits looking backward from himself in the past. Ah, what shallow, vain conceit there is in man! Forget the things that are behind. That is not where you live. Your roots are not there. They are in the present; and you should reach up into the other life.—H. W. Beecher.

As the reflections of our pride upon our defects are bitter, disheartening, and vexatious, so the return of the soul towards God is peaceful and sustained by confidence. You will find by experience how much more your progress will be aided by this simple, peaceful turning towards God, than by all your chagrin and spite at the faults that exist in you.—Fénelon.

To bear adversity with meek submission to the will of God; to endure chastisement with all long-suffering and joyfulness; to appear cheerful amid surrounding gloom, hopeful amidst desponding circumstances, happy in God when there is nothing else to make us happy; he who does this has indeed made great advances in the divine life.—John Angel James.

Progress, in the sense of acquisition, is something; but progress in the sense of being, is a great deal more. To grow higher, deeper, wider, as the years go on; to conquer difficulties, and acquire more and more power; to feel all one's faculties unfolding, and truth descending into the soul,—this makes life worth living.—J. F. Clarke.

The life of a godly man is like a river, not like a stagnant pool or a dead sea. It is ever in motion, sometimes sparkling in the sunbeam, and sometimes shivering in the clouds; sometimes chanting through scenery as beautiful as Eden, and sometimes moaning through districts of miserable desolation; sometimes clear as the day, and sometimes black as the night. Still it is ever moving to its ocean destiny—progress is its law, infinitude is its home.—David Thomas.

You are born supernaturally through faith, by the grace of God, into the kingdom of righteousness; but you are born a little babe, that is all; and if you make any progress from that point on, it must be by work, by sacrifice, by the practice of Christian virtues, by benevolence, by self-denial, by resisting the adversary, by making valiant war for God and against sin; and on no other basis, am I authorized in giving you a hope that you may come to manhood in Christ Jesus.—C. H. Fowler.

Spirituality is best manifested on the ground, not in the air. Rapturous day-dreams, flights of heavenly fancy, longings to see the Invisible, are less expensive and less expressive than the plain doing of duty. To have bread

excite thankfulness and a drink of water send the heart to God is better than sighs for the unattainable. To plow a straight furrow on Monday or dust a room well on Tuesday or kiss a bumped forehead on Wednesday is worth more than the most ecstatic thrill under Sunday eloquence. Spirituality is seeing God in common things, and showing God in common tasks.—Maltbie Babcock.

Voices of the glorified urge us onward. They who have passed from the semblances of time to the realities of eternity call upon us to advance. The rest that awaits us invites us forward. We do not pine for our rest before God wills it. We long for no inglorious rest. We are thankful rather for the invaluable training of difficulty, the loving discipline of danger and strife. Yet in the midst of it all the prospect of rest invites us heavenward. Through all, and above all, God cries, "Go forward!" "Come up higher!"—Sir William Jones.

Spite

Spite is a little word, but it represents as strange a jumble of feelings and compound of discords, as any polysyllable in the language.—Dickens.

When, to gratify a private appetite, it is once resolved upon that an ignorant and helpless creature shall be sacrificed, it is an easy matter to pick up sticks enough from any thicket where it has strayed, to make a fire to offer it up with.—Sterne.

Spleen

Hail, wayward Queen!
Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen;
Parent of vapors, and of female wit,
Who give the hysteric, or poetic fit,
On various tempers act by various ways,
Make some take physic, others scribble plays:
Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
And send the godly in a pet to pray.
—Pope.

The spleen is seldom felt where Flora reigns;
The low'ring eye, the petulance, the frown,
And sullen sadness, that o'ershade, distort,
And mar the face of beauty, when no cause
For such immeasurable woe appears;
These Flora banishes, and gives the fair
Sweet smiles, and bloom less transient than her own.
—Cowper.

Sport

It is the first that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.—Shakespeare.

Detested sport,
That owes its pleasures to another's pain.
—Cowper.

'Tis the sport to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petar.
—Shakespeare.

He learn'd the arts of riding, fencing, gunnery,
And how to scale a fortress or—a nunnery.
—Byron.

Ah, nut-brown partridges! ah, brilliant pheasants!
And ah, ye poachers!—'tis no sport for peasants.
—Byron.

Thick around
Thunders the sport of those, who with the gun
And dog, impatient bounding at the shot,
Worse than the season desolate the fields.
—Thompson.

See from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
And mounts exulting on triumphant wings;
Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
—Pope.

I bear to the wisdom of Sir Philip Sidney, who said that next to hunting he liked hawking worst. However, though he may have fallen into as hyperbolical an extreme, yet who can put too great a scorn upon their folly, that, to bring home a rascal deer, or a few rotten conies, submit their lives to the will or passion of such as may take them under a penalty no less slight than there is discretion shown in exposing them.—F. Osborn.

Spring

Come, gentle Spring; ethereal Mildness, come!—Thomson.

The boyhood of the year.—Tennyson.

Winter, lingering, chills the lap of May.—Goldsmith.

The first pale blossom of the unripened year.—Mrs. Barbauld.

Where smiling Spring its earliest visit paid.—Goldsmith.

Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace.—Thomson.

He wakes into music the green forest-bowers.—W. G. Clark.

It is a natural resurrection, an experience of immortality.—Thoreau.

The holy spirit of the Spring
Is working silently.
—George MacDonald.

Sweet daughter of a rough and stormy sire, hoar Winter's blooming child, delightful Spring.—Mrs. Barbauld.

The beauteous eyes of the spring's fair night
With comfort are downward gazing.
—Heine.

When Spring unlocks the flowers to paint the laughing soil.—Bishop Heber.

Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May.—Shakespeare.

When well-apparelled April on the heel of limping winter treads.—Shakespeare.

Spring hangs her infant blossoms on the trees.—Cowper.

In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.—Tennyson.

Fled now the sullen murmurs of the North,
The splendid raiment of the Spring peeps forth. —Bloomfield.

When every brake hath found its note, and sunshine smiles in every flower.—Edward Everett.

Winking Maybuds begin to ope their golden eyes.—Shakespeare.

Still sweet with blossoms is the year's fresh prime.—Bryant.

Let us fill urns with rose-leaves in our May, and hive the thrifty sweetness for December!—Bulwer-Lytton.

Fresh as the lovely form of youthful May, when nymphs and graces in the dance unite.—Wieland.

O fresh-lit dawn! immortal life!
O Earth's betrothal, sweet and true!
—E. C. Stedman.

Airs, vernal airs, breathing the smell of fields and grove, attune the trembling leaves.—Milton.

The spring, the summer, the chilling autumn, angry winter, change their wonted liveries.—Shakespeare.

'T is a month before the month of May, and the spring comes slowly up this way.—Coleridge.

There is no time like spring, that passes by, now newly born, and now hastening to die.—Christina G. Rossetti.

The peach-bud glows, the wild bee hums, and wind-flowers wave in graceful gladness.—Lucy Larcom.

Sweet Spring! full of sweet days and roses; a box where sweets compacted lie.—George Herbert.

Came the Spring with all its splendor,
All its birds and all its blossoms,
All its flowers, and leaves, and grasses.
—Longfellow.

Spring flies, and with it all the train it leads;
And flowers, in fading, leave us but their seeds. —Schiller.

Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace:
Throws out the snowdrop and the crocus first. —Thompson.

But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn? O, when shall it dawn on the night of the grave?—Beattie.

Spring, the Raphael of the northern earth, stood already out of doors, and covered all apartments of our Vatican with his pictures.—Richter.

Most gladly would I give the blood-stained laurel for the first violet which March brings us, the fragrant pledge of the new-fledged year.—Schiller.

Stately Spring! whose robe-folds are valleys, whose breast-bouquet is gardens, and whose blush is a vernal evening.—Richter.

Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth by the winds which tell of the violet's birth.—Mrs. Hemans.

Thus came the lovely spring, with a rush of blossoms and music, flooding the earth with flowers and the air with melodies vernal.—Longfellow.

Ah, how wonderful is the advent of the spring,—the great annual miracle of the blossoming of Aaron's rod, repeated on myriads and myriads of branches!—Longfellow.

I wonder if the sap is stirring yet,
If wintry birds are dreaming of a mate,
If frozen snowdrops feel as yet the sun,
And crocus fires are kindling one by one.
—Christina G. Rossetti.

Gentle Spring!—in sunshine clad,
Well dost thou thy power display!
For Winter maketh the light heart sad,
And thou,—thou makest the sad heart gay. —Charles D'Orleans.

The lovely town was white with apple-blooms,
And the great elms o'erhead
Dark shadows wove on their aërial looms,
Shot through with golden thread.
—Longfellow.

All flowers of Spring are not May's own;
The crocus cannot often kiss her;
The snow-drop, ere she comes, has flown—
The earliest violets always miss her.
—Lucy Larcom.

Sweet Spring, full of sweet dayes and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My musick shows ye have your closes,
And all must die. —Herbert.

The spring's already at the gate
With looks my care beguiling;
The country round appeareth straight
A flower-garden smiling. —Heine.

It is the season now to go
About the country high and low,
Among the lilacs hand in hand,
And two by two in fairyland.
—Robt. Louis Stevenson.

For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.—Bible.

The breath of springtime at this twilight hour
Comes through the gathering glooms,
And bears the stolen sweets of many a flower
Into my silent rooms.
—William Cullen Bryant.

When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver-white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight.
—Shakespeare.

Dip down upon the northern shore,
O sweet new year, delaying long;
Thou doest expectant nature wrong,
Delaying long; delay no more.
—Tennyson.

Showers and sunshine bring,
Slowly, the deepening verdure o'er the earth;
To put their foliage out, the woods are slack,
And one by one the singing-birds come back. —William Cullen Bryant.

Winter is past; the heart of Nature warms
Beneath the wrecks of unresisted storms;
Doubtful at first, suspected more than seen,
The southern slopes are fringed with tender green.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

In that soft season, when descending show'rs
Call forth the greens, and wake the rising flow'rs;
When opening buds salute the welcome day,
And earth relenting feels the genial ray.
—Pope.

Sweet is the air with the budding haws, and the valley stretching for miles below
Is white with blossoming cherry-trees, as if just covered with lightest snow.
—Longfellow.

Mighty nature bounds as from her birth.
The sun is in the heavens, and life on earth;
Flowers in the valley, splendor in the beam,
Health on the gale, and freshness in the stream. —Byron.

Bright April showers will bid again the fresh green leaves expand; and May, light floating in a cloud of flowers, will cause thee to rebloom with magic hand.—G. H. Lewes.

What child has a heart to sing in this capricious clime of ours, when spring comes sailing in from the sea, with wet and heavy cloud-sails and the misty pennon of the east-wind nailed to the mast.—Longfellow.

Eternal Spring, with smiling Verdure here
Warms the mild Air, and crowns the youthful Year.
* * * * * *
The Rose still blushes, and the vi'lets blow.
—Sir Sam'l Garth.

There is no time like Spring,
When life's alive in everything,
Before new nestlings sing,
Before cleft swallows speed their journey back
Along the trackless track.
—Christina G. Rossetti.

The Spring is here—the delicate footed May,
With its slight fingers full of leaves and flowers,
And with it comes a thirst to be away,
In lovelier scenes to pass these sweeter hours. —N. P. Willis.

The clouds consign their treasures to the fields,
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool,
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow
In large effusion, o'er the freshen'd world.
—Thomson.

Daughter of heaven and earth, coy Spring,
With sudden passion languishing,
Teaching barren moors to smile,
Painting pictures mile on mile,
Holds a cup of cowslip wreaths
Whence a smokeless incense breathes.
—Emerson.

Once more the heavenly power
Makes all things new,
And domes the red-plough'd hills
With loving blue;
The blackbirds have their wills,
The throstles too. —Tennyson.

'Tis spring-time on the eastern hills!
Like torrents gush the summer rills;
Through winter's moss and dry dead leaves
The bladed grass revives and lives,
Pushes the mouldering waste away,
And glimpses to the April day.
—Whittier.

What delights us in the spring is more a sensation than an appearance, more a hope than any visible reality. There is something in the softness of the air, in the lengthening of the days, in the very sounds and odors of the sweet time, that caresses us and consoles us after the rigorous weeks of winter.—Hamerton.

When the measured dance of the hours brings back the happy smile of spring, the buried dead is born again in the life-glance of the sun. The germs which perished to the eye within the cold breast of the earth spring up with joy in the bright realm of day.—Schiller.

Spring is a beautiful piece of work; and not to be in the country to see it done is the not realizing what glorious masters we are, and how cheerfully, minutely, and unflaggingly the fair fingers of the season broider the world for us.—Willis.

At last from Aries rolls the bounteous sun,
And the bright Bull receives him. Then no more
Th' expansive atmosphere is cramp'd with cold;
But, full of life and vivifying soul,
Lifts the light clouds sublime, and spreads them thin,
Fleecy and white, o'er all surrounding heaven. —Thomson.

So then the year is repeating its old story again. We are come once more, thank God! to its most charming chapter. The violets and the Mayflowers are as its inscriptions or vignettes. It always makes a pleasant impression on us, when we open again at these pages of the book of life.—Goethe.

I come, I come! ye have called me long,
I come o'er the mountain with light and song:
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose-stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves, opening as I pass.
—Mrs. Hemans.

And all the woods are alive with the murmur and sound of spring,
And the rosebud breaks into pink on the climbing briar,
And the crocus bed is a quivering moon of fire
Girdled round with the belt of an amethyst ring. —Oscar Wilde.

It is not the variegated colors, the cheerful sounds, and the warm

breezes which enliven us so much in spring; it is the quiet prophetic spirit of endless hope, a presentiment of many happy days, the anticipation of higher everlasting blossoms and fruits, and the secret sympathy with the world that is developing itself.—Martin Opitz.

Alas! bright Spring! not long
Shall I enjoy thy pleasant influence:
For thou shalt die the summer heat among,
Sublimed to vapor in his fire intense,
And, gone forever hence,
Exist no more; no more to earth belong,
Except in song. —Albert Pike.

The bee buzz'd up in the heat,
"I am faint for your honey, my sweet."
The flower said, "Take it, my dear,
For now is the Spring of the year.
So come, come!"
"Hum!"
And the bee buzz'd down from the heat.
—Tennyson.

O tender time that love thinks long to see,
Sweet foot of Spring that with her foot-fall sows
Late snow-like flowery leavings of the snows,
Be not too long irresolute to be;
O mother-month, where have they hidden thee? —Swinburne.

And softly came the fair young queen
O'er mountain, dale, and dell;
And where her golden light was seen
An emerald shadow fell.
The good-wife oped the window wide,
The good-man spanned his plough;
'Tis time to run, 'tis time to ride,
For Spring is with us now.
—Leland.

See where surly Winter passes off,
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts:
His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
The shattered forest and the ravished vale;
While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch,
Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,
The mountains lift their green heads to the sky. —Thomson.

What change has made the pastures sweet
And reached the daisies at my feet,
And cloud that wears a golden hem?
This lovely world, the hills, the sward—
They all look fresh, as if our Lord
But yesterday had finished them.
—Jean Ingelow.

It is not merely the multiplicity of tints, the gladness of tone, or the balminess of the air which delight in the spring; it is the still consecrated spirit of hope, the prophecy of happy days yet to come; the endless variety of nature, with presentiments of eternal flowers which never shall fade, and sympathy with the blessedness of the ever-developing world.—Novalis.

Spring is strong and virtuous,
Broad-sowing, cheerful, plenteous,
Quickening underneath the mould
Grains beyond the price of gold.
So deep and large her bounties are,
That one broad, long midsummer day
Shall to the planet overpay
The ravage of a year of war.—Emerson.

Hark! the hours are softly calling
Bidding Spring arise,
To listen to the rain-drops falling
From the cloudy skies.
To listen to Earth's weary voices,
Louder every day,
Bidding her no longer linger
On her charm'd way;
But hasten to her task of beauty
Scarcely yet begun.
—Adelaide A. Procter.

It was in the prime
Of the sweet spring-time,
In the linnet's throat
Trembled the love-note,
And the love-stirred air
Thrilled the blossoms there.
Little shadows danced,
Each a tiny elf,
Happy in large light
And the thinnest self.
—George Eliot.

So forth issew'd the Seasons of the yeare:
First, lusty Spring, all dight in leaves of flowres
That freshly budded and new bloomes did beare,
In which a thousand birds had built their bowres
That sweetly sung to call forth paramours;
And in his hand a javelin he did beare,
And on his head (as fit for warlike stoures)
A guilt, engraven morion he did weare:
That, as some did him love, so others did him feare. —Spenser.

If spring came but once in a century, instead of once a year, or burst forth with the sound of an earthquake, and not in silence, what wonder and expectation there would be in all hearts to behold the miraculous change! But now the silent succession suggests nothing but necessity. To most men only the cessation of the miracle would be miraculous, and

the perpetual exercise of God's power seems less wonderful than its withdrawal would be.—Longfellow.

The trumpet winds have sounded a retreat,
Blowing o'er land and sea a sullen strain;
Usurping March, defeated, flies again,
And lays his trophies at the Winter's feet.
And lo! where April, coming in his turn,
In changeful motleys, half of light and shade,
Leads his belated charge, a delicate maid,
A nymph with dripping urn.
—R. H. Stoddard.

The golden line is drawn between winter and summer. Behind all is blackness and darkness and dissolution. Before is hope, and soft airs, and the flowers, and the sweet season of hay; and people will cross the fields, reading or walking with one another; and instead of the rain that soaks death into the heart of green things, will be the rain which they drink with delight; and there will be sleep on the grass at midday, and early rising in the morning, and long moonlight evenings.—Leigh Hunt.

Stage (See Acting)

The stage * * * is the mirror of human life.—William Winter.

The world's a theatre, the earth a stage
Which God and nature do with actors fill.
—T. Heywood.

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts.
—Shakespeare.

The stage I chose—a subject fair and free—
'Tis yours—'tis mine—'tis public property.
All common exhibitions open lie,
For praise or censure, to the common eye.
Hence are a thousand hackney writers fed;
Hence monthly critics earn their daily bread.
This is a general tax which all must pay,
From those who scribble, down to those who play.
—Churchill.

Stars

The thoughts of God in the heavens.—Longfellow.

Those gold candles fixed in heaven's air.—Shakespeare.

The eternal jewels of the short-lived night.—Mary Mapes Dodge.

Ye stars! which are the poetry of heaven.—Byron.

A sky full of silent suns.—Richter.

The stars above govern our condition.—Shakespeare.

Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars.—Marlowe.

The planets in their station listening stood.—Milton.

Still singing as they shine.—O. W. Holmes.

Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth.—Shakespeare.

The stars have fought their battles leagued with man.—Dr. Young.

The stars in their courses fought against Sisera.—Bible.

The stars are so far, far away!—L. E. Landon.

This majestical roof, fretted with golden fire.—Shakespeare.

Ye little stars, hide your diminish'd rays.—Pope.

The evening star, love's harbinger, appeared.—Milton.

Surely the stars are images of love.—Bailey.

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere.—Shakespeare.

The starres, bright sentinels of the skies.—Wm. Habington.

The stars hang bright above, silent, as if they watched the sleeping earth.—Coleridge.

Cry out upon the stars for doing
Ill offices, to cross their wooing.
—Butler.

While twilight's curtain gathering far,
Is pinned with a single diamond star.
—McDonald Clark.

And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky.—Campbell.

These blessed candles of the night.
—Shakespeare.

The unfolding star calls up the shepherd.—Shakespeare.

What are ye orbs?
The words of God? the Scriptures of the skies? —Bailey.

These preachers of beauty, which light the world with their admonishing smile.—Emerson.

Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?—Bible.

A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold,
And pavement stars. —Milton.

Now the bright morning-star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east. —Milton.

But who can count the stars of heaven?
Who sing their influence on this lower world? —Thomson.

The gems of heaven, that gild night's sable throne.—Dryden.

Heaven looks down on earth with all her eyes.—Young.

The world is great; the stars are golden fruit upon a tree all out of reach.—George Eliot.

Forever singing, as they shine, the hand that made us is divine.—Addison.

Teach me your mood, O patient stars! who climb each night the ancient sky.—Emerson.

Day hath put on his jacket, and around his burning bosom buttoned it with stars.—O. W. Holmes.

Shrines to burn earth's incense on, the altar-fires of heaven!—Whittier.

The stars in order twinkle in the skies,
And fall in silence, and in silence rise.
—Broome.

The stars shall fade away, the sun himself grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years.—Addison.

The innumerable stars shining in order, like a living hymn written in light.—Willis.

In yonder pensile orb, and every sphere
That gems the starry girdle of the year.
—Campbell.

Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves. —Shakespeare.

Stars which stand as thick as dew-drops on the field of heaven.—Bailey.

No star seemed less than what science has taught us that it is.—James Fenimore Cooper.

Her blue eyes sought the west afar,
For lovers love the western star.
—Scott.

Hither, as to their fountain, other stars
Repairing in their golden urns draw light,
And hence the morning planet gilds her horns. —Milton.

One sun by day, by night ten thousand shine;
And light us deep into the Deity;
How boundless in magnificence and might.
—Young.

Each separate star
Seems nothing, but a myriad scattered stars
Break up the night, and make it beautiful.
—Bayard Taylor.

The very stars
Tremble above, as though the Voice Divine
Reverberated through the dread expanse.
—Anna Katharine Green.

The stars of the night
Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers clear without number!
—Herrick.

A single star is rising in the east, and from afar sheds a most tremulous lustre; silent Night doth wear it like a jewel on her brow.—Barry Cornwall.

And lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was.—Bible.

O powers illimitable! it is but the outer hem of God's great mantle our poor stars do gem.—Ruskin.

I am constant as the northern star,
of whose true-fixed and resting quality there is no fellow in the firmament.—Shakespeare.

When, like an Emir of tyrannic power,
Sirius appears, and on the horizon black
Bids countless stars pursue their mighty track. —Victor Hugo.

The ignorant man takes counsel of the stars; but the wise man takes counsel of God, who made the stars.
—Jaafar.

And made the stars,
And set them in the firmament of heav'n,
T' illuminate the earth, and rule the day
In their vicissitude, and rule the night.
—Milton.

One naked star has waded through
The purple shallows of the night,
And faltering as falls the dew
It drips its misty light.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

When stars are in the quiet skies,
Then most I pine for thee;
Bend on me then thy tender eyes,
As stars look on the sea.
—Bulwer-Lytton.

But soon, the prospect clearing,
By cloudless starlight on he treads
And thinks no lamp so cheering
As that light which heaven sheds.
—Moore.

There is no light in earth or heaven
But the cold light of stars;
And the first watch of night is given
To the red planet Mars.
—Longfellow.

Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels. —Longfellow.

Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising thro' the mellow shade,
Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid. —Tennyson.

Just above yon sandy bar,
As the day grows fainter and dimmer,
Lonely and lovely, a single star
Lights the air with a dusky glimmer.
—Longfellow.

It is a gentle and affectionate thought, that in immeasurable height above us, at our first birth, the wreath of love was woven with sparkling stars for flowers.—Coleridge.

Magnificence is likewise a source of the sublime. A great profusion of things which are splendid or valuable in themselves is magnificent. The starry heaven, though it occurs so very frequently to our view, never fails to excite an idea of grandeur.—Burke.

Who rounded in his palm these spacious orbs
* * * * * *
Numerous as glit'ering gems of morning dew,
Or sparks from populous cities in a blaze,
And set the bosom of old night on fire.
—Young.

The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire and every one doth shine,
But there's but one in all doth hold his place. —Shakespeare.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
—Addison.

So sinks the day-star in the ocean-bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky. —Milton.

You meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light;
You common people of the skies,—
What are you when the moon shall rise?
—Sir Henry Wotton.

Give me my Romeo: and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.
—Shakespeare.

The stars are mansions built by nature's hand,
And, haply, there the spirits of the blest,
Dwell, clothed in radiance, their immortal rest. —Wordsworth.

The chambers of the East are opened in every land, and the sun come forth to sow the earth with orient pearl. Night, the ancient mother, follows him with her diadem of stars. * * * Bright creatures! how they gleam like spirits through

the shadows of innumerable eyes from their thrones in the boundless depths of heaven.—Carlyle.

Lo! from the dread immensity of space
Returning, with accelerated course,
The rushing comet to the sun descends:
And as he sinks below the shading earth,
With awful train projected o'er the heavens,
The guilty nations tremble. —Thomson.

If the stars should appear one night in a thousand years, how would men believe and adore; and preserve for many generations the remembrance of the city of God which had been shown! But every night come out these envoys of beauty, and light the universe with their admonishing smile. —Emerson.

A star is beautiful; it affords pleasure, not from what it is to do, or to give, but simply by being what it is. It befits the heavens; it has congruity with the mighty space in which it dwells. It has repose; no force disturbs its eternal peace. It has freedom: no obstruction lies between it and infinity.—Carlyle.

The sad and solemn night
Hath yet her multitude of cheerful fires;
The glorious host of light
Walk the dark hemisphere till she retires;
All through her silent watches, gliding slow,
Her constellations come, and climb the heavens, and go. —Bryant.

The number is certainly the cause. The apparent disorder augments the grandeur, for the appearance of care is highly contrary to our ideas of magnificence. Besides, the stars lie in such apparent confusion, as makes it impossible on ordinary occasions to reckon them. This gives them the advantage of a sort of infinity.—Burke.

The night is calm and cloudless,
And still as still can be,
And the stars come forth to listen
To the music of the sea.
They gather, and gather, and gather,
Until they crowd the sky,
And listen, in breathless silence,
To the solemn litany.—Longfellow.

On the wide-stretching plains of western Asia, in the warm cloudless Assyrian night, with the lamps of heaven flashing out their radiance in uninterrupted splendor from the centre to the boundless horizon, it was no wonder that students and sages should have accepted for deities those distant worlds of fire on which eyes, brain, hopes, thoughts, and aspirations were nightly fixed.—G. J. W. Melville.

Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubims:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it
—Shakespeare.

The sky
Spreads like an ocean hung on high,
Bespangled with those isles of light
So wildly, spiritually bright.
Whoever gaz'd upon them shining,
And turn'd to earth without repining,
Nor wish'd for wings to flee away,
And mix with their eternal ray?
—Byron.

All these stupendous objects are daily around us; but because they are constantly exposed to our view, they never affect our minds, so natural is it for us to admire new, rather than grand objects. Therefore the vast multitude of stars which diversify the beauty of this immense body does not call the people together; but when any change happens therein, the eyes of all are fixed upon the heavens. —St. Basil.

Ye stars! which are the poetry of heaven,
If in your bright leaves we would read the fate
Of men and empires,—'tis to be forgiven,
That in our aspirations to be great,
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
A beauty and a mystery, and create
In us such love and reverence from afar,
That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves a star. —Byron.

When I gaze into the stars, they look down upon me with pity from their serene and silent spaces, like eyes glistening with tears over the little lot of man. Thousands of generations, all as noisy as our own, have been swallowed up by time, and

there remains no record of them any more. Yet Arcturus and Orion, Sirius and Pleiades, are still shining in their courses, clear and young, as when the shepherd first noted them in the plain of Shinar!—Carlyle.

Oh, Constellations of the early night
That sparkled brighter as the twilight died,
And made the darkness glorious! I have seen
Your rays grow dim upon the horizon's edge,
And sink behind the mountains. I have seen
The great Orion, with his jewelled belt,
That large-limbed warrior of the skies, go down
Into the gloom. Beside him sank a crowd
Of shining ones.—William Cullen Bryant.

O thou beautiful
And unimaginable ether! and
Ye multiplying masses of increased
And still increasing lights! what are ye? what
Is this blue wilderness of interminable
Air, where ye roll along, as I have seen
The leaves along the limpid streams of Eden?
Is your course measur'd for ye? Or do ye
Sweep on in your unbounded revelry
Through an aërial universe of endless
Expansion,—at which my soul aches to think,—
Intoxicated with eternity? —Byron.

It is a truly sublime spectacle when in the stillness of the night, in an unclouded sky, the stars, like the world's choir, rise and set, and as it were divide existence into two portions,—the one, belonging to the earthly, is silent in the perfect stillness of night; whilst the other alone comes forth in sublimity, pomp, and majesty. Viewed in this light, the starry heavens truly exercise a moral influence over us; and who can readily stray into the paths of immorality if he has been accustomed to live amidst such thoughts and feelings, and frequently to dwell upon them? How are we entranced by the simple splendors of this wonderful drama of nature!—Wilhelm von Humboldt.

States

Whenever government abandons law, it proclaims anarchy.—Burke.

A thousand years scarce serves to form a State; an hour may lay it in the dust.—Byron.

Ill fares the State where many masters rule; let one be lord, one king supreme.—Homer.

A State would be happy where philosophers were kings, or kings philosophers.—Plato.

The work of a State in the long run is the work of the individuals composing it.—J. Stuart Mill.

In States, arms and learning have a concurrence or near sequence in time.—Bacon.

A nation to be great ought to be compressed in its increment by nations more civilized than itself.—Coleridge.

Without a humble imitation of the divine Author of our blessed religion we can never hope to be a happy nation.—Washington.

The ruin of a State is generally preceded by an universal degeneracy of manners and contempt of religion. —Swift.

A very prosperous people, flushed with great victories and successes, are seldom so pious, so humble, so just, or so provident as to perpetuate their happiness.—Atterbury.

Scotland by no means escaped the fate ordained for every country which is connected, but not incorporated, with another country of greater resources.—Macaulay.

It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and, at no distant period, a great nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence.—Washington.

Those who attempt to level never equalize. In all societies consisting of various descriptions of citizens, some descriptions must be uppermost. The levelers, therefore, only change and pervert the natural order of things; they load the edifice of society by setting up in the air what the solidity of the structure requires to be on the ground.—Burke.

Statesmen

True statesmanship is the art of changing a nation from what it is into what it ought to be.—W. R. Alger.

No statesman e'er will find it worth his pains
To tax our labours and excise our brains.
—Churchill.

It is strange so great a statesman should
Be so sublime a poet. —Bulwer-Lytton.

And lives to clutch the golden keys,
To mould a mighty state's decrees,
And shape the whisper of the throne.
—Tennyson.

Why don't you show us a statesman who can rise up to the emergency, and cave in the emergency's head?—Artemus Ward.

A disposition to preserve, and an ability to improve, taken together, would be my standard of a statesman. —Burke.

I look upon an able statesman out of business like a huge whale, that will endeavor to overturn the ship unless he has an empty cask to play with.—Steele.

An honest statesman to a prince,
Is like a cedar planted by a spring;
The spring bathes the tree's root, the grateful tree
Rewards it with his shadow. —Webster.

And statesmen at her council met
Who knew the seasons when to take
Occasion by the hand, and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet.
—Tennyson.

Forbear, you things
That stand upon the pinnacles of state,
To boast your slippery height! when you do fall,
You dash yourselves in pieces, ne'er to rise:
And he that lends you pity, is not wise.
—Ben Jonson.

Who would not praise Patricio's high desert,
His hand unstain'd, his uncorrupted heart,
His comprehensive head? all interests weigh'd,
All Europe sav'd, yet Britain not betray'd.
—Pope.

What most of all enables a man to serve the public is not wealth, but content and independence; which, requiring no superfluity at home, distracts not the mind from the common good.—Plutarch.

Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honor clear;
Who broke no promise, served no private end,
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend;
Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
And prais'd, unenvied, by the muse he lov'd.
—Pope.

You have not, as good patriots should do, studied
The public good, but your particular ends:
Factious among yourselves; preferring such
To offices and honors, as ne'er read
The elements of saving policy;
But deeply skill'd in all the principles
That usher to destruction. —Massinger.

For as two cheats, that play one game,
Are both defeated of their aim;
So those who play a game of state,
And only cavil in debate,
Altho' there's nothing lost nor won,
The public bus'ness is undone,
Which still the longer 'tis in doing,
Becomes the surer way to ruin.—Butler.

It is curious that we pay statesmen for what they say, not for what they do; and judge of them from what they do, not from what they say. Hence they have one code of maxims for profession and another for practice, and make up their consciences as the Neapolitans do their beds, with one set of furniture for show and another for use.—Colton.

Station

The best things are placed between extremes.—Aristotle.

For my part, I adhere to the maxim of antiquity: The throne is a glorious sepulchre.—Theodora.

Royalty is but a feather in a man's cap; let children enjoy their rattle. —Cromwell.

Would that I could live without care in the middle rank of life.—Euripides.

They that stand high have many blasts to shake them.—Shakespeare.

Eminent station makes great men more great, and little ones less.—Bruyère.

I shall show that the place does not honor the man, but the man the place.—Agesilaus.

True dignity is never gained by place, and never lost when honors are withdrawn.—Massinger.

He who thinks his place below him will certainly be below his place.—Saville.

Accept the place the Divine Providence has found for you, the society of your contemporaries, the connection of events.—Emerson.

The French have a saying that whatever excellence a man may exhibit in a public station he is very apt to be ridiculous in a private one.—Colton.

Finding that the middle condition of life is by far the happiest, I look with little favor upon that of princes.—Pindar.

It is not the mere station of life that stamps the value on us, but the manner in which we act our part.—Schiller.

The crowns of kings do not prevent those who wear them from being tormented sometimes by violent headaches.—Plutarch.

Whatever high station you may be placed in by fortune, remember this, that God will not estimate you by the office, but by the manner in which you fill it.—Channing.

Whatever our place, allotted to us by Providence, that for us is the post of honor and duty. God estimates us not by the position we are in, but by the way in which we fill it.—T. Edwards.

The man who loves the golden mean is safe from the misery of a wretched hovel, and moderate in his desires, cares not for a luxurious palace, the subject of envy.—Horatius.

How happy the station which every minute furnishes opportunities of doing good to thousands! how dangerous that which every moment exposes to the injuring of millions!—Bruyère.

A true man never frets about his place in the world, but just slides into it by the gravitation of his nature, and swings there as easily as a star.—Chapin.

Every man whom chance alone has, by some accident, made a public character, hardly ever fails of becoming, in a short time, a ridiculous private one.—Cardinal de Retz.

Whom the grandeur of his office elevates over other men will soon find that the first hour of his new dignity is the last of his independence.—Chancellor D'Aguesseau.

What is station high?
'Tis a proud mendicant; it boasts, and begs;
It begs an alms of homage from the throng,
And oft the throng denies its charity.
—Young.

No more restless uncertainties, no more anxious desires, no more impatience at the place we are in; for it is God who has placed us there, and who holds us in his arms. Can we be unsafe where he has placed us?—Fénelon.

Men and statues that are admired in an elevated situation have a very different effect upon us when we approach them; the first appear less than we imagined them, the last bigger.—Lord Greville.

Men in great places are thrice servants; servants of the sovereign or state, servants of fame, and servants of business; so as they have no freedom, neither in their persons nor in their actions nor in their times.—Bacon.

The station that has not its duty, its ideal, was never yet occupied by man. Yes, here in this poor, miserable, hampered, despicable actual, wherein thou even now standest,—here or nowhere is thy ideal; work it

out therefrom; and working, believe, live, be free.—Carlyle.

Whatever poets may write, or fools believe, of rural innocence and truth, and of the perfidy of courts, this is most undoubtedly true,—that shepherds and ministers are both men; their natures and passions the same, the modes of them only different.—Chesterfield.

If any man is rich and powerful, he comes under the law of God by which the higher branches must take the burnings of the sun, and shade those that are lower; by which the tall trees must protect the weak plants beneath them.—Beecher.

God is a kind Father. He sets us all in the places where he wishes us to be employed. He chooses work for every creature which will be delightful to them if they do it simply and humbly. He gives us always strength enough and sense enough for what he wants us to do.—Ruskin.

Lord Bacon has compared those who move in higher spheres to those heavenly bodies in the firmament, which have much admiration, but little rest; and it is not necessary to invest a wise man with power, to convince him that it is a garment bedizened with gold, which dazzles the beholder by its splendor, but oppresses the wearer by its weight.—Colton.

There is a kind of elevation which does not depend on fortune. It is a certain air which distinguishes us, and seems to destine us for great things; it is a price which we imperceptibly set on ourselves. By this quality we usurp the deference of other men; and it puts us, in general, more above them than birth, dignity, or even merit itself.—Rochefoucauld.

Steadfastness

Is not this steadfastness to mark, to make, the character of your lives? Is it not God's will that we should press steadily on to our goal in obedience to Him, in channels of His choosing, whether in sunshine or shadow, in the cheer of spring or in the chill of winter, neither detained by pleasure nor deterred by pain?—Maltbie Babcock.

Stewardship

Property is a divine trust. Things are tools, not prizes. Life is not for self-indulgence, but for self-devotion. When, instead of saying, "The world owes me a living," men shall say, "I owe the world a life," then the kingdom will come in power. We owe everything to God but our sins. Fatherland, pedigree, home-life, schooling, Christian training,—all are God's gifts. Every member of the body or faculty of mind is ours providentially. There is no accomplishment in our lives that is not rooted in opportunities and powers we had nothing to do with in achieving. "What hast thou that thou didst not receive?" If God gives us the possibilities and the power to get wealth, to acquire influence, to be forces in the world, what is the true conception of life but divine ownership and human administration? "Of Thine own we render Thee." All there is of "me" is God's estate, and I am His tenant and agent. On the day of our birth a new lease is signed. On the day of our death accounts are closed. Our fidelity is the interest on God's principal. "That I may receive mine own with interest," is the divine intention. So live, that when thy summons comes to give an account of thy stewardship, it may be done with joy, and not with grief!—Maltbie Babcock.

Storm

The storm is master. Man, as a ball, is tossed twixt winds and billows.—Schiller.

Unsparing as the scourge of war,
Blasts follow blasts, and groves dismantled roar. —Bloomfield.

A mighty wind, like a leviathan.
Ploughed through the brine, and from these solitudes
Sent Silence frightened.—T. B. Aldrich.

The winds with hymns of praise are loud,
Or low with sobs of pain,—
The thunder-organ of the cloud,
The dropping tears of rain.—Whittier.

It is a tempest in a tumbler of water.—Paul, Grand-Duc de Russie.

It is the flash which appears, the thunder bolt will follow.—Voltaire.

Loud roared the dreadful thunder,
The rain a deluge showers.
—Andrew Cherry.

Blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark!
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.
—Shakespeare.

The clouds are scudding across the moon,
A misty light is on the sea;
The wind in the shrouds has a wintry tune,
And the foam is flying free.
—Bayard Taylor.

A red morn that ever yet betoken'd
Wreck to the seaman, tempest to the field,
Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,
Gust and foul flaws to herdsmen and to herds.
—Shakespeare.

The poplars showed
The white of their leaves, the amber grain
Shrunk in the wind,—and the lightning now
Is tangled in tremulous skeins of rain!
—T. B. Aldrich.

The winds grow high;
Impending tempests charge the sky;
The lightning flies, the thunder roars;
And big waves lash the frightened shores.
—Prior.

Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples.
—Shakespeare.

Roads are wet where'er one wendeth,
And with rain the thistle bendeth,
And the brook cries like a child!
Not a rainbow shines to cheer us;
Ah! the sun comes never near us,
And the heavens look dark and wild.
—Mary Howitt.

I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks, and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,
To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds
But never till tonight, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
—Shakespeare.

We often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death. —Shakespeare.

Hark, hark! Deep sounds, and deeper still,
Are howling from the mountain's bosom:
There's not a breath of wind upon the hill,
Yet quivers every leaf, and drops each blossom:
Earth groans as if beneath a heavy load.
—Byron.

Merciful Heaven,
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak
Than the soft myrtle. —Shakespeare.

Lightnings, that show the vast and foamy deep,
The rending thunders, as they onward roll,
The loud, loud winds, that o'er the billows sweep—
Shake the firm nerve, appal the bravest soul!
—Mrs. Radcliffe.

A thousand miles from land are we,
Tossing about on the roaring sea—
From billow to bounding billow cast,
Like fleecy snow on the stormy blast:
The sails are scattered abroad, like weeds;
The strong masts shake, like quivering reeds;
The mighty cables, and iron chains,
The hull, which all earthly strength disdains—
They strain and they crack, and hearts like stone
Their natural hard proud strength disown.
—Barry Cornwall.

Defeating oft the labors of the year,
The sultry South collects a potent blast.
At first the groves are scarcely seen to stir
Their trembling tops, and a still murmur runs
Along the soft-inclining fields of corn;
But as the aërial tempest fuller swells,
And in one mighty stream, invisible,
Immense, the whole excited atmosphere
Impetuous rushes o'er the sounding world.
—Thomson.

Flash!
Lightning, I swear!—there's a tempest brewing!
Crash!
Thunder, too—swift-footed lightning pursuing!
The leaves are troubled, the winds drop dead,
The air grows ruminant overhead—
Splash!
That great round drop fell pat on my nose.
Flash! crash! splash!—
I must run for it, I suppose.
O what a flashing, and crashing, and splashing,
The earth is rocking, the skies are riven—
Jove in a passion, in god-like fashion,
Is breaking the crystal urns of heaven.
—Robert Buchanan.

The sky is changed!—and such a change! O night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder! —Byron.

Bursts as a wave that from the clouds impends,
And swell'd with tempests on the ship descends;
White are the decks with foam; the winds aloud
Howl o'er the masts, and sing through every shroud:
Pale, trembling, tir'd, the sailors freeze with fears;
And instant death on every wave appears.
—Homer.

At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,
The Tempest growls; but as it nearer comes,
And rolls its awful burden on the wind,
The Lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
The Noise astounds; till overhead a sheet
Of livid flame discloses wide, then shuts,
And opens wider; shuts and opens still
Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze.
Follows the loose'd aggravated Roar,
Enlarging, deepening, mingling, peal on peal,
Crush'd, horrible, convulsing heaven and earth. —Thomson.

A boding silence reigns,
Dread through the dun expanse; save the dull sound
That from the mountain, previous to the storm,
Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,
And shakes the forest-leaf without a breath.
Prone, to the lowest vale, the aërial tribes
Descend; the tempest-loving raven scarce
Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze,
The cattle stand, and on the scowling heavens
Cast a deploring eye; by man forsook
Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast,
Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.
—Thomson.

Story Telling

And thereby hangs a tale.—Shakespeare.

Soft as some song divine, thy story flows.—Homer.

He cometh unto you with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney corner.—Sir Philip Sidney.

This story will never go down.—Henry Fielding.

A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an hour!—Byron.

For seldom shall she hear a tale
So sad, so tender, yet so true.
—Shenstone.

I cannot tell how the truth may be;
I say the tale as 'twas said to me.
—Sir Walter Scott.

I hate
To tell again a tale once fully told.
—Homer.

Tell me the tales that to me were so dear,
Long, long ago, long, long ago.
—Thomas Haynes Bayly.

When thou dost tell another's jest, therein
Omit the oaths, which true wit cannot need;
Pick out of tales the mirth, but not the sin.
—Herbert.

And what so tedious as a twice-told tale.—Homer.

A story should, to please, at least seem true,
Be apropos, well told, concise, and new:
And whenso'er it deviates from these rules,
The wise will sleep, and leave applause to fools. —Stillingfleet.

In this our spacious isle I think there is not one
But he hath heard some talk of Hood and Little John,
Of Tuck, the merry friar, which many a sermon made
In praise of Robin Hood, his outlaws, and their trade. —Drayton.

A story, in which native humor reigns,
Is often useful, always entertains;
A graver fact enlisted on your side
May furnish illustration, well applied;
But sedentary weavers of long tales
Give me the fidgets, and my patience fails.
'Tis the most asinine employ on earth,
To hear them tell of parentage and birth,
And echo conversations dull and dry,
Embellish'd with,—He said,—and, So said I.
—Cowper.

Story-telling is subject to two unavoidable defects,—frequent repetition and being soon exhausted; so that, whoever values this gift in him-

self, has need of a good memory, and ought frequently to shift his company.—Swift.

An' all us other children, when the supper things is done,
We set around the kitchen fire an' has the mostest fun
A-list'nin' to the witch tales 'at Annie tells about,
An' the gobble-uns 'at gits you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!
—James Whitcomb Riley.

Dear Ellen, your tales are all plenteously stored,
With the joy of some bride and the wealth of her lord,
Of her chariots and dresses,
And worldly caresses,
And servants that fly when she's waited upon:
But what can she boast if she weds unbeloved?
Can she e'er feel the joy that one morning I proved,
When I put on my new gown and waited for John? —Bloomfield.

Stranger

Stranger is a holy name.—Walter Scott.

A stranger, if just, is not only to be preferred before a countryman, but a kinsman.—Pythagoras.

Strategy

Those oft are stratagems which errors seem,
Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.
—Pope.

For her own breakfast she'll project a scheme,
Nor take her tea without a stratagem.
—Young.

There webs were spread of more than common size,
And half-starved spiders prey'd on half starved flies. —Churchill.

Strength

To be strong
Is to be happy! —Longfellow.

And, weaponless himself,
Made arms ridiculous. —Milton.

The king's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse party want.
—Shakespeare.

Profan'd the God-given strength, and marr'd the lofty line.—Scott.

Strength alone knows conflict; weakness is below even defeat, and is born vanquished.—Mme. Swetchine.

Strength, wanting judgment and policy to rule, overturneth itself.—Horace.

The virtue of Paganism was strength; the virtue of Christianity is obedience.—Hare.

Strength is born in the deep silence of long-suffering hearts; not amidst joy.—Mrs. Hemans.

O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant. —Shakespeare.

But Hercules himself must yield to odds;
And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak. —Shakespeare.

Men mighty-thewed as Samson was, dark-browed as kings in iron cast, broad-breasted as twin gates of brass. —Joaquin Miller.

I would have you call to mind the strength of the ancient giants, that undertook to lay the high mountain Pelion on the top of Ossa, and set among those the shady Olympus.—Rabelais.

The ideal of morality has no more dangerous rival than the ideal of highest strength, of most powerful life. It is the maximum of the savage.—Novalis.

We deceive ourselves when we fancy that only weakness needs support. Strength needs it far more. A straw or a feather sustains itself long in the air.—Mme. Swetchine.

The exhibition of real strength is never grotesque. Distortion is the agony of weakness. It is the dislocated mind whose movements are spasmodic.—Willmott.

Although men are accused for not knowing their own weakness, yet perhaps as few know their own strength. It is in men as in soils, where some-

times there is a vein of gold which the owner knows not of.—Swift.

What is strength, without a double share
Of wisdom? Vast, unwieldy, burdensome;
Proudly secure, yet liable to fall
By weakest subtleties; not made to rule,
But to subserve where wisdom bears command. —Milton.

In that day's feats,
* * * * *
He prov'd best man i' the field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak.
—Shakespeare.

So let it be in God's own might
We gird us for the coming fight,
And, strong in Him whose cause is ours
In conflict with unholy powers,
We grasp the weapons He has given,—
The Light, and Truth, and Love of Heaven.
—Whittier.

Atlas, we read in ancient song,
Was so exceeding tall and strong,
He bore the skies upon his back,
Just as the pedler does his pack;
But, as the pedler overpress'd
Unloads upon a stall to rest,
Or, when he can no longer stand,
Desires a friend to lend a hand,
So Atlas, lest the ponderous spheres
Should sink, and fall about his ears,
Got Hercules to bear the pile,
That he might sit and rest awhile.
—Swift.

Strife

There was war in the skies!—Owen Meredith.

Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?—Young.

One that, above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself. —Shakespeare.

If thou art of elephant-strength or of lion-claw, still peace is, in my opinion, better than strife.—Saadi.

Strikes (See Labor Day)

A mechanic his labor will often discard
If the rate of his pay he dislikes;
But a clock,—and its case is uncommonly hard,—
Will continue to work though it strikes.
—Hood.

Stubbornness

A stubborn mind conduces as little to wisdom or even to knowledge as a stubborn temper to happiness.—Southey.

The man who can be compelled knows not how to die.—Seneca.

The self-educated are marked by stubborn peculiarities.—Disraeli.

Man's worst ill is stubbornness of heart.—Sophocles.

Mules and human jackasses are proverbially stubborn.—Haliburton.

If men were stubborn just in proportion as they were right, stubbornness would take her seat among the virtues; but men are generally stubborn just in proportion as they are ignorant and wrong.—H. W. Shaw.

Students

Night after night,
He sat and bleared his eyes with books.
—Longfellow.

The scholar who cherishes the love of comfort is not fit to be deemed a scholar.—Confucius.

There is unspeakable pleasure attending the life of a voluntary student. —Goldsmith.

Strange to the world, he wore a bashful look,
The fields his study, nature was his book.
—Bloomfield.

The world's great men have not commonly been great scholars, nor its great scholars great men.—O. W. Holmes.

Who climbs the grammar-tree, distinctly knows
Where noun, and verb, and participle grows. —Dryden.

Up! up! my Friend, and quit your books;
Or surely you'll grow double:
Up! up! my Friend, and clear our looks;
Why all this toil and trouble?
—Wordsworth.

And then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. —Shakespeare.

Where should the scholar live? In solitude, or in society? in the green stillness of the country, where he can hear the heart of Nature beat, or in the dark, gray town where he can hear

and feel the throbbing heart of man?—Longfellow.

He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading;
Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him not;
But to those men that sought him sweet as summer. —Shakespeare.

Ah, pensive scholar, what is fame?
A fitful tongue of leaping flame:
A giddy whirlwind's fickle gust,
That lifts a pinch of mortal dust;
A few swift years, and who can show
Which dust was Bill, and which was Joe?
—O. W. Holmes.

Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
And pause awhile from Learning to be wise;
There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the gaol.
See nations, slowly wise and meanly just,
To buried merit raise the tardy bust.
—Sam'l Johnson.

The studious class are their own victims; they are thin and pale, their feet are cold, their heads are hot, the night is without sleep, the day a fear of interruption,—pallor, squalor, hunger, and egotism. If you come near them and see what conceits they entertain—they are abstractionists, and spend their days and nights in dreaming some dream; in expecting the homage of society to some precious scheme built on a truth, but destitute of proportion in its presentment, of justness in its application, and of all energy of will in the schemer to embody and vitalize it.—Emerson.

Study

Much study is a weariness of the flesh.—Bible.

Iron sharpens iron; scholar, the scholar.—Talmud.

Studious of ease, and fond of humble things.—Ambrose Philips.

As turning the logs will make a dull fire burn, so change of studies a dull brain.—Longfellow.

Strange to the world, he wore a bashful look; the field his study, Nature was his book.—Bloomfield.

There are more men ennobled by study than by nature.—Cicero.

There is no study that is not capable of delighting us after a little application to it.—Pope.

The more we study, we the more discover our ignorance.—Shelley.

Beholding the bright countenance of truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies.—Milton.

Whence is thy learning? hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?
—Gay.

Exhausting thought,
And hiving wisdom with each studious year. —Byron.

When night hath set her silver lamp on high,
Then is the time for study. —Bailey.

Leisure without study is death, and the grave of a living man.—Seneca.

Study is the bane of boyhood, the aliment of youth, the indulgence of manhood, and the restorative of age.—Landor.

I study much, and the more I study, the oftener I go back to those first principles which are so simple that childhood itself can lisp them.—Mme. Swetchine.

As land is improved by sowing it with various seeds, so is the mind by exercising it with different studies.—Melmoth.

Studies teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. —Bacon.

He has his Rome, his Florence, his whole glowing Italy, within the four walls of his library. He has in his books the ruins of an antique world, and the glories of a modern one.—Longfellow.

He that studies only men will get the body of knowledge without the soul; and he that studies only books, the soul without the body.—Colton.

Study detains the mind by the perpetual occurrence of something new, which may gratefully strike the imagination.—Dr. I. Watts.

Fall to them, as you find your stomach serves you:
No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en;—
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.
—Shakespeare.

The intellectual husbandry is a good field, and it is the worst husbandry in the world to sow it with trifles.—Sir M. Hale.

Even those to whom Providence has allotted greater strength of understanding can expect only to improve a single science.—Dr. Johnson.

The mind of the scholar, if he would have it large and liberal, should come in contact with other minds.—Longfellow.

The resources of the scholar are proportioned to his confidence in the attributes of the intellect.—Emerson.

Examples teach us that in military affairs, and all others of a like nature, study is apt to enervate and relax the courage of man, rather than to give strength and energy to the mind.—Montaigne.

A few books, well studied, and thoroughly digested, nourish the understanding more than hundreds but gargled in the mouth, as ordinary students use.—F. Osborn.

Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend.—Bacon.

Practical application is the only mordant which will set things in the memory. Study without it is gymnastics, and not work, which alone will get intellectual bread.—Lowell.

The love of study, a passion which derives fresh vigor from enjoyment, supplies each day, each hour, with a perpetual source of independent and rational pleasure.—Gibbon.

If not to some peculiar end assign'd,
Study's the specious trifling of the mind;
Or is at best a secondary aim,
A chase for sport alone and not for game.
—Young.

Trust, therefore, for the overcoming of a difficulty, not to long-continued study after you have once become bewildered, but to repeated trials at intervals.—Whately.

Universal plodding prisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries;
As motion, and long-during action tires
The sinewy vigor of the traveller.
—Shakespeare.

As the soil, however rich it may be, cannot be productive without culture, so the mind without cultivation can never produce good fruit.—Seneca.

One of the best methods of rendering study agreeable is to live with able men, and to suffer all those pangs of inferiority which the want of knowledge always inflicts.—Sydney Smith.

When two or three sciences are pursued at the same time if one of them be dry, as logic, let another be more entertaining, to secure the mind from weariness.—Dr. Watts.

With curious art the brain, too finely wrought,
Preys on herself, and is destroy'd by thought:
Constant attention wears the active mind,
Blots out our powers, and leaves a blank behind.
—Churchill.

The love of study is in us the only lasting passion. All the others quit us in proportion as this miserable machine which holds them approaches its ruins.—Montesquieu.

They are not the best students who are most dependent on books. What can be got out of them is at best only material; a man must build his house for himself.—George MacDonald.

If you devote your time to study, you will avoid all the irksomeness of this life; nor will you long for the approach of night, being tired of the day;

nor will you be a burden to yourself, nor your society insupportable to others.—Seneca.

A boy will learn more true wisdom in a public school in a year than by a private education in five. It is not from masters, but from their equals, that youth learn a knowledge of the world.—Goldsmith.

Mankind have a great aversion to intellectual labor, but, even supposing knowledge to be easily attainable, more people would be content to be ignorant than would take even a little trouble to acquire it.—Johnson.

You are to come to your study as to the table, with a sharp appetite, whereby that which you read may the better digest. He that has no stomach to his book will very hardly thrive upon it.—Earl of Bedford.

Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks,
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others' books.
—Shakespeare.

So study evermore is overshot;
While it doth study to have what it would
It doth forget to do the thing it should,
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won as towns with fire, so won, so lost. —Shakespeare.

The secret studies of an author are the sunken piers upon which is to rest the bridge of his fame, spanning the dark waters of oblivion. They are out of sight, but without them no superstructure can stand secure.—Longfellow.

Dr. Johnson held that "impatience of study was the mental disease of the present generation;" and the remark is still applicable. We may not believe that there is a royal road to learning, but we seem to believe very firmly in a "popular" one.—Samuel Smiles.

It is quite possible, and not uncommon, to read most laboriously, even so as to get by heart the words of a book, without really studying it at all,—that is, without employing the thoughts on the subject.—Whately.

The man who has acquired the habit of study, though for only one hour every day in the year, and keeps to the one thing studied till it is mastered, will be startled to see the way he has made at the end of a twelvemonth.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Strive, while improving your one talent, to enrich your whole capital as a man. It is in this way that you escape from the wretched narrow-mindedness which is the characteristic of every one who cultivates his specialty alone.—Bulwer-Lytton.

The ancient practice of allowing land to remain fallow for a season is now exploded, and a succession of different crops found preferable. The case is similar with regard to the understanding, which is more relieved by change of study than by total inactivity.—W. B. Clulow.

What is the end of study? Let me know?
Why, that to know, which else we should not know.
Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common sense?
Ay, that is study's god-like recompense.
—Shakespeare.

These (literary) studies are the food of youth, and consolation of age; they adorn prosperity; and are the comfort and refuge of adversity; they are pleasant at home, and are no incumbrance abroad; they accompany us at night, in our travels, and in our rural retreats.—Cicero.

A man may smoke, or drink, or take snuff, till he is unable to pass away his time without it, not to mention how our delight in any particular study, art, or science, rises and improves in proportion to the application which we bestow upon it. Thus, what was at first an exercise, becomes at length an entertainment.—Addison.

I remember to have heard a great painter say: "There are certain faces for certain painters, as well as certain subjects for certain poets." This is as true in the choice of studies; and no one will ever relish an author thoroughly well who would not have been fit companion for that author, had they lived at the same time.—Steele.

Whatever study tends neither directly nor indirectly to make us better men and citizens is at best but a specious and ingenious sort of idleness; and the knowledge we acquire by it only a creditable kind of ignorance, nothing more.—Lord Bolingbroke.

Stupidity

Stupidity,—unconscious ignorance. —H. W. Shaw.

Stupidity has no friends, and wants none.—Horace Greeley.

Against stupidity the very gods fight unvictorious.—Schiller.

The fault rests with the gods, who have made her so stupid.—Gresset.

That fellow seems to me to possess but one idea, and that a wrong one.—Dr. Johnson.

Heaven should be kind to stupid people, for no one else can be consistently.—Balzac.

The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head.
—Pope.

He is not only dull himself, but the cause of dullness in others.—Samuel Johnson.

The fool of nature stood with stupid eyes
And gaping mouth, that testified surprise.
—Dryden.

With various readings stored his empty skull,
Learn'd without sense, and venerably dull.
—Churchill.

A pity about the people! they are brave enough comrades, but they have heads like a soapboiler's.—Schiller.

There is in it a placid inexhaustibility, a calm, vicious infinitude, which will baffle even the gods.—Carlyle.

In our wide world there is but one altogether fatal personage, the dunce,—he that speaks irrationally, that sees not, and yet thinks he sees.—Carlyle.

Stupidity has its sublime as well as genius, and he who carries that quality to absurdity has reached it; which is always a source of amusement to sensible people.—Wieland.

For blocks are better cleft with wedges,
Than tools of sharp or subtle edges,
And dullest nonsense has been found
By some to be the most profound.
—Butler.

Peter was dull; he was at first
Dull,—Oh, so dull—so very dull!
Whether he talked, wrote, or rehearsed—
Still with this dullness was he cursed—
Dull—beyond all conception—dull.
—Shelley.

Style

Style is the dress of thoughts.—Earl of Chesterfield.

A temperate style is alone classical. —Joubert.

Every good writer has much idiom. —Landor.

A good style fits like a good costume. —Alcott.

Set off with numerous breaks and dashes.—Swift.

Not poetry, but prose run mad.—Pope.

You gain your point if your industrious art can make unusual words easy.—Roscommon.

The style of St. Jerome shines like ebony.—Joubert.

A pure style in writing results from the rejection of everything superfluous. —Mme. Necker.

Chaucer, I confess, is a rough diamond, and must be polished ere he shine.—Dryden.

Uncommon expressions are a disfigurement rather than an embellishment of discourse.—Hume.

A chaste and lucid style is indicative of the same personal traits in the author.—Hosea Ballou.

The first requisite of style, not only in rhetoric, but in all compositions, is perspicuity.—Whately.

Simplicity, without which no human performance can arrive at perfection. —Swift.

Proper words in proper places.—Swift.

In all you write be neither low nor vile:
The meanest theme may have a proper style. —Dryden.

The lives of trees lie only in the barks,
And in their styles the wit of greatest clerks. —Butler.

Montesquieu had the style of a genius; Buffon, the genius of style.—Baron Grimm.

Let us not write at a loose rambling rate, in hope the world will wink at all our faults.—Roscommon.

Will no superior genius snatch the quill, and save me on the brink from writing ill?—Young.

Nero was wont to say of his master, Seneca, that his style was like mortar without lime.—Bacon.

An author can have nothing truly his own but his style.—Disraeli.

A sentence, well couched, takes both the sense and the understanding.—Feltham.

Style is the gossamer on which the seeds of truth float through the world. —Bancroft.

Every good writer has much idiom; it is the life and spirit of language.—Landor.

In the present day our literary masonry is well done, but our architecture is poor.—Joubert.

Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye, in every gesture dignity and love.—Milton.

A good writer does not write as people write, but as he writes.—Montesquieu.

Xenophon wrote with a swan's quill, Plato with a pen of gold, and Thucydides with a brazen stylus.—Joubert.

The truly sublime is always easy, and always natural.—Burke.

It is difficult to descend with grace without seeming to fall.—Blair.

Proper words in proper places make the true definition of a style.—Swift.

Every style formed elaborately on any model must be affected and straight-laced.—Whipple.

Men who make money rarely saunter; men who save money rarely swagger.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Style, after all, rather than thought, is the immortal thing in literature.—Alexander Smith.

Style is only the frame to hold your thoughts. It is like the sash of a window; if heavy, it will obscure the light.—Emerson.

One who uses many periods is a philosopher; many interrogations, a student; many exclamations, a fanatic. —J. L. Basford.

The lively phraseology of Montesquieu was the result of long meditation. His words, as light as wings, bear on them grave reflections.—Joubert.

If a book come from the heart, it will contrive to reach other hearts; all art and author-craft are of small account to that.—Carlyle.

Oh, never will I trust to speeches penned! * * * taffeta phrases, silken terms precise, three-piled hyperboles.—Shakespeare.

Such labored nothings, in so strange a style, amaze the unlearned and make the learned smile.—Pope.

Antithesis may be the blossom of wit, but it will never arrive at maturity unless sound sense be the trunk, and truth the root.—Colton.

The old prose writers wrote as if they were speaking to an audience; while, among us, prose is invariably written for the eye alone.—Niebuhr.

Long sentences in a short composition are like large rooms in a little house.—Shenstone.

When we meet with a natural style, we are surprised and delighted, for we expected to find an author, and we have found a man.—Pascal.

Obscurity in writing is commonly an argument of darkness in the mind. The greatest learning is to be seen in the greatest plainness.—Wilkins.

If you would be pungent, be brief, for it is with words as with sunbeams the more they are condensed, the deeper they burn.—Saxe.

Submit your sentiments with diffidence. A dictatorial style, though it may carry conviction, is always accompanied with disgust.—Washington.

Unconsciousness is one of the most important conditions of a good style in speaking or in writing.—Richard Grant White.

Style supposes the reunion and the exercise of all the intellectual faculties. The style is the man.—Buffon.

The least degree of ambiguity which leaves the mind in suspense as to the meaning ought to be avoided with the greatest care.—Blair.

Wherever you find a sentence musically worded, of true rhythm and melody in the words, there is something deep and good in the meaning also.—Coleridge.

With many readers brilliancy of style passes for affluence of thought; they mistake buttercups in the grass for immeasurable mines of gold under ground.—Longfellow.

As it is a great point of art, when our matter requires it, to enlarge and veer out all sail, so to take it in and contract it is of no less praise when the argument doth ask it.—Ben Jonson.

There is nothing in words and styles but suitableness that makes them acceptable and effective.—Glanvill.

The sublime and the ridiculous are often so nearly related that it is difficult to class them separately. One step above the sublime makes the ridiculous; and one step above the ridiculous makes the sublime again.—Thomas Paine.

Sir Francis Bacon observed that a well-written book, compared with its rivals and antagonists, is like Moses' serpent, that immediately swallowed up and devoured those of the Egyptians.—Addison.

A sentence well couched takes both the sense and the understanding. I love not those cart-rope speeches that are longer than the memory of man can fathom.—Feltham.

Style in painting is the same as in writing,—a power over materials, whether words or colors, by which conceptions or sentiments are conveyed.—Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Some have a violent and turgid manner of talking and thinking; they are always in extremes, and pronounce concerning everything in the superlative.—Dr. Watts.

Whatever professes to benefit by pleasing must please at once. The pleasures of the mind imply something sudden and unexpected; that which elevates must always surprise.—Dr. Johnson.

Mannerism is always longing to have done, and has no true enjoyment in work. A genuine, really great talent, on the other hand, has its greatest happiness in execution.—Goethe.

The scholars of Ireland seem not to have the least conception of style, but run on in a flat phraseology, often mingled with barbarous terms.—Swift.

Style is indeed the valet of genius, and an able one too; but as the true gentleman will appear, even in rags, so true genius will shine, even through the coarsest style.—Colton.

I hate a style, as I do a garden, that is wholly flat and regular,—that slides along like an eel, and never rises to

what one can call an inequality.—Shenstone.

The beautiful invariably possesses a visible and a hidden beauty; and it is certain that no style is so beautiful as that which presents to the attentive reader a half-hidden meaning.—Joubert.

Expression is the dress of thought, and still
Appears more decent as more suitable;
A vile conceit in pompous words express'd,
Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd.
—Pope.

Persons are oftentimes misled in regard to their choice of dress by attending to the beauty of colors, rather than selecting such colors as may increase their own beauty.—Shenstone.

Justness of thought and style, refinement in manners, good-breeding and politeness of every kind, can come only from the trial and experience of what is best.—Duncan.

I look upon paradoxes as the impotent efforts of men who, not having capacity to draw attention and celebrity from good sense, fly to eccentricities to make themselves noted.—Horace Walpole.

You know that in everything women write there are always a thousand faults of grammar, but, with your permission, a harmony which is rare in the writings of men.—Mme. de Maintenon.

One tires of a page of which every sentence sparkles with points, of a sentimentalist who is always pumping the tears from his eyes or your own.—Thackeray.

It is far more difficult to be simple than to be complicated; far more difficult to sacrifice skill and cease exertion in the proper place, than to expend both indiscriminately.—Ruskin.

The way to acquire lasting esteem is not by the fewness of a writer's faults, but the greatness of his beauties, and our noblest works are generally most replete with both.—Goldsmith.

Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison.—Johnson.

Those who make antitheses by forcing the sense are like men who make false windows for the sake of symmetry. Their rule is not to speak justly, but to make accurate figures.—Pascal.

He who would reproach an author for obscurity should look into his own mind and see whether it is quite clear there. In the dusk the plainest writing is illegible.—Goethe.

Propriety of thought and propriety of diction are commonly found together. Obscurity and affectation are the two greatest faults of style.—Macaulay.

A great writer possesses, so to speak, an individual and unchangeable style, which does not permit him easily to preserve the anonymous.—Voltaire.

The way to elegancy of style is to employ your pen upon every errand; and the more trivial and dry it is, the more brains must be allowed for sauce, —F. Osborn.

The secret of force in writing lies not so much in the pedigree of nouns and adjectives and verbs, as in having something that you believe in to say, and making the parts of speech vividly conscious of it.—Lowell.

Nothing is so difficult as the apparent ease of a clear and flowing style; those graces which, from their presumed facility, encourage all to attempt an imitation of them, are usually the most inimitable.—Colton.

D'Alembert tells us that Voltaire had always lying on his table the "Petit Carême" of Massillon and the "Tragedies" of Racine; the former to fix his taste in prose composition, and the latter in poetry.—Dugald Stewart.

There is a certain majesty in plainness; as the proclamation of a prince

never frisks in its tropes or fine conceits, in numerous and well-turned periods, but commands in sober, natural expressions.—South.

Plutarch would rather we should applaud his judgment than commend his knowledge, and would rather leave us with an appetite to read more than glutted with that we have already read.—Montaigne.

As the air and manner of a gentleman can be acquired only by living habitually in the best society, so grace in composition must be attained by an habitual acquaintance with classical writers.—Dugald Stewart.

The censure of frequent and long parentheses has led writers into the preposterous expedient of leaving out the marks by which they are indicated. It is no cure to a lame man to take away his crutches.—Whately.

Let the man who despises style, and says that he attends to the matter, recollect that if the lace is sold at a higher price than the noble metal, it owes its chief value to its elegance, and not to its material.—Yriarte.

Redundancy of language is never found with deep reflection. Verbiage may indicate observation, but not thinking. He who thinks much says but little in proportion to his thoughts. —Washington Irving.

Burke's sentences are pointed at the end, instinct with pungent sense to the last syllable. They are like a charioteer's whip, which not only has a long and effective lash, but cracks and inflicts a still smarter sensation at the end.—John Foster.

Miss Edgeworth and Mme. de Staël have proved that there is no sex in style; and Mme. la Roche Jacqueline, and the Duchesse d'Angouleme have proved that there is no sex in courage. —Colton.

The want of a more copious diction, to borrow a figure from Locke, is caused by our supposing that the mind is like Fortunatus's purse, and will always supply our wants, without our ever putting anything into it. —Bovee.

When you doubt between words, use the plainest, the commonest, the most idiomatic. Eschew fine words as you would rouge, love simple ones as you would native roses on your cheek.—Hare.

The words in prose ought to express the intended meaning; if they attract attention to themselves, it is a fault; in the very best styles, as Southey's, you read page after page without noticing the medium.—Coleridge.

Generally speaking, an author's style is a faithful copy of his mind. If you would write a lucid style, let there first be light in your own mind; and if you would write a grand style, you ought to have a grand character.—Goethe.

Whatever is pure is also simple. It does not keep the eye on itself. The observer forgets the window in the landscape it displays. A fine style gives the view of fancy—its figures, its trees, or its palaces,—without a spot. —Willmott.

A copious manner of expression gives strength and weight to our ideas, which frequently make impression upon the mind, as iron does upon solid bodies, rather by repeated strokes than a single blow.—Melmoth.

When I meet with any persons who write obscurely or converse confusedly, I am apt to suspect two things; first, that such persons do not understand themselves; and secondly, that they are not worthy of being understood by others.—Colton.

Only well-written works will descend to posterity. Fulness of knowledge, interesting facts, even useful inventions, are no pledge of immortality, for they may be employed by more skilful hands; they are outside the man; the style is the man himself.—Buffon.

An era is fast approaching when no writer will be read by the majority, save and except those than can effect that for bales of manuscript that the

hydrostatic screw performs for bales of cotton, by condensing that matter into a period that before occupied a page.—Cottar.

The flowery style is not unsuitable to public speeches or addresses, which amount only to compliment. The lighter beauties are in their place when there is nothing more solid to say; but the flowery style ought to be banished from a pleading, a sermon, or a didactic work.—Voltaire.

To write a genuine familiar or truly English style is to write as anyone would speak in common conversation, who had a thorough command and choice of words, or who could discourse with ease, force, and perspicuity, setting aside all pedantic and oratorical flourishes.—Hazlitt.

Style is the dress of thoughts; and let them be ever so just, if your style is homely, coarse, and vulgar, they will appear to as much disadvantage, and be as ill received, as your person, though ever so well proportioned, would if dressed in rags, dirt, and tatters.—Chesterfield.

In composing, think much more of your matter than your manner. To be sure, spirit, grace, and dignity of manner are of great importance, both to the speaker and writer; but of infinitely more importance is the weight and worth of matter.—Wirt.

As the mind of Johnson was robust, but neither nimble nor graceful, so his style was void of all grace and ease, and, being the most unlike of all styles to the natural effusion of a cultivated mind, had the least pretension to the praise of eloquence.—Sir J. Mackintosh.

Perhaps that is nearly the perfection of good writing which is original, but whose truth alone prevents the reader from suspecting that it is so; and which effects that for knowledge which the lens effects for the sunbeam, when it condenses its brightness in order to increase its force.—Colton.

It is curious for one who studies the action and reaction of national literature on each other, to see the humor of Swift and Sterne and Fielding, after filtering through Richter, reappear in Carlyle with a tinge of Germanism that makes it novel, alien, or even displeasing, as the case may be, to the English mind.—Lowell.

Style! style, why, all writers will tell you that it is the very thing which can least of all be changed. A man's style is nearly as much a part of him as his physiognomy, his figure, the throbbing of his pulse,—in short, as any part of his being which is at least subjected to the action of the will.—Fénelon.

The style of writing required in the great world is distinguished by a free and daring grace, a careless security, a fine and sharp polish, a delicate and perfect taste; while that fitted for the people is characterized by a vigorous natural fulness, a profound depth of feeling, and an engaging naivete.—Goethe.

We know much of a writer by his style. An open and imperious disposition is shown in short sentences, direct and energetic. A secretive and proud mind is cold and obscure in style. An affectionate and imaginative nature pours out luxuriantly, and blossoms all over with ornament.—Beecher.

Style is the physiognomy of the mind. It is more infallible than that of the body. To imitate the style of another is said to be wearing a mask. However beautiful it may be, it is through its lifelessness insipid and intolerable, so that even the most ugly living face is more engaging.—Schopenhauer.

Any one may mouth out a passage with a theatrical cadence, or get upon stilts to tell his thoughts; but to write or speak with propriety and simplicity is a more difficult task. Thus it is easy to affect a pompous style, to use a word twice as big as the thing you want to express; it is not so easy to pitch upon the very word that exactly fits it.—Hazlitt.

In some exquisite critical hints on "Eurythmy," Goethe remarks, "that the best composition in pictures is that

which, observing the most delicate laws of harmony, so arranges the objects that they by their position tell their own story." And the rule thus applied to composition in painting applies no less to composition in literature.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Propriety of thought and propriety of diction are commonly found together. Obscurity and affectation are the two great faults of style. Obscurity of expression generally springs from confusion of ideas; and the same wish to dazzle, at any cost, which produces affectation in the manner of a writer, is likely to produce sophistry in his reasoning.—Macaulay.

Harmony of period and melody of style have greater weight than is generally imagined in the judgment we pass upon writing and writers. As a proof of this, let us reflect what texts of scripture, what lines in poetry, or what periods we most remember and quote, either in verse or prose, and we shall find them to be only musical ones. —Shenstone.

The unaffected of every country nearly resemble each other, and a page of our Confucius and your Tillotson have scarce any material difference. Paltry affectation, strained allusions, and disgusting finery are easily attained by those who choose to wear them; they are but too frequently the badges of ignorance or of stupidity, whenever it would endeavor to please. —Goldsmith.

A composition which dazzles at first sight by gaudy epithets, or brilliant turns of expression, or glittering trains of imagery, may fade gradually from the mind, leaving no enduring impression; but words which flow fresh and warm from a full heart, and which are instinct with the life and breath of human feeling, pass into household memories, and partake of the immortality of the affections from which they spring.—Whipple.

If I were to choose the people with whom I would spend my hours of conversation, they should be certainly such as labored no further than to make themselves readily and clearly apprehended, and would have patience and curiosity to understand me. To have good sense and ability to express it are the most essential and necessary qualities in companions. When thoughts rise in us fit to utter among familiar friends, there needs but very little care in clothing them.—Steele.

Young people are dazzled by the brilliancy of antithesis, and employ it. Matter-of-fact men, and those who like precision, naturally fall into comparisons and metaphor. Sprightly natures, full of fire, and whom a boundless imagination carries beyond all rules, and even what is reasonable, cannot rest satisfied even with hyberbole. As for the sublime, it is only great geniuses and those of the very highest order that are able to rise to its height.—Bruyère.

He who thinks much says but little in proportion to his thoughts. He selects that language which will convey his ideas in the most explicit and direct manner. He tries to compress as much thought as possible into a few words. On the contrary, the man who talks everlastingly and promiscuously, who seems to have an exhaustless magazine of sound, crowds so many words into his thoughts that he always obscures, and very frequently conceals them.—Washington Irving.

Gentleness in the gait is what simplicity is in the dress. Violent gesture or quick movement inspires involuntary disrespect. One looks for a moment at a cascade; but one sits for hours, lost in thought, and gazing upon the still water of a lake. A deliberate gait, gentle manners, and a gracious tone of voice—all of which may be acquired—give a mediocre man an immense advantage over those vastly superior to him. To be bodily tranquil, to speak little, and to digest without effort are absolutely necessary to grandeur of mind or of presence, or to proper development of genius.—Balzac.

Some authors write nonsense in a clear style, and others sense in an obscure one; some can reason without being able to persuade, others can per-

suade without being able to reason; some dive so deep that they descend into darkness, and others soar so high that they give us no light; and some, in a vain attempt to be cutting and dry, give us only that which is cut and dried. We should labor, therefore, to treat with ease of things that are difficult; with familiarity, of things that are novel; and with perspicuity, of things that are profound.—Colton.

Sublimity

Above the vulgar flight of common souls.—Murphy.

One source of the sublime is infinity. —Burke.

Sublimity is Hebrew by birth.—Coleridge.

Hear we not the hum of mighty workings?—Keats.

The palpable obscure.—Milton.

Nothing so effectually deadens the taste of the sublime as that which is light and radiant.—Burke.

From the sublime to the ridiculous there is but one step.—Napoleon.

How sublime is the audacious tautology of Mohammed, God is God!—W. R. Alger.

Anything which elevates the mind is sublime. Greatness of matter, space, power, virtue or beauty, are all sublime.—Ruskin.

The sublime and the ridiculous are often so nearly related that it is difficult to class them separately. One step above the sublime makes the ridiculous, and one step above the ridiculous makes the sublime again.—Thomas Paine.

Stupidity has its sublime as well as genius, and he who [illegible]es that quality to absurdity has reached it, which is always a source of pleasure to sensible people.—Wieland.

The sublime, when it is introduced at a seasonable moment, has often carried all before it with the rapidity of lightning, and shown at a glance the mighty power of genius.—Longinus.

"The sublime," says Longinus, "is often nothing but the echo or image of magnanimity"; and where this quality appears in any one, even though a syllable be not uttered, it excites our applause and admiration. —Hume.

The sublime only paints the true, and that too in noble objects; it paints it in all its phases, its cause and its effect; it is the most worthy expression or image of this truth. Ordinary minds cannot find out the exact expression, and use synonymes.—Bruyère.

The sublime is the temple-step of religion, as the stars are of immeasurable space. When what is mighty appears in nature,—a storm, thunder, the starry firmament, death,—then utter the word "God" before the child. A great misfortune, a great blessing, a great crime, a noble action, are building-sites for a child's church.—Richter.

Subordination

I am a friend to subordination, as most conducive to the happiness of society. There is a reciprocal pleasure in governing and being governed.—Johnson.

Subtlety

Subtlety may deceive you; integrity never will.—Cromwell.

It is said that Windham, when he came to the end of a speech, often found himself so perplexed by his own subtlety that he hardly knew which way he was going to give his vote. This is a good illustration of the fallaciousness of reasoning, and of the uncertainties which attend its practical application.—Hare.

Subtlety will sometimes give safety, no less than strength; and minuteness has sometimes escaped, where magnitude would have been crushed. The little animal that kills the boa is formidable chiefly from its insignifi-

cance, which is incompressible by the folds of its antagonist.—Colton.

Success

Nothing succeeds so well as success.—Talleyrand.

Success is the child of audacity.—Beaconsfield.

Success covers a multitude of blunders.—H. W. Shaw.

Success consecrates the foulest crimes.—Seneca.

A successful career has been full of blunders.—Charles Buxton.

In success be moderate.—Franklin.

Life lives only in success.—Bayard Taylor.

Success often costs more than it is worth.—E. Wigglesworth.

He will succeed; for he believes all he says.—Mirabeau.

Success is a fruit of slow growth.—Fielding.

A strenuous soul hates cheap success—Fielding.

Human success is a quotation from overhead.—Charles H. Parkhurst.

Success makes success, as money makes money.—Chamfort.

The race by vigor, not by vaunts, is won.—Pope.

The gods are on the side of the stronger.—Tacitus.

Now, by St. Paul, the work goes bravely on.—Colley Cibber.

The greater part performed achieves the less.—Dryden.

Success causes us to be more praised than known.—Joseph Roux.

The surest way not to fail is to determine to succeed.—Sheridan.

To know how to wait is the great secret of success.—De Maistre.

There is a glare about worldly success, which is very apt to dazzle men's eyes.—Hare.

What succeeds we keep, and it becomes the habit of mankind.—Theodore Parker.

Who shall tax successful villany, or call the rising traitor to account?—Havard.

It is success that colors all in life; success makes fools admired, makes villains honest.—Thomson.

The man who is always fortunate cannot easily have a great reverence for virtue.—Cicero.

That which turns out well is better than any law.—Menander.

In everything the ends well defined are the secret of durable success.—Cousin.

Let them call it mischief; when it is past and prospered, it will be virtue.—Ben Jonson.

Success! to thee, as to a God, men bend the knee.—Æschylus.

Didst thou never hear
That things ill got had ever bad success?
—Shakespeare.

One thing is forever good;
That one thing is Success.
—Emerson.

The earliest desire of succeeding is almost always a prognostic of success.—Stanislaus.

Fortune is always on the side of the largest battalions.—Mme. de Sévigné.

Providence is always on the side of the last reserve.—Attributed to Napoleon I.

Success has a great tendency to conceal and throw a veil over the evil deeds of men.—Demosthenes.

Successful minds work like a gimlet,—to a single point.—Bovee.

Success is counted sweetest
By those who ne'er succeed.
—Emily Dickinson.

When the shore is won at last,
Who will count the billows past?
—Keble.

Th' aspirer, once attain'd unto the top,
Cuts off those means by which himself got up. —Sam'l Daniel.

I came up-stairs into the world; for I was born in a cellar.—Congreve.

From mere success nothing can be concluded in favor of any nation upon whom it is bestowed.—Atterbury.

The surest way not to fail is to determine to succeed.—Sheridan.

Singing and dancing alone will not advance one in the world.—Rousseau.

'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius; we'll deserve it. —Addison.

They never fail who die
In a great cause. —Byron.

To climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first.
—Shakespeare.

The mind is hopeful; success is in God's hands. (Man proposes, God disposes).—Plautus.

The success of most things depends upon knowing how long it will take to succeed.—Montesquieu.

The success of the wicked entices many more.—Phædrus.

With the losers let it sympathize; for nothing can seem foul to those that win.—Shakespeare.

Almost everywhere men have become the particular things which their particular work has made them.—J. G. Holland.

Success serves men as a pedestal. It makes them seem greater when not measured by reflection.—Joubert.

The worst use that can be made of success is to boast of it.—Arthur Helps.

The greatest success is confidence, or perfect understanding between sincere people.—Emerson.

Give any one fortune, and he shall be thought a wise man.—South.

What does it avail you, if of many thorns only one be removed.—Horace.

He has carried every point, who has mingled the useful with the agreeable. —Horace.

The stronger always succeeds. (The weakest goes to the wall.)—Plautus.

Be commonplace and creeping, and you attain all things.—Beaumarchais.

Success at first doth many times undo men at last.—Venning.

Had I succeeded well, I had been reckoned amongst the wise; our minds are so disposed to judge from the event.—Euripides.

We tell our triumphs to the crowd, but our own hearts are the sole confidants of our sorrows.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Not that which men do worthily, but that which they do successfully, is what history makes haste to record. —Beecher.

Success is full of promise till men get it; and then it is a last year's nest, from which the bird has flown. —Beecher.

Few things are impracticable in themselves; and it is for want of application rather than of means, that men fail of success.—Rochefoucauld.

Success produces confidence, confidence relaxes industry, and negligence ruins that reputation which accuracy had raised.—Johnson.

Success surely comes with conscience in the long run, other things being

equal. Capacity and fidelity are commercially profitable qualities.—Henry Ward Beecher.

The rude reproaches of the rascal herd, who for the self-same actions, if successful, would be as grossly lavish in their praise.—Thomson.

Success soon palls. The joyous time is when the breeze first strikes your sails, and the waters rustle under your bows.—Charles Buxton.

Born for success, he seemed
With grace to win, with heart to hold,
With shining gifts that took all eyes.
—Emerson.

Better have failed in the high aim, as I,
Than vulgarly in the low aim succeed
As, God be thanked! I do not.
—Robert Browning.

Experience has always shown, and reason also, that affairs which depend on many seldom succeed.—Guicciardini.

I have always observed that to succeed in the world one should appear like a fool but be wise.—Montesquieu.

There are but two ways of rising in the world: either by one's own industry or profiting by the foolishness of others.—La Bruyère.

It is a mistake to suppose that men succeed through success; they much oftener succeed through failure.—Samuel Smiles.

Those who are prosperously unjust are entitled to panegyric, but afflicted virtue is stabbed with reproaches.—Dryden.

Success does not consist in never making blunders, but in never making the same one the second time.—H. W. Shaw.

There are none so low but that they have their triumphs. Small successes suffice for small souls.—Bovee.

He that would relish success to purpose should keep his passion cool and his expectation low.—Jeremy Collier.

Such a nature, tickled with good success, disdains the shadow which he treads on at noon.—Shakespeare.

If fortune wishes to make a man estimable, she gives him virtues; if she wishes to make him esteemed, she gives him success.—Joubert.

Nothing is impossible to the man that can will. Is that necessary? That shall be. This is the only law of success.—Mirabeau.

Whenever you see a man who is successful in society, try to discover what makes him pleasing, and if possible adopt his system.—Beaconsfield.

If you wish success in life, make perseverance your bosom friend, experience your wise counselor, caution your elder brother, and hope your guardian genius.—Addison.

Had I miscarried, I had been a villain; for men judge actions always by events; but when we manage by a just foresight, success is prudence, and possession right.—Higgons.

To know a man, observe how he wins his object, rather than how he loses it; for when we fail, our pride supports us,—when we succeed, it betrays us.—Colton.

One line, a line fraught with instruction, includes the secret of Lord Kenyon's final success,—he was prudent, he was patient, and he persevered.—G. Townsend.

He that climbs the tall tree has won right to the fruit,
He that leaps the wide gulf should prevail in his suit.
—Scott.

One of the greatest of a great man's qualities is success: 't is the result of all the others; 't is a latent power in him which compels the favor of the gods, and subjugates fortune.—Thackeray.

It is success that colors all in life: success makes fools admired, makes villains honest; all the proud virtue of this vaunting world fawns on success

and power, however acquired.—Thomson.

One way in which fools succeed where wise men fail is that through ignorance of the danger they sometimes go coolly about a hazardous business.—Whately.

It is a great presumption to ascribe our successes to our own management, and not to esteem ourselves upon any blessing, rather as it is the bounty of heaven, than the acquisition of our own prudence. —Addison.

Virtue without success is fair picture shown by an ill light; but lucky men are favorites of heaven: all own the chief when fortune owns the cause.—Dryden.

Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;
And all the clouds that lour'd upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
—Shakespeare.

The great highroad of human welfare lies along the old highway of steadfast well-doing; and they who are the most persistent, and the work in the truest spirit, will invariably be the most successful; success treads on the heels of every right effort.—Samuel Smiles.

The thinking part of mankind do not form their judgment from events; and their equity will ever attach equal glory to those actions which deserve success, and those which have been crowned with it.—Washington.

Constant success shows us but one side of the world; for, as it surrounds us with friends, who will tell us only our merits, so it silences those enemies from whom alone we can learn our defects.—Colton.

There may come a day
Which crowns Desire with gift, and Art with truth,
And Love with bliss, and Life with wiser youth!
—Bayard Taylor.

Julius Cæsar owed two millions when he risked the experiment of being general in Gaul. If Julius Cæsar had not lived to cross the Rubicon, and pay off his debts, what would his creditors have called Julius Cæsar? —Bulwer-Lytton.

It is possible to indulge too great contempt for mere success, which is frequently attended with all the practical advantages of merit itself, and with several advantages that merit alone can never command.—W. B. Clulow.

Hast thou not learn'd what thou art often told,
A truth still sacred, and believed of old,
That no success attends on spears and swords
Unblest, and that the battle is the Lord's?
—Cowper.

The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do without a thought of fame. If it comes at all it will come because it is deserved, not because it is sought after. —Longfellow.

Yet the success of plans and the advantage to be derived from them do not at all times agree, seeing the gods claim to themselves the right to decide as to the final result.—Ammianus Marcellinus.

He that would relish success to a good purpose should keep his passions cool, and his expectations low; and then it is possible that his fortune might exceed his fancy; for an advantage always rises by surprise, and is almost always doubled by being unlooked for.—Jeremy Collier.

Popularity disarms envy in well-disposed minds. Those are ever the most ready to do justice to others who feel that the world has done them justice. When success has not this effect in opening the mind it is a sign that it has been ill-deserved.—Hazlitt.

The surest hindrance to success is to have too high a standard of refinement in our own minds, or too high an opinion of the judgment of the public. He who is determined not to be satisfied with anything short of

perfection will never do anything at all either to please himself or others. —Hazlitt.

The secret of pleasure in life, as distinct from its great triumphs of transcendent joy, is to live in a series of small, legitimate successes. By legitimate I mean such as are not accompanied by self-condemnation.—Sydney Dobell.

"I confess," says a thoughtful writer, "that increasing years bring with them an increasing respect for men who do not succeed in life, as those words are commonly used." Ill success sometimes arises from a conscience too sensitive, a taste too fastidious, a self-forgetfulness too romantic, a modesty too retiring.—G. A. Sala.

To judge by the event is an error all commit: for in every instance courage, if crowned with success, is heroism; if clouded by defeat, temerity. When Nelson fought his battle in the Sound, it was the result alone that decided whether he was to kiss a hand at court or a rod at a court-martial.—Colton.

Mankind worships success, but thinks too little of the means by which it is attained,—what days and nights of watching and weariness; how year after year has dragged on, and seen the end still far off: all that counts for little, if the long struggle do not close in victory.—H. M. Field.

Success seems to be that which forms the distinction between confidence and conceit. Nelson, when young, was piqued at not being noticed in a certain paragraph of the newspapers, which detailed an action wherein he had assisted. "But never mind," said he; "I will one day have a Gazette of my own."—Colton.

The path of success in business is invariably the path of common-sense. Notwithstanding all that is said about "lucky hits," the best kind of success in every man's life is not that which comes by accident. The only "good time coming" we are justified in hoping for is that which we are capable of making for ourselves.—Samuel Smiles.

Both as to high and low indifferently, men are prepossessed, charmed, fascinated by success; successful crimes are praised very much like virtue itself, and good fortune is not far from occupying the place of the whole cycle of virtues. It must be an atrocious act, a base and hateful deed, which success would not be able to justify.—Bruyère.

There is nothing so sure of succeeding as not to be over brilliant, as to be entirely wrapped up in one's self, and endowed with a perseverance which, in spite of all the rebuffs it may meet with, never relaxes in the pursuit of its object. It is incredible what may be done by dint of importunity alone; and where shall we find the man of real talents who knows how to be importunate enough!—Baron de Grimm.

Salvation is the only real success. Men are called successful who succeed in a section or two. What if three air-tight compartments keep dry, when the bulkheads break and the ship sinks? What if a man wins a boat race, a horse race, a lottery prize, and cannot speak grammatically, and does not know one good book nor one star nor tune nor flower from another, nor ever had a real friend? Is that success? Salvation is soundness. To have a splendid digestion, but a feeble mind; to have muscles standing out like whipcords, but lungs that are affected; to have perfect sight and hearing, but a weak heart, is this success? Is this soundness? Salvation is health, wholeness, holiness. It is to be right all round. I may miss perfect success in the world of business and in the world of health. I need not in the real world—the moral,—in the real life—the spiritual. God's holiness is expressed in His love. Therefore love is wholeness, and to love is to fulfil—to fill full—God's law, and be right all round. Learn

then to love God and your brother and all things great and small. Life is our "chance of learning love." To make money, to win academic degrees, to lead political armies, and not to love up and down, right and left, is to have missed success. Men suspect it now. They will know it by and by.—Maltbie Babcock.

Suffering

Suffering is part of the divine idea. —Henry Ward Beecher.

Mirth cannot move a soul in agony. —Shakespeare.

Some of His children must go into the furnace to testify that the Son of God is there with them.—E. Prentiss.

Knowledge by suffering entereth,
And Life is perfected by Death.
—E. B. Browning.

A great part of human suffering has its root in the nature of man, and not in that of his institutions.—Lowell.

For there are deeds
Which have no form, sufferings which have no tongue. —Shelley.

We have suffered lightly, if we have suffered what we should weep for.—Seneca.

What is deservedly suffered must be borne with calmness, but when the pain is unmerited, the grief is resistless.—Ovid.

Suffering is my gain; I bow
To my heavenly Father's will,
And receive it hushed and still:
Suffering is my worship now.
—Jean Paul Richter.

Those who inflict must suffer, for they see
The work of their own hearts, and that must be
Our chastisement or recompense.
—Shelley.

And taste
The melancholy joys of evils pass'd,
For he who much has suffer'd, much will know. —Homer.

The cross of Christ is the pledge to us that the deepest suffering may be the condition of the highest blessing; the sign, not of God's displeasure, but of His widest and most compassionate face.—Dean Stanley.

They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spake with us on earth no more!
—Longfellow.

Our merciful Father has no pleasure in the sufferings of His children; He chastens them in love; He never inflicts a stroke He could safely spare; He inflicts it to purify as well as to punish, to caution as well as to cure, to improve as well as to chastise.—Hannah More.

Not till I was shut up to prayer and to the study of God's word by the loss of earthly joys—sickness destroying the flavor of them all—did I begin to penetrate the mystery that is learned under the cross. And wondrous as it is, how simple is that mystery! To love Christ, and to know that I love Him—this is all.—E. Prentiss.

To each his suff'rings; all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
Th' unfeeling for his own.
Yet ah! why should they know their fate.
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies?
Thought would destroy their paradise.
—Gray.

Suggestion

Suggestion is generally better than Definition. There is a seeming dogmatism about Definition that is often repellent, while Suggestion, on the contrary, disarms suspicion and summons to co-operation and experiment. Definition provokes discussion. Suggestion provokes to love and good works. Defining is limiting, Suggestion is enlarging. Defining calls a halt; Suggestion calls for an advance. Defining involves the peril of contentment: "I am here, I rest." "Thus far," says Definition, and draws a map. "Westward," cries Suggestion, and builds a boat.—Maltbie Babcock.

Suicide

We must not pluck death from the Maker's hand.—Bailey.

Suicide is not a remedy.—James A. Garfield.

Child of despair, and suicide by name.—Savage.

He only who gave life has a power over it.—Richardson.

'T is more brave to live than to die. —Owen Meredith.

Bid abhorrence hiss it round the world.—Young.

He is not valiant that dares lie; but he that boldly bears calamity.—Massinger.

When all the blandishments of life are gone,
The coward sneaks to death, the brave live on. —G. Sewell.

He, with delirious laugh, the dagger hurl'd,
And burst the ties that bound him to the world! —Campbell.

How! leap into the pit our life to save?
To save our life leap all into the grave.
—Cowper.

This is that rest this vain world lends,
To end in death that all things ends.
—S. Daniel.

Beware of desperate steps. The darkest day,
Live till tomorrow, will have pass'd away.
—Cowper.

I'm weary of conjectures: this must end them.—Addison.

It is no less vain to wish death than it is cowardly to fear it.—Sir P. Sidney.

Shall Nature, erring from her first command, self-preservation, fall by her own hand?—Granville.

Self-murder, that infernal crime,
Which all the gods level their thunder at!
—Fane.

There is no refuge from confession but suicide; and suicide is confession. —Daniel Webster.

To die in order to avoid the pains of poverty, love, or anything that is disagreeable, is not the part of a brave man, but of a coward.—Aristotle.

He that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.
—Shakespeare.

Against self-slaughter there is a prohibition so divine, that cravens my weak hand.—Shakespeare.

God has appointed us captains of this our bodily fort, which, without treason to that majesty, are never to be delivered over till they are demanded.—Sir P. Sidney.

That kills himself to avoid misery, fears it;
And at the best shows but a bastard valor.
—Massinger.

I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life. —Shakespeare.

I look upon indolence as a sort of suicide; for the man in efficiently destroyed, though the appetite of the brute may survive.—Chesterfield.

Some indeed have been so affectedly vain as to counterfeit immortality, and have stolen their death in hopes to be esteemed immortal.—Sir T. Browne.

By all human laws, as well as divine, self-murder has ever been agreed on as the greatest crime.—Sir W. Temple.

You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from me;
Let not my worser spirit tempt me again
To die before you please!—Shakespeare.

Bravest at the last,
She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her own way. —Shakespeare.

What poetical suicides and sublime despair might have been prevented by a timely dose of blue pill, or the offer of a *loge aux Italiens!*—Sir Charles Morgan.

The more pity that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even Christian.—Shakespeare.

We ought not to quit our post without the permission of Him who commands; the post of man is life.—Pythagoras.

When affliction thunders over our roofs, to hide our heads, and run into our graves, shows us no men, but makes us fortune's slaves.—Ben Jonson.

My spirit shrunk not to sustain
The searching throes of ceaseless pain;
Nor sought the self-accorded grave
Of ancient fool and modern knave.
—Byron.

Fool! I mean not that poor-souled piece of heroism, self-slaughter. Oh, no; the miserablest day we live there's many a better thing to do than die!—George Darley.

Our time is fix'd; and all our days are number'd!
How long, how short, we know not: this we know
Duty requires we calmly wait the summons,
Nor dare to stir till heaven shall give permission. —Blair.

Ah yes, the sea is still and deep,
All things within its bosom sleep!
A single step, and all is o'er,
A plunge, a bubble, and no more.
—Longfellow.

Those men who destroy a healthful constitution of body by intemperance as manifestly kill themselves as those who hang or poison or drown themselves.—Sherlock.

He who, superior to the checks of Nature, dares make his life the victim of his reason, does in some sort that reason deify, and take a flight at heaven.—Young.

Suicide sometimes proceeds from cowardice, but not always; for cowardice sometimes prevents it, since as many live because they are afraid to die as die because they are afraid to live.—Colton.

The dread of something after death, that undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveller returns, puzzles the will, and makes us rather bear the ills we have, than fly to others that we know not of.—Shakespeare.

But if there be an hereafter,
And that there is, conscience, uninfluenc'd
And suffer'd to speak out, tells every man,
Then must it be an awful thing to die;
More horrid yet to die by one's own hand.
—Blair.

Suicides pay the world a bad compliment. Indeed, it may so happen that the world has been beforehand with them in incivility. Granted. Even then the retaliation is at their own expense.—Zimmermann.

Men would not be so hasty to abandon the world either as monks or as suicides, did they but see the jewels of wisdom and faith which are scattered so plentifully along its paths; and lacking which no soul can come again from beyond the grave to gather. —Mountford.

Suicide is not to fear death, but yet to be afraid of life. It is a brave act of valour to contemn death: but when life is more terrible than death, it is then the truest valour to dare to live; and herein religion hath taught us a noble example, for all the valiant acts of Curtius, Scarvola, or Codrus, do not parallel or match that one of Job.—Sir Thomas Browne.

Suicide is a crime the most revolting to the feelings; nor does any reason suggest itself to our understanding by which it can be justified. It certainly originates in that species of fear which we denominate poltroonery. For what claim can that man have to courage who trembles at the frowns of fortunes? True heroism consists in being superior to the ills of life in whatever shape they may challenge him to combat.—Napoleon.

Our pious ancestors enacted a law that suicides should be buried where four roads meet, and that a cart-load of stones should be thrown upon the body. Yet when gentlemen or ladies commit suicide, not by cord or steel, but by turtle-soup or lobster-salad, they may be buried in consecrated ground, and under the auspices of the Church; and the public are not

ashamed to read an epitaph on their tombstones false enough to make the marble blush. Were the barbarous old law now in force that punished the body of the suicide for the offence of his soul, we should find many a Mount Auburn at the cross-roads.—Horace Mann.

To be, or not to be, that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die—to sleep;—
No more; and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. —Shakespeare.

Who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of dispriz'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? —Shakespeare.

Summer

Thy eternal summer shall not fade. —Shakespeare.

The Indian Summer, the dead Summer's soul.—Mary Clemmer.

Child of sun, refulgent summer, comes.—Thomson.

Summer's parching heat.—Shakespeare.

The air of summer was sweeter than wine.—Longfellow.

Now Simmer blinks on flowery braes,
And o'er the crystal streamlet plays.
—Burns.

All green and fair the summer lies, just budded from the bud of spring.—Susan Coolidge.

Bright summer is crowned with roses; deep in the forest arbutus doth hide.—Dora Goodale.

While the dog-roses blow and the dew-spangles shine.—Eliza Cook.

Through the lightened air a higher lustre and a clearer calm, diffusive, trembles.—Thomson.

Beneath the winter's snow lie germs of summer flowers.—Whittier.

Our summer such a russet livery wears as in a garment often dyed appears.—Dryden.

Who loves not more the night of June than cold December's gloomy noon?—Sir Walter Scott.

'T is the summer prime, when the noiseless air in perfumed chalice lies. —Mrs. E. Oakes Smith.

For men, like butterflies, show not their mealy wings but to the summer. —Shakespeare.

Then crowned with flowery hay, came real joy, and summer, with his fervid-beaming eye.—Burns.

It's surely summer, for there's a swallow:
Come one swallow, his mate will follow,
The bird race quicken and wheel and thicken. —Christina G. Rossetti.

White clouds, whose shadows haunt the deep,
Light mists, whose soft embraces keep
The sunshine on the hills asleep!
—Whittier.

Very hot and still the air was,
Very smooth the gliding river,
Motionless the sleeping shadows.
—Longfellow.

Then came the jolly summer, being dight
In a thin silken cassock, coloured green,
That was unlined all, to be more light.
—Spenser.

Now, every field and every tree is in bloom; the woods are now in full leaf, and the year is in its highest beauty.—Virgil.

Before green apples blush,
Before green nuts embrown,
Why, one day in the country
Is worth a month in town.
—Christina G. Rossetti.

Heat, ma'am! it was so dreadful here, that I found there was nothing left for it but to take off my flesh and sit in my bones.—Sydney Smith.

Patient of thirst and toil,
Son of the desert, e'en the camel feels,
Shot through his wither'd heart, the fiery blast. —Thomson.

O for a lodge in a garden of cucumbers!
O for an iceberg or two at control!
O for a vale that at midday the dew cumbers!
O for a pleasure trip up to the pole!
—Rossiter Johnson.

Here is the ghost
Of a summer that lived for us,
Here is a promise
Of summer to be.
—Wm. Ernest Henley.

Thou'rt bearing hence thy roses,
Glad summer, fare thee well!
Thou'rt singing thy last melodies
In every wood and dell.
—Mrs. Hemans.

All green and fair the Summer lies,
Just budded from the bud of Spring,
With tender blue of wistful skies,
And winds which softly sing.
—Susan Coolidge.

The weary August days are long;
The locusts sing a plaintive song,
The cattle miss their master's call
When they see the sunset shadows fall.
—E. C. Stedman.

But see, the shepherds shun the noonday heat,
The lowing herds to murmuring brooks retreat,
To closer shades the panting flocks remove;
Ye gods! and is there no relief for love?
—Pope.

Through the open door
A drowsy smell of flowers—gay heliotrope,
And white sweet clover, and shy mignonette—
Comes faintly in, and silent chorus lends
To the pervading symphony of peace.
—Whittier.

The summer dawn's reflected hue
To purple changed Loch Katrine blue,
Mildly and soft the western breeze
Just kiss'd the lake, just stirr'd the trees,
And the pleased lake, like maiden coy,
Trembled but dimpled not for joy.
—Scott.

From all the misty morning air, there comes a summer sound,
A murmur as of waters from skies, and trees, and ground.
The birds they sing upon the wing, the pigeons bill and coo.—R. W. Gilder.

That beautiful season
* * * the Summer of All-Saints!
Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light; and the landscape
Lay as if new created in all the freshness of childhood. —Longfellow.

From brightening fields of ether fair-disclosed,
Child of the Sun, refulgent Summer comes,
In pride of youth, and felt through Nature's depth;
He comes, attended by the sultry Hours,
And ever-fanning breezes, on his way.
—Thomson.

O summer day beside the joyous sea!
O summer day so wonderful and white,
So full of gladness and so full of pain!
Forever and forever shalt thou be
To some the gravestone of a dead delight,
To some the landmark of a new domain.
—Longfellow.

O thou who passest through our valleys in
Thy strength, curb thy fierce steeds, allay the heat
That flames from their large nostrils! Thou, O Summer,
Oft pitchest here thy golden tent, and oft
Beneath our oaks hast slept, while we beheld
With joy thy ruddy limbs and flourishing hair. —Wm. Blake.

Oh, father's gone to market-town, he was up before the day,
And Jamie's after robins, and the man is making hay,
And whistling down the hollow goes the boy that minds the mill,
While mother from the kitchen door is calling with a will,
"Polly!—Polly!—The cows are in the corn! Oh, where's Polly?"
—R. W. Gilder.

The sun has drunk
The dew that lay upon the morning grass;
There is no rustling in the lofty elm
That canopies my dwelling, and its shade
Scarce cools me. All is silent save the faint
And interrupted murmur of the bee,
Settling on the sick flowers, and then again
Instantly on the wing. —Bryant.

All-conquering Heat, O, intermit thy wrath!
And on my throbbing temples, potent thus,
Beam not so fierce! incessant still you flow.
And still another fervent flood succeeds,
Pour'd on the head profuse. In vain I sigh,
And restless turn, and look around for night;
Night is far off; and hotter Hours approach. —Thomson.

But how unlike to April's closing days!
High climbs the sun, and darts his powerful rays;
Whitens the fresh drawn mould and pierces through
The cumbrous clods that tumble round the plough. —Bloomfield.

Dust on thy mantle! dust,
Bright Summer, on thy livery of green!
A tarnish as of rust,
Dims thy late brilliant sheen;
And thy young glories,—leaf and bud and flower,—
Change cometh over them with every hour.
—Wm. D. Gallagher.

Sun

God's lidless eye!—Horace Smith.

O sun! of this great world both eye and soul.—Milton.

He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good.—Bible.

Shines upon all men with impartial light.—Cowley.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun.—Herrick.

Her sun is gone down while it is yet day.—Bible.

Suns are sunflowers of a higher light.—Richter.

That orbed continent, the fire that severs day from night.—Shakespeare.

The sun, God's crest upon His azure shield, the heavens.—Bailey.

The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.—Shakespeare.

Neither the sun nor death can be looked at steadily.—Rochefoucauld.

High in his chariot glowed the lamp of day.—Falconer.

There sinks the nebulous star we call the Sun.—Tennyson.

The heavenly-harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east.
—Shakespeare.

The sun, reflecting upon the mud of strands and shores, is unpolluted in his beam.—Jeremy Taylor.

But yonder comes the powerful king of day rejoicing in the east.—Thomson.

Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry. —Shakespeare.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the radiant sun, is Nature's eye.—Dryden.

Let others hail the rising sun; I bow to that whose course is run.—Garrick.

The sun was set, and Vesper, to supply his absent beams, had lighted up the sky.—Dryden.

All the world's bravery that delights our eyes is but thy several liveries.—Cowley.

He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines, and darts his light through every guilty hole.—Shakespeare.

The sun stands, at midnight, blood-red, on the mountains of the North.—Longfellow.

In the warm shadow of her loveliness he kissed her with his beams.—Shelley.

The sun is all about the world we see, the breath and strength of every spring.—Swinburne.

The very dead creation from thy touch assumes a mimic life.—Thomson.

A sunbeam passes through pollution unpolluted.—Eusebius.

The downward sun looks out effulgent from amid the flash of broken clouds.—Thomson.

Now deep in ocean sunk the lamp of light,
And drew behind the cloudy veil of night.
—Pope.

Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass.
—Shakespeare.

He from our sight retires awhile, and then rises and shines o'er all the world again.—Fielding.

Sunlight is like the breath of life to the pomp of autumn.—Hawthorne.

At length the sun began to peep,
And glid the surface of the deep.
—Somerville.

Pleasantly, between the pelting showers, the sunshine gushes down.—Bryant.

The sun shineth upon the dunghill and is not corrupted.—Lyly.

The sun, too, shines into cesspools, and is not polluted.—Diogenes Laertius.

The selfsame sun that shines upon his court
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike. —Shakespeare.

I 'gin to be aweary of the sun,
And wish the estate o' the world were now undone. —Shakespeare.

The sun, centre and sire of light,
The keystone of the world-built arch of heaven. —Bailey.

In his east the glorious lamp was seen, regent of the day; and all the horizon round, invested with bright rays.—Milton.

The radiant sun sends from above ten thousand blessings down, nor is he set so high for show alone.—Granville.

Thou sun, whose beams adorn the spheres, and with unwearied swiftness move to form the circles of our years. —Dr. Watts.

The weary sun hath made a golden set, and by the bright track of his fiery car, gives signal of a goodly day to-morrow.—Shakespeare.

When the sun shines on you, you see your friends. It requires sunshine to be seen by them to advantage!—Lady Blessington.

Busy old fool, unruly sun,
Why dost thou thus,
Through windows and through curtains call on us? —John Donne.

"If that is not God," said Mirabeau, as the sun shone into his death-chamber, "it is at least his cousin-german."—Carlyle.

What light through yonder window breaks!
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!—
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon.
—Shakespeare.

The great luminary
Aloof the vulgar constellations thick,
That from his lordly eye keep distance due,
Dispenses light from far. —Milton

She stood breast-high amid the corn,
Clasp'd by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.
—Hood.

See the gold sunshine patching,
And streaming and streaking across
The gray-green oaks; and catching,
By its soft brown beard, the moss.
—Bailey.

Though the sun scorches us sometimes, and gives us the headache, we do not refuse to acknowledge that we sand in need of his warmth.—Philip de Mornay.

There was not, on that day a speck to stain
The azure heaven; the blessed sun alone,
In unapproachable divinity,
Career'd, rejoicing in his fields of light.
—Southey.

The glorious sun stays in his course, and plays the alchemist, turning with splendor of his precious eye the meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold.—Shakespeare.

The angels ever
Draw strength from gazing on its glance.
Though none its meaning fathom may;
The world's unwither'd countenance
Is bright as at creation's day.—Goethe.

Thou tide of glory, which no rest doth know,
But ever ebb and ever flow!
Thou golden shower of a true Jove!
Who doth in thee descend, and heaven to earth make love. —Cowley.

The sun, which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it. And there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.—Bible.

Whence are thy beams, O sun! thy everlasting light? Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty; the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave: but thou thyself movest alone.—Macpherson.

Through the soft ways of heaven, and air, and sea,
Which open all their pores to thee,
Like a clear river thou dost glide,
And with they living stream through the close channel slide. —Cowley.

And see—the Sun himself!—on wings
Of glory up the East he springs.
Angel of Light! who from the time
Those heavens began their march sublime,
Hath first of all the starry choir
Trod in his Maker's steps of fire!
—Moore.

Most glorious art thou! when from thy pavilion
Thou lookest forth at morning; flinging wide
Its curtain clouds of purple and vermillion,
Dispensing life and light on every side.
—Barton.

Till, as a giant strong, a bridegroom gay,
The sun springs dancing through the gates of day,
He shakes his dewy locks, and hurls his beams
O'er the proud hills, and down the glowing streams:
His fiery coursers bound above the main,
And whirl the car along th' ethereal plain;
The fiery courses and the car display
A stream of glory and a flood of day.
—Broome.

And the sun had on a crown
Wrought of gilded thistledown,
And a scarf of velvet vapor
And a raveled rainbow gown;
And his tinsel-tangled hair
Tossed and lost upon the air
Was glossier and flossier
Than any anywhere.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

Failing yet gracious,
Slow pacing, soon homing,
A patriarch that strolls
Through the tents of his children,
The sun as he journeys
His round on the lower
Ascents of the blue,
Washes the roofs
And the hillsides with clarity.
—Wm. Ernest Henley.

The glorious sun—the centre and soul of our system—the lamp that lights it,—the fire that heats it,—the magnet that guides and controls it;—the fountain of colour, which gives its azure to the sky, its verdure to the fields, its rainbow-hues to the gay world of flowers and the purple light of love to the marble cheek of youth and beauty.—Sir David Brewster.

More joyful eyes look at the setting than at the rising sun. Burdens are laid down by the poor, whom the sun consoles more than the rich. No star and no moon announce the rising sun; and does not the setting sun, like a lover, leave behind his image in the moon? I yearn towards him when he sets, not when he rises.—Richter.

Blest power of sunshine! genial day,
What balm, what life are in thy ray!
To feel thee is such real bliss,
That, had the world no joy but this,
To sit in sunshine calm and sweet,
It were a world too exquisite
For man to leave it for the gloom,
The deep cold shadow of the tomb.
—Moore.

The golden sun, in splendor likest heav'n,
Dispenses light from far; they, as they move
Their starry dance, in numbers that compute
Days, months, and years, towards his all-cheering lamp,
Turn swift their various motions, or are turn'd
By his magnetic beam, that gently warms
The universe; and to each inward part,
With gentle penetration, though unseen,
Shoots invisible virtue ev'n to the deep.
—Milton.

Thou material God!
And representative of the Unknown,
Who chose thee for His shadow! Thou chief star!
Centre of many stars!—which mak'st our earth
Endurable, and temperest the hues
And hearts of all who walk within thy rays!
Sire of the seasons! Monarch of the climes,
And those who dwell in them! for near or far,
Our inborn spirits have a tint of thee,
Even as our outward aspects,—thou dost rise,
And shine and set in glory! —Byron.

Sunday (See Sabbath)

Sunday School (See Children's Day)

Oh, be assured fellow teachers, that there is no time in life so favorable

to sound conversion as early childhood.—T. L. Cuyler.

Let the Sunday-school for the children teach Christ first, Christ last, Christ in the middle, Christ all the time. And the school that shall be so single-eyed for the Master, shall have the full beam of His eyes which smile as the sun shining in its strength ever upon them.—Stephen H. Tyng, Jr.

Bring the little ones to Christ. Lord Jesus, we bring them today, the children of our Sunday-schools, of our churches, of the streets. Here they are; they wait Thy benediction. The prayer of Jacob for his sons shall be my prayer while I live, and when I die: "The angel which redeemed me from all evil, bless the lads."—T. DeWitt Talmage.

Learn to teach the children to look at this world as a beautiful symbol of Jesus; every thing, Jesus; Christ, all; Christ, in all. So shall you educate the imaginations of the children to receive, and their memories to retain and to use, that Christian truth; and you yourself shall be lifted up, as on angel's wings, to see with John things which are unspeakable, but which the sanctified imagination realizes.—Stephen H. Tyng, Jr.

It is quite likely that the modern contrivances for making Sunday-schools amusing have given them a distate for the more solemn services of the sanctuary. If so, the amusement is a sin. The schools should feed the church. Children ought to be led by one into the other, exposed to the preaching of the gospel, taught the ways of God's house, and brought up under its influence, with all its hallowed and elevating influences.—S. Irenæus Prime.

Begin in prayer; continue in prayer; end in prayer. All the help that we have in the conversion of the children comes from God. We cannot convert their souls, but God can by the influence of His Spirit. When we study our lessons, let us go first for illumination to God, that we may so impress it on the minds and hearts of those we are teaching, that they may bring forth fruit for salvation; that they may see our earnestness—see that our desire is for their conversion. Let us pray individually for each one of our scholars.—A. O. Van Lennep.

The hope of the nation and of Christendom, and of the lands called heathen, alike is to be found in the indoctrination of little children in the knowledge of God's truth; for the missionaries will tell you that the adult heathen population of to-day are to die heathen; the minister will tell you that the adult, virtually heathen population of Christian lands to-day are to die in that condition, unless God showers down altogether unprecedented grace—with only such occasional exceptions as confirm this general and terrible law. If this be so, the hope of Christianity is in childhood. Towards childhood must be directed the work of the sappers and miners of the church. Here is the weak point of the enemy's fortress. Here let the breach be made, and his topmost turret shall be laid low.—C. D. Foss.

It is a grand thing to train the human mind in the academy and in the college and university to great intellectual achievements. It is a grand thing for you to leap, as it were, by the lightning of your thought, from crag to crag of discovery. It is well to make paths for tender feet through the morasses and over the mountains of study. These bring honor and power. But it is also well to remember that the diplomas of colleges and universities can never bring pardon for sin; that all the scholarships and all the titles in the world can never bring peace to the dying. Oh, brethren, it is this discipleship with the Man of Galilee who trod the wine-press alone, and carried His cross up Calvary's hill; this discipleship with the man Christ Jesus, that constitutes the moral and spiritual power in our work. That power it is yours to impart to the children under your care. Aye, this is grander than all human achievements.—J. Clement French.

Sunflower

Restless sunflower; cease to move.
—Calderon.

And the yellow sunflower by the brook, in autumn beauty stood.—Bryant.

Sunflowers by the sides of brooks,
Turn'd to the sun. —Moore.

And here the sunflower of the spring
Burns bright in morning's beam.
—Ebenezer Elliott.

As the sunflower turns on her god when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose. —Moore.

The lofty follower of the sun,
Sad when he sets, shuts up her yellow leaves,
Drooping all night; and when he warm returns,
Points her enamor'd bosom to his ray.
—Thomson.

With zealous step he climbs the upland lawn,
And bows in homage to the rising dawn;
Imbibes with eagle eye the golden ray,
And watches, as it moves, the orb of day.
—Erasmus Darwin.

Ah, sunflower, weary of time,
Who countest the steps of the sun,
Seeking after that sweet golden clime
Where the traveller's journey is done.
—William Blake.

Eagle of flowers! I see thee stand,
And on the sun's noon-glory gaze;
With eye like his, thy lids expand,
And fringe their disk with golden rays;
Though fixed on earth, in darkness rooted there,
Light is thy element, thy dwelling air,
Thy prospect heaven.
—James Montgomery.

Sunrise (See Dawn)

And lo! in a flash of crimson splendor, with blazing scarlet clouds running before his chariot, and heralding his majestic approach, God's sun rises upon the world.—Thackeray.

The heavenly-harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east.
—Shakespeare.

He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines
And darts his light through every guilty hole. —Shakespeare.

But yonder comes the powerful King of Day,
Rejoicing in the East. —Thomson.

Yonder fly his scattered golden arrows,
And smite the hills with day.
—Bayard Taylor.

See how there
The cowled night
Kneels on the Eastern sanctuary-stair.
—Francis Thompson.

It is right precious to behold
The first long surf of climbing light
Flood all the thirsty east with gold.
—James Russell Lowell.

As when the golden sun salutes the morn
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiac in his glistering coach,
And overlooks the highest-peering hills.
—Shakespeare.

Angel of light! who from the time
Those heavens began their march sublime,
Hath first of all the starry choir
Trod in his Maker's steps of fire!
—Moore.

The sun had long since in the lap
Of Thetis taken out his nap,
And, like a lobster boil'd, the morn
From black to red began to turn.
—Butler.

The morning light, which rains its quivering beams
Wide o'er the plains, the summits, and the streams,
In one broad blaze expands its golden glow
On all that answers to its glance below.
—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

The whole east was flecked
With flashing streaks and shafts of amethyst,
While a light crimson mist
Went up before the mounting luminary,
And all the strips of cloud began to vary
Their hues, and all the zenith seemed to ope
As if to show a cope beyond the cope!
—Epes Sargent.

I say the sun is a most glorious sight,
I've seen him rise full oft, indeed of late
I have sat up on purpose all the night,
Which hastens, as physicians say, one's fate;
And so all ye, who would be in the right
In health and purse, begin your day to date
From daybreak, and when coffin'd at fourscore,
Engrave upon the plate, you rose at four.
—Byron.

See! led by Morn, with dewy feet,
Apollo mounts his golden seat,
Replete with seven-fold fire;
While, dazzled by his conquering light,
Heaven's glittering host and awful night
Submissively retire. —Thomas Taylor.

When from the opening chambers of the east
The morning springs in thousand liveries drest,
The early larks their morning tribute pay,
And, in shrill notes, salute the blooming day. —Thomson.

The rising sun complies with our weak sight,
First gilds the clouds, then shows his globe of light
At such a distance from our eyes, as though
He knew what harm his hasty beams would do. —Edmund Waller.

'Tis morn. Behold the kingly Day now leaps
The eastern wall of earth with sword in hand,
Clad in a flowing robe of mellow light,
Like to a king that has regain'd his throne,
He warms his drooping subjects into joy,
That rise rejoiced to do him fealty,
And rules with pomp the universal world.
—Joaquin Miller.

Prime cheerer, light!
Of all material beings first and best!
Efflux divine! Nature's resplendent robe!
Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapt
In unessential gloom; and thou, O sun!
Soul of surrounding worlds! in whom best seen
Shines out thy Maker! —Thomson.

But yonder comes the powerful king of day,
Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow,
Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad. Lo! now, apparent all,
Aslant the dew-bright earth, and colour'd air,
He looks in boundless majesty abroad;
And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wand'ring streams,
High gleaming from afar. —Thomson.

The east is blossoming! Yea, a rose,
Vast as the heavens, soft as a kiss,
Sweet as the presence of woman is,
Rises and reaches, and widens and grows
Large and luminous up from the sea,
And out of the sea, as a blossoming tree,
Richer and richer, so higher and higher,
Deeper and deeper it takes its hue;
Brighter and brighter it reaches through
The space of heaven and the place of stars,
Till all is as rich as a rose can be,
And my rose-leaves fall into billows of fire. —Joaquin Miller.

Only the country-liver can fully feel it—this dying of night with the birth of day—this supreme moment when the mists and dimness and low voices of the one exhale into the melody and brightness of the other. It is a daily miracle— this sudden transition from gray to rosy light—this unrolling of the dew-covered landscape—this assumption, in delicious crescendo, of sound—this quickening of the day's life over the sleep of night—this flying of darkness, as of a ghost pursued, before the flooding of light—this oldest of all stories again told. Awake, for the day has dawned.—E. H. Arr.

When the breaking day is flushing
All the East, and light is gushing
Upward through the horizon's haze,
Sheaf-like, with its thousand rays
Spreading, until all above
Overflows with joy and love,
And below, on earth's green bosom,
All is chang'd to light and blossom;
Then, O Father!—Thou alone,
From the shadow of Thy throne,
To the sighing of my breast,
And its rapture answerest:
All my thoughts, with upward winging,
Bathe where Thy own light is springing!
—Whittier.

Sunset

Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy.—Shakespeare.

The death-bed of a day, how beautiful.—Bailey.

Long on the wave reflected lustres play.—Sam'l Rogers.

The sacred lamp of day
Now dipt in western clouds his parting ray. —Falconer.

The setting sun, and music at the close,
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last.
—Shakespeare.

When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?—Shakespeare.

Cæsar-like the sun
Gathered his robes around him as he fell.
—Alexander Smith.

The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.
—Shakespeare.

Sunsets in themselves are generally superior to sunrises; but with the

sunset we appreciate images drawn from departed peace and faded glory. —Hillard.

Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glimmering vapors
Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet descending from Sinai.
—Longfellow.

Oft did I wonder why the setting sun
Should look upon us with a blushing face:
Is't not for shame of what he hath seen done,
Whilst in our hemisphere he ran his race? —Heath.

Come watch with me the shaft of fire that glows
In yonder West: the fair, frail palaces,
The fading Alps and archipelagoes,
And great cloud-continents of sunset-seas.
—T. B. Aldrich.

See the descending sun,
Scatt'ring his beams about him as he sinks,
And gilding heaven above, and seas beneath,
With paint no mortal pencil can express.
—Hopkins.

Dipp'd in the hues of sunset, wreath'd in zones,
The clouds are resting on their mountain-thrones;
One peak alone exalts its glacier crest,
A golden paradise, above the rest;
Thither the day with lingering steps retires,
And in its own blue element expires.
—James Montgomery.

'Tis sunset: to the firmament serene,
The Atlantic wave reflects a gorgeous scene;
Broad in the cloudless west a belt of gold
Girds the blue hemisphere; above, unroll'd,
The keen clear air grows palpable to sight,
Imbodied in a flush of crimson light.
—James Montgomery.

After a day of cloud and wind and rain
Sometimes the setting sun breaks out again,
And, touching all the darksome woods with light,
Smiles on the fields until they laugh and sing,
Then like a ruby from the horizon's ring,
Drops down into the night.
—Longfellow.

See! he sinks
Without a word; and his ensanguined bier
Is vacant in the west, while far and near
Behold! each coward shadow eastward shrinks,
Thou dost not strive, O sun, nor dost thou cry
Amid thy cloud-built streets. —Faber.

Now in his Palace of the West,
Sinking to slumber, the bright Day,
Like a tired monarch fann'd to rest,
'Mid the cool airs of Evening lay;
While round his couch's golden rim
The gaudy clouds, like courtiers, crept—
Struggling each other's light to dim,
And catch his last smile e'er he slept.
—Moore.

Softly the evening came. The sun from the western horizon
Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the landscape;
Twinkling vapors arose; and sky and water and forest
Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and mingled together.
—Longfellow.

Purple, violet, gold and white,
Royal clouds are they;
Catching the spear-like rays in the west—
Lining therewith each downy nest,
At the close of Summer day.

Forming and breaking in the sky,
I fancy all shapes are there;
Temple, mountain, monument, spire;
Ships rigged out with sails of fire,
And blown by the evening air.
—J. K. Hoyt.

Touched by a light that hath no name,
A glory never sung,
Aloft on sky and mountain wall
Are God's great pictures hung.
How changed the summits vast and old!
No longer granite-browed,
They melt in rosy mist; the rock
Is softer than the cloud;
The valley holds its breath; no leaf
Of all its elms is twirled:
The silence of eternity
Seems falling on the world. —Whittier.

Methought little space 'tween those hills intervened,
But nearer,—more lofty,—more shaggy they seemed.
The clouds o'er their summits they calmly did rest,
And hung on the ether's invisible breast;
Than the vapours of earth they seemed purer, more bright,—
Oh! could they be clouds? 'Twas the necklace of night. —Ruskin.

Now the noon,
Wearied with sultry toil, declines and falls,
Into the mellow eve:—the west puts on
Her gorgeous beauties—palaces and halls,
And towers, all carv'd of the unstable cloud,
Welcome the calmly waning monarch—he
Sinks gently midst that glorious canopy
Down on his couch of rest—even like a proud
King of the earth—the ocean.—Bowring.

It was the cooling hour, just when the rounded
Red sun sinks down behind the azure hill,
Which then seems as if the whole earth is bounded,
Circling all nature, hush'd, and dim, and still,
With the far mountain-crescent half surrounded
On one side, and the deep sea calm and chill
Upon the other, and the rosy sky
With one star sparkling through it like an eye. —Byron.

How fine has the day been! how bright was the sun,
How lovely and joyful the course that he run!
Though he rose in a mist when his race he begun,
And there followed some droppings of rain:
But now the fair traveller's come to the west,
His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best;
He paints the skies gay as he sings to his rest,
And foretells a bright rising again. —Watts.

Superfluities

It is impossible to diminish poverty by the multiplication of effects, for, manage as we may, misery and suffering will always cleave to the border of superfluity.—Jacobi.

Were the superfluities of a nation valued, and made a perpetual tax or benevolence, there would be more almshouses than poor, schools than scholars, and enough to spare for government besides.—William Penn.

What man in his right senses, that has wherewithal to live free, would make himself a slave for superfluities? What does that man want who has enough? Or what is he the better for abundance that can never be satisfied. —L'Estrange.

Superiority

The object of the superior man is truth.—Confucius.

It is a great art to be superior to others without letting them know it.—H. W. Shaw.

The faults of the superior man are like the eclipses of the sun and moon. He has his faults, and all men see them; he changes, and all men look up to him.—Confucius.

Superstition

Superstition is a senseless fear of God.—Cicero.

Superstition is but the fear of belief. —Lady Blessington.

Superstition is part of the poetry of life.—Goethe.

Hold each strange tale devoutly true. —Collins.

Superstition renders a man a fool.—Fielding.

My right eye itches, some good luck is near.—Dryden.

There are proselytes from atheism, but none from superstition.—Junius.

I die adoring God, loving my friends, not hating my enemies, and detesting superstition.—Voltaire.

Religion worships God, while superstition profanes that worship.—Seneca.

Superstition is the only religion of which base souls are capable.—Joubert.

Religion is not removed by removing superstition.—Cicero.

Superstition is a quality that seems indigenous to the ocean.—James Fenimore Cooper.

Men are probably nearer to the essential truth in their superstitions than in their science.—Thoreau.

Look how the world's poor people are amazed at apparitions, signs and prodigies!—Shakespeare.

Heart-chilling superstition! thou canst glaze even Pity's eye with her own frozen tear.—Coleridge.

Danger is the very basis of superstition. It produces a searching after help supernaturally when human means are no longer supposed to be available.—B. R. Haydon.

A foolish superstition introduces the influences of the gods even in the smallest matters.—Livy.

Superstition always inspires littleness, religion grandeur of mind; the superstitious raises beings inferior to himself to deities.—Lavater.

I think we cannot too strongly attack superstition, which is the disturber of society; nor too highly respect genuine religion, which is the support of it.—Rousseau.

Why is it that we entertain the belief that for every purpose odd numbers are the most effectual?—Pliny.

The greatest burden in the world is superstition, not only of ceremonies in the church, but of imaginary and scarecrow sins at home.—Milton.

Superstition is the poesy of practical life; hence, a poet is none the worse for being superstitious.—Goethe.

Superstition changes a man to a beast, fanatacism makes him a wild beast, and despotism a beast of burden.—La Harpe.

A peasant can no more help believing in a traditional superstition than a horse can help trembling when he sees a camel.—George Eliot.

Superstition moulds nature into an arbitrary semblance of the supernatural, and then bows down to the work of its own hands.—John Sterling.

These terrors are not to be charged upon religion; they proceed either from the want of religion or from superstitious mistakes about it.—Bentley.

England, a fortune-telling host,
As num'rous as the stars could boast;
Matrons, who toss the cup, and see
The grounds of fate in grounds of tea.
—Churchill.

There is but one thing that can free a man from superstition, and that is belief. All history proves it. The most sceptical have ever been the most credulous.—George MacDonald.

The child taught to believe any occurrence a good or evil omen, or any day of the week lucky, hath a wide inroad made upon the soundness of his understanding.—Dr. Watts.

You will not think it unnatural that those who have an object depending, which strongly engages their hopes and fears, should be somewhat inclining to superstition.—Burke.

Piety is different from superstition. To carry piety to the extent of superstition is to destroy it. The heretics reproach us with this superstitious submission. It is doing what they reproach us with.—Pascal.

The master of superstition is the people, and in all superstition wise men follow fools, and arguments are fitted to practice in a reversed order.—Bacon.

Death approaches, which is always impending over us like the stone over Tantalus; then comes superstition, with which he who is racked can never find peace of mind.—Cicero.

Superstitious notions propagated in infancy are hardly ever totally eradicate, not even in minds grown strong enough to despise the like credulous folly in others.—Richardson.

The general root of superstition is that men observe when things hit, and not when they miss; and commit to memory the one, and forget and pass over the other.—Bacon.

Superstition is not, as has been defined, an excess of religious feeling, but a misdirection of it, an exhausting of it on vanities of man's devising.—Whately.

Midnight hags,
By force of potent spells, of bloody characters,
And conjurations horrible to hear,
Call fiends and spectres from the yawning deep,
And set the ministers of hell at work.
—Nicholas Rowe.

They that are against superstition oftentimes run into it of the wrong side. If I wear all colors but black.

then I am superstitious in not wearing black.—Selden.

'Tis a history
Handed from ages down; a nurse's tale—
Which children, open-ey'd and mouth'd, devour;
And thus as garrulous ignorance relates,
We learn it and believe. —Southey.

Superstition is related to this life, religion to the next; superstition is allied to fatality, religion to virtue; it is by the vivacity of earthly desires that we become superstitious; it is, on the contrary, by the sacrifice of these desires that we become religious.—Mme. de Staël.

Superstition, without a veil, is a deformed thing; for, as it addeth deformity to an ape to be so like a man, so the similitude of superstition to religion makes it the more deformed; and as wholesome meat corrupteth to little worms, so good forms and orders corrupt into a number of petty observances.—Bacon.

That the corruption of the best thing oroduces the worst, is grown into a maxim, and is commonly proved, among other instances, by the pernicious effects of superstition and enthusiasm, the corruptions of true religion.—Hume.

Superstition is the poetry of life. It is inherent in man's nature; and when we think it is wholly eradicated, it takes refuge in the strangest holes and corners, whence it peeps out all at once, as soon as it can do it with safety.—Goethe.

It were better to have no opinion of God at all than such an opinion as is unworthy of him; for the one is unbelief, and the other is contumely; and certainly superstition is the reproach of the Deity.—Bacon.

Foul Superstition! howsoe'er disguised,
Idol, saint, virgin, prophet, crescent, cross,
For whatsoever symbol thou art prized,
Thou sacerdotal gain, but general loss!
Who from true worship's gold can separate thy dross? —Byron.

We are all tattooed in our cradles with the beliefs of our tribe; the record may seem superficial, but it is indelible. You cannot educate a man wholly out of the superstitious fears which were implanted in his imagination, no matter how utterly his reason may reject them.—O. W. Holmes.

Superstition! that horrid incubus which dwelt in darkness, shunning the light, with all its racks, and poison chalices, and foul sleeping draughts, is passing away without return. Religion cannot pass away. The burning of a little straw may hide the stars of the sky; but the stars are there and will reappear.—Carlyle.

Alas! you know the cause too well;
The salt is spilt, to me it fell.
Then to contribute to my loss,
My knife and fork were laid across;
On Friday, too! the day I dread;
Would I were safe at home, in bed!
Last night (I vow to Heaven 'tis true)
Bounce from the fire a coffin flew.
Next post some fatal news shall tell:
God send my Cornish friends be well!
—Gay.

Force first made conquest, and that conquest law,
Till Superstition taught the tyrant awe,
Then shar'd the tyranny, then lent it aid,
And gods of conqu'rors, slaves of subjects made:
She, 'midst the lightning's blaze and thunder's sound,
When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the ground,
She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray
To Power unseen, and mightier far than they:
She, from the rending earth and bursting skies,
Saw gods descend, and fiends infernal rise;
Here fixed the dreadful, there the blest abodes;
Fear made her devils, and weak hope her gods. —Pope.

Superstition, in all times and among all nations, is the fear of a spirit whose passions are those of a man, whose acts are the acts of a man; who is present in some places, not in others; who makes some places holy and not others; who is kind to one person, unkind to another; who is pleased or angry according to the degree of attention you pay him, or praise you refuse to him; who is hostile generally to human pleasure, but may be bribed by sacrifice of a part of

that pleasure into permitting the rest. This, whatever form of faith it colors, is the essence of superstition.—Ruskin.

Suspense

It is a miserable thing to live in suspense; it is the life of the spider.—Swift.

Of all the conditions to which the heart is subject suspense is one that most gnaws and cankers into the frame. One little month of that suspense, when it involves death, we are told by an eye witness in "Wakefield on the Punishment of Death," is sufficient to plough fixed lines and furrows in a convict of five and twenty,—sufficient to dash the brown hair with grey, and to bleach the grey to white. —Bulwer-Lytton.

Suspicion

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind.—Shakespeare.

Suspicion invites treachery.—Voltaire.

Whoever is suspicious invites treason.—Voltaire.

Suspicion shall be all stuck full of eyes.—Shakespeare.

The virtue of a coward is suspicion. —George Herbert.

Cæsar's wife should be above suspicion.—Plutarch.

Ignorance is the mother of suspicion. —W. R. Alger.

See what a ready tongue suspicion hath!—Shakespeare.

Suspicion is very often a useless pain.—Johnson.

Suspicion follows close on mistrust. —Lessing.

Suspicion is the poison of true friendship.—Augustine.

A woman of honor should not suspect another of things she would not do herself.—Marguerite de Valois.

Rakes are more suspicious than honest men.—Richardson.

The losing side is full of suspicion.—Syrus.

Suspicion has its dupes, as well as credulity.—Mme. Swetchine.

There is no killing the suspicion that deceit has once begotten. — George Eliot.

Suspicion is ever strong on the suffering side.—Publius Syrus.

All seems infected that the infected spy, and all looks yellow to the jaundiced eye.—Pope.

That knave preserves the pearl in his purse who considers all people purse-cuts.—Saadi.

Don't seem to be on the lookout for crows, else you'll set other people watching.—George Eliot.

Suspicion is as great an enemy to wisdom as too much credulity.—Thomas Fuller.

Suspicion and persecution are weeds of the same dunghill, and flourish best together.—Thomas Paine.

Disagreeable suspicions are usually the fruits of a second marriage.—Racine.

Suspicion is a heavy armor, and with its own weight impedes more than protects.—Byron.

Open suspecting of others comes of secretly condemning ourselves.—Sir P. Sidney.

Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect the thoughts of others! —Shakespeare.

I confess it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses; and, oft, my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not.

Suspicions amongst thoughts are like bats amongst birds, they ever fly by twilight.—Bacon.

Suspicions * * * are weeds of the mind which grow of themselves, and most rapidly when least wanted. —Lew Wallace.

All is not well;
I doubt some foul play. —Shakespeare.

Many men provoke others to overreach them by excessive suspicion; their extraordinary distrust in some sort justifies the deceit.—Seneca.

There is no rule more invariable than that we are paid for our suspicions by finding what we suspect.—Thoreau.

The wolf dreads the pitfall, the hawk suspects the snare, and the kite the covered hook.—Horace.

Suspicion is far more apt to be wrong than right; oftener unjust than just. It is no friend to virtue, and always an enemy to happiness.—Hosea Ballou.

A dull head thinks of no better way to show himself wise, than by suspecting everything in his way.—Sir P. Sidney.

It is hardly possible to suspect another without having in one's self the seeds of baseness the party is accused of.—Stanislaus.

Nature itself, after it has done an injury, will ever be suspicious; and no man can love the person he suspects.—South.

See, what a ready tongue suspicion hath!
He that but fears the thing he would not know,
Hath, by instinct, knowledge from others' eyes,
That what he feared is chanced.
—Shakespeare.

Better confide and be deceiv'd,
A thousand times, by treacherous foes,
Than once accuse the innocent,
Or let suspicion mar repose.
—Mrs. Osgood.

There is nothing that makes a man suspect much, more than to know little; and, therefore, men should remedy suspicion by procuring to know more, and not to keep their suspicions to smother.—Bacon.

Suspicions among thoughts are like bats amongst birds, they ever fly to twilight; they are to be repressed, or, at least, well guarded, for they cloud the mind.—Bacon.

Suspicion is not less an enemy to virtue than to happiness: he that is already corrupt is naturally suspicious; and he that becomes suspicious will quickly be corrupt.—Dr. Johnson.

All persons as they become less prosperous, are the more suspicious. They take everything as an affront; and from their conscious weakness, presume that they are neglected.—Terence.

Surmise is the gossamer that malice blows on fair reputations, the corroding dew that destrovs the choice blossom. Surmise is primarily the squint of suspicion, and suspicion is established before it is confirmed.—Zimmermann.

He that lives in perpetual suspicion lives the life of a sentinel,—of a sentinel never relieved, whose business it is to look out for and expect an enemy, which is an evil not very far short of perishing by him.—Young.

As there are dim-sighted people who live in a sort of perpetual twilight, so there are some who, having neither much clearness of head nor a very elevated tone of morality, are perpetually haunted by suspicions of everybody and everything.—Whately.

Never put much confidence in such as put no confidence in others. A man prone to suspect evil is mostly looking in his neighbor for what he sees in himself. As to the pure all things are pure, even so to the impure all things are impure.—Hare.

Any base heart can devise means of vileness, and affix the ugly shapings of its own fancy to the actions of those around him; but it requires loftiness of mind, and the heaven-born spirit of virtue, to imagine greatness where it

is not, and to deck the sordid objects of nature in the beautiful robes of loveliness and light.—Jane Porter.

Surety

Beware of suretyship for thy best friend. He that payeth another man's debt seeketh his own decay. But if thou canst not otherwise choose, rather lend thy money thyself upon good bonds, although thou borrow it; so shalt thou secure thyself, and pleasure thy friend.—Lord Burleigh.

If any friend desire thee to be his surety, give him a part of what thou hast to spare; if he press thee further, he is not thy friend at all, for friendship rather chooseth harm to itself than offereth it. If thou be bound for a stranger, thou art a fool; if for a merchant, thou puttest thy estate to learn to swim.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

Such as are betrayed by their easy nature to be ordinary security for their friends leave so little to themselves, as their liberty remains ever after arbitrary at the will of others; experience having recorded many, whom their fathers had left elbow-room enough, that by suretyship have expired in a dungeon.—F. Osborn.

Swallow

It's surely summer, for there's a swallow:
Come one swallow, his mate will follow,
The bird race quicken and wheel and thicken. —Christina G. Rossetti.

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings. —Shakespeare.

When Autumn scatters his departing gleams,
Warned of approaching Winter, gathered, play
The swallow-people; and tossed wide around
O'er the calm sky, in convolution swift,
The feathered eddy floats; rejoicing once,
Ere to their wintry slumbers they retire.
—Thomson.

But, as old Swedish legends say,
Of all the birds upon that day,
The swallow felt the deepest grief,
And longed to give her Lord relief,
And chirped when any near would come,
"*Hugswala swala swal honom!*"
Meaning, as they who tell it deem,
Oh, cool, oh, cool and comfort Him!
—Leland.

The swallow is come!
The swallow is come!
O, fair are the seasons, and light
Are the days that she brings,
With her dusky wings,
And her bosom snowy white!
—Longfellow.

Swan

The swan, like the soul of the poet,
By the dull world is ill understood.
—Heine.

The swan murmurs sweet strains with a faltering tongue, itself the singer of its own dirge.—Martial.

The swan, with arched neck
Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows
Her state with oary feet. —Milton.

The swan in the pool is singing,
And up and down doth he steer,
And, singing gently ever,
Dips under the water clear. —Heine.

As I have seen a swan
With bootless labour swim against the tide
And spend her strength with over-matching waves. —Shakespeare.

The stately-sailing swan
Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale;
And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet
Bears forward fierce, and guards his osier isle,
Protective of his young. —Thomson.

And over the pond are sailing
Two swans all white as snow;
Sweet voices mysteriously wailing
Pierce through me as onward they go.
They sail along, and a ringing
Sweet melody rises on high;
And when the swans begin singing,
They presently must die. —Heine.

Swearing (See Oath)

Take not His name, who made thy tongue in vain;
It gets thee nothing, and hath no excuse.
—Herbert.

Profane swearing never did any man any good. No man is the richer or wiser or happier for it.—Louth.

From a common custom of swearing, men easily slide into perjury; therefore, if thou wouldst not be perjured, do not use to swear.—Hierocles.

But if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn; no more

was this knight, swearing by his honor, for he never had any.—Shakespeare.

And then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing; as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my leisure. —Shakespeare.

When perjury, that heaven-defying vice,
Sells oaths by tale, and at the lowest price,
Stamps God's own name upon a lie just made,
To turn a penny in the way of trade.
—Cowper.

And hast thou sworn, on every slight pretence,
Till perjuries are common as bad pence,
While thousands, careless of the damning sin,
Kiss the book's outside who ne'er look within? —Cowper.

The accusing spirit, which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in; and the recording angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word and blotted it out forever.—Laurence Sterne.

Maintain our rank, vulgarity despise,
To swear is neither brave, polite, nor wise,
You would not swear upon a bed of death—
Reflect—your Maker now may stop your breath. —Anonymous.

Sweetness

The two noblest of things, which are sweetness and light.—Swift.

The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door. —Wordsworth.

Sweets to the sweet; farewell.
—Shakespeare.

The sweetest garland to the sweetest maid.—Tickell.

'Tis sweet to hear
At midnight, on the blue and moonlight deep,
The song and oar of Adria's gondolier,
By distance mellow'd, o'er the waters sweep;
'Tis sweet to see the evening star appear;
'Tis sweet to listen as the night winds creep
From leaf to leaf; 'tis sweet to view on high
The rainbow, based on ocean, span the sky.
Sweet is the vintage, when the showering grapes
In Bacchanal profusion reel to earth,
Purple and gushing; sweet are our escapes
From civic revelry to rural mirth;
Sweet to the miser are his glittering heaps;
Sweet to the father is his first born's birth;
Sweet is revenge—especially to women,
Pillage to soldiers, prize-money to seamen.

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouth'd welcome as we draw near home:
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come:
'Tis sweet to be awaken'd by the lark,
Or lull'd by falling waters; sweet the hum
Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of birds,
The lisp of children and their earliest words. —Byron.

Swimming

The torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews; throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of controversy. —Shakespeare.

I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him.
—Shakespeare.

There was one did battle with the storm
With careless, desperate force; full many times
His life was won and lost, as though he reck'd not—
No hand did aid him, and he aided none—
Alone he breasted the broad wave, alone
That man was sav'd. —Maturin.

How many a time have I
Cloven with arm still lustier, breast more daring
The wave all roughen'd; with a swimmer's stroke
Flung the billows back from my drench'd hair,
And laughing from my lip the audacious brine
Which kiss'd it like a wine-cup rising o'er
The waves as they rose, and prouder still
The loftier they uplifted me. —Byron.

Symbols (See Signs)

Science sees signs; poetry the thing signified.—J. C. and A. W. Hare.

It (Catholicism) supplies a multitude of external forms in which the spiritual may be clothed and manifested.—Nath. Hawthorne.

All things are symbols: the external shows
Of Nature have their image in the mind,
As flowers and fruits and falling of the leaves. —Longfellow.

Thus in the beginning the world was so made that certain signs come before certain events.—Cicero.

Oft on the dappled turf at ease
I sit, and play with similes,
Loose type of things through all degrees.
—Wordsworth.

If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs; a' brushes his hat o' mornings; what should that bode?—Shakespeare.

With crosses, relics, crucifixes,
Beads, pictures, rosaries, and pixes;
The tools of working out salvation
By mere mechanic operation. —Butler.

There is nothing so great or so goodly in creation, but that it is a mean symbol of the gospel of Christ, and of the things He has prepared for them that love Him.—Ruskin.

Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish;
A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen these signs;
They are black vesper's pageants.
—Shakespeare.

Sympathy

Sympathy is especially a Christian duty.—Spurgeon.

Sympathy is two hearts tugging at one load.—Charles H. Parkhurst.

Of a truth men are mystically united.—Carlyle.

A sympathy in choice.—Shakespeare.

There is in souls a sympathy with sounds.—Cowper.

Kindred weaknesses induce friendships as often as kindred virtues.—Bovee.

What my tongue dares not that my heart shall say.—Shakespeare.

More helpful than all wisdom is one draught of simple human pity that will not forsake us.—George Eliot.

Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole.
—Pope.

We pine for kindred natures
To mingle with our own.
—Mrs. Hemans.

If thou art something, bring thy soul and interchange with mine.—Schiller.

Never elated while one man's oppress'd;
Never dejected while another's blessed.
—Pope.

The sympathy of sorrow is stronger than the sympathy of prosperity.—Earl of Beaconsfield.

It is only kindred griefs that draw forth our tears, and each weeps really for himself.—Heine.

Strengthen me by sympathizing with my strength not my weakness.—Amos Bronson Alcott.

Pity and need
Make all flesh kin. There is no caste in blood. —Edwin Arnold.

At a certain depth all bosoms communicate, all hearts are one.—Fredrika Bremer.

The craving for sympathy is the common boundary-line between joy and sorrow.—J. C. and A. W. Hare.

The human heart
Finds nowhere shelter but in human kind.
—George Eliot.

Nothing precludes sympathy so much as a perfect indifference to it.—Hazlitt.

We are governed by sympathy; and the extent of our sympathy is determined by that of our sensibility.—Hazlitt.

True sympathy is beyond what can be seen and touched and reasoned upon.—Mrs. Campbell Praed.

Not being untutored in suffering, I learn to pity those in affliction.—Virgil.

Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound.—Byron.

The secret of language is the secret of sympathy, and its full charm is possible only to the gentle.—Ruskin.

We owe to man higher succors than food and fire. We owe to man, man.—Emerson.

Love and death are the two great hinges on which all human sympathies turn.—B. R. Haydon.

He watched and wept and prayed and felt for all.—Goldsmith.

One man pins me to the wall, while with another I walk among the stars.—Emerson.

Sympathy is the golden key that unlocks the hearts of others.—Samuel Smiles.

Ah! thank heaven, travelers find Samaritans as well as Levites on life's hard way.—Thackeray.

Next to love, sympathy is the divinest passion of the human heart.—Burke.

And share the inward fragrance of each other's heart.—Keats.

A crowd always thinks with its sympathy, never with its reason.—W. R. Alger.

Truth is the root, but human sympathy is the flower of practical life.—Chapin.

Our own cast-off sorrows are not sufficient to constitute sympathy for others.—Mme. Necker.

All sympathy not consistent with acknowledged virtue is but disguised selfishness.—Coleridge.

All powerful souls have kindred with each other.—Coleridge.

A brother's sufferings claim a brother's pity.—Addison.

Like will to like; each creature loves his kind.
Chaste words proceed still from a bashful mind. —Herrick.

He who steps on stones is glad to feel
The smallest spray of moss beneath his feet. —Anna Katharine Green.

How in the turmoil of life can love stand,
Where there is not one heart, and one mouth and one hand.—Longfellow.

The secrets of life are not shown except to sympathy and likeness.—Emerson.

The more we know, the better we forgive; whoe'er feels deeply, feels for all who live.—Mme. de Staël.

Far better one unpurchased heart than glory's proudest name.—Tuckerman.

The individual soul should seek for an intimate union with the soul of the universe.—Novalis.

To commiserate is sometimes more than to give; for money is external to a man's self, but he who bestows compassion communicates his own soul.—Mountford.

A helping word to one in trouble is often like a switch on a railroad track—but one inch between wreck and smooth-rolling prosperity.—Beecher.

The greatest pleasures of which the human mind is susceptible are the pleasures of consciousness and sympathy.—Parke Godwin.

One of the greatest of all mental pleasures is to have our thoughts often divined; ever entered into with sympathy.—Miss L. Landon.

Women have the genius of charity. A man gives but his gold; a woman adds to it her sympathy.—E. W. Legouvé.

Nature has concatenated our fortunes and affections together with in-

dissoluble bands of mutual sympathy. —Barrow.

When a man can look upon the simple wild-rose, and feel no pleasure, his taste has been corrupted.—Beecher.

Sympathetic people are often uncommunicative about themselves; they give back reflected images which hide their own depths.—George Eliot.

A face which is always serene possesses a mysterious and powerful attraction; sad hearts come to it as to the sun to warm themselves again.—Joseph Roux.

The man who melts
With social sympathy, though not allied,
Is than a thousand kinsmen of more worth.
—Euripides.

Thou hast given me, in this beauteous face,
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.
—Shakespeare.

Yet, taught by time, my heart has learned to glow
For other's good, and melt at other's woe.
—Homer.

To rejoice in another's prosperity is to give content to your own lot; to mitigate another's grief is to alleviate or dispel your own.—T. Edwards.

It is certain my belief gains quite infinitely the very moment I can convince another mind thereof.—Novalis.

The world has no sympathy with any but positive griefs. It will pity you for what you lose; never for what you lack.—Madame Swetchine.

World-wide apart, and yet akin,
As showing that the human heart
Beats on forever as of old.
—Longfellow.

No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own. —Longfellow.

It is an eternal truth in the political as well as the mystical body, that "where one member suffers, all the members suffer with it."—Junius.

There is some danger lest there be no real religion in the heart which craves too much daily sympathy.—Margaret Fuller Ossoli.

It is a lively spark of nobleness to descend in most favor to one when he is lowest in affliction.—Sir P. Sidney.

A marriage or a refusal or a proposal thrills through a whole household of women, and sets their hysterical sympathies at work.—Thackeray.

Public feeling now is apt to side with the persecuted, and our modern martyr is full as likely to be smothered with roses as with coals.—Chapin.

True sympathy is putting ourselves in another's place; and we are moved in proportion to the reality of our imagination.—Hosea Ballou.

The sympathy of most people consists of a mixture of good-humor, curiosity, and self-importance.—Marie Ebner-Eschenbach.

One common calamity makes men extremely affect each other, though they differ in every other particular.—Steele.

It seems to me that we become more dear one to the other, in together admiring works of art, which speak to the soul by their true grandeur.—Mme. de Staël.

There's nought in this bad world like sympathy:
'Tis so becoming to the soul and face—
Sets to soft music the harmonious sigh,
And robes sweet friendship in a Brussels lace.
—Byron.

Sympathy is in great degree a result of the mood we are in at the moment; anger forbids the emotion. On the other hand, it is easiest taken on when we are in a state of most absolute self-satisfaction.—Lew Wallace.

Be willing to pity the misery of the stranger! Thou givest to-day thy bread to the poor; to-morrow the poor may give it to thee.—Michaelis.

Women have a smile for every joy, a tear for every sorrow, a consolation for every grief, an excuse for every fault, a prayer for every misfortune, and encouragement for every hope.—Saint-Foix.

Somewhere or other there must surely be
The face not seen, the voice not heard,
The heart that not yet—never yet—ah me!
Made answer to my word.
—Christina G. Rossetti.

Outward things don't give; they draw out. You find in them what you bring to them. A cathedral makes only the devotional feel devotional; scenery refines only the fine-minded.—Charles Buxton.

I live not in myself, but I become
Portion of that around me, and to me
High mountains are a feeling, but the hum
Of human cities torture. —Byron.

O! ask not, hope thou not too much
Of sympathy below;
Few are the hearts whence one same touch
Bids the sweet fountains flow.
—Mrs. Hemans.

The capacity of sorrow belongs to our grandeur, and the loftiest of our race are those who have had the profoundest sympathies, because they have had the profoundest sorrows.—Henry Giles.

Something the heart must have to cherish,
Must love, and joy, and sorrow learn;
Something with passion clasp or perish,
And in itself to ashes burn.—Longfellow.

Whom the heart of man shuts out,
Sometimes the heart of God takes in,
And fences them all round about
With silence 'mid the world's loud din.
—James Russell Lowell.

It [true love] is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind
In body and in soul can bind. —Scott.

For I no sooner in my heart divin'd,
My heart, which by a secret harmony
Still moves with thine, joined in connection sweet. —Milton.

Helpless mortal! Thine arm can destroy thousands at once, but cannot enclose even two of thy fellow-creatures at once in the embrace of love and sympathy!—Richter.

Man is one; and he hath one great heart. It is thus we feel, with a gigantic throb athwart the sea, each other's rights and wrongs; thus are we men.—Bailey.

But better far it is to speak
One simple word, which now and then
Shall waken their free nature in the weak
And friendless sons of men.
—Lowell.

In the desert a fountain is springing,
In the wide waste there still is a tree,
And a bird in the solitude singing,
Which speaks to my spirit of thee.
—Byron.

We are accustomed to see men deride what they do not understand, and snarl at the good and beautiful because it lies beyond their sympathies.—Goethe.

Every man rejoices twice when he has a partner of his joy; a friend shares my sorrow and makes it but a moiety, but he swells my joy and makes it double.—Jeremy Taylor.

There is poetry and there is beauty in real sympathy; but there is more—there is action. The noblest and most powerful form of sympathy is not merely the responsive tear, the echoed sigh, the answering look; it is the embodiment of the sentiment in actual help.—Octavius Winslow.

Our souls sit close and silently within,
And their own web from their own entrails spin;
And when eyes meet far off, our sense is such,
That, spider like, we feel the tenderest touch. —Dryden.

Sympathy wanting, all is wanting; its personal magnetism is the conductor of the sacred spark that lights our atoms, puts us in human communion, and gives us to company, conversation, and ourselves.—Alcott.

The most reserved of men, that will not exchange two syllables together in an English coffee-house, should they meet at Ispahan, would drink sherbet and eat a mess of rice together.—Shenstone.

He that sympathizes in all the happiness of others perhaps himself en-

joys the safest happiness, and he that is warned by all the folly of others has perhaps attained the soundest wisdom.—Colton.

We are much bound to them that do succeed;
But, in a more pathetic sense, are bound
To such as fail. They all our loss expound;
They comfort us for work that will not speed,
And life—itself a failure.
—Jean Ingelow.

What gem hath dropp'd and sparkles o'er his chain?
The tear most sacred, shed for other's pain,
That starts at once—bright—pure—from pity's mine,
Already polish'd by the Hand Divine.
—Byron.

No man can force the harp of his own individuality into the people's heart; but every man may play upon the chords of the people's heart, who draws his inspiration from the people's instinct.—Kossuth.

It may, indeed, be said that sympathy exists in all minds, as Faraday has discovered that magnetism exists in all metals; but a certain temperature is required to develop the hidden property, whether in the metal or the mind.—Bulwer-Lytton.

I would go fifty miles on foot to kiss the hand of that man whose generous heart will give up the reins of his imagination into his Author's hands; be pleased, he knows not why, and cares not wherefore.—Sterne.

There are secret ties, there are sympathies, by the sweet relationship of which souls that are well matched attach themselves to each other, and are affected by I know not what, which cannot be explained.—Corneille.

Our hearts, my love, were form'd to be
The genuine twins of sympathy,
They live with one sensation:
In joy or grief, but most in love,
Like chords in unison they move,
And thrill with like vibration. —Moore.

Of all the virtues necessary to the completion of the perfect man, there is none to be more delicately implied and less ostentatiously vaunted than that of exquisite feeling or universal benevolence.—Bulwer-Lytton.

But there is one thing which we are responsible for, and that is for our sympathies, for the manner in which we regard it, and for the tone in which we discuss it. What shall we say, then, with regard to it? On which side shall we stand?—John Bright.

Whose hearts in every thought are one,
Whose voices utter the same wills,
Answering, as echo doth, some tone
Of fairy music 'mong the hills,
So like itself we seek in vain
Which is the echo; which the strain.
—Moore.

The making one object, in outward or inward nature, more holy to a single heart, is reward enough for a life; for the more sympathies we gain or awaken for what is beautiful, by so much deeper will be our sympathy for that which is most beautiful, the human soul.—Lowell.

We often do more good by our sympathy than by our labors. A man may lose position, influence, wealth, and even health, and yet live on in comfort, if with resignation; but there is one thing without which life becomes a burden—that is human sympathy.—Canon Farrar.

Conversation augments pleasure and diminishes pain by our having shares in either; for silent woes are greatest, as silent satisfaction least; since sometimes our pleasure would be none but for telling of it, and our grief insupportable but for participation.—Wycherley.

Every human feeling is greater and larger than the exciting cause—a proof, I think, that man is designed for a higher state of existence, and this is deeply implied in music, in which there is always something more and beyond the immediate expression. —Coleridge.

A man may be buoyed up by the efflation of his wild desires to brave any imaginable peril; but he cannot calmly see one he loves braving the

same peril; simply because he cannot feel within him that which prompts another. He sees the danger, and feels not the power that is to overcome it.—George Henry Lewes.

How bless'd the heart that has a friend
A sympathizing ear to lend
To troubles too great to smother?
For as ale and porter, when flat, are restor'd
Till a sparkling, bubbling head they afford,
So sorrow is cheer'd by being pour'd
From one vessel into another. —Hood.

Sympathy is the first great lesson which man should learn. It will be ill for him if he proceeds no farther; if his emotions are but excited to roll back on his heart, and to be fostered in luxurious quiet. But unless he learns to feel for things in which he has no personal interest he can achieve nothing generous or noble.—Talfourd.

There are eyes which need only to look up, to touch every chord of a breast choked by the stifling atmosphere of stiff and stagnant society, and to call forth tones which might become the accompanying music of a life. This gentle transfusion of mind into mind is the secret of sympathy.—Richter.

Nature always wears the colors of the spirit. To a man laboring under calamity the heat of his own fire hath sadness in it. Then there is a kind of contempt of the landscape felt by him who has just lost by death a dear friend. The sky is less grand as it shuts down over less worth in the population.—Emerson.

The devil himself would be but a contemptible adversary were he not sure of a correspondent, and a party that held intelligence with him in our own breasts. All the blowing of a fire put under a caldron could never make it boil over, were there not a fullness of water within it.—South.

Let us cherish sympathy. By attention and exercise it may be improved in every man. It prepares the mind for receiving the impressions of virtue; and without it there can be no true politeness. Nothing is more odious than that insensibility which wraps a man up in himself and his own concerns, and prevents his being moved with either the joys or the sorrows of another.—Beattie.

It is by sympathy we enter into the concerns of others, that we are moved as they are moved, and are never suffered to be indifferent spectators of almost anything which men can do or suffer. For sympathy may be considered as a sort of substitution, by which we are put into the place of another man, and affected in many respects as he is affected.—Burke.

Like warp and woof all destinies
Are woven fast,
Link'd in sympathy like the keys
Of an organ vast;
Pluck one thread, and the web ye mar;
Break but one
Of a thousand keys, and the paining jar
Through all will run. —Whittier.

Graceful, particularly in youth, is the tear of sympathy, and the heart that melts at the tale of woe; we should not permit ease and indulgence to contract our affections, and wrap us up in selfish enjoyment. But we should accustom ourselves to think of the distresses of human life, of the solitary cottage, the dying parent, and the weeping orphan. Nor ought we ever to sport with pain and distress in any of our amusements, or treat even the meanest insect with wanton cruelty.—Blair.

No radiant pearl, which crested fortune wears,
No gem, that twinkling hangs, from beauty's ears;
Not the bright stars, which night's blue arch adorn;
Nor rising sun, that gilds the vernal morn:
Shine with such lustre as the tear that flows
Down virtue's manly cheek for others' woes. —Darwin.

Happy is the man who has that in his soul which acts upon the dejected as April airs upon violet roots. Gifts from the hand are silver and gold, but the heart gives that which neither silver nor gold can buy. To be full of goodness, full of cheerfulness, full of sympathy, full of helpful hope, causes a man to carry blessings of

which he is himself as unconscious as a lamp is of its own shining. Such a one moves on human life as stars move on dark seas to bewildered mariners; as the sun wheels, bringing all the seasons with him from the south.—Beecher.

System

Nothing truly precious swims helplessly in the great wake of God's clear method, but every part of the man can be, and therefore strives to be, abreast of the other. The mountains follow the earth, the air has clasped the mountains, and daylight and starlight stream forward entangled in the air. Clutching for dear life to each other, all solid and tenuous things describe the great invariable motion, and God is in the manifoldness, drenching it with uniformity.—John Weiss.

T

Table Talk

Table talk, to be perfect, should be sincere without bigotry, differing without discord, sometimes grave, always agreeable, touching on deep points, dwelling most on seasonable ones, and letting everybody speak and be heard.—Leigh Hunt.

Tact

Grant graciously what you cannot refuse safely, and conciliate those you cannot conquer.—Colton.

Without tact you can learn nothing. Tact teaches you when to be silent. Inquirers who are always inquiring never learn anything.—Earl of Beaconsfield.

Tact is one of the first of mental virtues, the absence of which is frequently fatal to the best of talents. Without denying that it is a talent of itself, it will suffice if we admit that it supplies the place of many talents. —Simms.

Talent is something, but tact is everything. Talent is serious, sober, grave, and respectable; tact is all that, and more, too. It is not a seventh sense, but is the life of all the five. It is the open eye, the quick ear, the judging taste, the keen smell, and the lively touch; it is the interpreter of all riddles, the surmounter of all difficulties, the remover of all obstacles.—W. P. Sargill.

I have known some men possessed of good qualities, which were very serviceable to others, but useless to themselves: like a sundial on the front of a house, to inform the neighbors and passengers, but not the owner within.—Swift.

Tailor

Great is the tailor, but not the greatest.—Carlyle.

Thy clothes are all the soul thou hast.—Beaumont and Fletcher.

Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a man? Ay, a tailor, sir; a stone-cutter or a painter could not have made him so ill, though he had been but two hours at the trade.—Shakespeare.

Thy gown? why, ay,—come, tailor, let us see't.
O mercy, God! what masquing stuff is here?
What's this? a sleeve; 'tis like a demi-cannon:
What, up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart?
Here's snip and nip and cut and slish and slash,
Like to a censer in a barber's shop;
Why, what i' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this! —Shakespeare.

O monstrous arrogance, thou liest, thou thread,
Thou thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket, thou:—
Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread!
Away thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st! —Shakespeare.

What a fine man
Hath your tailor made you! —Massinger.

Sister, look ye,
How, by a new creation of my tailor's
I've shook off old mortality.
—John Ford.

Yes, if they would thank their maker,
And seek no further; but they have new creators,
God tailor and god mercer. —Massinger.

Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes?
No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather; he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.
—Shakespeare.

As if thou e'er wert angry
But with thy tailor! and yet that poor shred
Can bring more to the making up of a man,
Than can be hoped from thee; thou art his creature;
And did he not, each morning, new create thee,
Thou'dst stink and be forgotten.
—Massinger.

Tale

An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.—Shakespeare.

This act is an ancient tale new told;
And, in the last repeating, troublesome,
Being urged at a time unseasonable.
—Shakespeare.

Who gather round, and wonder at the tale
Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,
That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand
O'er some new-open'd grave, and, strange to tell,
Evanishes at crowing of the cock.
—Blair.

Talent

Talents constitute our very essence. —Charles Rollin.

Talent rules without a sceptre.—Cælius.

Talent is always queer-tempered.—Miss Braddon.

Talent is a cistern; genius, a fountain.—Whipple.

Talent is something, but tact is everything.—W. P. Sargill.

Talent without tact is only half talent.—Horace Greeley.

It is unfortunate that superior talent and superior men are so seldom united.—Marie Ebner-Eschenbach.

Great talents have some admirers, but few friends.—Niebuhr.

Talent is that which is in a man's power.—Lowell.

To do easily what is difficult for others is the mark of talent.—Amiel.

The true eye for talent presupposes the true reverence for it.—Carlyle.

No one shall have wit save we and our friends.—Molière.

The world is always ready to receive talent with open arms.—O. W. Holmes.

Talent, like beauty, to be pardoned, must be obscure and unostentatious.—Lady Blessington.

Let us not overstrain our talents, lest we do nothing gracefully: a clown, whatever he may do, will never pass for a gentleman.—La Fontaine.

With the talents of an angel a man may be a fool.—Young.

It always seemed to me a sort of clever stupidity only to have one sort of talent—almost like a carrier-pigeon.—George Eliot.

Talent of the highest order, and such as is calculated to command admiration, may exist apart from wisdom.—Robert Hall.

It is an uncontrolled truth that no man ever made an ill figure who understood his own talents, nor a good one who mistook them.—Swift.

Men of great and shining qualities do not always succeed in life, but the fault lies more often in themselves than in others.—Colton.

It is a great proof of talents to be able to recall the mind from the senses, and to separate thought from habit.—Cicero.

Talents, to strike the eye of posterity, should be concentrated. Rays, powerless while they are scattered, burn in a point.—Willmott.

Talent is some one faculty unusually developed; genius commands all the faculties.—F. H. Hedge.

And sure th' Eternal Master found
His single talent well employ'd.
—Samuel Johnson.

Talents are best nurtured in solitude; character is best formed in the stormy billows of the world.—Goethe.

It is not always the highest talent that thrives best. Mediocrity, with tact, will outweigh talent oftentimes. —Joseph Cook.

Talent, lying in the understanding, is often inherited; genius, being the action of reason or imagination, rarely or never.—Coleridge.

Now this is how I define talent; it is a gift God has given us in secret, which we reveal without knowing it. —Montesquieu.

Talent for talents' sake is a bauble and a show. Talent working with joy in the cause of universal truth lifts the possessor to new power as a benefactor.—Emerson.

Talents angel-bright,
If wanting worth, are shining instruments
In false ambition's hand, to finish faults
Illustrious, and give infamy renown.
—Young.

The talents lost—the moments run
To waste—the sins of act, of thought,
Ten thousand deeds of folly done,
And countless virtues cherish'd not.
—Bowring.

A man with great talents, but void of discretion, is like Polyphemus in the fable, strong and blind, endued with an irresistible force, which for want of sight is of no use to him.—Addison.

Talent is the capacity of doing anything that depends on application and industry and it is a voluntary power, while genius is involuntary.—Hazlitt.

Talents give a man a superiority far more agreeable than that which proceeds from riches, birth, or employments, which are all external. Talents constitute our very essence.—Rollin.

Have you not observed that there is a lower kind of discretion and regularity, which seldom fails of raising men to the highest station in the court, the church, and the law?—Swift.

We must despise no sort of talents; they all have their separate duties and uses, all the happiness of man for their object; they all improve, exalt, and gladden life.—Sydney Smith.

Whatever you are from nature, keep to it; never desert your own line of talent. Be what nature intended you for, and you will succeed; be anything else, and you will be ten thousand times worse than nothing.—Sydney Smith.

The most fertile soil does not necessarily produce the most abundant harvest. It is the use we make of our faculties which renders them valuable. Talent, like other things, may lie fallow.—T. W. Higginson.

Gross and vulgar minds will always pay a higher respect to wealth than to talent; for wealth, although it be a far less efficient source of power than talent, happens to be far more intelligible.—Colton.

As to great and commanding talents, they are the gift of Providence in some way unknown to us. They rise where they are least expected. They fail when everything seems disposed to produce them, or at least to call them forth.—Burke.

The world is always ready to receive talent with open arms. Very often it does not know what to do with genius. Talent is a docile creature. It bows its head meekly while the world slips the collar over it. It backs into the shafts like a lamb.—Holmes.

The difference between talent and genius is this: while the former usually develops some special branch

of our faculties, the latter commands them all. When the former is combined with tact, it is often more than a match for the latter.—Beaconsfield.

It seems that nature has concealed at the bottom of our minds, talents and abilities of which we are not aware. The passions alone have the privilege of bringing them to light, and of giving us sometimes views more certain and more perfect than art could possibly produce.—La Rochefoucauld.

That talent confers an inequality of a much higher order than rank would appear from various views of the subject, and most particularly from this—many a man may justly thank his talent for his rank; but no man has ever yet been able to return the compliment, by thanking his rank for his talent. When Leonardo da Vinci died, his sovereign exclaimed: "I can make a thousand lords, but not one Leonardo."—Colton.

Men of splendid talents are generally too quick, too volatile, too adventurous, and too unstable to be much relied on; whereas men of common abilities, in a regular, plodding routine of business, act with more regularity and greater certainty. Men of the best intellectual abilities are apt to strike off suddenly, like the tangent of a circle, and cannot be brought into their orbits by attraction or gravity—they often act with such eccentricity as to be lost in the vortex of their own reveries. Brilliant talents in general are like the *ignes fatui;* they excite wonder, but often mislead. They are not, however, without their use; like the fire from the flint, once produced, it may be converted, by solid, thinking men, to very salutary and noble purposes.—Trusler.

Talent repeats; genius creates. Talent is a cistern; genius a fountain. Talent deals with the actual, with discovered and realized truths, analyzing, arranging, combining, applying positive knowledge, and in action looking to precedents; genius deals with the possible, creates new combinations, discovers new laws, and acts from an insight into principles. Talent jogs to conclusions to which genius takes giant leaps. Talent accumulates knowledge, and has it packed up in the memory; genius assimilates it with its own substance, grows with every new accession, and converts knowledge into power. Talent gives out what it has taken in; genius what has risen from its unsounded wells of living thought. Talent, in difficult situations, strives to untie knots, which genius instantly cuts with one swift decision. Talent is full of thoughts, genius of thought; one has definite acquisitions, the other indefinite power.—E. P. Whipple.

Talking

Talkers are no good doers.—Shakespeare.

Error is always talkative.—Goldsmith.

Brisk talkers are generally slow thinkers.—Swift.

Who talks much, must talk in vain.—Gay.

What a spendthrift he is of his tongue!—Shakespeare.

Men of few words are the best men.—Shakespeare.

Alas for the folly of the loquacious!—Seneca.

We talk little if we do not talk about ourselves.—Hazlitt.

Madame de Staël talks herself into a beauty.—Curran.

Even wit is a burden when it talks too long.—Dryden.

Men talk only to conceal the mind.—Young.

They always talk who never think.—Prior.

They only babble who practice not reflection.—Sheridan.

Intemperance in talk makes a dreadful havoc in the heart.—Thomas Wilson.

The inexhaustible talk that was the flow of a golden sea of eloquence and wisdom.—William Winter.

We speak little if not egged on by vanity.—Rochefoucauld.

No season now for calm, familiar talk.—Homer.

The tongue of a fool is the key of his counsel.—Socrates.

Things are often spoke and seldom meant.—Shakespeare.

With vollies of eternal babble.—Butler.

Fie, fie, how frantically I square my talk!—Shakespeare.

Evil tongues never want a whet.—Le Sage.

Consider, I'm a peer of the realm, and I shall die if I don't talk.—Reynolds.

Long talking begets short hearing, for people go away.—Richter.

Length of saying makes languor of hearing.—Joseph Roux.

A person who talks with equal vivacity on every subject excites no interest in any.—Hazlitt.

Blessed is the man who, having nothing to say, abstains from giving us wordy evidence of the fact.—George Eliot.

But far more numerous was the herd of such,
Who think too little, and who talk too much. —Dryden.

Those who have few affairs to attend to are great speakers. The less men think, the more they talk.—Montesquieu.

Much tongue and much judgment seldom go together.—L'Estrange.

No one would talk much in society if he only knew how often he misunderstands others.—Goethe.

A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal.
—Shakespeare.

What you keep by you, you may change and mend;
But words once spoken can never be recalled. —Roscommon.

Nor is drunkenness censured for anything so much as its intemperate and endless talk.—Plutarch.

He who indulges in liberty of speech will hear things in return which he will not like.—Terence.

To talk without effort is, after all, the great charm of talking.—J. C. and A. W. Hare.

She stammers; oh, what grace in lisping lies!—Dryden.

Whether one talks well depends very much upon whom he has to talk to.—Bovee.

A wise man reflects before he speaks; a fool speaks, and then reflects on what he has uttered.—From the French.

Less pains in the world a man cannot take than to hold his tongue.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

However irregular and desultory his talk, there is method in the fragments. —Coleridge.

If I were queen, I would order Madame de Staël to talk to me all day.—Mme. de Tessé.

But still his tongue ran on, the less of weight it bore, with greater ease. —Butler.

People who have nothing to say are never at a loss in talking.—H. W. Shaw.

The vanity of shining in conversation is usually subversive of its own desires.—Mrs. Sigourney.

I think the first wisdom is to restrain the tongue.—Cato.

In after-dinner talk, across the walnuts and the wine.—Tennyson.

No great talker ever did any great thing yet in this world.—Ouida.

In general, those who have nothing to say contrive to spend the longest time in doing it.—Lowell.

Learn to hold thy tongue. Five words cost Zacharias forty weeks' silence.—Thomas Fuller.

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me: I had it from my father. —Shakespeare.

The tongue is the instrument of the greatest good and the greatest evil that is done in the world.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

Speaking much is a sign of vanity; for he that is lavish in words is a niggard in deed.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

I prefer the wisdom of the uneducated to the folly of the loquacious.—Cicero.

Every absurdity has a champion to defend it; for error is always talkative.—Goldsmith.

Though we have two eyes, we are supplied with but one tongue. Draw your own moral.—Alphonse Karr.

Those whose tongues are gentlemen ushers to their wit, and still go before it.—Ben Jonson.

Talking and eloquence are not the same; and to speak well are two things.—Ben Jonson.

Thy talk is the sweet extract of all speech,
And holds mine ear in blissful slavery.
—Bailey.

A good talker, even more than a good orator, implies a good audience. —Leslie Stephen.

The pleasure of talking is the inextinguishable passion of woman, coeval with the act of breathing.—Le Sage.

Drawing is speaking to the eye, talking is painting to the ear.—Joubert.

We seldom repent talking too little, but very often talking too much.—La Bruyère.

It is not of so much consequence what you say, as how you say it.—Alexander Smith.

What cracker is this same that deafs our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath?
—Shakespeare.

I prythee, take the cork out of thy mouth that I may drink thy tidings. —Shakespeare.

It is a sad thing when men have neither wit to speak well nor judgment to hold their tongues.—La Bruyère.

He hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks his tongue speaks.—Shakespeare.

Butler compared the tongues of these eternal talkers to race-horses, which go the faster the less weight they carry.—Colton.

The greatest talkers in the days of peace have been the most pusillanimous in the day of temptation.—Jeremy Taylor.

A talkative person runs himself upon great inconvenience by blabbing out his own and others' secrets.—John Ray.

Whom the disease of talking still once possesseth, he can never hold his peace. Nay, rather than he will not discourse he will hire men to hear him.—Ben Jonson.

Talking is like playing on the harp; there is as much in laying the hands on the strings to stop their vibrations as in twanging them to bring out their music.—Holmes.

It is a difficult task to talk to the purpose, and to put life and perspicuity into our discourse.—Jeremy Collier.

The honorablest part of talk is to give the occasion, and again to moderate and pass to somewhat else; for then a man leads the dance.—Bacon.

Talking over the things which you have read with your companions fixes them on the mind.—Dr. Watts.

Talking is one of the fine arts—the noblest, the most important, the most difficult—and its fluent harmonies may be spoiled by the intrusion of a single harsh note.—Holmes.

Why, what a wasp-tongued and impatient fool
Art thou, to break into this woman's mood;
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own! —Shakespeare.

Such as thy words are, such will thy affections be esteemed; and such will thy deeds as thy affections, and such thy life as thy deeds.—Socrates.

He must be little skilled in the world who thinks that men's talking much or little shall hold proportion only to their knowledge.—Locke.

He who seldom speaks, and with one calm well-timed word can strike dumb the loquacious, is a genius or a hero.—Lavater.

We oftener say things because we can say them well than because they are sound and reasonable.—Landor.

One learns taciturnity best among those people who have none, and loquacity among the taciturn.—Richter.

If you light upon an impertinent talker, that sticks to you like a burr, to the disappointment of your important occasions, deal freely with him, break off the discourse, and pursue your business.—Plutarch.

There are many who talk on from ignorance rather than from knowledge, and who find the former an inexhaustible fund of conversation.—Hazlitt.

A man who always talks for fame never can be pleasing. The man who talks to unburthen his mind is the man to delight you.—Johnson.

In great families, some one false, paltry, tale-bearer, by carrying stories from one to another, shall inflame the minds and discompose the quiet of the whole family.—South.

But still his tongue ran on, the less
Of weight it bore, with greater ease;
And with its everlasting clack,
Set all men's ears upon the rack.
—Butler.

She sits tormenting every guest,
Nor gives her tongue one moment's rest,
In phrases batter'd, stale, and trite,
Which modern ladies call polite.
—Swift.

There are prating coxcombs in the world who would rather talk than listen, although Shakespeare himself were the orator, and human nature the theme!—Colton.

A gentleman that loves to hear himself talk, and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month.—Shakespeare.

She spake,
And his love-wilder'd and idolatrous soul
Clung to the airy music of her words,
Like a bird on a bough, high swaying in the wind. —Bailey.

Nor did we fail to see within ourselves
What need there is to be reserved in speech,
And temper all our thoughts with charity.
—Wordsworth.

My lord shall never rest:
I'll watch him, tame and talk him out of patience:
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift. —Shakespeare.

Talking is a digestive process which is absolutely essential to the mental constitution of the man who devours many books.—William Matthews.

As empty vessels make the loudest sound, so they that have the least wit are the greatest babblers.—Plato.

If you don't wish a man to do a thing you had better get him to talk about it; for the more men talk, the more likely they are to do nothing else.—Carlyle.

Stop not, unthinking, every friend you meet
To spin your wordy fabric in the street;
While you are emptying your colloquial pack,
The fiend Lumbago jumps upon his back.
—O. W. Holmes.

Words learn'd by rote, a parrot may rehearse,
But talking is not always to converse;
Not more distinct from harmony divine,
The constant creaking of a country sign.
—Cowper.

Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round. —Goldsmith.

Talk without truth is the hollow brass; talk without love is like the tinkling cymbal, and when it does not tinkle it jingles, and when it does not jingle, it jars.—Mrs. Jameson.

The talkative listen to no one, for they are ever speaking. And the first evil that attends those who know not to be silent is that they hear nothing. —Plutarch.

There is the same difference between their tongues as between the hour and the minute-hand; one goes ten times as fast, and the other signifies ten times as much.—Sydney Smith.

I cannot tell thee, hour by hour,
That I adore thee dearly;
I cannot talk of passion's power—
But oh! I feel sincerely!
—Mrs. Osgood.

Discretion of speech is more than eloquence; and to speak agreely to him with whom we deal is more than to speak in good words or in good order.—Bacon.

Speak gently! 'Tis a little thing
Dropp'd in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy which it may bring
Eternity shall tell. —David Bates.

They who are great talkers in company have never been any talkers by themselves, nor used to private discussions of our home regimen.—Shaftesbury.

Let your words be few and digested; it is a shame for the tongue to cry the heart mercy, much more to cast itself upon the uncertain pardon of others' ears.—Bishop Hall.

There are braying men in the world as well as braying asses; for, what's loud and senseless talking and swearing, any other than braying?—Sir Roger L'Estrange.

Cautiously avoid talking of the domestic affairs either of yourself or of other people. Yours are nothing to them but tedious gossip, theirs are nothing to you.—Chesterfield.

A dearth of words a woman need not fear,
But 't is a task indeed to learn—to hear:
In that the skill of conversation lies;
That shows or makes you both polite and wise. —Young.

He gives the bastinado with his tongue;
Our ears are cudgell'd; not a word of his,
But buffets better than a fist of France:
Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words,
Since I first called my brother's father, dad.
—Shakespeare.

This great author (Horace), who had the nicest taste of conversation, and was himself a most agreeable companion, had so strong an antipathy to a great talker, that he was afraid, some time or other, it would be mortal to him.—Steele.

The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words; and I do know
A many fools that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricksy word
Defy the matter. —Shakespeare.

Philosophy finds talkativeness a disease very difficult and hard to cure. For its remedy, conversation, requires hearers: but talkative people hear nobody, for they are ever prating. And the first evil this inability to keep silence produces is an inability to listen.—Plutarch.

When I think of talking, it is of course with a woman: for, talking at its best being an inspiration, it wants

a corresponding divine quality of receptiveness, and where will you find this but in woman?—O. W. Holmes.

Give not thy tongue too great liberty, lest it take thee prisoner. A word unspoken is like a sword in the scabbard, thine; if vented, thy sword is in another's hand. If thou desire to be held wise, be so wise as to hold thy tongue.—Quarles.

Depend upon it, if a man talks of his misfortunes, there is something in them that is not disagreeable to him; for where there is nothing but pure misery, there never is any recourse to the mention of it.—Johnson.

There is such a torture, happily unknown to ancient tyranny, as talking a man to death. Marcus Aurelius advises to assent readily to great talkers—in hopes, I suppose, to put an end to the argument.—Sterne.

Does a man speak foolishly?—suffer him gladly, for you are wise. Does he speak erroneously?—stop such a man's mouth with sound words that cannot be gainsaid. Does he speak truly?—rejoice in the truth.—Oliver Cromwell.

The man who talks everlastingly and promiscuously, who seems to have an exhaustless magazine of sound, crowds so many words into his thoughts that he always obscures, and very frequently conceals them.—Washington Irving.

If thy words be too luxuriant, confine them, lest they confine thee; he that thinks he never can speak enough may easily speak too much. A full tongue and an empty brain are seldom parted.—Quarles.

It has been well observed that the tongue discovers the state of the mind no less than that of the body; but in either case, before the philosopher or the physician can judge, the patient must open his mouth.—Colton.

The ear and the eye are the mind's receivers; but the tongue is only busy in expending the treasures received. If, therefore, the revenues of the mind be uttered as fast or faster than they are received, it must needs be bare, and can never lay up for purchase.—Bishop Hall.

If any man think it a small matter, or of mean concernment, to bridle his tongue, he is much mistaken; for it is a point to be silent when occasion requires, and better than to speak, though never so well.—Plutarch.

This I always religiously observed, as a rule, never to chide my husband before company nor to prattle abroad of miscarriages at home. What passes between two people is much easier made up than when once it has taken air.—Erasmus.

Brisk talkers are usually slow thinkers. There is, indeed, no wild beast more to be dreaded than a communicative man having nothing to communicate. If you are civil to the voluble they will abuse your patience; if brusque, your character.—Swift.

To hear him (Emerson) talk was like watching one crossing a brook on stepping-stones. His noun had to wait for its verb or its adjective until he was ready; then his speech would come down upon the word he wanted, and not Worcester nor Webster could better it from all the wealth of their huge vocabularies.—O. W. Holmes.

Talk often, but never long; in that case, if you do not please, at least you are sure not to tire your hearers. Pay your own reckoning, but do not treat the whole company; this being one of the few cases in which people do not care to be treated, every one being fully convinced that he has wherewithal to pay.—Lord Chesterfield.

The common fluency of speech in many men, and most women, is owing to a scarcity of matter and a scarcity of words; for whosoever is a master of language, and hath a mind full of ideas, will be apt, in speaking, to

hesitate upon the choice of both.—Swift.

Writing or printing is like shooting with a rifle; you may hit your reader's mind, or miss it—but talking is like playing at a mark with the pipe of an engine; if it is within reach, and you have time enough, you can't help hitting it.—Holmes.

Think you a little din can daunt mine ears? Have I not in my time heard lions roar? * * * Have I not heard great ordnance in the field, and heaven's artillery thunder in the skies? * * * And do you tell me of a woman's tongue, that gives not half so great a blow to hear as will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?—Shakespeare.

Great knowledge, if it be without vanity, is the most severe bridle of the tongue. For so have I heard that all the noises and prating of the pool, the croaking of frogs and toads, is hushed and appeased upon the instant of bringing upon them the light of a candle or torch. Every beam of reason and ray of knowledge checks the dissolutions of the tongue.—Jeremy Taylor.

His talk was like a stream which runs
With rapid change from rock to roses;
It slipped from politics to puns;
It passed from Mahomet to Moses;
Beginning with the laws that keep
The planets in their radiant courses,
And ending with some precept deep
For dressing eels or shoeing horses.
—Praed.

It may be glorious to write
Thoughts that shall glad the two or three
High souls, like those far stars that come in sight
Once in a century;—
But better far it is to speak
One simple word, which now and then
Shall waken their free nature in the weak
And friendless sons of men.
—James Russell Lowell.

It has been said in praise of some men, that they could talk whole hours together upon anything; but it must be owned to the honor of the other sex that there are many among them who can talk whole hours together upon nothing. I have known a woman branch out into a long extempore dissertation on the edging of a petticoat, and chide her servant for breaking a china cup, in all the figures of rhetoric.—Addison.

And we talk'd—oh, how we talk'd! her voice so cadenc'd in the talking,
Made another singing—of the soul! a music without bars—
While the leafy sounds of woodlands, humming round where we were walking,
Brought interposition worthy—sweet,—as skies about the stars,
And she spake such good thoughts natural, as if she always thought them.
—Miss Barrett.

Talkers and futile persons are commonly vain and credulous withal, for he that talketh what he knoweth will also talk what he knoweth not; therefore set it down that a habit of secrecy is both politic and moral: and in this part it is good, that a man's face gives his tongue leave to speak; for the discovery of a man's self by the tracts of his countenance is a great weakness, and betraying by how much it is many times more marked and believed than a man's words.—Bacon.

Taste

Taste is the next gift to genius.—Lowell.

Bad taste is a species of bad morals.—Bovee.

Good taste rejects excessive nicety.—Fénelon.

Taste has never been corrupted by simplicity.—Joubert.

The finer impulse of our nature.—Schiller.

All our tastes are but reminiscences.—Lamartine.

Good taste is the flower of good sense.—Poincelot.

A person is well dressed when dressed in good taste.—Mme. de Sartory.

Taste is to literature what *bon ton* is in society.—Mme. de Staël.

A taste which plenty does deprave
loathes lawful goods, and lawless ill
does crave.—Dryden.

We taste the fragrance of the rose.
—Akenside.

For age but tastes of pleasures
youth devours.—Dryden.

Taste is improved by cultivation.—
Willmott.

Taste is often one of the aspects of
fashion.—Willmott.

Taste is the mind's tact.—De Boufflers.

Good taste consists first upon fitness.—George William Curtis.

Taste and good-nature are universally connected.—Shenstone.

The cause of a wrong taste is a defect of judgment.—Burke.

Taste is pursued at a less expense than fashion.—Shenstone.

Mock jewelry on a woman is tangible vulgarity.—Bayard Taylor.

My tastes are aristocratic; my actions democratic.—Victor Hugo.

A good taste is often unconscious; a just taste is always conscious.—Mrs. Jameson.

Taste is something quite different from fashion, superior to fashion.—Thackeray.

Talk what you will of taste, my friend, you'll find two of a face as soon as of a mind.—Pope.

Mistaking taste for genius is the rock on which thousands have split.—J. T. Headley.

Good taste comes more from the judgment than from the mind.—Rochefoucauld.

I wish you all sorts of prosperity, with a little more taste.—Le Sage.

A truly elegant taste is generally accompanied with an excellency of heart.—Fielding.

Taste is, so to speak, the microscope of judgment.—Rousseau.

Taste consists in the power of judging; genius, in the power of executing.—Blair.

A man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age.—Shakespeare.

The instability of our tastes is the occasion of the irregularity of our lives.—Stanislaus.

They never taste who always drink;
They always talk who never think.
—Prior.

Taste depends upon those finer emotions which make the organization of the soul.—Sir J. Reynolds.

A well-dressed woman in a room should fill it with poetic sense, like the perfume of flowers.—Miss Oakey.

Men more easily renounce their interests than their tastes.—Rochefoucauld.

Taste, that eternal wanderer, which flies
From head to ears, and now from ears to eyes.
—Pope.

Perfect taste is the faculty of receiving the greatest possible pleasure from those material sources which are attractive to our moral nature in its purity and perfection.—Ruskin.

It seems with wit and good-nature, *Utrum horum mavis accipe.* Taste and good-nature are universally connected.—Shenstone.

Taste is the power of relishing or rejecting whatever is offered for the entertainment of the imagination.—Goldsmith.

Our purity of taste is best tested by its universality, for if we can only admire this thing or that, we may be sure that our cause for liking is of a finite and false nature.—Ruskin.

I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valor.—Shakespeare.

Nothing is so improving to the temper as the study of the beauties either of poetry, eloquence, music, or painting.—Hume.

Fine taste is an aspect of genius itself, and is the faculty of delicate appreciation, which makes the best effects of art our own.—N. P. Willis.

Delicacy of taste has the same effect as delicacy of passion; it enlarges the sphere both of our happiness and our misery.—Hume.

It is genius that brings into being, and it is taste that preserves. Without taste genius is nought but sublime folly.—Chateaubriand.

Good taste cannot supply the place of genius in literature, for the best proof of taste, when there is no genius, would be, not to write at all.—Mme. de Staël.

For the perception of the beautiful we have the term "taste"—a metaphor taken from that which is passive in the body and transferred to that which is active in the mind.—Thomas Reid.

A cultivated taste increases sensibility to all the tender and humane passions by giving them frequent exercise, while it tends to weaken the more violent and fierce emotions.—Blair.

It is not strange to me that persons of the fair sex should like, in all things about them, the handsomeness for which they find themselves most liked.—Boyle.

Few women have both taste and truth; and indeed, this special bit of moral mosaic is just the most difficult piece of carpentry in the whole of the human workshop.—E. Lynn Linton.

Women always show more taste in adorning others than themselves: and the reason is that their persons are like their hearts—they read another's better than they can their own.—Richter.

A lady of genius will give a genteel air to her whole dress by a well-fancied suit of knots, as a judicious writer gives a spirit to a whole sentence by a single expression.—Gay.

I think I may define it to be that faculty of the soul which discerns the beauties of an author with pleasure, and the imperfections with dislike.—Addison.

A fastidious taste is like a squeamish appetite; the one has its origin in some disease of the mind, as the other has in some ailment of the stomach.—Southey.

Taste is, in general, considered as that faculty of the human mind by which we perceive and enjoy whatever is beautiful or sublime in the works of nature or art.—Sir A. Alison.

There may be something petty in a refined taste; it easily degenerates into effeminacy. It does not consider the broadest use. It is not content with simple good and bad, and so is fastidious and curious or nice only.—Thoreau.

A delicacy of taste is favorable to love and friendship, by confining our choice to few people, and making us indifferent to the company and conversation of the greater part of men.—Hume.

For what has Virro painted, built, and planted?
Only to show how many tastes he wanted.
What brought Sir Visto's ill-got wealth to waste?
Some demon whispered, "Visto! have a taste." —Pope.

We imperatively require a perception of and a homage to beauty in our companions. Other virtues are in request in the field and workyard, but a certain degree of taste is not to be spared in those we sit with.—Emerson.

May not taste be compared to that exquisite sense of the bee, which instantly discovers and extracts the quintessence of every flower, and disregards all the rest of it?—Lord Greville.

It is known that the taste—whatever it is—is improved exactly as we improve our judgment, by extending our knowledge, by a steady attention to our object, and by frequent exercise.—Burke.

Good native Taste, tho' rude, is seldom wrong,
Be it in music, painting, or in song:
But this, as well as other faculties,
Improves with age and ripens by degrees.
—Armstrong.

True taste is forever growing, learning, reading, worshipping, laying its hand upon its mouth because it is astonished, casting its shoes from off its feet because it finds all ground holy.—Ruskin.

In art there is a point of perfection, as of goodness or maturity in nature: he who is able to perceive it, and who loves it, has perfect taste; he who does not feel it, or loves on this side or that, has an imperfect taste.—Bruyère.

It is for the most part in our skill in manners, and in the observations of time and place and of decency in general, that what is called taste by way of distinction consists; and which is in reality no other than a more refined judgment.—Burke.

'Tis chiefly taste, or blunt, or gross, or fine,
Makes life insipid, bestial, or divine.
Better be born with taste to little rent
Than the dull monarch of a continent;
Without this bounty which the gods bestow,
Can Fortune make one favorite happy?
No. —Armstrong.

Taste and elegance, though they are reckoned only among the smaller and secondary morals, yet are of no mean importance in the regulation of life. A moral taste is not of force to turn vice into virtue; but it recommends virtue with something like the blandishments of pleasure.—Burke.

There are some readers who have never read an essay on taste; and if they take my advice they never will, for they can no more improve their taste by so doing than they could improve their appetite or digestion by studying a cookery-book.—Southey.

Talent, taste, wit, good sense, are very different things, but by no means incompatible. Between good sense and good taste there exists the same difference as between cause and effect, and between wit and talent there is the same proportion as between a whole and its parts.—Bruyère.

If it were only that people have diversities of taste, that is reason enough for not attempting to shape them all after one model. But different persons also require different conditions for their spiritual development, and can no more exist healthily in the same moral, than all the varieties of plants can in the same physical, atmosphere and climate.—J. Stuart Mill.

A good taste in art feels the presence or the absence of merit; a just taste discriminates the degree—the *poco più* and the *poco meno*. A good taste rejects faults; a just taste selects excellences. A good taste is often unconscious; a just taste is always conscious. A good taste may be lowered or spoilt; a just taste can only go on refining more and more.—Mrs. Jameson.

What, then, is taste, but those internal powers, active and strong, and feelingly alive to each fine impulse? a discerning sense of decent and sublime, with quick disgust from things deformed, or disarranged, or gross in species? This, nor gems, nor stores of gold, nor purple state, nor culture, can bestow, but God alone when first his sacred hand imprints the secret bias of the soul.—Akenside.

It is that faculty by which we discover and enjoy the beautiful, the picturesque, and the sublime in literature, art, and nature; which recog-

nizes a noble thought, as a virtuous mind welcomes a pure sentiment by an involuntary glow of satisfaction. But while the principle of perception is inherent in the soul, it requires a certain amount of knowledge to draw out and direct it.—Willmott.

Taste, when once obtained, may be said to be no acquiring faculty, and must remain stationary; but knowledge is of perpetual growth and has infinite demands. Taste, like an artificial canal, winds through a beautiful country, but its borders are confined and its term is limited. Knowledge navigates the ocean, and is perpetually on voyages of discovery.—Disraeli.

Taste is not stationary. It grows every day, and is improved by cultivation, as a good temper is refined by religion. In its most advanced state it takes the title of judgment. Hume quotes Fontenelle's ingenious distinction between the common watch that tells the hours, and the delicately constructed one that marks the seconds and smallest differences of time.—Willmott.

True purity of taste is a quality of the mind; it is a feeling which can, with little difficulty, be acquired by the refinement of intelligence; whereas purity of manners is the result of wise habits, in which all the interests of the soul are mingled and in harmony with the progress of intelligence. That is why the harmony of good taste and of good manners is more common than the existence of taste without manners, or of manners without taste.—Rœderer.

Taste, if it mean anything but a paltry connoisseurship, must mean a general susceptibility to truth and nobleness, a sense to discern, and a heart to love and reverence all beauty, order, goodness, wheresoever, or in whatsoever forms and accompaniments they are to be seen. This surely implies, as its chief condition, not any given external rank or situation, but a finely-gifted mind, purified into harmony with itself, into keeness and justness of vision; above all, kindled into love and generous admiration.—Carlyle.

Tattling

The tongue is the worst part of a bad servant.—Juvenal.

Fire and sword are but slow engines of destruction in comparison with the babbler.—Steele.

We acknowledge that we should not talk of our wives; but we seem not to know that we should talk still less of ourselves.—Rochefoucauld.

Yet have I ever heard it said that spies and tale-bearers have done more mischief in this world than poisoned bowl or the assassin's dagger.—Schiller.

Who ever keeps an open ear
For tattlers, will be sure to hear
The trumpet of contention;
Aspersion is the babbler's trade,
To listen is to lend him aid,
And rush into dissension. —Cowper.

I will be silent and barren of discourse when I chance to hear a tale rather than go with child therewith till another's ears be my midwife, to deliver me of such a deformed monster. I may hear a tale of delight and perhaps smile at an innocent jest; I will not jest nor joy at a tale disgracing an innocent person.—Arthur Warwick.

Be careful that you believe not hastily strange news and strange stories; and be much more careful that you do not report them, though at the second hand; for if it prove an untruth (as commonly strange stories prove so), it brings an imputation of levity upon him that reports it, and possibly some disadvantage to others.—Sir Matthew Hale.

Merrily and wittily said Plautus, who was one of the merry wits of his time, "I would," said he, "by my will have tale-bearers and tale-hearers punished—the one hanging by the tongue, the other by the ears." Were his will a law in force with us, many a tattling gossip would have her vowels

turned to mutes, and be justly tongue-tied, that desires to be tied by the teeth at your table.—Arthur Warwick.

Tavern

A tavern is the throne of human felicity.—Johnson.

Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?—Shakespeare.

There is nothing which has yet been contrived by man, by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn.—Johnson.

He who has not been at a tavern knows not what a paradise it is. O holy tavern! O miraculous tavern! —holy, because no carking cares are there, nor weariness, nor pain: and miraculous, because of the spits, which of themselves turn round and round! —Aretino.

Taxes

Taxation is the legitimate support of government.—Thiers.

Death and taxes are inevitable.—Haliburton.

Kings ought to shear, not skin their sheep.—Herrick.

Millions for defence, but not a cent for tribute.—Charles Coatesworth Pinckney.

No laws, however liberal, will release us from our self-imposed taxes. —Abbott Lawrence.

Who nothing has to lose, the war bewails;
And he who nothing pays, at taxes rails.
—Congreve.

Idleness and pride tax with a heavier hand than kings and parliaments.—Franklin.

Men's virtues I have commended as freely as I have taxed their crimes.—Dryden.

Men who prefer any load of infamy, however great, to any pressure of taxation, however light.—Sydney Smith.

We have always considered taxes to be the sinews of the state.—Cicero.

Over-taxation cost England her colonies of North America.—Burke.

The taxes of government are heavy enough, but not so heavy as the taxes we lay upon ourselves.—Dewey.

The law takes measure of us all for clothes,
Diets us all, and in the sight of all,
To keep us from all private leagues with wealth. —Crown.

These exactions whereof my sovereign would have note, they are most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear 'em, the back is sacrifice to the load. —Shakespeare.

Taxes are a universal burden in moral as well as in civil life. There is not a pleasure, social or otherwise, which is not assessed by fate at its full value!—Alfred de Musset.

The repose of nations cannot be secure without arms, armies cannot be maintained without pay, nor can the pay be produced except by taxes.—Tacitus.

By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
By any indirection. —Shakespeare.

The general rule always holds good. In constitutional states liberty is a compensation of the heaviness of taxation. In despotic states the equivalent for liberty is the lightness of taxation.—Montesquieu.

Taxing is an easy business. Any projector can contrive new impositions, any bungler can add to the old; but is it altogether wise to have no other bounds to your impositions than the patience of those who are to bear them?—Burke.

We must not rend our subjects from our laws, and stick them in our will. Sixth part of each? A trembling contribution! Why, we take from every tree lop, bark, and part o' the timber; and though we leave it

with a root thus hacked, the air will drink the sap.—Shakespeare.

That in which every man is interested, is every man's duty to support; and any burden which falls equally on all men, and from which every man is to receive an equal benefit, is consistent with the most perfect ideas of liberty.—Thomas Paine.

Why tribute? why should we pay tribute? if
Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a
Blanket, or put the moon in his pocket,
We will pay him tribute for light; else, sir,
No more tribute. —Shakespeare.

There is one passage in the Scriptures to which all the potentates of Europe seem to have given their unanimous assent and approbation, and to have studied so thoroughly as to have it quite at their fingers' ends: "There went out a decree in the days of Claudius Cæsar, that all the world should be taxed."—Colton.

The taxes were indeed very heavy, and if those laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly; and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us, by allowing an abatement.—Franklin.

What is 't to us, if taxes rise or fall,
Thanks to our fortune, we pay none at all.
Let muckworms who in dirty acres deal,
Lament those hardships which we cannot feel,
His grace who smarts, may bellow if he please,
But must I bellow too, who sit at ease?
By custom safe, the poets' numbers flow,
Free as the light and air some years ago.
No statesman e'er will find it worth his pains
To tax our labours, and excise our brains.
Burthens like these will earthly buildings bear,
No tributes laid on castles in the air.
—Churchill.

What a benefit would the American government, not yet relieved of its extreme need, render to itself, and to every city, village, and hamlet in the States, if it would tax whiskey and rum almost to the point of prohibition! Was it Bonaparte who said that he found vices very good patriots? "He got five millions from the love of brandy, and he should be glad to know which of the virtues would pay him as much." Tobacco and opium have broad backs, and will cheerfully carry the load of armies, if you choose to make them pay high for such joy as they give and such harm as they do.—Emerson.

Tea

To warm without heating, to cheer but not inebriate.—Bishop Berkeley.

And sip with nymphs their elemental tea.—Pope.

Matrons, who toss the cup, and see
The grounds of fate in grounds of tea.
—Churchill.

Tea does our fancy aid,
Repress those vapours which the head invade
And keeps that palace of the soul serene.
—Edmund Waller.

The ship from Ceylon, Inde, or far Cathay, unloads for him the fragrant produce of each trip.—Byron.

Thank God for tea! What would the world do without tea? how did it exist? I am glad I was not born before tea.—Sydney Smith.

Here, thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea. —Pope.

The gentle fair on nervous tea relies,
Whilst gay good-nature sparkles in her eyes;
An inoffensive scandal fluttering round,
Too rough to tickle, and too light to wound.
—Crabbe.

Tea! thou soft, thou sober, sage, and venerable liquid;—thou female t o n g u e—running, smile-smoothing, heart-opening, wink-tippling cordial, to whose glorious insipidity I owe the happiest moment of my life, let me fall prostrate.—Colley Cibber.

Indeed, Madam, your ladyship is very sparing of your tea: I protest

the last I took was no more than water bewitched.—Swift.

And afterwards I did send for a cup of tee (a China drink), of which I never had drunk before.—Pepys.

Teaching

The school is the manufactory of humanity.—Comenius.

The sounding jargon of the schools. —Cowper.

Teach the art of living well.—Seneca.

Education is our only political safety.—Horace Mann.

Teachers should be held in highest honor.—Mrs. Sigourney.

Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain.—Goldsmith.

He who honestly instructs reverences God.—Mohammed.

What's all the noisy jargon of the schools?—Pomfret.

None can teach admirably if not loving his task.—A. Bronson Alcott.

We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there's no labouring i' the winter.—Shakespeare.

Men must be taught as though you taught them not.—Pope.

Whilst that the childe is young, let him be instructed in vertue and lytterature.—Lyly.

Whetstones are not themselves able to cut, but make iron sharp and capable of cutting.—Isocrates.

The one exclusive sign of a thorough knowledge is the power of teaching.—Aristotle.

The temper of the pedagogue suits not with the age; and the world, however it may be taught, will not be tutored.—Shaftesbury.

If ever I am an instructress, it will be to learn more than to teach. —Madame Deluzy.

Experience teaches slowly, and at the cost of mistakes.—Froude.

Public instruction should be the first object of government.—Napoleon I.

The teacher is like the candle which lights others in consuming itself.—Ruffini.

It is a luxury to learn; but the luxury of learning is not to be compared with the luxury of teaching.—Roswell D. Hitchcock.

You cannot, by all the lecturing in the world, enable a man to make a shoe.—Dr. Johnson.

The growth of the intellect is strictly analogous in all individuals.—Emerson.

Tutors should behave reverently before their pupils.—L'Estrange.

You cannot teach a man anything; you can only help him to find it within himself.—Galileo.

I do present you with a man of mine,
Cunning in music and the mathematics,
To instruct her fully in those sciences.
—Shakespeare.

A true teacher should penetrate to whatever is vital in his pupil, and develop that by the light and heat of his own intelligence.—E. P. Whipple.

A teacher who is attempting to teach without inspiring the pupil with a desire to learn is hammering on cold iron.—Horace Mann.

Garden work consists much more in uprooting weeds than in planting seed. This applies also to teaching.—Auerbach.

It is a good divine that follows his own instructions; I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than to be one of the twenty to follow mine own teachings.—Shakespeare.

Though one devote himself to many teachers, he must extract the essence, as the bee from the flower.—Kassila.

Worried and tormented into monotonous feebleness, the best part of his life ground out of him in a mill of boys.—Dickens.

How shall he give kindling in whose own inward man there is no live coal, but all is burnt out to a dead grammatical cinder?—Carlyle.

A teacher should, above all things, first induce a desire in the pupil for the acquisition he wishes to impart.—Horace Mann.

The authority of those who teach is very often an impediment to those who desire to learn.—Cicero.

The best teacher is the one who suggests rather than dogmatizes, and inspires his listener with the wish to teach himself.—Bulwer-Lytton.

To sentence a man of true genius to the drudgery of a school is to put a race-horse in a mill.—Colton.

There is nothing more frightful than for a teacher to know only what his scholars are intended to know.—Goethe.

Attempt to teach the young out little at a time; this will be easier to impart, easier to receive, and surer to be retained.—Hosea Ballou.

Be understood in thy teaching, and instruct to the measure of capacity; precepts and rules are repulsive to a child, but happy illustration winneth him.—Tupper.

Those who educate children well are more to be honored than they who produce them; for these only gave them life, those the art of living well.—Aristotle.

Passionate words or blows from the tutor fill the child's mind with terror and affrightment, which immediately takes it wholly up and leaves no room for other impressions.—Locke.

It is a pity that, commonly, more care is had—yea, and that among very wise men—to find out rather a cunning man for their horse than a cunning man for their children.—Roger Ascham.

Instructors should not only be skilful in those sciences which they teach, but have skill in the method of teaching, and patience in the practice.—Dr. Watts.

Do not allow your daughters to be taught letters by a man, though he be a St. Paul or St. Francis of Assissium. The saints are in Heaven.—Bishop Liguori.

A good schoolmaster minces his precepts for children to swallow, hanging clogs on the nimbleness of his own soul, that his scholars may go along with him.—Fuller.

It would be a great advantage to some schoolmasters if they would steal two hours a day from their pupils and give their own minds the benefit of the robbery.—J. F. Boyes.

Education of youth is not a bow for every man to shoot in that counts himself a teacher; but will require sinews almost equal to those which Homer gave to Ulysses.—Milton.

In the education of children there is nothing like alluring the appetites and affection; otherwise you make so many asses laden with books.—Montaigne.

Full well they laughed, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd.
—Goldsmith.

Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. * * *
* * * To cunning men
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing up.
—Shakespeare.

If, in instructing a child, you are vexed with it for a want of adroitness, try, if you have never tried before, to write with your left hand, and then

remember that a child is all left hand. —J. F. Boyes.

There is no teaching until the pupil is brought into the same state or principle in which you are; a transfusion takes place; he is you, and you are he; there is a teaching; and by no unfriendly chance or bad company can he ever quite lose the benefit.—Emerson.

Do not, then, train boys to learning by force and harshness; but direct them to it by what amuses their minds, so that you may be the better able to discover with accuracy the peculiar bent of the genius of each.—Plato.

It is the duty of a man of honor to teach others the good which he has not been able to do himself because of the malignity of the times, that this good finally can be done by another more loved in heaven.—Machiavelli.

It is by the promulgation of sound morals in the community, and more especially by the training and instruction of the young, that woman performs her part towards the preservation of free government.—Daniel Webster.

Men want to be reminded, who do not want to be taught; because those original ideas of rectitude to which the mind is compelled to assent when they are proposed, are not always as present to us as they ought to be.—Burke.

Count it one of the highest virtues upon earth to educate faithfully the children of others, which so few, and scarcely any, do by their own.—Luther.

All preceptors should have that kind of genius described by Tacitus, "equal to their business, but not above it;" a patient industry, with competent erudition; a mind depending more on its correctness than its originality, and on its memory rather than on its invention.—Colton.

Delightful task! to rear the tender thought, to teach the young idea how to shoot, to pour the fresh instruction over the mind, to breathe the enlivening spirit, and to fix the generous purpose in the glowing breast.—Thomson.

To know how to suggest is the great art of teaching. To attain it we must be able to guess what will interest; we must learn to read the childish soul as we might a piece of music. Then, by simply changing the key, we keep up the attraction and vary the song.—Amiel.

Improvement depends far less upon length of tasks and hours of application than is supposed. Children can take in but a little each day; they are like vases with a narrow neck; you may pour little or pour much, but much will not enter at a time.—Michelet.

Unless a woman has a decided pleasure and facility in teaching, an honest knowledge of everything she professes to impart, a liking for children, and, above all, a strong moral sense of her responsibility towards them, for her to attempt to enroll herself in the scholastic order is absolute profanation.—Miss Mulock.

For my part, I am convinced that the method of teaching which approaches most nearly to the method of investigation is incomparably the best; since, not content with serving up a few barren and lifeless truths, it leads to the stock on which they grew.—Burke.

Whoe'er excels in what we prize,
Appears a hero in our eyes;
Each girl, when pleased with what is taught,
Will have the teacher in her thought.
* * * * * *
A blockhead with melodious voice,
In boarding-schools may have his choice.
—Swift.

'Tis pleasing to be school'd in a strange tongue
By female lips and eyes—that is, I mean,
When both the teacher and the taught are young,
As was the case, at least, where I have been;
They smile so when one's right; and when one's wrong
They smile still more. —Byron.

Teachers should be held in the highest honor. They are the allies of legislators; they have agency in the pre-

vention of crime; they aid in regulating the atmosphere, whose incessant action and pressure cause the life-blood to circulate, and to return pure and healthful to the heart of the nation.—Mrs. Sigourney.

O ye! who teach the ingenious youth of nations,
Holland, France, England, Germany or Spain,
I pray ye flog them upon all occasions,
It mends their morals, never mind the pain. —Byron.

Go to the place where the thing you wish to know is native; your best teacher is there. Where the thing you wish to know is so dominant that you must breathe its very atmosphere, there teaching is most thorough, and learning is most easy. You acquire a language most readily in the country where it is spoken; you study mineralogy best among miners; and so with everything else.—Goethe.

A tutor should not be continually thundering instruction into the ears of his pupil, as if he were pouring it through a funnel, but, after having put the lad, like a young horse, on a trot, before him, to observe his paces, and see what he is able to perform, should, according to the extent of his capacity, induce him to taste, to distinguish, and to find out things for himself; sometimes opening the way, at other times leaving it for him to open; and by abating or increasing his own pace, accommodate his precepts to the capacity of his pupil.—Montaigne.

Grave is the Master's look; his forehead wears
Thick rows of wrinkles, prints of worrying cares;
Uneasy lies the heads of all that rule.
His worst of all whose kingdom is a school.
Supreme he sits; before the awful frown
That binds his brows the boldest eye goes down;
Not more submissive Israel heard and saw
At Sinai's foot the Giver of the Law.
—O. W. Holmes.

Tears

Tears are the silent language of grief.—Voltaire.

More tears are shed in playhouses than in churches.—Guthrie.

Tears are due to human misery.—Virgil.

They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.—Bible.

Tears such as angels weep.—Milton.

Sad, unhelpful tears.—Shakespeare.

Those tender tears that humanize the soul.—Thomson.

My eyes are dim with childish tears.—Wordsworth.

Tears are sometimes as weighty as words.—Ovid.

Tears soothe suffering eyes.—Richter.

Tears are the noble language of the eye.—Herrick.

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.—Shakespeare.

Hence these tears.—Horace.

For Beauty's tears are lovelier than her smile.—Campbell.

Without the meed of some melodious tear.—Milton.

Ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.—Gray.

Certain drops of salt.—Shakespeare.

Tears are a good alterative, but a poor diet.—H. W. Shaw.

The tears that stood considering in her eyes.—Dryden.

Tearless grief bleeds inwardly.—Bovee.

Venus smiles not in a house of tears.—Shakespeare.

The tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.—Shakespeare.

'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in.—Shakespeare.

Sympathizing and selfish people are alike given to tears.—Leigh Hunt.

Words that weep and tears that speak.—Abraham Cowley.

A stoic of the woods,—a man without a tear.—Campbell.

Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.—Shakespeare.

Tears may soothe the wounds they cannot heal.—Thomas Paine.

Nature's tears are reason's merriment.—Shakespeare.

The tears of penitents are the wine of angels.—St. Bernard.

Eye-offending brine.—Shakespeare.

Like Niobe, all tears.—Shakespeare.

Every tear is a verse, and every heart is a poem.—Marc André.

And weep the more, because I weep in vain.—Gray.

Love is loveliest when embalmed in tears.—Walter Scott.

The April is in her eyes; it is love's spring, and these the showers to bring it on.—Shakespeare.

The tear of joy is a pearl of the first water; the mourning tear, only of the second.—Richter.

All the rarest hues of human life take radiance and are rainbowed out in tears.—Massey.

Friends, I owe more tears to this dead man than you shall see me pay.—Shakespeare.

We often shed tears which deceive ourselves after having deceived others. —Rochefoucauld.

The safety-valves of the heart, when too much pressure is laid on.—Albert Smith.

Man is the weeping animal born to govern all the rest.—Pliny.

The graceful tear that streams for others' woes.—Akenside.

Scorn the proud man that is ashamed to weep.—Young.

Weep for love, but not for anger; a cold rain will never bring flowers.—Duncan.

After his blood, that which a man can next give out of himself is a tear. —Lamartine.

Tears of joy, like summer raindrops, are pierced by sunbeams.—Hosea Ballou.

Shame on those breasts of stone that cannot melt in soft adoption of another's sorrow.—Aaron Hill.

Every tear of sorrow sown by the righteous springs up a pearl.—Matthew Henry.

The waiting tears stood ready for command, and now they flow to varnish the false tale.—Rowe.

So bright the tear in Beauty's eye,
Love half regrets to kiss it dry.
—Byron.

How much better is it to weep at joy than to joy at weeping!—Jane Porter.

Believe these tears, which from my wounded heart bleed at my eyes.—Dryden.

O, let not woman's weapons, waterdrops, stain my man's cheeks!—Shakespeare.

Let me wipe off this honorable dew, that silverly doth progress on thy cheeks.—Shakespeare.

See, see what showers arise,
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart.
—Shakespeare.

In youth, one has tears without grief; in age, griefs without tears.—Joseph Roux.

Tears are often to be found where there is little sorrow, and the deepest sorrow without any tears.—Johnson.

Tears harden lust, though marble wear with raining.—Shakespeare.

I can approve of those only who seek in tears for happiness.—Pascal.

Tears are the tribute of humanity to its destiny.—W. R. Alger.

O, banish the tears of children! Continual rains upon the blossoms are hurtful.—Richter.

There is something so moving in the very image of weeping beauty.—Steele.

He has strangled
His language in his tears.
—Shakespeare.

Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes, for villainy is not without such rheum.—Shakespeare.

Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.—Bible.

It is some relief to weep; grief is satisfied and carried off by tears.—Ovid.

But woe awaits a country, when
She sees the tears of bearded men.
—Scott.

Here tears and sighs speak his imperfect moan,
In language far more moving than his own. —Cowley.

I could perceive with joy, a silent show'r
Run down his silver beard.
—Lee.

O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular tear!
—Shakespeare.

All kin' o' smily round the lips
An' teary roun' the lashes.
—Lowell.

Devotion's self shall steal a thought from heaven,
One human tear shall drop, and be forgiven. —Pope.

Sweet tears! the awful language eloquent of infinite affection, far too big for words.—Pollok.

There is a tear for all who die,
A mourner o'er the humblest grave.
—Byron.

My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread. —Hood.

Upon her cheeks she wept, and from those showers
Sprang up a sweet nativity of flowers.
—Herrick.

Tears of joy are the dew in which the sun of righteousness is mirrored.—Richter.

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears. —Wordsworth.

Thy heart is big; get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Begin to water. —Shakespeare.

The tide is now: nay, not thy tide of tears,
That tide will stay me longer than should. —Shakespeare.

Her tears, like drops of molten lead,
With torment burn the passage to my heart. —Young.

To weep, is to make less the depth of grief;
Tears, then, for babes; blows and revenge for me. —Shakespeare.

E'en like the passage of an angel's tear
That falls through the clear ether silently.
—Keats.

Accept these grateful tears! for thee they flow,
For thee, that ever felt another's woe!
—Homer.

Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears:
Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops. —Shakespeare.

Lofty mountains are full of springs; great hearts are full of tears.—Joseph Roux.

Our present tears here, not our present laughter
Are but the handsells of our joys hereafter. —Herrick.

Tears are nature's lotion for the eyes. The eyes see better for being washed with them.—Bovee.

By heavens, my love, thou dost distract my soul!
There's not a tear that falls from those dear eyes,
But makes my heart weep blood.—Lee.

If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile. —Shakespeare.

My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fullness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. —Shakespeare.

I had not so much of man in me,
And all my mother came into mine eyes
And gave me up to tears.—Shakespeare.

None are so desolate but something dear,
Dearer than self, possesses or possess'd
A thought, and claims the homage of a tear. —Byron.

A smile is ever the most bright and beautiful with a tear upon it. What is the dawn without the dew? The tear is rendered by the smile precious above the smile itself.—Landor.

The cloudy weather melts at length into beauty, and the brightest smiles of the heart are born of its tears.—Hosea Ballou.

I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman. —Shakespeare.

I cannot weep; for all my body's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart. —Shakespeare.

The big round tears run down his dappled face;
He groans in anguish. —Thomson.

I so lively acted with my tears
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly. —Shakespeare.

Yet tears to human suffering are due;
And mortal hopes defeated and o'erthrown
Are mourned by man, and not by man alone. —Wordsworth.

Hide not thy tears; weep boldly, and be proud to give the flowing virtue manly way; it is nature's mark to know an honest heart by.—Aaron Hill.

Tears are the natural penalties of pleasure. It is a law that we should pay for all that we enjoy.—Simms.

How sometimes nature will betray its folly, its tenderness, and make itself a pastime to harder bosoms!—Shakespeare.

With sad unhelpful tears, and with dimm'd eyes
Look after him and cannot do him good. —Shakespeare.

And the tear that is wiped with a little address,
May be follow'd perhaps by a smile. —Cowper.

It is delightful to kiss the eyelashes of the beloved,—is it not? But never so delightful as when fresh tears are on them.—Landor.

Nature confesses that she has bestowed on the human race hearts of softest mould, in that she has given us tears.—Juvenal.

Tears are the softening showers which cause the seed of heaven to spring up in the human heart.—Walter Scott.

Easy-crying widows take new husbands soonest; there is nothing like wet weather for transplanting.—Holmes.

How many a holy and obsequious tear hath dear religious love stolen from mine eye, as interest of the dead!—Shakespeare.

What I should say
My tears gainsay; for every word I speak,
Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes. —Shakespeare.

The sweet dew that lingered in her eye for pity's sake was—like an exhalation in the sun—dried and absorbed by love.—Barry Cornwall.

Those who are surly and imperious to their inferiors are generally humble, flattering, and cringing to their superiors.—Fuller.

The big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase. —Shakespeare.

Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears: if the

wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.—Shakespeare.

So looks the lily after a shower, while drops of rain run gently down its silken leaves, and gather sweetness as they pass.—Fielding.

There she shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And clamour moisten'd. —Shakespeare.

That instant shut
My woeful self up in a mourning house,
Raining the tears of lamentation.
—Shakespeare.

What is the matter, that this distempered messenger of wet, the many-colored Iris, rounds thine eye?—Shakespeare.

Then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-dew
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.
—Shakespeare.

Down her cheeks flow'd the round drops:
And as we see the sun shine thro' a show'r,
So look'd her beauteous eyes,
Casting forth light and tears together.
—Lansdowne.

The tear down childhood's cheek that flows,
Is like the dewdrop on the rose;
When next the summer breeze comes by,
And waves the bush, the flower is dry.
—Walter Scott.

Of all the portions of life it is in the two twilights, childhood and age, that tears fall with the most frequency; like the dew at dawn and eve. —W. R. Alger.

Tears, except as a private demonstration, are an ill-disguised expression of self-consciousness and vanity, which is inadmissible in good society. —Holmes.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
The thochts o' bygane years
Still fling their shadows ower my path,
And blind my een wi' tears.
—Wm. Motherwell.

Down she bent her head upon an arm so white that tears seemed but the natural melting of its snow, touched by the flushed cheek's crimson. —Miss L. E. Landon.

Pride dries the tears of anger and vexation; humility, those of grief. The one is indignant that we should suffer; the other calms us by the reminder that we deserve nothing else. —Madame Swetchine.

See yonder rock from which the fountain gushes; is it less compact of adamant, though waters flow from it? Firm hearts have moister eyes.—Walter Scott.

Hide thy tears,—I do not bid thee not to shed them,—it were easier to stop Euphrates at its source than one tear of a true and tender heart.—Byron.

The liquid drops of tears that you have shed
Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl,
Advantaging their loan with interest
Of ten times double gain of happiness.
—Shakespeare.

Heaven is not gone, but we are blind with tears,
Groping our way along the downward slope
Of years! —R. H. Stoddard.

What gem hath dropp'd and sparkles o'er his chain?
The tear most sacred, shed for others' pain,
That starts at once—bright—pure—from pity's mine,
Already polished by the hand divine!
—Byron.

So bright the tear in Beauty's eye,
Love half regrets to kiss it dry;
So sweet the blush of Bashfulness,
Even Pity scarce can wish it less!
—Byron.

I wish'd but for a single tear,
As something welcome, new and dear,
I wish'd it then, I wish it still,
Despair is stronger than my will.—Byron.

When friendship or love our sympathies move,
When truth in a glance should appear,
The lips may beguile with a dimple or smile,
But the test of affection's a tear.—Byron.

One, whose subdu'd eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum. —Shakespeare.

Tears, O Aspasia, do not dwell long upon the cheeks of youth. Rain drops

easily from the bud, rests on the bosom of the maturer flower, and breaks down that one only which hath lived its day.—Landor.

Oh! too convincing—dangerously dear—
In woman's eye the unanswerable tear!
That weapon of her weakness she can wield,
To save, subdue—at once her spear and shield. —Byron.

That very law which moulds a tear
And bids it trickle from its source,
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course.
—S. Rogers.

May no marble bestow the splendor of woe,
Which the children of vanity rear;
No fiction of fame shall blazon my name,
All I ask—all I wish—is a tear.—Byron.

Why wilt thou ever scare me with thy tears,
And make me tremble lest a saying learnt,
In days far-off, on that dark earth, be true?
The gods themselves cannot recall their gifts. —Tennyson.

She was a good deal shock'd; not shock'd at tears.
For women shed and use them at their liking;
But there is something when man's eye appears
Wet, still more disagreeable and striking.
—Byron.

From his big heart o'ercharg'd with generous sorrow;
See the tide working upward to his eye,
And stealing from him in large silent drops,
Without his leave. —Young.

And that same dew, which some time on the buds was wont to swell like round and orient pearls, stood now within the pretty floweret's eyes, like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.—Shakespeare.

As Rubens by one stroke converted a laughing into a crying child, so nature frequently makes this stroke in the original; a child's eye, like the sun, never draws water so readily as in the hot temperature of pleasure.—Richter.

There appears much joy in him, even so much that joy could not show itself modest enough without a badge of bitterness. A kind overflow of kindness,—there are no faces truer than those that are so washed.—Shakespeare.

Heaven and God are best discerned through tears; scarcely perhaps are discerned at all without them. The constant association of prayer with the hour of bereavement and the scenes of death suffice to show this.—James Martineau.

The good widow's sorrow is no storm, but a still rain; commonly it comes to pass that that grief is quickly emptied that streameth out at so large a vent, whilst their tears that but drop will hold running a long time.—Fuller.

I would hardly change the sorrowful words of the poets for their glad ones. Tears dampen the strings of the lyre, but they grow the tenser for it, and ring even the clearer and more ravishingly.—Lowell.

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,—tears from the depth of some divine despair rise in the heart, and gather in the eyes, in looking on the happy autumn fields, and thinking of the days that are no more.—Tennyson.

Two aged men, that had been foes for life,
Met by a grave, and wept—and in those tears
They washed away the memory of their strife;
Then wept again the loss of all those years. —Frederick Tennyson.

How, thro' her tears, with pale and trembling radiance,
The eye of beauty shines, and lights her sorrows!
As rises o'er the storm some silver star,
The seaman's hope, and promise of his safety. —Francis.

Heav'n, that knows
The weakness of our natures, will forgive,
Nay, must applaud love's debt, when decent paid:
Nor can the bravest mortal blame the tear
Which glitters on the bier of fallen worth.
—Shirley.

There is a sacredness in tears. They are not the mark of weakness, but of power. They speak more eloquently than ten thousand tongues.

They are the messengers of overwhelming grief, of deep contrition, and of unspeakable love.—Washington Irving.

I weep, 'tis true; but Machiavel, I swear
They're tears of vengeance; drops of liquid fire!
So marble weeps, when flames surround the quarry,
And the pil'd oaks spout forth such scalding bubbles,
Before the general blaze. —Lee.

A man is seldom more manly than when he is what you call unmanned,—the source of his emotion is championship, pity, and courage; the instinctive desire to cherish those who are innocent and unhappy, and defend those who are tender and weak.—Thackeray.

And friends, dear friends,—when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let One, most loving of you all,
Say, "Not a tear must o'er her fall;
He giveth His beloved sleep."
—E. B. Browning.

Her eye did seem to labour with a tear,
Which suddenly took birth, but overweigh'd
With its own weight, swelling, dropp'd upon her bosom,
Which, by reflection of her light, appear'd
As nature meant her sorrow for an ornament. —Shirley.

You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears
Were like a better day: those happy smiles
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.
—Shakespeare.

Thank God for grace,
Ye who weep only! If, as some have done,
Ye grope tear-blinded in a desert place
And touch but tombs,—look up! Those tears will run
Soon in long rivers down the lifted face,
And leave the vision clear for stars and sun. —E. B. Browning.

God made both tears and laughter, and both for kind purposes; for as laughter enables mirth and surprise to breathe freely, so tears enable sorrow to vent itself patiently. Tears hinder sorrow from becoming despair and madness; and laughter is one of the very privileges of reason, being confined to the human species.—Leigh Hunt.

Our funeral tears from different causes rise:
Of various kinds they flow. From tender hearts,
By soft contagion call'd, some burst at once
And stream obsequious to the leading eye.
Some ask more time, by curious art distill'd.
Some hearts, in secret hard, unapt to melt,
Struck by the public eye, gush out amain.
—Young.

The smile that illumines the features of beauty,
When kindled by virtue, alluring appears;
But smiles, tho' alluring, no magic can borrow,
To vie with the softness of beauty in tears.
The smiles that are sweetest are often deceiving:
Too often a mask which the cold-hearted wears;
But a tear is the holiest offspring of feeling,
And monarchs are weak before beauty in tears. —Bohn.

No radiant pearl, which crested fortune wears,
No gem, that twinkling hangs from beauty's ears;
Not the bright stars, which night's blue arch adorn;
Nor rising sun that gilds the vernal morn:
Shine with such lustre as the tear, that flows
Down virtue's manly cheek for others' woes. —Darwin.

I found her on the floor
In all the storm of grief; yet beautiful!
Sighing such a breath of sorrow, that her lips,
Which late appear'd like buds, were now o'er-blown!
Pouring forth tears, at such a lavish rate,
That were the world on fire, they might have drown'd
The wrath of heaven, and quench'd the mighty ruin. —Lee.

The glorious Angel, who was keeping
The gates of Light, beheld her weeping;
And, as he nearer drew and listen'd
To her sad song, a tear-drop glisten'd
Within his eyelids, like the spray
From Eden's fountain, where it lies
On the blue flow'r, which—Bramins say—
Blooms nowhere but in Paradise.
—Moore.

Sooner mayest thou trust thy pocket to a pickpocket than give loyal friend

ship to the man who boasts of eyes to which the heart never mounts in dew! Only when man weeps he should be alone, not because tears are weak, but they should be secret. Tears are akin to prayer,—Pharisees parade prayers, imposters parade tears.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Astronomers have built telescopes which can show myriads of stars unseen before; but when a man looks through a tear in his own eye, that is a lens which opens reaches in the unknown, and reveals orbs which no telescope, however skilfully constructed, could do; nay, which brings to view even the throne of God, and pierces that nebulous distance where are those eternal verities in which true life consists.—Beecher.

Tediousness

The sin of excessive length.—Shirley.

Wearisome nights are appointed to me.—Bible.

Oh, he is as tedious as a tired horse! —Shakespeare.

I stay too long by thee; I weary thee.—Shakespeare.

For not to irksome toil, but to delight, He made us.—Milton.

Pity only on fresh objects stays, but with the tedious sight of woes decays. —Dryden.

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale, vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.—Shakespeare.

Is there anything more tedious than the often repeated tales of the old and forgetful?—Colton.

A man would die, though he were neither valiant nor miserable, only upon a weariness to do the same thing so often over and over again.—Bacon.

Teeth

Such a pearly row of teeth, that sovereignty would have pawned her jewels for them.—Sterne.

Teeth, like falling snow
For white, were placed in a double row.
—Cowley.

Some ask'd how pearls did grow, and where?
Then spoke I to my girl,
To part her lips, and show'd them there
The quarrelets of Pearl.
—Herrick.

Temper

A sunny temper gilds the edges of life's blackest cloud.—Guthrie.

And mistress of herself though china fall.—Pope.

The happiness and misery of men depend no less on temper than fortune. —La Rochefoucauld.

In vain he seeketh others to suppress,
Who hath not learn'd himself first to subdue. —Spenser.

But certain winds will make men's temper bad.—George Eliot.

Oh! blest with temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day.
—Pope.

The difficult part of good temper consists in forbearance, and accommodation to the ill-humors of others.—Empson.

I'll make them live as brothers should with brother,
And keep them in good-humor with each other. —Churchill.

Those who are surly and imperious to their inferiors, are generally humble, flattering, and cringing to their superiors.—Fuller.

The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree: such a hare is madness, the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel, the cripple.—Shakespeare.

With "gentleness" in his own character, "comfort" in his house, and "good temper" in his wife, the earthly felicity of man is complete.—From the German.

Courtesy of temper, when it is used to veil churlishness of deed, is but a

knight's girdle around the breast of a base clown.—Sir Walter Scott.

Nothing leads more directly to the breach of charity, and to the injury and molestation of our fellow-creatures than the indulgence of an ill temper.—Blair.

Through certain humors or passions, and from temper merely, a man may be completely miserable, let his outward circumstances be ever so fortunate.—Lord Shaftesbury.

Instability of temper ought to be checked when it disposes men to wander from one scheme to another: since such a fickleness cannot but be attended with fatal consequences.—Addison.

If we desire to live securely, comfortably, and quietly, that by all honest means we should endeavor to purchase the good will of all men, and provoke no man's enmity needlessly; since any man's love may be useful, and every man's hatred is dangerous.—Isaac Barrow.

A cheerful temper, joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty and affliction; convert ignorance into an amiable simplicity, and render deformity itself agreeable.—Addison.

Think you, a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue?
—Shakespeare.

Too many have no idea of the subjection of their temper to the influence of religion, and yet what is changed, if the temper is not? If a man is as passionate, malicious, resentful, sullen, moody, or morose after his conversion as before it, what is he converted from or to?—John Angell James.

Temperament

Temperament is the thermometer of character.—Balzac.

Women speak in the superlative.—Emile Souvestre.

Such is the active power of good temperament! Great sweetness of temper neutralizes such vast amounts of acid.—Emerson.

Temperament is wax before the human will and God. Natural traits are powerless before moral decisions.

The reason that women are so much more sociable than men is because they act more from the heart than the intellect.—Lamartine.

In love we do not think of moral qualities, and scarcely of intellectual ones. Temperament and manner alone, with beauty, excite love.—Hazlit.

Temperance

The universal medicine of life.—Sir W. Temple.

Temperance is the nurse of chastity.—Wycherley.

Temperance in everything is requisite for happiness—B. R. Haydon.

Satan o'ercomes none but by willingness.—Herrick.

Temperance adds zest to pleasure.—Mme. de Lambert.

That cardinal virtue, temperance.—Burke.

Drinking water neither makes a man sick, nor in debt, nor his wife a widow.—John Neal.

Use, do not abuse; neither abstinence nor excess ever renders man happy.—Voltaire.

Temperance to be a virtue must be free, and not forced.—Bartol.

He who would keep himself to himself should imitate the dumb animals, and drink water.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil.—Shakespeare.

In temperance there is ever cleanliness and elegance.—Joubert.

If you wish to keep the mind clear and the body healthy, abstain from all fermented liquors.—Sydney Smith.

Temperance is a bridle of gold; he who uses it rightly is more like a god than a man.—Burton.

Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues.—Fuller.

Temperance is corporeal piety; it is the preservation of divine order in the body.—Theodore Parker.

Great men should dring with harness on their throats.—Shakespeare.

Above all, let the poor hang up the amulet of temperance in their homes. —Horace Mann.

And he that will to bed go sober,
Falls with the leaf still in October.
—Beaumont and Fletcher.

Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty, for in my youth I never did apply hot and rebellious liquors in my blood.—Shakespeare.

Except thou desire to hasten thine end, take this for a general rule, that thou never add any artificial heat to thy body by wine or spice.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

Men live best on moderate means: Nature has dispensed to all men wherewithal to be happy, if mankind did but understand how to use her gifts.—Claudian.

It is all nonsense about not being able to work without ale and cider and fermented liquors. Do lions and cart-horses drink ale?—Sydney Smith.

The smaller the drink, the clearer the head, and the cooler the blood; which are great benefits in temper and business.—William Penn.

Temperance is reason's girdle and passion's bridle, the strength of the soul and the foundation of virtue.—Jeremy Taylor.

The first draught serveth for health, the second for pleasure, the third for shame, and the fourth for madness.—Anacharsis.

Every moderate drinker could abandon the intoxicating cup if he would; every inebriate would if he could.—J. B. Gough.

Temperance gives nature her full play, and enables her to exert herself in all her force and vigor.—Addison.

With riotous banquets, sicknesses came in,
When death 'gan muster all his dismal band
Of pale diseases. —May.

If it is a small sacrifice to discontinue the use of wine, do it for the sake of others; if it is a great sacrifice, do it for your own.—Samuel J. May.

Temperance is a tree which has for a root very little contentment, and for fruit, calm and peace.—Buddha.

If temperance prevails, then education can prevail; if temperance fails, then education must fail.—Horace Mann.

There is hardly any noble quantity or endowment of the mind but must own temperance, either for its parent or its nurse.—South.

Make less thy body hence, and more thy grace;
Leave gormandizing. —Shakespeare.

Ask God for temperance; that's the appliance only
Which your disease requires.
—Shakespeare.

Temperance puts wood on the fire, meal in the barrel, flour in the tub, money in the purse, credit in the

country, contentment in the house, clothes on the back, and vigor in the body.—Franklin.

A Spartan, being asked why his people drank so little, replied: "That we may consult concerning others, and not others concerning us."—Plutarch.

Call'd to the temple of impure delight
He that abstains, and he alone, does right.
If a wish wander that way, call it home;
He cannot long be safe whose wishes roam.
—Cowper.

Fools! not to know how far an humble lot
Exceeds abundance by injustice got;
How health and temperance bless the rustic swain,
While luxury destroys her pamper'd train.
—Hesiod.

Temp'rate in every place,—abroad, at home,
Thence will applause, and hence will profit come;
And health from either—he in time prepares
For sickness, age, and their attendant cares.
—Crabbe.

Philosophy, religious solitude
And labour wait on temperance; in these
Desire is bounded; they instruct the mind's
And body's action. —Nabb.

There is no difference between knowledge and temperance; for he who knows what is good and embraces it, who knows what is bad and avoids it, is learned and temperate.—Socrates.

The receipts of cookery are swelled to a volume, but a good stomach excels them all; to which nothing contributes more than industry and temperance.—Montaigne.

O temperance, thou fortune without envy; thou universal medicine of life, that clears the head and cleanses the blood, eases the stomach, strengthens the nerves, and perfects digestion. —Sir W. Temple.

Temperance, in the nobler sense, does not mean a subdued and imperfect energy; it does not mean a stopping short in any good thing, as in love or in faith; but it means the power which governs the most intense energy, and prevents its acting in any way but as it ought.—Ruskin.

We ought to love temperance for itself, and in obedience to God who has commanded it and chastity; but what I am forced to by catarrhs, or owe to the stone, is neither chastity nor temperance.—Montaigne.

If all the world
Should in a pet of temp'rance, feed on pulse,
Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,
Th' All-giver would be unthank'd, would be unprais'd. —Milton.

Impostor! do not charge most innocent Nature
As if she would her children should be riotous
With her abundance. She, good cateress,
Means her provision only to the good,
That live according to her sober laws,
And holy dictate of spare Temperance.
—Milton.

O madness, to think use of strongest wines
And strongest drinks our chief support of health
When God, with these forbidden, made choice to rear
His mighty champion, strong above compare,
Whose drink was only from the liquid brook. —Milton.

Health and liberty
Attend on these bare meals; if all were blest
With such a temperance, what man would fawn,
Or to his belly sell his liberty?
There would be then no slaves, no sycophants
At great men's tables. —May.

Temperance keeps the senses clear and unembarrassed, and makes them seize the object with more keenness and satisfaction. It appears with life in the face, and decorum in the person; it gives you the command of your head, secures your health, and preserves you in a condition for business.—Jeremy Collier.

Temperance, that virtue without pride, and fortune without envy, that gives indolence of body with an equality of mind; the best guardian of

youth and support of old age; the precept of reason as well as religion, and physician of the soul as well as the body; the tutelar goddess of health and universal medicine of life.—Sir W. Temple.

Temperance is a virtue which casts the truest lustre upon the person it is lodged in, and has the most general influence upon all other particular virtues of any that the soul of man is capable of; indeed so general, that there is hardly any noble quality or endowment of the mind, but must own temperance either for its parent or its nurse; it is the greatest strengthener and clearer of reason, and the best preparer of it for religion, the sister of prudence, and the handmaid to devotion.—Dean South.

From our tables here, no painful surfeits,
No fed diseases grow, to strangle nature,
And suffocate the active brain; no fevers,
No apoplexies, palsies or catarrhs
Are here; where nature, not entic'd at all
With such a dang'rous bait as pleasant cates,
Takes in no more than she can govern well.
—May.

Drink not the third glass, which thou canst not tame,
When once it is within thee; but before
Mayst rule it, as thou list; and pour the shame,
Which it would pour on thee, upon the floor
It is most just to throw that on the ground,
Which would throw me there, if I keep the round. —Herbert.

If thou well observe
The rule of—not too much,—by temperance taught
In what thou eat'st and drink'st, seeking from thence
Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight,
Till many years over thy head return:
So may's thou live, till like ripe fruit thou drop,
Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease
Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd; in death mature. —Milton.

Temperance (Prohibition and Abstinence)

What then is the conclusion of the matter? The destinies of the American people are practically in the grasp of a group of less than twenty liquor dealers! Were it not for certain moral restraints put upon this formidable power by public sentiment the outlook would be as black as midnight. As it is it behooves every lover of law and order and national prosperity to use his utmost influence against the dramshop. It is not for us at this point either to call in question or to concede the right of the individual to take a social or even a convivial glass. We are not talking about rights, but about Christian duties and privileges. There is one right which in the Christian life towers above all others; it is the right to surrender all rights for the sake of one's fellow men. This is the mind that was in Christ Jesus, who, possessing all the inalienable rights of Godhead, emptied himself and became of no reputation for us. This the mind that was in the Apostle Paul also when he said, "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no meat while the world standeth!" Never was a grander manifesto of human rights—never a sublimer declaration of independence than that! Oh, young men, to whom the welfare of the nation is presently to be committed, be "on duty" just there.—Rev. D. J. Burrell.

We are completely in bondage and slavery by the vile influence of the saloon in our country. We talk of our great and free institutions. We know, of course, that we have the grandest nation upon which the sun ever shines. We know that here with us the richest and rarest opportunities that have ever been known in the history of human civilization are presented to every man that he may avail himself of them to advance his position in life. We know that every man's rights and every man's privileges are guarded and protected by the grandest flag that it has ever been the privilege of free men to defend. We have no criterion of birth, of caste, of wealth, or of creed. The only criterion that we recognize is the criterion of individual merit and of individual worth. But yet we must stand before nations of the civilized world guilty of this gross and inexcu-

sable folly of squandering enormous sums of money and wasting the life and strength of our people, year after year, in supporting this giant curse among us.—Father J. M. Cleary.

It is a fact and no fancy that we have all lived to see the abolition of slavery. Why is it incredible that some of us may live to see a greater evil, namely, the liquor traffic, made an outlaw by both state and national constitutional enactment? There is more money behind the liquor traffic than was ever behind slavery. Those who used to be called by Charles Sumner "the Lords of the Lash" never worked, or whipped, or burned, or starved to death in any circuit of the seasons before the Civil War so many victims as the liquor traffic now destroys every year in our republic. Slavery never added so much to the wastes and burdens of the nation in any one year before our military conflict began, as the liquor traffic now adds every year. Slavery never cost us a thousand millions annually. Slavery never destroyed eighty thousand lives a year. Slavery did not produce nine-tenths of the crime of the land. It is on account of the unity of the liquor traffic and its growing audacity that I predict its overthrow. —Joseph Cook.

"We never can create a public sentiment strong enough to suppress the dram-shops until God's people take hold of the temperance reform as a part of their religion."—Theodore L. Cuyler.

Here is a fearful enemy of God and man—the liquor traffic; it makes ruthless war upon the people; it blasts and destroys their homes as with pestilence and fire; it kills savagely, cruelly, more than a hundred thousand of them every year; robbing them first and driving wives and children to ruin and despair.—Neal Dow.

What's a drunken man like?—Like a drowned man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him, and a third drowns him.—Shakespeare.

The man who is a drunkard has no intellectual freedom. Science declares that alcohol seeks the intellectual faculties, clogs the brain cells, distorts the reason, vitiates the mind, shatters the nerve centres, and he who is diseased with inebriety cannot enjoy intellectual freedom.—Thos. C. Murphy.

I say we, the people who create the governing power, have a duty to perform. What is it? That we shall exert our efforts and put forth our energies to hasten the dawn of that day when the sentiment which now sustains the drink traffic shall be replaced by a total abstinence sentiment.—Thos. C. Murphy.

We are here to confront the great enemy of our time; to handle the greatest living question. This monster has the world for a home, the flesh for a mother, and the devil for a father. He stands erect, a monster of fabulous proportions. He has no head, and cannot think. He has no heart, and cannot feel. He has no eyes, and cannot see. He has no ears, and cannot hear. He has only an instinct by which to plan, a passion by which to allure, a coil by which to bind, a fang with which to sting, and an infinite maw in which to consume his victims. I impeach this monster, and arraign him before the bar of public judgment, and demand his condemnation in the name of industry robbed and beggared; of the public peace disturbed and broken; of private safety gagged and garroted; of common justice violated and trampled; of the popular conscience debauched and prostituted; of royal manhood wrecked and ruined; and of helpless innocence waylaid and assassinated.—Rev. Charles H. Fowler, D. D.

Now, if that sovereignty in the county says the saloon must go, we call it local option. It is the voice of the same authority in a limited area, which speaks in constitutional prohibition concerning the territory of an entire State, as in Maine or Kansas. The good results are small or great, in proportion as the area is limited or

extended. The intelligent and robust temperance worker will contend for every inch of territory he can conquer; he will begin at the threshhold of his own home and not lay down the warfare while there is a dramshop in any spot the flag floats over.—Mrs. E. Foster.

Wanted—a crusade; something objective; something all-enlisting; something to set souls on fire with indignation and resolve. That is the perpetual need of any organization with the breath of true and enduring life in it. That is the need of the united young people of all our churches, of whatever denomination, throughout America. Out of the Christian training-school into the Christian arena—is not that the true law of spiritual development and accomplishment?—Zion's Herald.

Think how the foremost champion, King Alcohol, is suffering defeat. He cannot now ingratiate himself into the stomachs of clergymen, as he once could; and now they are training their guns upon him. Not now as formerly does he find favor among thoughtful physicians. Science casts him out of the camp and brands him as an avowed enemy, while only a few years ago he was greeted as a trusted friend. Thoughtful people are waking up and taking sides against him. They are framing laws to expel him from the land, from many parts of which he has already gone. Girls and boys all abroad are being taught to see that he is wholly evil, and that continually; and that is a quiet work now, but will show itself in mighty power in the next generation.—E. Chevery, M. D.

If the strength and the sustaining force of the traffic were in the ballot box, there would be a possibility of dethroning it in that way. But, unfortunately, the root of the evil is not there, nor is it in the open saloon, nor is it to be found in the distillery, but it is grounded, and, I regret to say, it flourishes in the passions, the appetites, and the customs of the people, who are the governing power. Public sentiment is the basis of law, and public sentiment is simply individual sentiment taken in the aggregate. A spring cannot rise higher than its source. And prohibition, to be successful, must be the outgrowth of a sentiment which is based upon the self-sacrifice involved in total abstinence, enforced in the individual life of the nation. This involves agitation, education, and regeneration. To educate the public mind and to awaken the public conscience is equivalent to enacting laws upon the subject, because out of the mind and heart of the people the laws of the land are made. The people need to realize their responsibility as individuals; and we should lay down a principle that, while men are licensed to sell liquor, none have a license to take the cunning from the hand of any man, the genius from his brain, or the happiness from his home. If these are laid upon the altar of Bacchus, it is by the consent of the possessor of them.—Thos. C. Murphy.

Tempests

The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes;
And, by his hollow whistling in the leaves,
Foretells a tempest and a blustering day.
—Shakespeare.

The sky
Is overcast, and musters muttering thunder,
In clouds that seem approaching fast, and show
In forked flashes a commanding tempest.
—Byron.

Suddeine they see from midst of all the maine
The surging waters like a mountaine rise,
And the great sea, puft up with proud disdaine,
To swell above the measure of his guise,
As threatning to devoure all that his powre despise.
—Spenser.

From cloud to cloud the rending lightnings rage;
Till, in the furious elemental war
Dissolv'd, the whole precipitated mass
Unbroken floods and solid torrents pour.
—Thomson.

I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds;
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
—Shakespeare.

An horrid stillness first invades the ear,
And in that silence we the tempest fear.
—Dryden.

Who shall face
The blast that wakes the fury of the sea?
* * * * * *
The vast hulks
Are whirled like chaff upon the waves; the sails
Fly, rent like webs of gossamer; the masts
Are snapped asunder.
—William Cullen Bryant.

Along the woods, along the moorish fens,
Sighs the sad genius of the coming storm;
And up among the loose disjointed cliffs,
And fractured mountains wild, the brawling brook
And cave, presageful, send a hollow moan,
Resounding long in listening fancy's ear.
—Thomson.

Meanwhile
The sun, in his setting, sent up the last smile
Of his power, to baffle the storm. And, behold!
O'er the mountains embattled, his armies, all gold,
Rose and rested: while far up the dim airy crags,
Its artillery silenced, its banners in rags,
The rear of the tempest its sullen retreat
Drew off slowly, receding in silence, to meet
The powers of the night, which, now gathering afar,
Had already sent forward one bright, single star. —Owen Meredith.

Look, from the turbid south
What floods of flame in red diffusion burst,
Frequent and furious, darted thro' the dark
And broken ridges of a thousand clouds,
Pil'd hill on hill; and hark, the thunder rous'd,
Groans in long roarings through the distant gloom. —Mallet.

Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once,
That make ungrateful man.
——Shakespeare.

There is war in the skies!
Lo! the black-winged legions of tempest arise
O'er those sharp splinter'd rocks that are gleaming below
In the soft light, so fair and so fatal, as though
Some seraph burn'd through them, the thunderbolt searching
Which the black cloud unbosom'd just now.
—Owen Meredith.

A boding silence reigns,
Dread through the dun expanse; save the dull sound
That from the mountain, previous to the storm,
Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,
And shakes the forest leaf without a breath.
Prone, to the lowest vale, aerial tribes
Descend: the tempest-loving raven scarce
Dares wing the dubious dusk. In awful gaze
The cattle stand, and on the scowling heavens
Cast a deploring eye; by man forsook,
Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast,
Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.
—Thomson.

And sometimes too a burst of rain,
Swept from the black horizon, broad, descends
In one continuous flood. Still over head
The mingling tempest weaves its gloom, and still
The deluge deepens; till the fields around
Lie sunk, and flatted, in the sordid wave.
Sudden the ditches swell; the meadows swim.
Red, from the hills, innumerable streams
Tumultuous roar; and high above its banks
The river lift; before whose rushing tide,
Herds, flocks, and harvests, cottages, and swains,
Roll mingled down; all that the winds had spar'd
In one wild moment ruined; the big hopes
And well-earned treasures of the painful year. —Thomson.

Temptation

Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation.—Bible.

When a man resists sin on human motives only, he will not hold out long.—Bishop Wilson.

Temptation is the fire that brings up the scum of the heart.—Boston.

Better shun the bait than struggle in the snare.—Dryden.

Life hath quicksands; life hath snares.—Longfellow.

It is opportunity that makes the thief.—Seneca.

Keep away from the fire!—Sterne.

The woman that deliberates is lost.—Addison.

Temptation hath a music for all ears.—N. P. Willis.

Might shake the saintship of an anchorite.—Byron.

To beguile many and be beguil'd by one.—Shakespeare.

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds makes deeds ill done!—Shakespeare.

It is one thing to be tempted, another thing to fall.—Shakespeare.

God is better served in resisting a temptation to evil than in many formal prayers.—William Penn.

Temptations are a file which rub off much of the rust of self-confidence.—Fénelon.

We like slipping, but not falling: our real desire is to be tempted enough.—Hare.

Most dangerous is that temptation that doth goad us on to sin in loving virtue.—Shakespeare.

Honest bread is very well—it's the butter that makes the temptation.—Douglas Jerrold.

If you take temptations into account, who is to say that he is better than his neighbor?—Thackeray.

Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.—Shakespeare.

In part she is to blame that has been tried.
He comes too late that comes to be denied.
—Lady M. W. Montagu.

Some temptations come to the industrious, but all temptations attack the idle.—Spurgeon.

Few men have virtue to withstand the highest bidder.—Washington.

Many a dangerous temptation comes to us in fine gay colors, that are but skin-deep.—Matthew Henry.

I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross. —Shakespeare.

Bell, book and candle shall not drive me back,
When gold and silver becks me to come on.
—Shakespeare.

Know'st thou not any whom corrupting gold
Would tempt unto a close exploit of death?
—Shakespeare.

He who has no mind to trade with the Devil should be so wise as to keep from his shop.—South.

Find out what your temptations are, and you will find out largely what you are yourself.—Henry Ward Beecher.

The realization of God's presence is the one sovereign remedy against temptation. Fénelon.

The devil tempts us not; 'tis we tempt him,
Beckoning his skill with opportunity.
—George Eliot.

It is the bright day that brings forth the adder, and that craves wary walking.—Shakespeare.

Temptations, like misfortunes, are sent to test our moral strength.—Marguerite de Valois.

Obscurity and innocence, twin sisters, escape temptations which would pierce their gossamer armor in contact with the world.—Chamfort.

Virtue, alas! not unfrequently trips and falls on the sharp-edged rock of poverty.—Eugene Sue.

How many perils doe enfold
The righteous man to make him daily fall.
—Spenser.

Great possessions and great want of them are both strong temptations. —Goethe.

When devils will the blackest sins put on, they do suggest at first with heavenly shows.—Shakespeare.

The devil was piqued such saintship to behold, and longed to tempt him.—Pope.

There are times when it would seem as if God fished with a line, and the devil with a net.—Mme. Swetchine.

Love cries victory when the tears of a woman become the sole defence of her virtue.—La Fontaine.

The virtue which has never been attacked by temptation is deserving of no monument.—Mlle. de Scudéri.

Every Christian is endued with a power whereby he is enabled to resist temptations.—Tillotson.

Every bird has its decoy, and every man is led and misled in his own peculiar way.—Goethe.

No man is matriculated to the art of life till he has been well tempted. —George Eliot.

One learns more metaphysics from a single temptation than from all the philosophers.—Lowell.

Every temptation is an opportunity of our getting nearer to God.—J. Q. Adams.

An honest heart is not to be trusted with itself in bad company.—Richardson.

An acknowledged love sanctifies every little freedom; and little freedoms beget great ones.—Richardson.

The devil is very near at hand to those who, like monarchs, are accountable to none but God for their actions.—Gustavus Adolphus.

My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations; knowing this, that the trying of your faith worketh patience.—Bible.

When a beautiful woman yields to temptation, let her consult her pride, though she forgets her virtue.—Junius.

If thou wouldst conquer thy weakness, thou must never gratify it. No man is compelled to evil; his consent only makes it his. It is no sin to be tempted, but to be overcome.—William Penn.

But Satan now is wiser than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor. —Pope.

The time for reasoning is before we have approached near enough to the forbidden fruit to look at it and admire.—Margaret Percival.

Shut the door of that house of pleasure which you hear resounding with the loud voice of a woman.—Saadi.

In part to blame is she,
Which hath without consent bin only tride;
He comes too neere, that comes to be denide. —Sir Thos. Overbury.

Temptations hurt not, though they have accesse;
Satan o'ercomes none but by willingnesse.
—Herrick.

Sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.
—Shakespeare.

Occasions of adversity best discover how great virtue or strength each one hath. For occasions do not make a man frail, but they show what he is.—Thomas à Kempis.

Do not give dalliance too much the rein; the strongest oaths are straw to the fire in the blood.—Shakespeare.

A beautiful woman, if poor, should use double circumspection; for her beauty will tempt others, her poverty herself.—Colton.

To fly the boar, before the boar pursues,
Were to incense the boar to follow us,
And make pursuit where he did mean no chase. —Shakespeare.

The Devil has a great advantage against us inasmuch as he has a strong bastion and bulwark against us in our own flesh and blood.—Luther.

If men had only temptations to great sins, they would always be good; but the daily fight with little ones accustoms them to defeat.—Richter.

Christian! thou knowest thou carriest gunpowder about thee. Desire them that carry fire to keep at a distance. It is a dangerous crisis, when a proud heart meets with flattering lips.—John Flavel.

Temptations, when we meet them at first, are as the lion that roared upon Samson; but if we overcome them, the next time we see them we shall find a nest of honey within them.—John Bunyan.

Every man living shall assuredly meet with an hour of temptation, a certain critical hour, which shall more especially try what mettle his heart is made of.—South.

In the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.
—Robert Herrick.

Oftentimes, to win us to our harm.
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence. —Shakespeare.

We are surrounded by abysses, but the greatest of all depths is in our own heart, and an irresistible leaning leads us there. Draw thyself from thyself!—Goethe.

The temptation is not here, where your are reading about it or praying about it. It is down in your shop, among bales and boxes, ten-penny nails, and sand-paper.—Chapin.

A vacant mind invites dangerous inmates, as a deserted mansion tempts wandering outcasts to enter and take up their abode in its desolate apartments.—Hillard.

Let a man be but in earnest in praying against a temptation as the tempter is in pressing it, and he needs not proceed by a surer measure.—Bishop South.

I may not here omit those two main plagues, and common dotages of human kind, wine and women, which have infatuated and besotted myriads of people: they go commonly together. —Burton.

Humanly speaking, there is a certain degree of temptation which will overcome any virtue. Now, in so far as you approach temptation to a man, you do him an injury, and if he is overcome, you share his guilt.—Johnson.

The difference between those whom the world esteems as good and those whom it condemns as bad, is in many cases little else than that the former have been better sheltered from temptation.—Hare.

When tempted, the shortest and surest way is to act like a little child at the breast; when we show it a frightful monster, it shrinks back and buries its face in its mother's bosom, that it may no longer behold it.—Fénelon.

No place, no company, no age, no person is temptation-free; let no man boast that he was never tempted, let him not be high-minded, but fear, for he may be surprised in that very instant wherein he boasteth that he was never tempted at all.—Spencer.

Prince Eugene informed a confidential friend that in the course of his life he had been exposed to many Potiphars, to all of whom he had proved a Joseph, merely because he

had so many other things to attend to. —Colton.

Who ever lives looking for pleasure only, his senses uncontrolled, immoderate in his enjoyments, idle and weak, the tempter will certainly overcome him, as the wind blows down a weak tree.—Buddha.

When the flesh presents thee with delights, then present thyself with dangers; where the world possesses thee with vain hopes, there possess thyself with true fear; when the devil brings thee oil, bring thou vinegar. The way to be safe is never to be secure.—Quarles.

To attempt to resist temptation, to abandon our bad habits, and to control our dominant passions in our own unaided strength, is like attempting to check by a spider's thread the progress of a ship of the first rate, borne along before wind and tide.—Rev. Dr. Waugh.

A world of little cares is continually arising, which busy or affluent life knows nothing of, to open the first door to distress. Hunger is not among the postponable wants; and a day, even a few hours, in such a condition is often the crisis of a life of ruin.—Thomas Paine.

Life is very difficult. It seems right to me sometimes that we should follow our strongest feelings; but then such feelings continually come across the ties that all our former life has made for us,—the ties that have made others dependent on us,—and would cut them in two.—George Eliot.

If you wish to be like the gods on earth, to be free in the realms of the dead, pluck not the fruit from the garden! In appearance it may glisten to the eye; but the perishable pleasure of possession quickly avenges the curse of curiosity.—Schiller.

One does not require nor think of a fire often in spring or autumn; yet I don't know how it is, but when we have happened by chance to pass near one, the sensation it communicates is so pleasant that we feel rather inclined to indulge it. This is analogous to temptation,—and the moral is, "keep away from the fire."—Sterne.

St. Augustine teaches us that there is in each man a Serpent, an Eve, and an Adam. Our senses and natural propensities are the Serpent; the excitable desire is the Eve; and reason is the Adam. Our nature tempts us perpetually; criminal desire is often excited; but sin is not completed till reason consents.—Pascal.

It has been wisely said, "that well may thy guardian angel suffer thee to lose thy locks, when thou darest wilfully to lay thy head in the lap of temptation!" Was it not easier for the hero of Judæa to avoid the touch of the fair Philistine, than to elude her power when held in her arms?—Jane Porter.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.
—Shakespeare.

When I cannot be forced, I am fooled out of my integrity. He cannot constrain if I do not consent. If I do but keep possession, all the posse of hell cannot violently eject me; but I cowardly surrender to his summons. Thus there needs no more to be my undoing but myself.—Fuller.

Temptation is a fearful word. It indicates the beginning of a possible series of infinite evils. It is the ringing of an alarm bell, whose melancholy sounds may reverberate through eternity. Like the sudden, sharp cry of "Fire!" under our windows by night, it should rouse us to instantaneous action, and brace every muscle to its highest tension.—Horace Mann.

On this earth all is temptation. Crosses tempt us by irritating our pride, and prosperity by flattering it. Our life is a continual combat, but

one in which Jesus Christ fights for us. We must pass on unmoved, while temptations rage around us, as the traveler, overtaken by a storm, simply wraps his cloak more closely about him, and pushes on more vigorously toward his destined home.—Fénelon.

'Tis the temptation of the devil
That makes all human actions evil;
For saints may do the same things by
The spirit, in sincerity,
Which other men are tempted to,
And at the devil's instance do:
And yet the actions be contrary,
Just as the saints and wicked vary.
—Butler.

We often wonder that certain men and women are left by God to the commission of sins that shock us. We wonder how, under the temptation of a single hour, they fall from the very heights of virtue and of honor into sin and shame. The fact is that there are no such falls as these, or there are next to none. These men and women are those who have dallied with temptation—have exposed themselves to the influence of it, and have been weakened and corrupted by it.—J. G. Holland.

Tenderness

Tenderness is the infancy of love. —Rivarol.

Tenderness is a virtue.—Goldsmith.

Tenderness is the repose of passion. —Joubert.

The dew of compassion is a tear.—Byron.

Want of tenderness is want of parts, and is no less a proof of stupidity than depravity.—Johnson.

The less tenderness a man has in his nature, the more he requires from others.—Rahel.

I was never fit to say a word to a sinner, except when I had a broken heart myself.—Edward Payson.

There never was any heart truly great and generous that was not also tender and compassionate.—South.

When death, the great Reconciler, has come, it is never our tenderness that we repent of, but our severity.—George Eliot.

The quiet tenderness of Chaucer, where you almost seem to hear the hot tears falling, and the simple choking words sobbed out.—Lowell.

Tenderness, without a capacity of relieving, only makes the man who feels it more wretched than the object which sues for assistance.—Goldsmith.

The most powerful symptom of love is a tenderness which, a times, becomes almost insupportable.—Victor Hugo.

Higher than the perfect song
For which love longeth,
Is the tender fear of wrong,
That never wrongeth.
—Bayard Taylor.

We shall never learn to feel and respect our real calling and destiny, unless we have taught ourselves to consider everything as moonshine, compared with the education of the heart. —Sir Walter Scott.

While we would have our young sisters imitate, as they cannot fail to love, the conduct of Ruth, will not their elders do well to ponder on, and imitate the tenderness of Naomi' Would we have our daughters Ruths. we must be Naomis.—Grace Aguilar.

Courage is by no means incompatible with tenderness. On the contrary, gentleness and tenderness have been found to characterize the men. no less than the women, who have done the most courageous deeds.—Samuel Smiles.

A tender-hearted and compassionate disposition, which inclines men to pity and feel the misfortunes of others, and which is, even for its own sake, incapable of involving any man in ruin and misery, is of all tempers of mind the most amiable; and though it seldom receives much honor, is worthy of the highest.—Fielding.

I have great admiration for power, a great terror of weakness, especially in my own sex, yet feel that my love is for those who overcome the mental and moral suffering and temptation through excess of tenderness rather than through excess of strength.—Mrs. Jameson.

Terror

The most terrible of all things is terror.—W. R. Alger.

By the Apostle Paul, shadows tonight have struck more terror to the soul of Richard than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers.—Shakespeare.

Terror itself, when once grown transcendental, becomes a kind of courage; as frost sufficiently intense, according to the poet Milton, will burn.—Carlyle.

The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd,
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth,
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change. —Shakespeare.

Most terrors are but spectral illusions. Only have the courage of the man who could walk up to his spectre seated in the chair before him, and sit down upon it; the horrid thing will not partake the chair with you.—Helps.

No divine terror will ever be found in the work of the man who wastes a colossal strength in elaborating toys; for the first lesson that terror is sent to teach us is, the value of the human soul, and the shortness of mortal time.—Ruskin.

Testimony

Testimony is like an arrow shot from a long bow; the force of it depends on the strength of the hand that draws it. Argument is like an arrow from a cross-bow, which has equal force though shot by a child.—Johnson.

Thames

O, could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme!
Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full. —Denham.

Slow let us trace the matchless vale of Thames;
Fair winding up to where the Muses haunt
In Twit'nham bowers, and for their Pope implore. —Thomson.

There is a hill beside the silver Thames,
Shady with birch and beech and odorous pine;
And brilliant underfoot with thousand gems,
Steeply the thickets to his floods decline. —Robert Bridges.

The time shall come, when, free as seas or wind,
Unbounded Thames shall flow for all mankind,
Whole nations enter with each swelling tide,
And seas but join the regions they divide;
Earth's distant ends our glory shall behold,
And the new world launch forth to seek the old. —Pope.

Thankfulness

Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor.—Shakespeare.

Thanks, oftenest obtrusive.—Shenstone.

Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks.—Shakespeare.

I am glad that he thanks God for anything.—Samuel Johnson.

The poorest service is repaid with thanks.—Shakespeare.

Thanks to men
Of noble minds, is honorable meed. —Shakespeare.

I thank you for your voices: thank you:
Your most sweet voices. —Shakespeare.

Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done. —Shakespeare.

Our whole life should speak forth our thankfulness; every condition and

place we are in should be a witness of our thankfulness. This will make the times and places we live in better for us. When we ourselves are monuments of God's mercy, it is fit we should be patterns of His praises, and leave monuments to others. We should think it given to us to do something better than to live in. We live not to live: our life is not the end of itself, but the praise of the giver.—R. Libbes.

Thou thought'st to help me; and such thanks I give
As one near death to those that wish him live. —Shakespeare.

When I'm not thank'd at all, I'm thank'd enough,
I've done my duty, and I've done no more.
—Henry Fielding.

Your bounty's beyond my speaking,
But though my mouth be dumb, my heart shall thank you. —Nicholas Rowe.

Some hae meat and canna eat,
And some would eat that want it;
But we hae meat, and we can eat,
Sae let the Lord be thankit. —Burns.

To receive honestly is the best thanks for a good thing.—George MacDonald.

Thanksgiving Day

Praise ye the Lord.—Bible.

"Oh, that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men!"—Bible.

"O give thanks unto the Lord; for He is good; for His mercy endureth forever."—Bible.

For the fruit of the time of our toil;
For whate'er we have fought for;
Whether born of the brain or the soil
Be the meed we have sought for;
For the gifts we have had from His hand
Who is Lord of the living,
Let there ring through the length of the land
A Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving!
—Clinton Scollard.

Thanksgiving Day is only our annual time for saying grace at the table of eternal goodness.—James M. Ludlow, D. D.

"Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!"
—Kipling.

Great as the preparations were for the dinner, everything was so contrived that not a soul in the house should be kept from the morning service of Thanksgiving in the church. —H. B. Stowe.

Let us give thanks to God upon Thanksgiving Day. Nature is beautiful and fellowmen are dear, and duty is close beside us, and God is over us and in us. We want to trust Him with a fuller trust, and so at last to come to that high life where we shall "be careful for nothing, but in everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let our request be made known unto God"; for that, and that alone, is peace.—Phillips Brooks.

Ah! on Thanksgiving day, when from East and from West,
From North and South, come the pilgrim and guest,
When the gray-haired New Englander sees round his board
The old broken links of affection restored,
When the care wearied man seeks his mother once more,
And the worn matron smiles where the girl smiled before.
What moistens the lips and what brightens the eye?
What calls back the past, like the rich pumpkin pie? —Whittier.

How well I remember that old Thanksgiving dinner! Father at one end, mother at the other end, the children between wondering if father will ever get done carving the turkey. O, that proud, strutting hero of the barnyard, upside down, his plumes gone and minus his gobble! Stuffed with that which he can never digest. The day before, at school, we had learned that Greece was south of Turkey, but on the table we found that turkey was bounded by grease. The brown surface waited for the knife to plunge astride the breast-bone, and with knife sharpened on the jambs of the fire-place, lay bare the folds of white

meat. Give to the disposed to be sentimental, the heart. Give to the one disposed to music, the drumstick. Give to the one disposed to theological discussion, the "parson's nose." Then the pies! For the most part a lost art. What mince pies! in which you had all confidence fashioned from all rich ingredients, instead of miscellaneous leavings which are only short of glorified hash! Not mince pies with profound mysteries of origin! But mother made them, sweetened them, flavored them, and laid the lower crust and the upper crust, with here and there a puncture by the fork to let you look through the light and flaky surface into the substance beneath.—T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D.

If Thanksgiving would but be observed in a becoming spirit, how much would it accomplish in the way of purifying and strengthening the sentiment of nationality, which was fostered by ancestral memories, cemented by the blood of our fathers, and wrought into the structure of our continent by the hand of God, in the flow of rivers, the clasp of lakes and ridges, and the embracing arm of an unbroken seaboard! "The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad." If there is one peril more than another which threatens our prosperity it is that indifference to our mercies which might provoke God to withdraw them. May God incline us more and more to that unambitious, unselfish, contented, cheerful, thankful temper which is at once a medicine and a feast, an ornament and a protection.—William Adams, D. D.

No, there is nothing that should hinder the praises of God's sons and daughters on Thanksgiving Day. We are much too prone to sadness; not overserious, but overmelancholy. In the Talmud we are told of a stringed instrument that hung over King David's bed in such a position that when the pleasant north winds blew in the night it sounded sweetly of itself; "and he forthwith arose and occupied himself with the law until he saw the pillars of the dawn." Our lives are environed with God's goodness We sleep in the midst of untouched harps of blessing. Let us arise and sweep their strings on this Thanksgiving Day.—David J. Burrell, D. D.

THE FIRST PRESIDENTIAL THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION.

BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

A Proclamation.

WHEREAS, It is the duty of all Nations to acknowledge the Providence of Almighty God, to obey his Will, to be grateful for his Benefits, and humbly to implore his Protection and Favour: And whereas both houses of Congress have, by their joint Committee, requested me "To recommend to the People of the UNITED STATES, a Day of PUBLIC THANKSGIVING and PRAYER, to be observed by acknowledging with grateful Hearts the many Signal Favours of Almighty God, especially by affording them an opportunity peaceably to establish a Form of Government for their Safety and Happiness."

Now, THEREFORE, I do recommend and assign THURSDAY the Twenty-Sixth Day of November next, to be devoted by the People of these States, to the Service of that great and glorious Being, who is the beneficent Author of all the good that was, that is, or that will be: That we may then all unite in rendering unto him our sincere and humble thanks for his kind Care and Protection of the People of this Country previous to their becoming a Nation;—for the signal and manifold Mercies, and the favourable Interpositions of his Providence in the Course & Conclusion of the late War;—for the great Degree of Tranquility, Union, and Plenty, which we have since enjoyed;—for the peaceable and rational Manner in which we have been enabled to establish Constitutions of Government for our Safety and Happiness, and particularly the national one now lately instituted;—for the civil and religious Liberty with which we are blessed, and the means we have of acquiring and diffusing useful knowledge;—and in general, for all the great and various Favours which he

hath been pleased to confer upon us.

AND ALSO, that we may then unite in most humbly offering our Prayers and supplications to the great Lord and Ruler of Nations, and beseech him to pardon our National and other Transgressions;—to enable us all, whether in public or private Stations, to perform our several and relative Duties properly and punctually;—to render our national Government a Blessing to all the people, by constantly being a government of wise, just and Constitutional Laws, directly and faithfully obeyed;—to protect and guide all Sovereigns and nations, (especially such as have shown kindness unto us) and to bless them with good Government, Peace and Concord;—to promote the Knowledge and Practice of true Religion and Virtue, and the increase of Science among them and us;—and generally to grant unto all mankind such a Degree of temporal Prosperity as He alone knows to be best.

Given under my Hand at the City of New York, the third Day of October, in the Year of our Lord One Thousand Seven Hundred and Eighty-Nine.

G. WASHINGTON.

We think of Thanksgiving in harvest time—
In the yielding, gathering golden time;
When the sky is fringed with a hazy mist,
And the blushing maples by frost lip kissed;
When the barns are full with the harvest cheer,
And the crowning, thankful day draws near.

We think of Thanksgiving at resting time—
The circle completed is but a chime
In the song of life, in the lives of men;
We harvest the toils of our years, and then
We wait at the gate of the King's highway,
For the dawn of our soul's Thanksgiving Day. —Rose Hartwich Thorpe.

Let us, then, as good citizens, as believers in God, gratefully keep Thanksgiving day. Let us crowd to his sanctuaries, and praise God, from whom all blessings flow. Let households and friends gather about their firesides and well-spread boards, and let charities to the poor brighten and commemorate the day, that it may be to us all long a pleasant memory.—J. B. Walker, D. D.

No thanksgiving is complete without its generous thought of those who are not so favored as we are. The truly grateful heart always thinks of giving blessing to some other. Says George MacDonald: "When God comes to man, man looks around for his neighbor." Our own Thanksgiving dinner will be sweeter if we have shared it with another household. An unshared meal on this glad day will not bring its best possible blessing.—J. R. Miller, D. D.

We thank Thee, O Father, for all that is bright—
The gleam of the day and the stars of the night,
The flowers of our youth and the fruits of our prime,
And the blessings that march down the pathway of time.

We thank Thee, O Father, for all that is drear—
The sob of the tempest, the flow of the tear;
For never in blindness, and never in vain,
Thy mercy permitted a sorrow or pain.

We thank Thee, O Father of all, for the power
Of aiding each other in life's darkest hour:
The generous heart and the bountiful hand
And all the soul-help that sad souls understand.

We thank Thee, O Father, for days yet to be;
For hopes that our future will call us to Thee.
Let all our eternity form, through Thy love,
One Thanksgiving Day in the mansions above. —Will Carleton.

This world o' God's is brighter than we ever dream or know;
Its burdens growin' lighter—an' it's Love that makes 'em so!
An' I'm thankful that I'm livin' where Love's blessedness I see,
'Neath a heaven that's forgivin', where the bells ring "Home" to me! .
—Frank L. Stanton.

Yet it is meet and proper that a nation should set apart an annual day for national giving of thanks. It is a public recognition of God as the Author of all prosperity. It is the erection of a memorial to the honor of him who has led us through an-

other year. The annual proclamations which call to the duty of thanksgiving are calculated to remind the people of their indebtedness to God, to stir in their minds and hearts emotions of gratitude and praise, and to call out thanks and sincere worship which otherwise might not find expression. But if the observance of the day be not marked by real remembering of mercies and by real lifting of hearts to God in thanks, what blessing can possibly come with it?—J. R. Miller, D. D.

As we gather about the family board to-day let us remember the houseless and homeless and unbefriended, and be sure that we have done something to make sunshine in their hearts, no matter what November gloom may reign without. And as we grasp the hand and look into the eyes of friend and kinsman, be this the greeting we give: "Brother, whatever else our homes provide today of plenty and good cheer, let us provide things honest in the sight of all men," and then, in the name of that Master whom we serve and who has loved us with such a great exceeding love, "let all bitterness and wrath and anger and clamor and evil-speaking be put away from us with all malice; and let us be kind to one another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another," whatever the old wound that aches and burns to-day, "even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven us."—Henry C. Potter, D. D.

It seems to me that these thoughts are sufficient to awaken your gratitude. Let me, however, in conclusion, cast the horoscope and prophesy of the coming future of my beloved country. Poets have sung of the "parliament of nations, the federation of the world," and that great soldier who drew his sword only to conquer, who has visited all lands, and who to-day is a citizen of the world—that great soldier is the John the Baptist of this "parliament of nations, this federation of the world," in proclaiming everywhere a citizenship intelligent, cultured, Christian, and we are to follow in his glorious wake in our mission to the nations of the world. I do not look for a universal republic, but I dream of this parliament of nations, when wars shall cease, when the drum shall be silent, when the cannon shall be heard no more, when the sword shall be sheathed. I dream of this federation of the world, when the nations shall gather somewhere—on the banks of the Potomac, or on the banks of the Thames, or on the banks of the Tiber. And in this parliament of nations all men shall be brothers; war shall be abolished, and Jesus Christ proclaimed the Saviour of mankind, the Prince of peace, and the Lord of lords. Then will go forth these beautiful words of the Psalmist, "He hath not dealt so with any other nation."—J. P. Newman, D. D.

Let all pleasures be more pleasant, let all grief with help be nerved,
Let all blessings praise their sources, with the thanks that are deserved!
Every spirit should look heavenward, every heart should tribute pay,
To the Soul of souls that treats us to the Grand Old Day. —Will Carleton.

However flowerless the ways
Of grim November,
However dull and drear her days,
We should remember
One happy time she sets apart
For royal living,
A gift to cheer and bless each heart,—
It is Thanksgiving!
Emma C. Dowd.

Lord, for the erring thought
Not into evil wrought;
Lord, for the baffled will
Betrayed, and baffled still;
For the heart from itself kept
Our thanksgiving accept.

For ignorant hopes that were
Broken to our blind prayer;
For pain, death, sorrow, sent
Unto our chastisement;
For all loss of seeming good
Quicken our gratitude. —C. G.

But some may think this is not the time of year for a Feast of Tabernacles, since the summer is gone, and even the glory of autumn has disappeared. The forests are stripped of their foliage, and the mountains around our valley are bleak and bare. But our Thanksgiving, being more

than a month later than the Feast of Tabernacles as kept by the Jews, cannot be observed, as that was, out of doors, in tents and booths that were pitched on all the hills round about Jerusalem. Our festival is not out of doors, but indoors, where we laugh at the winds that blow and the storms that rage without, which do but add to our sense of comfort and security. If some city-bred stranger, whose blood is thin and whose face is pale, should come up among these hills at this season of the year, and straightway begin to shiver as he muffles himself up in his overcoat lined with furs, and chatters between his teeth, "How the wind howls!" we answer, "Let it howl! Little harm can it do us, as we sit before the great open fireplace, and pile on the logs, and hear the flames roar up the chimney!" Indeed, it is the contrast between the wintry scene without and the warmth and glow within that gives a peculiar charm to a Thanksgiving in the country, as it does to Christmas also. And so let us gather round the fire to-night. Do not light the lamp, for there is nothing to stir up old memories like the fire on the hearth, that flashes up in the faces of those we love.—Henry M. Field, D. D.

This is Thanksgiving day. Its observance ought to be in the best sense religious. And it might be well to this end to review the feelings and emotions with which we approach it. Much of our thankfulness may be purely selfish. There are some with whom things have gone well this year. The family circle has remained unbroken. No wasting sickness has come into the home. Prosperity has left its blessings. The table is laden with plenty. There is meat in the larder and grain in the storehouse. Because of these things they imagine they are grateful; but such gratitude is of the essence of selfishness. It is dependent upon exterior conditions. It finds its basis in circumstances. It draws its inspiration from clear skies and smooth sailing, and hence it is fitful and evanescent as the alternations of sunlight and shadow. If these conditions of personal comfort and prosperity are in themselves the ground of thankfulness, where in the hour of adversity shall we find occasion for rejoicing? The record of the past has its graver side. There have been pain and losses and disappointments and bereavements and heartaches. Where in these things is there reason and ground for gratitude? Has the empty larder, the bare table, the desolate home, the vacant chair, the fresh mound in the cemetery, no place for thanksgiving? Ah, just here is the point of stumbling with many an earnest soul. We find in the bitter chill of adversity the true test of our gratitude. And that is true gratitude which, triumphing over conditions merely physical and external, finds its ground of thankfulness in God Himself. It is independent of circumstances. It goes beneath the surface of life, whether sad or joyous, and founds itself upon God.

For the festival of Thanksgiving to-day tho an American institution and a matter of proclamation on the part of the administration, is a thing that goes deeper than its national significance, and finds its firm root, not merely in the affections and the customs of one people, but in that potent imagination everywhere that speaks the aspirations of mankind, and voices in no vague tones the triumph of common humanity. To us individually Thanksgiving signifies a reunion of kinsfolk under the natal roof, at the hearthstone, which is the heartstone, and this reunion is for a joyous discussion of especially good cheer and a gentle rewelding of the old associations of consanguinity. But to us collectively as a people Thanksgiving means more. It stands to-day for what it stood in that almost primeval wilderness when the forlornly brave little band which came over on the Mayflower celebrated their gratitude to Him who had preserved them from the perils of the deep; when they performed the rites of hospitality to the savages whose minds had been inclined toward them in kindness; and when furthermore

they gave shape and example to that spirit of co-operation and fraternal love which was destined to ripen in the following century into a republic broad-based on the rights of every man.—Henry Austin.

One cycle more, with rich fruition crowned,
Hastes to fulfilment of its perfect round,—
Great year of wonder, and of vast emprise!—
For all its gifts, ay, let Thanksgiving rise,
The hero's prowess—bloodless victory won;
The martyr's patience, sternest duty done,—
Yet, loftier pæans still, for war's surcease,—
For God's best gift,—the precious boon of peace!

For garnered opulence of flock and field,
Joys ever new, revolving seasons yield,—
For those bright presences of radiant night,—
The garment-hem of Glory Infinite,—
Blithe speech of birds, and bloom of sunny bower,
Health, home, and love,—the best of earthly dower,—
Yet in thy gracious time of strife's release,
Thank God, ye people, for His gift of peace.
—J. Zitella Cocke.

It should be the aim of Christian people, in all their keeping of the day, whether in the sacred gladness of the home, in public services in church or Sunday-school, or in festivities of whatever kind, to have the true meaning of Christmas remembered, that the influence of the child Jesus may pervade all the thought of the day. So should it be with Thanksgiving day. To leave God out is to make the day an empty name without meaning. Thanksgiving is nothing if not a glad and reverent lifting of the heart to God in honor and praise for His goodness. As an annual festival it is meant to gather into one day the gratitude of a nation for the favors and mercies of a year. This does not imply that we can put all our thanksgiving for a year into one day. We may not be murmurers for three hundred and sixty-four days, and then atone for our ingratitude by praising and blessing God for one whole day. The normal Christian life is one whose thanksgiving fills every day of the year with song and gladness.—J. R. Miller, D. D.

We must conclude, therefore, that the great hymn of thanksgiving is not of local origin; it was not written in our prairies alone, but it was composed by the human soul when it first sat down and pondered over the mysterious visit it was making to this realm; and it has been sung ever since by each person who has reached the power of mind that is capable of a deep or sweet or sad thought. This slumbering hymn or prayer simply broke out in 1621. There must have been in that Mayflower group some heart of man or woman which had no concealment. It sang aloud the thanksgiving song of the world, and prayed its prayer to the God of man's being. This one soul said, "Let us have a great autumn feast soon." When New England possessed only about a hundred people it was easy for a feast to become national. What a change since then! For now the feast is proclaimed to sixty-five millions of citizens, and eight hundred railroads are busy carrying the food for the banquet—roads from California with fruits, roads from the South with the products of a long summer-time, trains from the Northwest with bread, trains from the Atlantic coast with food from the tropics and from the sea. What a change since the four men went hunting! And yet the then and the now blend in one song, and that to the God of our life.—Prof. David Swing.

The blessings we are used to, become so much the habit of our lives that we are apt to take them for granted and to fail to be stirred by them to any positive emotion of thankfulness. There are those who, ever mindful of the unequal measure in which privilege, opportunity and all material goods are distributed in this world, are always consciously grateful for the ordinary, every-day comforts; for food and shelter and decent surroundings and a peaceful life. But most of us, differently constructed, are prone to consider that all we are used to have is ours by a natural right, and that on the whole it is rather a hardship that we cannot contrive to have an ever-increasing

share of sugar-plums allotted to us. We that are of that disposition must try at Thanksgiving to come to a fuller appreciation of our more recondite blessings, as well as of those which we accept as matters of course. As Riley puts it in his Thanksgiving poem—

Let us be thankful, thankful for the prayers
Whose gracious answers were long, long delayed,
That they might fall upon us unawares,
And bless us, as in greater need we prayed.

—E. C. Martin.

Along the hills that autumn's grace
Hath lit with sudden tints of flame,
One comes, with sweet, uplifted face,
Singing her praises to His name,
Whose hand the ready blessings heap,
Whose endless love a world doth keep.

A spirit of thanksgiving born
Of grateful people, blessed of God,
Whose barns He fills with golden corn;
Whose level fields of lifeless sod,
His sunshine and His fragrant rains,
Have quickened into fruitful plains.

E'en should the angry clouds uplift
Dark faces on the trembling days,
The seeming ill is yet God's gift;
Out of the shadows lift His praise.
Calm as the child who, smiling, hears
The footsteps of advancing years.

—Mrs. L. B. Hall.

To recall the circumstances of the first day of thanksgiving may serve to remind us of how much more we have to be thankful for than had those early Pilgrims. History tells us that of the one hundred and two emigrants that landed on the bleak and rocky coast of Cape Cod Bay in the winter of 1620, almost half died before the following winter fairly set in. To-day, in our comfortable country and city homes, we cannot even imagine the sufferings of the survivors, both from destitution and the inclement weather, which they were not prepared, either as to clothes or habitations, to brave. The most of the brave people were not inured to hardships; among them were delicately nurfured men and women. They staked and laid out two rows of huts for the nineteen families that composed the colony; but within the first year they had to make sever times more graves for the dead than houses for the living. Notwithstanding all their trials and hardships, these brave founders of a great and glorious race had so much to be thankful for that they had to appoint "an especial day on which to give especial thanks for all their mercies." So they agreed among themselves that, since their prudence and forethought had been so wonderfully blessed of God, they would send qut four men hunting, that they might rejoice together in a special manner after the fruit of their labors had been gathered. According to the historian, barley and Indian corn were their only crops; the "pease were not worth gathering; for, as we feared, they were too late sown." This was under the good Governor Bradford. The four men who went hunting brought in as much game as served the company for a week. The recreations of the day consisted of the exercise of their arms, Massasoit, the Indian chief, and ninety of his men, coming among them for three days, during which they were entertained and feasted by the colonists, the Indians killing and bringing to the feast five deer. This was in 1621, and was the beginning of Thanksgiving day in America.—American Agriculturist.

It is not a good spiritual policy for us who are now living to thank God only for the material progress of our times; because these material things will soon give place to something better, and then our prayers and hymns will seem lost, and we who lived for them will seem to perish with them; but if we bless God for the sun that has held us in its arms, and for the autumns that have painted the fields and have set in mezzotint the sky and sea and land, then have we a worship which the future cannot take away from our souls or memories. To nothing better can far-off times ever come. As in this worship of life we can all run back and bend with Bradford and Standish in their prayers, and si-

down with them at their feast, thus can the far future come back to us, and see in our religious acts and sentiments something good enough for their more golden age. Man's world changes, but human life may easily find an unchanging greatness. As the goodness of old Governor Bradford shines out through his irregular verse and distorted syntax, thus the merit of our race often is mingled with little defects, but still it may possess a beautiful and everlasting part. As the game and fruits on the table in 1621 would be good for our table to-day, so their happiness would be all we could wish this week in our reunions at home, because man's happiness comes chiefly from the fact of a heart at peace with the universe. Man must, for the most part, give thanks for his life rather than for the field through which it flows.—Prof. David Swing.

The Thanksgiving need bring us no special boasting that we live to-day, because such boasting reproaches that yesterday in which Christ lived, and in which the earth is all marked with the footsteps of the mighty. The day need bring no laments that we are poor or full of toil, for the words "poor" and "rich" play only a small part in the vast history of true happiness; no laments that we cannot live a hundred years from the present, for each century has the same God and the same personal questions, just as it has the same sunshine. The one task and joy of each mortal, in whatever age or land, is to weave a song out of his own days and years, and, in any time or condition, to breathe a prayer in the name of his soul. The long and rich procession of humanity seen as filing over the great plains of the past—a procession headed by such beings as Jesus Christ—carrying banners of love, and chanting, as they march, the hymns of immortality, gives assurance that it is an amazing event for us to be carried through these many centuries in the great chariot of existence, and reason enough for our hymn and prayer of thanksgiving to the God of our life.

Theft

Stolen sweets are best.—Colley Cibber.

Every true man's apparel fits your thief.—Shakespeare.

In limited professions there's boundless theft.—Shakespeare.

Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm. —Shakespeare.

O theft most base, that we have stolen what we do fear to keep!—Shakespeare.

Thieves for their robbery have authority
When judges steal themselves.
—Shakespeare.

A plague upon it when thieves cannot be true one to another!—Shakespeare.

No Indian prince has to his palace
More followers than a thief to the gallows.
—Butler.

What is dishonestly got vanishes in profligacy.—Cicero.

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind; the thief still fears each bush an officer.—Shakespeare.

Well, well, be it so, thou strongest thief of all,
For thou hast stolen my will, and made it thine. —Tennyson.

Kill a man's family, and he may brook it,
But keep your hands out of his breeches' pocket. —Byron.

The robb'd that smiles steals something from the thief;
He robs himself that spends a bootless grief. —Shakespeare.

He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,
Let him not know 't, and he's not robb'd at all. —Shakespeare.

Whether we force the man's property from him by pinching his stomach, or pinching his fingers, makes some difference anatomically; morally, none whatsoever.—Ruskin.

Virtuosi have been long remarked to have little conscience in their favorite pursuits. A man will steal a rarity who would cut off his hand rather than take the money it is worth. Yet, in fact, the crime is the same.—Horace Walpole.

Stolen sweets are always sweeter:
Stolen kisses much completer;
Stolen looks are nice in chapels:
Stolen, stolen be your apples.
—Thomas Randolph.

Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that;
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life.
When you do take the means whereby I live. —Shakespeare.

Shun such as lounge through afternoons and eves,
And on thy dial write—"Beware of thieves!"
Felon of minutes, never taught to feel
The worth of treasures which thy fingers steal;
Pick my left pocket of its silver dime,
But spare the right,—it holds my golden time. —O. W. Holmes.

Your thief looks
Exactly like the rest, or rather better;
'Tis only at the bar, and in the dungeon,
That wise men know your felon by his features. —Byron.

Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.
—Shakespeare.

I'll example you with thievery:
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears: the earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
From general excrement: each thing's a thief. —Shakespeare.

Who, to patch up his fame—or fill hi purse—
Still pilfers wretched plans, and makes them worse;
Like gypsies, lest the stolen brat be known,
Defacing first, then claiming for his own.
—Churchill.

Thou hast stolen both mine office and my name;
The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame. —Shakespeare.

Theology

Theology is Anthropology.—Feuerbach.

All my theology is reduced to this narrow compass—"Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners."—Archibald Alexander.

The theological systems of men and schools of men are determined always by the character of their ideal of Christ, the central fact of the Christian system.—J. G. Holland.

We can no more have exact religious thinking without theology, than exact mensuration and astronomy without mathematics, or exact iron-making without chemistry.—John Hall.

Comparative theology testifies that Jesus Christ, who is not less truly the incarnation of the Christian's theology than of the Christian's God, is indeed the desire of the nations, but not their product, their invention, or their discovery.—George D. B. Pepper.

A theology at war with the laws of physical nature would be a battle of no doubtful issue. The laws of our spiritual nature give still less chance of success to the system which would thwart or stay them.—Channing.

He that seeks perfection upon earth leaves nothing new for the saints to find in heaven; for whilst men teach, there will be mistakes in divinity, and as long as no other govern, errors in the State.—F. Osborn.

Theology is but a science of mind applied to God. As schools change theology must necessarily change

Truth is everlasting, but our ideas of truth are not. Theology is but our ideas of truth classified and arranged. —Beecher.

A man must have a stout digestion to feed upon some men's theology; no sap, no sweetness, no life, but all stern accuracy, and fleshless definition. Proclaimed without tenderness, and argued without affection, the gospel from such men rather resembles a missile from a catapult than bread from a Father's hand.—C. H. Spurgeon.

Theory

To despise theory is to have the excessively vain pretension to do without knowing what one does, and to speak without knowing what one says.—Fontenelle.

The theory that can absorb the greatest number of facts, and persist in doing so, generation after generation, through all changes of opinion and of detail, is the one that must rule all observation.—John Weiss.

'Tis mighty easy o'er a glass of wine
On vain refinements vainly to refine,
To laugh at poverty in plenty's reign,
To boast of apathy when out of pain,
And in each sentence, worthy of the schools,
Varnish'd with sophistry, to deal out rules
Most fit for practice, but for one poor fault
That into practice they can ne'er be brought.
—Churchill.

The human mind feels restless and dissatisfied under the anxieties of ignorance. It longs for the repose of conviction; and to gain this repose it will often rather precipitate its conclusions than wait for the tardy lights of observation and experiment. There is such a thing, too, as the love of simplicity and system,—a prejudice of the understanding which disposes it to include all the phenomena of nature under a few sweeping generalities,—an indolence which loves to repose on the beauties of a theory rather than encounter the fatiguing detail of its evidences.—Chalmers.

Thinkers

Those who have finished by making all others think with them, have usually been those who began by daring to think with themselves.—Colton.

The profound thinker always suspects that he is superficial.—Earl of Beaconsfield.

A thinker is a person.—Joseph Cook.

Beware when the great God lets loose a thinker on this planet.—Emerson.

In every epoch of the world, the great event, parent of all others, is it not the arrival of a Thinker in the world?—Carlyle.

The greater part of mankind may be divided into two classes; that of shallow thinkers who fall short of the truth; and that of abstruse thinkers who go beyond it.—Hume.

There are very few original thinkers in the world; the greatest part of those who are called philosophers have adopted the opinions of some who went before them.—Dugald Stewart.

Thinkers are scarce as gold; but he whose thoughts embrace all his subject, and who pursues it uninterruptedly and fearless of consequences, is a diamond of enormous size.—Lavater.

Thirst

There is no small pleasure in pure water.—Ovid.

It is wretched business to be digging a well just as thirst is mastering you.—Plautus.

The incessant fever of that arid thirst
Which welcomes as a well the clouds that burst
Above their naked heads, and feels delight
In the cold drenchings of the stormy night.
—Byron.

The panting thirst, which scorches in the breath
Of those that die the soldier's fiery death.
In vain impels the burning mouth to crave
One drop—one last—to cool it for the grave. —Byron

Till taught by pain,
Men really know not what good water's worth
If you had been in Turkey or in Spain,
Or with a famish'd boat's-crew had your berth,
Or in the desert heard the camel's bell,
You'd wish yourself where truth is—in a well. —Byron.

Thoroughness

Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well.—Lord Chesterfield.

There is large difference between indolent impatience of labor and intellectual impatience of delay, large difference between leaving things unfinished because we have more to do or because we are satisfied with what we have done.—Ruskin.

Thought

Thought alone is eternal.—Owen Meredith.

Thoughts rule the world.—Emerson.

Thought is silence.—Sheridan.

Thought is free.—Shakespeare.

Thought is the seed of action.—Emerson.

Thought is invisible nature.—Heine.

As he thinketh in his heart, so is he.—Bible.

Our thoughts are heard in heaven! —Young.

Great thoughts proceed from the heart.—Vauvenargues.

Second thoughts, they say, are best. —Dryden.

Thinking nurseth thinking.—Sir P. Sidney.

Thoughts are winged.—Shakespeare.

Learning without thought is labor lost.—Confucius.

Impromptu thoughts are mental wild-flowers.—Mme. du Deffand.

Great thoughts ensure musical expression.—Emerson.

Those thoughts that wander through eternity.—Milton.

A thought often makes us hotter than a fire.—Longfellow.

Our century is a brutal thinker.—Béranger.

Make your best thoughts into action.—Mme. Necker.

A woman's thought runs before her actions.—Shakespeare.

Thought will not work except in silence.—Carlyle.

Thoughts that breathe and words that burn.—Gray.

Their own second and sober thoughts.—Matthew Henry.

Thought is parent of the dead. —Carlyle.

In solitude all great thoughts are born.—Moses Harvey.

Those who think must govern those that toil.—Goldsmith.

Great thoughts reduced to practice become great acts.—Hazlitt.

Thought takes man out of servitude into freedom.—Emerson.

Thought once awakened does not again slumber.—Carlyle.

The mind grows by what it feeds on.—J. G. Holland.

Our best thoughts come from others.—Emerson.

He that never thinks never can be wise.—Johnson.

A delicate thought is a flower of the mind.—Charles Rollin.

Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts.—Shakespeare.

Thought is the measure of life.—C. G. Leland.

Still are the thoughts to memory dear.—Scott.

The ancestor of every action is a thought.—Emerson.

My thoughts and I were of another world.—Ben Jonson.

Labor is life; thought is light.—Victor Hugo.

Every thought was once a poem.—Charles H. Parkhurst.

Nurture your minds with great thoughts.—Beaconsfield.

The dome of thought, the palace of the soul.—Byron.

All our dignity lies in our thoughts.—Pascal.

Strange thoughts beget strange deeds.—Shelley.

Thought discovered is the more possessed.—Young.

First thoughts are not always the best.—Alfieri.

The value of a thought cannot be told.—Bailey.

Sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts.—Shakespeare.

My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel.—Shakespeare.

The material of thought re-acts upon the thought itself.—Lowell.

Thought is the wind, knowledge the sail, and mankind the vessel.—Hare.

Many men's thoughts are not acorns, but merely pebbles.—Charles Buxton.

Men possessed with an idea cannot be reasoned with.—Froude.

In the quick forge and working house of thought.—Shakespeare.

Thought precedes the will to think, and error lives ere reason can be born.—Congreve.

The power of thought—the magic of the mind.—Byron.

Everywhere that a great soul gives utterance to its thoughts, there also is a Golgotha.—Heinrich Heine.

What the Puritans gave the world was not thought, but action.—Wendell Phillips.

Earnest men never think in vain, though their thoughts may be errors.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Through aisles of long-drawn centuries my spirit walks in thought.—Lowell.

One thought cannot awake without awakening others.—Marie Ebner-Eschenbach.

It is godlike to unloose the spirit, and forget yourself in thought.—N. P. Willis.

Chamfort makes me laugh and think at the same time; that is true wit.—Mme. Roland.

One can see him [Thiers] think through his skin.—Lamartine.

Man thinks, and at once becomes the master of the beings that do not think.—Buffon.

The man of thought strikes deepest and strikes safest.—Savage.

Reflection increases the vigor of the mind, as exercise does the strength of the body.—Lévis.

It is fine to stand upon some lofty mountain thought, and feel the spirit stretch into a view.—Bailey.

A moment's thought is passion's passing knell.—Keats.

To live thy better, let thy worst thoughts die.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

One does not see his thought distinctly till it is reflected in the image of another's.—Alcott.

Slow seems their speed whose thoughts before them run.—Sir William Davenant.

In matters of conscience first thoughts are best; in matters of prudence last thoughts are best.—Robert Hall.

Not a single path
Of thought I tread, but that it leads to God.
—Bailey.

And Thought leapt out to wed with Thought,
Ere Thought could wed itself with Speech.
—Tennyson.

Sudden a thought came like a full-blown rose,
Flushing his brow. —Keats.

Thoughts so sudden, that they seem
The revelations of a dream.
—Longfellow.

They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.—Sir Philip Sidney.

If you are not a thinking man, to what purpose are you a man at all?—S. T. Coleridge.

God put in man thought; society, action; nature, revery.—Victor Hugo.

Growing thought makes growing revelation.—George Eliot.

Faster than spring-time showers comes thought on thought.—Shakespeare.

High-erected thoughts, seated in a heart of courtesy.—Sir P. Sidney.

A single grateful thought towards heaven is the most perfect prayer.—Lessing.

One thought settles a life, an immortality.—Bailey.

In the interchange of thought use no coin but gold and silver.—Joubert.

Those flimsy webs that break as soon as wrought, attain not to the dignity of thought.—Cowper.

Ours is the age of thought; hearts are stronger than swords.—Wendell Phillips.

I and my bosom must debate awhile, and then I would no other company.—Shakespeare.

One thought includes all thought, in the sense that a grain of sand includes the universe.—Coleridge.

Most men think indistinctly, and therefore cannot speak with exactness.—Johnson.

Thoughts shut up want air, and spoil like bales unopened to the sun.—Young.

Thought is the property of him who can entertain it, and of him who can adequately place it.—Emerson.

Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.—Wordsworth.

The surest pledge of a deathless name
Is the silent homage of thoughts unspoken. —Longfellow.

My own thoughts
Are my companions. —Longfellow.

Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own.—Shakespeare.

To dazzle let the vain design; to raise the thought, and touch the heart, be thine.—Pope.

All thoughts that mould the age begin
Deep down within the primitive soul.
—Lowell.

Mind is the great lever of all things; human thought is the process by which human ends are alternately answered.—Daniel Webster.

Among mortals second thoughts are the wisest.—Euripides.

Thought is valuable in proportion as it is generative.—Bulwer-Lytton.

There is a wide difference between the original thinker and the merely learned man.—Schopenhauer.

Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried.—Shakespeare.

Kindred objects kindred thoughts inspire,
As summer clouds flash forth electric fire.
—Rogers.

Bad thoughts quickly ripen into bad actions.—Bishop Porteous.

From this time forth
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!
—Shakespeare.

Clearness is the ornament of profound thought.—Vauvenargues.

Constant thought will overflow in words unconsciously.—Byron.

At Learning's fountain it is sweet to drink,
But 'tis a nobler privilege to think.
—J. G. Saxe.

Thought is always troublesome to him who lives without his own approbation.—Johnson.

In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts bring sad thoughts to the mind.—Wordsworth.

The busiest of living agents are certain dead men's thoughts.—Bovee.

Speech is external thought, and thought internal speech.—Rivarol.

Orthodoxy is the Bourbon of the world of thought. It learns not, neither can it forget.—Professor Huxley.

'T is a base abandonment of reason to resign our right of thought.—Byron.

The ground
Of all great thoughts is sadness.
—Bailey.

Great thoughts, like great deeds, need no trumpet.—Bailey.

High erected thoughts seated in the heart of courtesy.—Sir P. Sidney.

There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so.—Shakespeare.

No thought which ever stirred
A human breast should be untold.
—Robert Browning.

Our growing thought
Makes growing revelation.
—George Eliot.

The rich are too indolent, the poor too weak, to bear the insupportable fatigue of thinking.—Cowper.

Every thought which genius and piety throw into the world, alters the world.—Emerson.

A thought is often original, though you have uttered it a hundred times. —O. W. Holmes.

A thought embodied and embrained in fit words walks the earth a living being.—Whipple.

But hushed be every thought that springs
From out the bitterness of things.
Wordsworth.

Knocks at our hearts, and finds our thoughts at home.—Young.

For thoughts are so great—aren't they, sir?
They seem to lie upon us like a deep flood.
—George Eliot.

Not from a vain or shallow thought
His awful Jove young Phidias brought.
—Emerson.

Every day a little life, a blank to be inscribed with gentle thoughts.—Rogers.

Man is but a reed, the weakest in nature, but he is a thinking reed.—Blaise Pascal.

The three foundations of thought: Perspicuity, amplitude and justness. The three ornaments of thought: Clearness, correctness and novelty.—Catherall.

Speech is the vestment of thought, and expression its armor.—Rivarol.

His bold brow bears but the scars of mind, the thoughts of years, not their decrepitude.—Byron.

Every man has some peculiar train of thought which he falls back upon when he is alone. This, to a great degree, moulds the man.—Dugald Stewart.

Fully to understand a grand and beautiful thought requires, perhaps, as much time as to conceive it.—Joubert.

Thoughts perhaps, which, like field-mice of the soul, leap under the feet and stick like adders.—Richter.

It is the hardest thing in the world to be a good thinker without being a good self-examiner.—Shaftesbury.

Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns. —Tennyson.

Fine thoughts are wealth, for the right use of which
Men are and ought to be accountable,—
If not to Thee, to those they influence.
—Bailey.

There is no thought in any mind, but it quickly tends to convert itself into a power, and organizes a huge instrumentality of means.—Emerson.

There are few who have at once thought and capacity for action. Thought expands, but lames; action animates, but narrows.—Goethe.

His thoughts are like mummies, embalmed in spices and wrapped about with curious envelopments; but, within, those thoughts themselves are kings.—Longfellow.

Many thoughts are so dependent upon the language in which they are clothed that they would lose half their beauty if otherwise expressed.—Ruskin.

If ill thoughts at any time enter into the mind of a good man, he doth not roll them under his tongue as a sweet morsel.—Matthew Henry.

A single thought is that which it is from other thoughts as a wave of the sea takes its form and shape from the waves which precede and follow it.—Coleridge.

Thinking is creating with God, as thinking is writing with the ready writer; and worlds are only leaves turned over in the process of composition, about his throne.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sunbeams,
Driving back shadows over lowering hills.
—Shakespeare.

All the past of Time reveals
A bridal dawn of thunder-peals,
Whenever Thought hath wedded Fact.
—Tennyson.

Whatsoe'er thy birth,
Thou wert a beautiful thought and softly bodied forth. —Byron.

Could we but keep our spirit to that height,
We might be happy; but the clay will sink
Its thoughts immortal. —Byron.

Acquire a government over your ideas, that they may come down when they are called, and depart when they are bidden.—Dr. I. Watts.

Thought means life, since those who do not think do not live in any high or real sense. Thinking makes the man.—Alcott.

Who, with tame cowardice familiar grown, would hear my thoughts, but fear to speak their own.—Churchill.

Give thy thoughts no tongue, nor any unproportioned thought his act. Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.—Shakespeare.

It is strange that thought should depend upon the stomach, and still that men with the best stomachs are not always the best thinkers.—Voltaire.

With thought, with the ideal, is immortal hilarity, the rose of joy. Round it all the muses sing.—Emerson.

Those recesses of the inner life, which the God who made us keeps from every eye but His own.—Mrs. Jameson.

Only those thoughts which the most profound earnestness has produced and perfected take a cheerful form.—Jacobi.

He who would govern his actions by the laws of virtue must regulate his thoughts by those of reason.—Dr. Johnson.

Man is a thinking being, whether he will or no; all he can do is to turn his thoughts to best way.—Sir W. Temple.

The walls of rude minds are scrawled all over with facts, with thoughts. They shall one day bring a lantern and read the inscriptions.—Emerson.

Thought is the slave of life, and life time's fool; and time, that takes survey of all the world, must have a stop.—Shakespeare.

Thought can wing its way
Swifter than lightning-flashes or the beam
That hastens on the pinions of the morn.
—Percival.

Those who have finished by making all others think with them, have usually been those who began by daring to think with themselves.—Colton.

What a man thinks in his spirit in the world, that he does after his departure from the world when he becomes a spirit.—Swedenborg.

What would be the state of the highway of life, if we did not drive our thought-sprinklers through them, with valve open, sometimes?—O. W. Holmes.

Thought is the first faculty of man; to express it is one of his first desires; to spread it, his dearest privilege.—Abbé Raynal.

Thought is the property of him who can entertain it, and of him who can adequately place it.—Emerson.

Thought can never be compared with action, but when it awakens in us the image of truth.—Madame de Staël.

Thinking is but an idle waste of thought,
And naught is everything, and everything is naught. —Horace and James Smith.

I scarcely understand my own intent, but, silkworm-like, so long within have wrought, that I am lost in my own web of thought.—Dryden.

A vivid thought brings the power to paint it; and in proportion to the depth of its source is the force of its projection.—Emerson.

Mark this well, ye proud men of action! Ye are, after all, nothing but unconscious instruments of the men of thought.—Heinrich Heine.

Ah! as you say, we should slip over many thoughts and act as though we did not perceive them.—Mme. de Sévigné.

Sometimes a dark thought crossed my fancy, like the sullen bat that flies athwart the melancholy moon at eve. —Owen Meredith.

The greatest events of an age are its best thoughts. It is the nature of thought to find its way into action.—Bovee.

Time is of no account with great thoughts, which are as fresh to-day as when they first passed through their author's minds, ages ago.—Samuel Smiles.

Her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
That one would almost say her body thought. —Dr. Donne.

Grand Thoughts that never can be wearied out,
Showing the unreality of Time.
—Richard Monckton Milnes.

Thought on thought pressed o'er his soul, like those ocean waves, which tore thee, distant America, from the three continents.—Klopstock.

Beautiful thoughts flit across the brain, like butterflies in the sun's rays, and are as difficult to capture. —Anna Cora Mowatt.

If the thought is slow to come, a glass of good wine encourages it; and when it does come, a glass of good wine rewards it.—Sheridan.

Our brains are seventy year clocks. The Angel of Life winds them up once for all, then closes the case, and gives the key into the hands of the Angel of the Resurrection.—Holmes.

At the end of life thoughts hitherto impossible come to the collected mind, like good spirits which let themselves down from the shining heights of the past.—Goethe.

"Give me," said Herder to his son, as he lay in the parched weariness of his last illness,—"give me a great thought, that I may quicken myself with it."—Richter.

Our dispositions will be suitable to that which we most frequently think on; for the soul is, as it were, tinged with the colour and complexion of its own thoughts.—Antoninus.

A nation may be in a tumult to-day for a thought which the timid Erasmus placidly penned in his study more than two centuries ago.—Whipple.

Whatever that be which thinks, which understands, which wills, which acts, it is something celestial and divine, and upon that account must necessarily be eternal.—Cicero.

A man by tumbling his thoughts, and forming them into expressions, gives them a new fermentation, which works them into a finer body.—Jeremy Collier.

Large elements in order brought,
And tracts of calm from tempest made,
And world-wide fluctuation sway'd,
In vassal tides that follow'd thought.
—Tennyson.

There are very few original thinkers in the world, or ever have been; the greatest part of those who are called philosophers have adopted the opinions of some who went before them.—Dugald Stewart.

Who can mistake great thoughts? They seize upon the mind; arrest and search and shake it; bow the tall soul as by wind; rush over it like rivers over reeds.—Bailey.

Good thoughts are blessed guests, and should be heartily welcomed, well fed, and much sought after. Like rose leaves, they give out a sweet smell if laid up in the jar of memory. —Spurgeon.

For thought, all bodiless, will soar above; and thus her Maker's image can display,—a boon nor time nor place nor death shall snatch away.— W. H. Leatham.

What exile from himself can flee?
To zones, though more and more remote,
Still, still pursues, where'er I be,
The blight of life—the demon Thought.
—Byron.

Thoughts must come naturally, like wild-flowers; they cannot be forced in a hot-bed, even although aided by the leaf-mould of your past.—Alexander Smith.

Thoughts there are, that need no embodying, no form, no expression. It is enough to hint at them vaguely; a word, and they are heard and seen. —Joubert.

Thoughts! what are they? They are my constant friends, who, when harsh fate its dull brow bends, uncloud me with a smiling ray, and in the depth of midnight force a day.— Flatman.

When our thoughts are born,
Though they be good and humble, one should mind
How they are reared, or some will go astray
And shame their mother.
—Jean Ingelow.

The more we examine the mechanism of thought, the more we shall see that the automatic, unconscious ac-

tion of the mind enters largely into all its processes.—O. W. Holmes.

Perhaps 'tis pretty to force together
Thoughts so all unlike each other;
To mutter and mock a broken charm,
To dally with wrong that does no harm.
—Coleridge.

Old things need not be therefore true,
O brother men, nor yet the new;
Ah! still awhile the old thought retain,
And yet consider it again!
—Arthur Hugh Clough.

Men's thoughts and opinions are in a great degree vassals of him who invents a new phrase or re-applies an old epithet. The thought or feeling a thousand times repeated becomes his at last who utters it best.—Lowell.

The highest thoughts are those which are least dependent on language, and the dignity of any composition and praise to which it is entitled are in exact proportion to its dependency of language or expression. —Ruskin.

A very sea of thought; neither calm nor clear, if you will, yet wherein the toughest pearl-diver may dive to his utmost depth, and return not only with sea-wreck but with true orients. —Carlyle.

Thoughts come maimed and plucked of plumage from the lips, which, from the pen, in the silence of your own leisure and study, would be born with far more beauty.—Lady Blessington.

We should round every day of stirring action with an evening of thought. We learn nothing of our experience except we muse upon it.—Bovee.

O guard thy roving thoughts with jealous care, for speech is but the dialplate of thought; and every fool reads plainly in thy words what is the hour of thy thought.—Tennyson.

It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy; and the two cannot be separated with impunity.—Ruskin.

There is a thread in our thoughts as there is a pulse in our feelings; he who can hold the one knows how to think, and he who can move the other knows how to feel.—Disraeli.

Alas, we make a ladder of our thoughts, where angels step, but sleep ourselves at the foot; our high resolves look down upon our slumbering acts. —Miss L. E. Landon.

The thinker requires exactly the same light as the painter, clear, without direct sunshine, or blinding reflection, and, where possible, from above.—Schlegel.

It is curious to note the old sea margins of human thought! Each subsiding century reveals some new mystery; we build where monsters used to hide themselves.—Longfellow

By virtue of the Deity thought re news itself inexhaustibly every day and the thing whereon it shines, though it were dust and sand, is a new subject with countless relations. —Emerson.

Liberty of thinking, and of expressing our thoughts, is always fatal to priestly power, and to those pious frauds on which it is commonly founded.—Hume.

Sweetest mother, I can weave no more to day,
For thoughts of him come thronging,
Him for whom my heart is longing—
For I know not where my weary fingers stray. —Sappho.

Though man a thinking being is defined,
Few use the grand prerogative of mind.
How few think justly of the thinking few.
How many never think, who think they do.
—Jane Taylor.

Come near me! I do weave
A chain I cannot break—I am possest
With thoughts too swift and strong for one lone human breast. —Shelley.

Thoughts come into our minds by avenues which we never left open,

and thoughts go out of our minds through avenues which we never voluntarily opened.—Emerson.

A thought is often original, though you have uttered it a hundred times. It has come to you over a new route, by a new and express train of association.—Holmes.

It is because we underrate thought, because we do not see what a great element it is in religious life, that there is so little of practical and consistent religion among us.—Chapin.

Ingenious philosophers tell you, perhaps, that the great work of the steam-engine is to create leisure for mankind. Do not believe them; it only creates a vacuum for eager thought to rush in.—George Eliot.

A man would do well to carry a pencil in his pocket, and write down the thoughts of the moment. Those that come unsought for are commonly the most valuable, and should be secured, because they seldom return. —Bacon.

The happiness of your life depends upon the quality of your thoughts; therefore guard accordingly, and take care that you entertain no notions unsuitable to virtue and reasonable nature.—Marcus Antoninus.

Flowing water is at once a picture and a music, which causes to flow at the same time from my brain, like a limpid and murmuring rivulet, sweet thoughts, charming reveries, and melancholy remembrances.—Alphonse Karr.

Unless a man can link his written thoughts with the everlasting wants of men, so that they shall draw from them as from wells, there is no more immortality to the thoughts and feelings of the soul than to the muscles and the bones.—Beecher.

It may be said that it is with our thoughts as with our flowers. Those whose expression is simple carry their seed with them: those that are double by their richness and pomp charm the mind, but produce nothing.—Joubert.

A thought by thought is piled, till some great truth
Is loosened, and the nations echo round,
Shaken to their roots, as do the mountains now. —Shelley.

The old thoughts never die. Immortal dreams
Outlive their dreamers and are ours for aye;
No thought once form'd and utter'd can expire. —Dr. Mackay.

He that has light within his own clear breast,
May sit i' th' centre and enjoy bright day:
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the midday sun.
—Milton.

Casual thoughts are sometimes of great value. One of these may prove the key to open for us a yet unknown apartment in the palace of truth, or a yet unexplored tract in the paradise of sentiment that environs it.—John Foster.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep.
—Henry Vaughan.

Though an inheritance of acres may be bequeathed, an inheritance of knowledge and wisdom cannot. The wealthy man may pay others for doing his work for him; but it is impossible to get his thinking done for him by another, or to purchase any kind of self-culture.—Samuel Smiles.

Such as are thy habitual thoughts, such also will be the character of thy mind; for the soul is dyed by the thoughts. Dye it then with a continuous series of such thoughts as these: that where a man can live, there he can also live well.—Marcus Antoninus.

All that we are is the result of what we have thought; it is founded on our thoughts, it is made up of our thoughts. If a man speaks or acts

with an evil thought, pain follows him, as the wheel follows the foot of him who draws the carriage.—Buddha.

We should manage our thoughts as shepherds do their flowers in making a garland: first, select the choicest, and then dispose them in the most proper places, that every one may reflect a part of its color and brightness on the next.—Coleridge.

We may divide thinkers into those who think for themselves and those who think through others; the latter are the rule, the former the exception. Only the light which we have kindled in ourselves can illuminate others.—Schopenhauer.

We met, and we drank from the crystalline well,
That flows from the fountains of science above;
On the beauties of thought we would silently dwell,
Till we look'd—though we never were talking of love. —Percival.

The key to every man is his thought. Sturdy and defying though he look, he has a helm which he obeys, which is the idea after which all his facts are classified. He can only be reformed by showing him a new idea which commands his own.—Emerson.

When the great God lets loose a thinker on this planet, then all things are at risk. There is not a piece of science, but its flank may be turned to-morrow; there is not any literary reputation, nor the so-called eternal names of fame, that may not be revised and condemned.—Emerson.

I can readily conceive of a man without hands or feet; and I could conceive of him without a head, if experience had not taught me that by this he thinks. Thought, then, is the essence of man, and without this we cannot conceive of him.—Pascal.

Before men we stand as opaque bee-hives. They can see the thoughts go in and out of us; but what work they do inside of a man they cannot tell. Before God we are as glass bee-hives, and all that our thoughts are doing within us he perfectly sees and understands.—Beecher.

The only thought in the world that is worth anything is free thought. To free thought we owe all past progress and all hope for the future. Since when has any one made it appear that shackled thought could get on better than that which is free? Brains are a great misfortune if one is never to use them.—Savage.

Thinking leads man to knowledge. He may see and hear, and read and learn, as much as he please; he will never know any of it, except that which he has thought over, that which by thinking he has made the property of his mind. Is it then saying too much if I say, that man by thinking only becomes truly man? Take away thought from man's life, and what remains?—Pestalozzi.

I imagine that thinking is the great desideratum of the present age; and the cause of whatever is done amiss may justly be reckoned the general neglect of education in those who need it most, the people of fashion. What can be expected where those who have the most influence have the least sense, and those who are sure to be followed set the worst examples?—Bishop Berkeley.

Thought is the seed of action; but action is as much its second form as thought is its first. It rises in thought, to the end that it may be uttered and acted. The more profound the thought, the more burdensome. Always in proportion to the depth of its sense does it knock importunately at the gates of the soul, to be spoken, to be done.—Emerson.

It is by thought that has aroused my intellect from its slumbers, which has "given lustre to virtue, and dignity to truth," or by those examples which have inflamed my soul with the love of goodness, and not by means of sculptured marble, that I hold communion with Shakespeare and Milton, with Johnson and Burke, with Howard and Wilberforce.—Wayland

A thinking man is the worst enemy the Prince of Darkness can have; every time such a one announces himself, I doubt not there runs a shudder through the nether empire; and new emissaries are trained with new tactics, to, if possible, entrap him, and hoodwink and handcuff him.—Carlyle.

Nothing is comparable to the pleasure of an active and prevailing thought.—a thought prevailing over the difficulty and obscurity of the object, and refreshing the soul with new discoveries and images of things; and thereby extending the bounds of apprehension, and as it were enlarging the territories of reason.—South.

Thought engenders thought. Place one idea on paper, another will follow it, and still another, until you have written a page; you cannot fathom your mind. There is a well of thought there which has no bottom; the more you draw from it, the more clear and fruitful it will be.—G. A. Sala.

All that a man does outwardly is but the expression and completion of his inward thought. To work effectually, he must think clearly; to act nobly, he must think nobly. Intellectual force is a principal element of the soul's life, and should be proposed by every man as the principal end of his being.—Channing.

The more we examine the mechanism of thought, the more we shall see that the automatic, unconscious action of the mind enters largely into all its processes. Our definite ideas are stepping-stones; how we get from one to the other, we do not know; something carries us; we do not take the step.—Holmes.

Many of the finest and most interesting emotions perish forever, because too complex and fugitive for expression. Of all things relating to man, his feelings are perhaps the most evanescent, the greater part dying in the moment of their birth. But while emotions perish, thought blended in diction is immortal.—W. B. Clulow.

The habit of reflecting gives an inner life, which all that we see animates and embellishes. In this disposition of the soul everything becomes an object of thought. If the young botanist trembles with joy at the sight of a new plant, the moral botanist joys no less to see germinate around him truths with a much superior prize to that of an unknown flower.—Bonstetten.

If I could think how these my thoughts to leave,
Or thinking still, my thoughts might have good end:
If rebel sense would reason's law receive;
Or reason foil'd would not in vain contend:
Then might I think what thoughts were best to think:
Then might I wisely swim, or gladly sink.
—Sir Philip Sidney.

Return, my thoughts, come home!
Ye wild and wing'd! what do ye o'er the deep?
And wherefore thus th' abyss of time o'ersweep
As birds the ocean foam?
Oh, no! return ye not!
Still farther, loftier let your soarings be!
Go, bring me strength from journeyings bright and free
O'er many a haunted spot.
Go, visit cell and shrine
Where woman has endur'd!—through wrong, through scorn,
Unshar'd by fame—yet silently upborne
By promptings more divine!
—Mrs. Hemans.

Thoughtlessness

Some people pass through life soberly and religiously enough, without knowing why, or reasoning about it, but, from force of habit merely, go to heaven like fools.—Sterne.

Ah, how unjust to nature and himself is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man!—Young.

Threats

Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings,
Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
Thy ling'ring. —Milton.

I pr'ythee take thy fingers from my throat;
Sir, though I am not splenetive and rash,
Yet have I something in me dangerous,
Which let thy wiseness fear: away thy hand. —Shakespeare.

For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl;
He that stirs next to carve for his own rage,
Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion. —Shakespeare.

Set hills on hills betwixt me and the man
That utters this, and I will scale them all;
And from the utmost top fall on his neck,
Like thunder from a cloud.
—Beaumont and Fletcher.

Hence,
Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head;
Thou shalt be whipt with wire, and stew'd in brine,
Smarting in ling'ring pickle.—Shakespeare.

Leave wringing of your hands: Peace; sit you down,
And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff;
If damned custom have not braz'd it so,
That it be proof and bulwark against sense.
—Shakespeare.

I consider it a mark of great prudence in a man to abstain from threats or any contemptuous expressions, for neither of these weaken the enemy, but threats make him more cautious, and the other excites his hatred, and a desire to revenge himself.—Machiavelli.

Stand there, damn'd meddling villain, and be silent;
For if thou utt'rest but a single word,
A cough or hem, to cross me in my speech,
I'll send thy cursed spirit from the earth,
To bellow with the damn'd!
—Joanna Baillie.

Thunder

Are there no stones in heaven
But what serve for the thunder?
—Shakespeare.

Thy thunder, conscious of the new command,
Rumbles reluctant o'er our fallen house.
—Keats.

Far along,
From peak to peak the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder. —Byron.

The herald, earth-accredited, of heaven,—which when men hear, they think upon heaven's king, and run the items over of the account to which he is sure to call them.—Sheridan Knowles.

The thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of Prosper; it did bass my trespass. —Shakespeare.

To stand against the deep, dread-bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning?—Shakespeare.

The thunder,
Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage,
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
To bellow through the vast and boundless deep. —Milton.

A storm-cloud lurid with lightning,
And a cry of lamentation,
Repeated and again repeated,
Deep and loud
As the reverberation
Of cloud answering unto cloud,
Swells and rolls away in the distance,
As if the sheeted
Lightning retreated,
Baffled and thwarted by the wind's resistance. —Longfellow.

Tide

Love has a tide!—Helen Hunt Jackson.

The punctual tide draws up the bay,
With ripple of wave and hiss of spray.
—Susan Coolidge.

I saw the long line of the vacant shore,
The sea-weed and the shells upon the sand,
And the brown rocks left bare on every hand,
As if the ebbing tide would flow no more.
—Longfellow.

All night the thirsty beach has listening lain
With patience dumb,
Counting the slow, sad moments of her pain;
Now morn has come,
And with the morn the punctual tide again.
—Susan Coolidge.

The western tide crept up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see
The rolling mist came down and hid the land:
And never home came she.
—Charles Kingsley.

The tide rises, the tide falls,
The twilight darkens, the curlew calls;
* * * * * *
The little waves, with their soft, white hands,
Efface the footprints in the sands,
And the tide rises, the tide falls.
—Longfellow.

Tide flowing is feared, for many a thing,
Great danger to such as be sick, it doth bring;
Sea ebb, by long ebbing, some respite doth give,
And sendeth good comfort, to such as shall live. — Tusser.

Time

Time is the chrysalis of eternity.—Richter.

Time is an herb that cures all diseases.—Franklin.

Time is the Life of the Soul.—Longfellow.

Time's abyss, the common grave of all.—Dryden.

Time is the greatest of innovators.—Bacon.

Time tries the troth in everything.—Tusser.

Time is the herald of truth.—Cicero.

I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.—Shakespeare.

The inaudible and noiseless foot of time.—Shakespeare.

Time is the nurser and breeder of all good.—Shakespeare.

Time wasted is existence; used, is life.—Young.

Time is the wisest counsellor.—Pericles.

Old Time, the clock setter, that bald sexton, Time.—Shakespeare.

Time makes more converts than reason.—Thomas Paine.

We should count time by heart-throbs.—James Martineau.

The use of time is fate.—Chapman.

Time stoops to no man's lure.—Swinburne.

Time is the greatest remedy for anger.—Seneca.

When time itself shall be no more.—Addison.

We take no note of time but from its loss.—Young.

And panting Time toil'd after him in vain.—Samuel Johnson.

Who loses a day loses life.—Emerson.

Art is Long, and Time is fleeting.—Longfellow.

If you have time don't wait for time.—Franklin.

Time has only a relative existence.—Carlyle.

Rich with the spoils of time.—Gray.

They that drive away time spur a free horse.—Robert Mason.

The happier the time, the quicker it passes.—Pliny the Younger.

These are the times that try men's souls.—Thomas Paine.

Thou nursest all, and murderest all, that are.—Shakespeare.

The sublime is contained in a grain of dust.—Landor.

To choose time is to save time.—Bacon.

Time,—the most independent of all things.—Hazlitt.

Time passes, Time the consoler, Time the anodyne.—Thackeray.

Time, which strengthens friendship, weakens love.—La Bruyère.

Time that devours all things.—Ovid

He who gains time gains everything.—Earl of Beaconsfield.

Every day travels toward death; the last only arrives at it.—Alexander Smith.

Thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.—Shakespeare.

Time flies over us, but leaves its shadow behind.—Hawthorne.

Time is generally the best medicine.—Ovid.

The hours fly along in a circle.—Manilius.

Time stands with impartial law.—Manilius.

One day is pressed on by another.—Horace.

Alas! the fleeting years are passing away.—Horace.

Time steals away without any inconvenience.—Montaigne.

That old bald cheater, Time—Ben Jonson.

Time is itself an element.—Goethe.

Time will run back and fetch the age of gold.—Milton.

The swift hour flies on double wings.—Seneca.

In records that defy the tooth of time.—Young.

The longest day soon comes to an end—Pliny the Younger.

Time conquers all, and we must Time obey.—Pope.

The irreclaimable time flies.—Virgil.

O, call back yesterday, bid time return.—Shakespeare.

Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.—Shakespeare.

Time goes on crutches till love have all his rites.—Shakespeare.

Time rolls his ceaseless course.—Scott.

Thus at Time's humming loom I ply.—Goethe.

The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.—Shakespeare

His time's forever, everywhere his place.—Abraham Cowley.

Nae man can tether time or tide.—Burns.

What does not destructive time destroy?—Horace.

Man seems to be deficient in nothing so much as he is in time.—Zeno.

Time,—that black and narrow isthmus between two eternities.—Colton.

Thou shoreless flood, which in thy ebb and flow claspest the limits of mortality.—Shelley.

As if you could kill time without injuring eternity.—Thoreau.

The end crowns all; and that old common arbitrator, Time, will one day end it.—Shakespeare.

The great rule of moral conduct is, next to God, to respect time.—Lavater.

Whatever passes away is too vile to be the price of time, which is itself the price of eternity.—Massillon.

O time! whose verdicts mock our own, the only righteous judge art thou!—T. W. Parsons.

Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth, and delves the parallels in beauty's brow.—Shakespeare.

One always has time enough, if one will apply it well.—Goethe.

Think with terror on the slow, the quiet power of time.—Schiller

Time never bears such moments on his wing as when he flies too swiftly to be marked.—Joanna Baillie.

Time is, after all, the greatest of poets; and the sons of Memory stand a better chance of being the heirs of Fame.—Lowell.

Those that dare lose a day are dangerously prodigal; those that dare misspend it, desperate.—Bishop Hall.

Time antiquates antiquities, and hath an art to make dust of all things. —Sir Thomas Browne.

Time travels in divers paces with divers persons.—Shakespeare.

The velocity with which time flies is infinite, as is most apparent to those who look back.—Seneca.

Time destroys the speculations of man, but it confirms the judgment of nature.—Cicero.

Time well employed is Satan's deadliest foe; it leaves no opening for the lurking fiend.—Wilcox.

Dost thou love life, then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.—Franklin.

Time, O my friend, is money! Time wasted can never conduce to money well managed.—Bulwer-Lytton.

What's past, and what's to come, is strew'd with husks,
And formless ruin of oblivion.
—Shakespeare.

Come what come may;
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day. —Shakespeare.

As every thread of gold is valuable, so is every minute of time.—Mason.

The curtains of Yesterday drop down, the curtains of To-morrow roll up; but Yesterday and To-morrow both are.—Carlyle.

He is a good time-server that improves the present for God's glory and his own salvation.—Thomas Fuller.

No person will have occasion to complain of the want of time, who never loses any.—Thomas Jefferson.

Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow,—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now. —Byron.

The vicious count their years; the virtuous their acts.—Dr. Johnson.

Redeem the misspent time that's past,
And live this day as 'twere thy last.
—Ken.

Noiseless falls the foot of time
That only treads on flowers.
—Spencer.

How slowly the hours pass to the unhappy.—Saurin.

Forever haltless hurries Time, the Durable to gain.
Be true, and thou shalt fetter Time with everlasting chain. —Schiller.

Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones,
And tottering empires rush by their own weight. —Armstrong.

Time is a wave which never murmurs, because there is no obstacle to its flow.—Mme. Swetchine.

He briskly and cheerfully asked him how a man should kill time.—Rabelais.

Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try.—Shakespeare.

We see time's furrows on another's brow; how few themselves in that just mirror see!—Young.

It is only necessary to give to each thing the time which it claims.—Angelo Pandolfini.

Time is a great ocean which, like the other ocean, overflows with our remains.—Lamartine.

Time steals on and escapes us, like the swift river that glides on with rapid stream.—Ovid.

"Time restores all things." Wrong! Time restores many things, but eternity alone restores all.—Joseph Roux.

How long the night seems to one kept awake by pain.—Saurin.

Each passing year robs us of some possession.—Horace.

Stones are hollowed out by the constant dropping of water.—Ovid.

Time, the prime minister of death! there's nought can bribe his honest will.—Marvell.

Great events are the hour-hands of time, while small events mark the minutes.—Ramsay.

Triumph not, O Time! strong towers decay, but a great name shall never pass away.—Park Benjamin.

The slow sweet hours that bring us all things good.—Tennyson.

The quarter of an hour before dinner is the worst that suitors can choose.—Zimmermann.

Time is the shower of Danae; each drop is golden.—Mme. Swetchine.

Time hath often cured the wound which reason failed to heal.—Seneca.

Time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. —Shakespeare.

Time is lord of thee:
Thy wealth, thy glory, and thy name are his. —Thomas Love Peacock.

All must yield to the weight of years; conquest is not difficult for time.—Calderon.

But how many moments are already past!
Ah! who thinks of those that are past?
—Lessing.

When Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet. —Byron.

Time on his head has snowed, yet still 'tis borne aloft.—Young.

A fig for Time! Use him well, and he's a hearty fellow.—Dickens.

You may be more prodigal of time than of money.—Mme. Necker.

Let time that makes you homely, make you sage.—Parnell.

The wisest are the most annoyed at the loss of time.—Dante.

We must improve our time; time goes with rapid foot.—Ovid.

The wheel of time rolls downward through various changes. — Silius Italicus.

No time is too short for the wicked to injure their neighbors.—Seneca.

How short our happy days appear!
How long the sorrowful!
—Jean Ingelow.

Like a dart the present glances,
Silent stands the past sublime.
—Schiller.

I see that time divided is never long, and that regularity abridges all things.—Abel Stevens.

To wind the mighty secrets of the past,
And turn the key of time.
—Henry Kirk White.

So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate.
—Shakespeare.

Eternity gives nothing back of what one leaves out of the minutes.—Schiller.

To the true teacher, time's hour-glass should still run gold-dust.—Douglas Jerrold.

The flood of time is setting on; we stand upon its brink.—Shelley.

Old Time, who changes all below to wean men gently for the grave.—Mrs. Norton.

Time is like money; the less we have of it to spare, the further we make it go.—H. W. Shaw.

See Time has touched me gently in his race,
And left no odious furrows in my face.
—Crabbe.

Time is precious: but truth is more precious than time.—Beaconsfield.

The crutch of Time accomplishes more than the club of Hercules.—Balthasar Gracian.

I am satisfied to trifle away my time, rather than let it stick by me.—Pope.

River is time in water; as it came, still so it flows, yet never is the same.—Barton Holyday.

For time consecrates, and what is gray with age becomes religion.—Schiller.

Short as life is, we make it still shorter by the careless waste of time.—Victor Hugo.

Time, as he passes us, has a dove's wing,
Unsoil'd, and swift, and of a silken sound.
—Cowper.

Nothing is there to come, and nothing past,
But an eternal Now does always last.
—Abraham Cowley.

Who knows what may be slumbering in the background of time!—Schiller.

Grief counts the seconds; happiness forgets the hours.—De Finod.

I dislike clocks with second-hands; they cut up life into too small pieces.—Mme. de Sévigné.

Long is the calm brain active in creation;
Time only strengthens the fine fermentation.
—Goethe.

Threefold the stride of Time, from first to last!
Loitering slow, the Future creepeth.
—Schiller.

O Time! Time! how it brings forth and devours! And the roaring flood of existence rushes on forever similar, forever changing!—Carlyle.

Time is like a river, in which metals and solid substances are sunk, while chaff and straws swim upon the surface.—Bacon.

Remorseless time! fierce spirit of the glass and scythe,—what power can stay him in his silent course, or melt his iron heart with pity!—George D. Prentice.

Time is the king of men; he is both their parent, and he is their grave, and gives them what he will, not what they crave.—Shakespeare.

Time destroys the groundless conceits of man, but confirms that which is founded on nature and reality.—Cicero.

Time is a continual over-dropping of moments, which fall down one upon the other and evaporate.—Richter.

Time knows not the weight of sleep or weariness, and night's deep darkness has no chain to bind his rushing pinion.—George D. Prentice.

Time will bring to light whatever is hidden; it will conceal and cover up what is now shining with the greatest splendor.—Horace.

Man has here two and a half minutes,—one to smile, one to sigh, and half an one to love; for in the midst of this minute he dies.—Richter.

Time, with all its celerity, moves slowly on to him whose whole employment is to watch its flight.—Johnson.

Who shall contend with time,—unvanquished time, the conqueror of conquerors and lord of desolation?—H. K. White.

Time has been given only for us to exchange each year of our life with the remembrance of truth.—St. Martin.

Time is the measurer of all things, but is itself immeasureable; and the grand discloser of all things, but is itself undisclosed.—Colton.

Nobody has ever found the gods so much his friends that he can promise himself another day.—Seneca.

Look not mournfully into the past; it comes not back again. Wisely improve the present; it is thine. Go

forth to meet the shadowy future without fear, and with a manly heart. —Longfellow.

Beauty, wit, high birth, vigor of bone, desert in service, love, friendship, charity, are subjects all to envious and calumniating time.—Shakespeare.

Day follows on the murkiest night, and, when the time comes, the latest fruits will ripen.—Schiller.

Part with it as with money, sparing; pay no moment but in purchase of its worth: and what its worth ask death-beds; they can tell.—Young.

God is the only being who has time enough; but a prudent man, who knows how to seize occasion, can commonly make a shift to find as much as he needs.—Lowell.

Twenty ages sunk in eternal night. They are without movement, without light, and without noise.—Lemoine.

Time is given us that we may take care for eternity; and eternity will not be too long to regret the loss of our time if we have misspent it.—Fénelon.

Time is the greatest of all tyrants. As we go on towards age, he taxes our health, limbs, faculties, strength, and features.—John Foster.

Imitate time; it destroys everything slowly; it undermines, it wears away, it detaches, it does not wrench.—Joubert.

Observe a method in the distribution of your time. Every hour will then know its proper employment, and no time will be lost.—Bishop Horne.

Time, the corrector when our judgments err, the test of truth and love; sole philosopher, for all besides are sophists.—Byron.

Time is a blooming field: nature is ever teeming with life; and all is seed, and all is fruit.—Schiller.

If you could throw as an alms to those who would use it well the time that you fritter away, how many beggars would become rich!—Elizabeth, Queen of Roumania.

Time, as a river, hath brought down to us what is more light and superficial, while things more solid and substantial have been immersed.—Glanvill.

Backward, turn backward, O Time in your flight!
Make me a child again, just for to-night!
—Elizabeth Akers Allen.

The bell strikes one. We take no note of time,
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue,
Is wise in man. —Young.

Time shall unfold what plighted cunning hides;
Who covers faults, at last shame them derides. —Shakespeare.

I never knew the old gentleman with the sythe and hour-glass bring anything but gray hairs, thin cheeks, and loss of teeth.—Dryden.

Nor do they speak properly who say that time consumeth all things; for time is not effective, nor are bodies destroyed by it.—Sir T. Browne.

Still on it creeps, each little moment at another's heels, till hours, days, years, and ages are made up.—Joanna Baillie.

But what minutes! Count them by sensation, and not by calendars, and each moment is a day and the race a life.—Benj. Disraeli.

* * * So often do the spirits
Of great events stride on before the events,
And in to-day already walks to-morrow.
—Coleridge.

Swift, speedy Time, feathered with flying hours,
Dissolves the beauty of the fairest brow.
—Samuel Daniel.

Time, to the nation as to the individual, is nothing absolute; its duration depends on the rate of thought and feeling.—Draper.

Loitering slow, the future creepeth; arrow-swift, the present sweepeth; and motionless forever stands the past. —Schiller.

Seven hours to law, to soothing slumber seven,
Ten to the world allot, and all to heaven.
—Sir Wm. Jones.

When time is flown, how it fled
It is better neither to ask nor tell,
Leave the dead moments to bury their dead.
—Owen Meredith.

Time eftsoon will tumble
All of us together like leaves in a gust,
Humbled indeed down into the dust.
—Joaquin Miller.

While man is growing, life is in decrease,
And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb;
Our birth is nothing but our death begun.
—Young.

How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
In states unborn and accents yet unknown.
—Shakespeare.

Who well lives, long lives: for this age of ours
Should not be numbered by years, daies, and hours. —Du Bartas.

Nothing lies on our hands with such uneasiness as time. Wretched and thoughtless creatures! In the only place where covetousness were a virtue we turn prodigals.—Addison.

There are no fragments so precious as those of time, and none are so heedlessly lost by people who cannot make a moment, and yet can waste years.—Montgomery.

As nothing truly valuable can be attained without industry, so there can be no persevering industry without a deep sense of the value of time. —Mrs. Sigourney.

Time sheds a softness on remote objects or events, as local distance imparts to the landscape a smoothness and mellowness which disappear on a nearer approach.—W. B. Clulow.

We sleep, but the loom of life never stops; and the pattern which was weaving when the sun went down is weaving when it comes up to-morrow. —Beecher.

Opinions, theories, and systems pass by turns over the grindstone of time, which at first gives them brilliancy and sharpness, but finally wears them out.—Rivarol.

A year! A life! What are they? The telling of a tale, the passing of a meteor, a dim speck seen for a moment on time's horizon dropping into eternity.—Thomason.

Time is painted with a lock before, and bald behind, signifying thereby, that we must take time (as we say) by the forelock, for when it is once passed there is no recalling it.—Swift.

Lost, yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for they are gone forever!—Horace Mann.

Make use of time, if thou valuest eternity. Yesterday cannot be recalled; to-morrow cannot be assured; to-day only is thine, which, if thou procrastinatest, thou losest; which loss is lost forever.—Jeremy Taylor.

Let's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of Time
Steals ere we can effect them.
—Shakespeare.

O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays? —Shakespeare.

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying. —Herrick.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
—Shakespeare.

Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year. No

man has learned anything rightly until he knows that every day is Doomsday.—Emerson.

And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says very wisely, "It is ten o'clock:
Thus we may see," quoth he, "how the world wags." —Shakespeare.

Minutes, hours, days, months, and years,
Pass'd over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this!—Shakespeare.

Make use of time, let not advantage slip;
Beauty within itself should not be wasted:
Fair flowers, that are not gather'd in their prime
Rot and consume themselves in little time.
—Shakespeare.

O Time! Why dost not pause? Thy scythe so dirty
With rust, should surely cease to hack and hew.
Reset it; shave more smoothly, also slower,
If but to keep thy credit as a mower.
—Byron.

Come, Time, and teach me many years,
I do not suffer in dream;
For now so strange do these things seem,
Mine eyes have leisure for their tears.
—Tennyson.

Ever eating, never cloying,
All-devouring, all-destroying,
Never finding full repast,
Till I eat the world at last.—Swift.

Time, the cradle of hope, but the grave of ambition, is the stern corrector of fools, but the salutary counselor of the wise, bringing all they dread to the one, and all they desire to the other.—Colton.

We push time from us, and we wish him back;
* * * * * *
Life we think long and short; death seek and shun. —Young.

The more we live, more brief appear
Our life's succeeding stages;
A day to childhood seems a year,
And years like passing ages.
—Campbell.

Know the true value of time; snatch, seize, and enjoy every moment of it. No idleness, no laziness, no procrastination; never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.—Earl of Chesterfield.

Procrastination is the thief of time:
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
—Young.

The present is our own; but while we speak,
We cease from its possession, and resign
The stage we tread on, to another race,
As vain, and gay, and mortal as ourselves.
—Thomas Love Peacock.

Time, still as he flies, adds increase to her truth,
And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth. —Edward Moore.

This day was yesterday to-morrow nam'd:
To-morrow shall be yesterday proclaimed:
To-morrow not yet come, not far away,
What shall to-morrow then be call'd? To-day. —Owen.

Time has laid his hand
Upon my heart, gently, not smiting it,
But as a harper lays his open palm
Upon his harp, to deaden its vibrations.
—Longfellow.

Day and night,
Seedtime and harvest, heat and hoary frost
Shall hold their course, till fire purge all things new. —Milton.

A handful of red sand from the hot clime
Of Arab deserts brought,
Within this glass becomes the spy of Time,
The minister of Thought.
—Longfellow.

Like wind flies Time 'tween birth and death;
Therefore, as long as thou hast breath,
Of care for two days hold thee free:
The day that was and is to be.
—Omar Khayyám.

Hours are golden links, God's token
Reaching heaven; but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done.
—A. A. Proctor.

Think'st thou existence doth depend on time?
It doth; but actions are our epochs; mine
Have made my days and nights imperishable,
Endless, and all alike. —Byron.

Time hurries on with a resistless, unremitting stream, yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight thief, that slides his hand under the miser's pillow and carries off the prize.—Blair.

Time, whose tooth gnaws away everything else, is powerless against truth; and the lapse of more than two thousand years has not weakened the force of these wise words.—Huxley.

Catch! then, Oh, catch, the transient hour;
Improve each moment as it flies;
Life's a short summer—man a flower—
He dies—alas! how soon he dies!
—Dr. Johnson.

Time passes cold and indifferent over us; it knows nothing of our joys or sorrows; it leads us with ice-cold hand deeper and deeper into the labyrinth.—Ludwig Tieck.

Time is the most undefinable yet paradoxical of things; the past is gone, the future is not come, and the present becomes the past, even while we attempt to define it, and, like the flash of the lightning, at once exists and expires.—Colton.

God, who is liberal in all his other gifts, shows us, by the wise economy of His providence, how circumspect we ought to be in the management of our time, for He never gives us two moments together.—Fénelon.

There is nothing of which we are apt to be so lavish as of time, and about which we ought to be more solicitous, since without it we can do nothing in this world. Time is what we want most, but what, alas! we use worst.—William Penn.

Time is like a ship which never anchors; while I am on board, I had better do those things that may profit me at my landing, than practice such as shall cause my commitment when I come ashore.—Feltham.

Out upon Time! it will leave no more
Of the things to come than the things before!
Out upon Time! who forever will leave
But enough of the past for the future to grieve.
—Byron.

What is time? The shadow on the dial, the striking of the clock, the running of the sand—day and night, summer and winter, months, years, centuries—these are but arbitrary and outward signs, the measure of time, not time itself. Time is the life of the soul.—Longfellow.

Our lives are either spent in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do. We are always complaining that our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end to them.—Seneca.

O Time! the beautifier of the dead,
Adorner of the ruin, comforter
And only healer when the heart hath bled—
Time! the corrector where our judgments err,
The test of truth, love,—sole philosopher!
—Byron.

Time is eternity,
Pregnant with all eternity can give;
Pregnant with all that makes Archangels smile.
Who murders time, he crushes in the birth
A power ethereal, only not adored.
—Young.

Time is hastening on, and we
What our fathers are shall be,—
Shadow-shapes of memory!
Joined to that vast multitude
Where the great are but the good.
—Whittier.

Daughters of Time, the hypocritic Days,
Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes,
And marching single in an endless file.
To each they offer gifts after his will,
Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds them all.
—Emerson.

Time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand;
And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps-in the comer: Welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing.
—Shakespeare.

He that lacks time to mourn, lacks time to mend:
Eternity mourns that. 'Tis an ill cure
For life's worst ills to have no time to feel them.
—Sir Henry Taylor.

Our acts of kindness we reserve for our friends, our bounties for our dependants, our riches for our children and relations, our praises for those who appear worthy of them, our time we give all to the world; we expose

it, I may say, a prey to all mankind. —Massillon.

See the minutes how they run,
How many make the hour full complete;
How many hours bring about the day;
How many days will finish up the year;
How many years a mortal man may live.
—Shakespeare.

However we pass Time, he passes still,
Passing away whatever the pastime,
And, whether we use him well or ill,
Some day he gives us the slip for the last time. —Lord Lytton.

If time, like money, could be laid by while one was not using it, there might be some excuse for the idleness of half the world, but yet not a full one. For even this would be such an economy as the living on a principal sum, without making it purchase interest.—Sterne.

Observe a method in the distribution of your time. Every hour will then know its proper employment, and no time will be lost. Idleness will be shut out at every avenue, and with her that numerous body of vices that make up her train.—Bishop Horne.

The greatest loss of time is delay and expectation, which depends upon the future. We let go the present, which we have in our power, and look forward to that which depends upon chance—and so relinquish a certainty for an uncertainty.—Seneca.

Time is but a stream I go a fishing in. I drink at it; but while I drink I see the sandy bottom, and detect how shallow it is. Its thin current slides away, but eternity remains. I would drink deeper, fish in the sky, whose bottom is pebbly with stars.—Thoreau.

A wonderful stream is the River Time,
As it runs through the realms of Tears,
With a faultless rhythm, and a musical rhyme,
And a broader sweep, and a surge sublime
As it blends with the ocean of Years.
—Benjamin F. Taylor.

Time is scytheless and toothless; it is we who gnaw like the worm; we who smite like the scythe. It is ourselves who abolish, ourselves who consume; we are the mildew and the flame, and the soul of man is to its own work as the moth that frets when it cannot fly, and as the hidden flame that blasts where it cannot illumine.—Ruskin.

Expect, but fear not, Death: Death cannot kill,
Till Time (that first must seal his patent) will.
Would'st thou live long? keep Time in high esteem:
Whom gone, if thou canst not recall, redeem. —Quarles.

His golden locks Time hath to silver turned,
O time too swift! O swiftness never ceasing!
His youth 'gainst Time and Age hath ever spurned,
But spurned in vain! Youth waneth by increasing. —George Peele.

Time rides with the old
At a great pace. As travellers on swift steeds
See the near landscape fly and flow behind them,
While the remoter fields and dim horizons
Go with them, and seem wheeling round to meet them,
So in old age things near us slip away,
And distant things go with us.
—Longfellow.

Old Time, in whose banks we deposit our notes,
Is a miser who always wants guineas for groats;
He keeps all his customers still in arrears
By lending them minutes and charging them years. —O. W. Holmes.

Time sadly overcometh all things, and is now dominant, and sitteth upon a sphinx, and looketh unto Memphis and old Thebes, while his sister Oblivion reclineth semi-somnous on a pyramid, gloriously triumphing, making puzzles of Titanian erections, and turning old glories into dreams.—Sir Thomas Browne.

Alas! it is not till Time, with reckless hand, has torn out half the leaves from the Book of Human Life to light the fires of human passion with, from day to day, that man begins to see that the leaves which remain are few in number.—Longfellow.

Think not thy time short in this world, since the world itself is not long. The created world is but a small parenthesis in eternity, and a short interposition, for a time, between such a state of duration as was before it and may be after it.—Sir Thomas Browne.

I made a posy while the day ran by;
Here will I smell my remnant out, and tie
My life within this band.
But time did beckon to the flowers, and they
By noon most cunningly did steal away,
And wither'd in my hand.
—Herbert.

That great mystery of time, were there no other; the illimitable, silent, never-resting thing called time, rolling, rushing on, swift, silent, like an all-embracing ocean-tide, on which we and all the universe swim like exhalations, like apparitions which are, and then are not: this is forever very literally a miracle; a thing to strike us dumb, for we have no word to speak about it.—Carlyle.

The best general means to insure the profitable employment of our time is to accustom ourselves to living in continual dependence upon the Spirit of God and His law, receiving, every instant, whatever He is pleased to bestow; consulting Him in every emergency requiring instant action, and having recourse to Him in our weaker moments when virtue seems to fail.—Fénelon.

In the spirit of faith let us begin each day, and we shall be sure to "redeem the time" which it brings to us, by changing it into something definite and eternal. There is a deep meaning in this phrase of the apostle, to redeem time. We redeem time, and do not merely use it We transform it into eternity by living it aright.—J. F. Clarke.

The time which passes over our heads so imperceptibly makes the same gradual change in habits, manners and character as in personal appearance. At the revolution of every five years we find ourselves another and yet the same—there is a change of views and no less of the light in which we regard them; a change of motives as well as of action.—Walter Scott.

Time is a feathered thing,
And, whilst I praise
The sparkling of thy looks, and call them rays,
Takes wing,
Leaving behind him as he flies
An unperceived dimness in thine eyes.
—Jasper Mayne.

Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingratitudes;
Those scraps are good deeds past; which are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done. —Shakespeare.

If time be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be the greatest prodigality, since lost time is never found again; and what we call time enough always proves little enough. Let us then be up and doing, and doing to the purpose; so by diligence shall we do more with less perplexity.—Franklin.

How silent, how spacious, what room for all, yet without place to insert an atom—in graceful succession, in equal fullness, in balanced beauty, the dance of the hours goes forward still. Like an odor of incense, like a strain of music, like a sleep, it is inexact and boundless. It will not be dissected, nor unraveled, nor shown.—Emerson.

Hour after hour departs,
Recklessly flying;
The golden time of our hearts
Is fast a-dying:
O, how soon it will have faded!
Joy droops, with forehead shaded;
And Memory starts.
—John Hamilton Reynolds.

Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light,
To stamp the seal of time in aged things,
To wake the morn and sentinel the night,
To wrong the wronger till he render right,
To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours,
And smear with dust their glittering golden towers. —Shakespeare.

Time is the most subtle yet the most insatiable of depredators, and by

appearing to take nothing is permitted to take all; nor can it be satisfied until it has stolen the world from us, and us from the world. It constantly flies, yet overcomes all things by flight; and although it is the present ally, it will be the future conqueror of death.—Colton.

The hours of a wise man are lengthened by his ideas, as those of a fool are by his passions. The time of the one is long, because he does not know what to do with it: so is that of the other, because he distinguishes every moment of it with useful or amusing thoughts—or, in other words, because the one is always wishing it away, and the other always enjoying it.—Addison.

He who cannot find time to consult his Bible will one day find he has time to be sick; he who has no time to pray must find time to die; he who can find no time to reflect is most likely to find time to sin; he who cannot find time for repentance will find an eternity in which repentance will be of no avail; he who cannot find time to work for others may find an eternity in which to suffer for himself.—Hannah More.

There is nothing that we can properly call our own but our time, and yet everybody fools us out of it who has a mind to do it. If a man borrows a paltry sum of money, there must needs be bonds and securities, and every common civility is presently charged upon account. But he who has my time thinks he owes me nothing for it, though it be a debt that gratitude itself can never repay. —Seneca.

Tobacco, coffee, alcohol, hashish, prussic acid, strychnine, are weak dilutions; the surest poison is time. This cup which nature puts to our lips, has a wonderful virtue, surpassing that of any other draught. It opens the senses, adds power, fills us with exalted dreams, which we call hope, love, ambition, science; especially it creates a craving for larger draughts of itself.—Emerson.

Time is never more misspent than while we declaim against the want of it; all our actions are then tinctured with peevishness. The yoke of life is certainly the least oppressive when we carry it with good-humor; and in the shades of rural retirement, when we have once acquired a resolution to pass our hours with economy, sorrowful lamentations on the subject of time misspent and business neglected never torture the mind.—Zimmermann.

Time rolls his ceaseless course. The race of yore,
Who danced our infancy upon their knee,
And told our marvelling boyhood legends store,
Of their strange ventures happ'd by land or sea,
How are they blotted from the things that be!
How few, all weak and wither'd, of their force
Wait, on the verge of dark eternity,
Like stranded wrecks, the tide returning hoarse,
To sweep them from our sight! —Scott.

"Where is the world?" cries Young, at eighty. "Where
The world in which a man was born?" Alas!
Where is the world of eight years past?
'Twas there—
I look for it—'tis gone, a globe of glass
Cracked, shivered, vanished, scarcely gazed on ere
A silent change dissolves the glittering mass.
Statesmen, chiefs, orators, queens, patriots, kings,
And dandies, all are gone on the wind's wings. —Byron.

O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays?
O fearful meditation! where, alack,
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
—Shakespeare.

To-day, to-morrow, every day, to thousands the end of the world is close at hand. And why should we fear it? We walk here, as it were,

in the crypts of life; at times, from the great cathedral above us, we can hear the organ and the chanting choir; we see the light stream through the open door, when some friend goes up before us; and shall we fear to mount the narrow staircase of the grave that leads us out of this uncertain twilight into life eternal?—Longfellow.

E'en such is time! which takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, and all we have;
And pays us naught but age and dust,
Which, in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days.
And from which grave, and earth, and dust,
The Lord will raise me up, I trust.
—Sir Walter Raleigh.

Timidity

Women do not fancy timid men.—Mme. Deluzy.

Timidity is a disease of the mind.—Dr. Johnson.

Timidity challenges the scorn of women.—Massias.

That mute eloquence which passeth speech.—Rogers.

Looks that asked, yet dared not hope relief.—Rogers.

No woman dares express all she thinks.—J. Petit-Senn.

Silent when glad; affectionate, though shy.—Beattie.

An ounce of courage will go farther with women than a pound of timidity.—Balzac.

Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine are counsellors to fear.—Shakespeare.

Early and provident fear is the mother of safety.—Burke.

The absent danger greater still appears; less fears he who is near the thing he fears.—Daniel.

A thousand fears still overawe when she appears.—Granville.

Bestow, base man, thy idle threats elsewhere; my mother's daughter knows not how to fear.—Dryden.

Women, somehow, have the same fear of witty men as of fireworks.—Douglas Jerrold.

The beings who appear cold, but are only timid, adore where they dare to love.—Mme. Swetchine.

Speechless with wonder and half dead with fear.—Addison.

A woman is seldom merciful to the man who is timid.—Bulwer-Lytton.

One with more of soul in his face than words on his tongue.—Wordsworth.

Presumption will be easily corrected; but timidity is a disease of the mind more obstinate and fatal.—Johnson.

Until every good man is brave, we must expect to find many good women timid—too timid even to believe in the correctness of their own best promptings, when these would place them in a minority.—George Eliot.

Love is frightened at the intervals of insensibility and callousness that encroach by little and little on the domain of grief, and it makes efforts to recall the keenness of the first anguish.—George Eliot.

Titles

Virtue is the first title of nobility.—Molière.

The fool or knave who wears a title lies.—Young.

Titles do not count with posterity.—Thomas Paine.

Of the king's creation you may be; but he who makes a count never made a man.—Southern.

High titles debase, instead of elevate, those who know not how to support them.—Rochefoucauld.

A truce to titles; I will none.—Garibaldi.

Titles of honor add not to his worth, who is himself an honor to his title.—John Ford.

Of all trifles, titles are the lightest. —J. Petit-Senn.

For it is not titles that reflect honor on men, but men on their titles.—Machiavelli.

Titles are too "thin" for the nineteenth century.—Beecher.

A successive title, long and dark, drawn from the mouldy rolls of Noah's ark.—Dryden.

The three highest titles that can be given a man are those of martyr, hero, saint.—Gladstone.

I can make a lord, but only God Almighty can make a gentleman.—James I.

Titles, indeed, may be purchased; but virtue is the only coin that makes the bargain valid.—Burton.

Titles are of no value to posterity; the name of a man who has achieved great deeds imposes more respect than any or all epithets.—Voltaire.

All transitory titles I detest; a virtuous life I mean to boast alone. Our birth's our sires'; our virtues be our own.—Drayton.

Titles of honor are like the impressions on coin; which add no value to gold and silver, but only render brass current.—Sterne.

How impious is the title of sacred majesty applied to a worm, who, in the midst of his splendor, is crumbling into dust.—Thomas Paine.

Kings do with men as with pieces of money; they give them what value they please, and we are obliged to receive them at their current and not at their real value.—Rochefoucauld.

I would not cross the street to make a Baptist, but I would go round the world to make a Christian.—Rev. Dr. Sharp.

A fool, indeed, hath great need of a title; it teaches men to call him count and duke, and to forget his proper name of fool.—Crowne.

Titles are valuable; they make us acquainted with many persons who otherwise would be lost among the rubbish.—H. W. Shaw.

Title and ancestry render a good man more illustrious, but an ill one more contemptible. Vice is infamous, though in a prince; and virtue honorable, though in a peasant.—Addison.

Everything made by man may be destroyed by man. There are no ineffaceable characters except those engraved by nature; and she makes neither princes, nor rich men, nor lords.—Rousseau.

Titles and mottoes to books are like escutcheons and dignities in the hands of a king. The wise sometimes condescend to accept of them; but none but a fool would imagine them of any real importance. We ought to depend upon intrinsic merit, and not the slender helps of the title.—Goldsmith.

Titles the servile courtier's lean reward.—Rowe.

We are all soldiers, and all venture lives;
And where there's no difference in men's worths
Titles are all jests.

These are the lords
That have bought titles: men may merchandise
Wares, ay and traffic in all commodities
From sea to sea, and from shore to shore:
But in my thought, of all things that are sold,
'Tis pity honor should be bought for gold:
It cuts off all desert. —Haywood

Titles and profit I resign,
The post of honor shall be mine.
—Gay.

When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies.
—Watts.

These people, however fallen, are still men, and that is a very good title to my affection.—Goldsmith.

Thrones, dominions, princedoms, virtues, powers—
If these magnific titles yet remain
Not merely titular. —Milton.

Some people are all quality; you would think they are made up of nothing but title and genealogy. The stamp of dignity defaces in them the very character of humanity and transports them to such a degree of haughtiness that they reckon it below themselves to exercise either good nature or good manners.—L'Estrange.

A lawyer is sometimes required to search titles, and the client who thinks he has good right to an estate, puts the papers in his hands, and the attorney goes into the public records and finds everything right for three or four years back; but after a time he comes to a break in the title. So he finds that the man who supposed he owned it owns not an acre of the ground which belongs to someone else. I trace the title of this world from century to century until I find the whole right vested in God. Now to whom did he give it? To his own children. All are yours.—Talmage.

I look down upon him
With such contempt and scorn, as on my slave;
He's a name only, and all good in him
He must derive from his great grandsire's ashes,
For had not their victorious acts bequeathed
His titles to him, and wrote on his forehead,
"This is a lord," he had lived unobserved
By any man of mark and died as one
Amongst the common rout.
—Beaumont and Fletcher.

Tittle-Tattle

Take not into your ear that scum of hell that people call tittle-tattle. Whosoever willingly listens to a slander is equally guilty with the one who tells it, and an old writer says they ought both to be hanged; the one by the tongue and the other by the ear. Do not smile upon such a spaniel, lest like a pleased dog, he puts his dirty paw upon you.—Talmage.

Toasts

Quiet days, fair issue, and long life.
—Shakespeare.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine.
—Ben Jonson.

And he that will this health deny,
Down among the dead men let him lie.
—Dyer.

To the old, long life and treasure;
To the young, all health and pleasure.
—Ben Jonson.

The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth,
"Now the king drinks to Hamlet."
—Shakespeare.

Here's a health to the lass with the merry black eyes!
Here's a health to the lad with the blue ones! —Wm. Winter.

First pledge our Queen this solemn night,
Then drink to England, every guest;
That man's the best Cosmopolite
Who loves his native country best.
—Tennyson.

My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea:
But, before I go, Tom Moore,
Here's a double health to thee!
—Byron.

Were 't the last drop in the well,
As I gasp'd upon the brink,
Ere my fainting spirit fell,
'Tis to thee that I would drink.
—Byron.

Toasts (To Sweetheart)

Here's to one; may she be won.

May their joys be as deep as the ocean,
And their misfortune as light as its foam.

May we have the unspeakable good fortune to win a true heart, and the merit to keep it.

Here's to the heart
Though another's it be;
Here's to the cheeks,
Though they bloom not for me.

Here's to the wings of love;
May they never moult a feather
Until your little barque and my little barque
Sail down the stream of life together.

Toasts (To Wives)

The greatest blessing heaven can send—a good wife.

A good wife and health
Are a man's best wealth.

May those who enter the rosy paths of matrimony never meet with thorns.

May all single men be married, and all married men be happy.

Here's to woman. Before marriage a queen. After marriage—a subject.

Here's to our sweethearts and our wives;
May our sweethearts soon become our wives,
And our wives ever remain our sweethearts.

Toasts (To Woman)

The ladies—God bless 'em.

The Ladies: With assiduity we court their smiles: with sorrow we receive their frowns; but smiling or frowning, we love them.

The Ladies: We admire them for their beauty, respect them for their intelligence, adore them for their virtue, and love them because we can't help it.

The fair daughters of Columbia: May they add virtue to beauty, subtract envy from friendship, multiply amiable accomplishments by sweetness of temper, divide time by sociality and economy, and reduce scandal to its lowest denomination by a modest Christian deportment.

To America's daughters—Let all fill their glasses,
Whose beauty and virtue the whole world surpasses;
May blessings attend them, go where-ever they will,
And foul fall the man who e'er offers them ill.

Toasts (To Man)

He who thinks the most good and speaks the least ill of his neighbors—the man we love.

Toasts (Patriotic)

The American Navy: May it ever sail on a sea of glory.

Columbia: My country—with all thy faults, I love thee still.

Our Country: May she always be in the right—but our country, right or wrong.

Our Native Land: May it ever be worthy of our heartiest love.

The Nation: May there be no north, no south, no east, no west, but only one broad, beautiful, glorious land.

We mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor.—Jefferson.

Here's to American valor: May no war require it, but may it ever be ready for every foe.

May the joys of America be as pure as its air of freedom, and its virtues be as firm as its mountains.

Our President: May he always merit the esteem and affection of a people ever ready to bestow gratitude on those who deserve it.

Toasts (Miscellaneous)

May we never speak to deceive, nor listen to betray.

May the lamp of friendship be lighted with the oil of sincerity.

May care be a stranger to the honest heart.

Here's wishing us all more friends and less need of them.

Here's to love, the only fire against which there is no insurance.

May the hinges of friendship never grow rusty.

May the happiest days of your past Be the saddest days of your future.

May the road to happiness be lighted by virtue.

May the pleasures of youth never bring us pain in old age.

May we never know want till relief is at hand.

May fortune fill the cup where charity guides the hand.

May we never want bread to make a toast or a good cook to prepare it.

May the sunshine of comfort dispel the clouds of despair.

May we never murmur without cause, and never have cause to murmur.

May Dame Fortune ever smile on you,
But never her daughter—Miss Fortune.

May we always look upon the faults of others with the same eye we look upon our own.

May we have the unspeakable good fortune to win a true heart, and the merit to keep it.

May we always be under the orders of General Peace, General Plenty and General Prosperity.

Say why are beauties praised and honored most,
The wise man's passion and the vain man's Toast. —Pope.

Here's a sigh to those who love me,
And a smile for those who hate;
And whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for every fate.

A little health, a little wealth,
A little house and freedom,
With some few friends for certain ends.
But little cause to need 'em.

Here's to friends both near and far;
Here's to woman, man's guiding star;
Here's to friends we've yet to meet,
Here's to those here, all here I greet;
Here's to childhood, youth, old age;
Here's to prophet, bard and sage,
Here's a health to every one,
Peace on earth, and heaven won!

Come in the evening, or come in the morning—
Come when you're looked for, or come without warning;
A thousand welcomes you'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you!
—Thomas Moore.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And the days o' auld lang syne?
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne!
—Robert Burns.

A garland for the hero's crest,
And twined by her he loves the best;
To every lovely lady bright,
What can I wish but faithful knight?
To every faithful lover, too,
What can I wish but lady true?
And knowledge to the studious sage;
And pillow soft to head of age.
To thee, dear school-boy, whom my lay
Has cheated of thy hour of play,
Light task and merry holiday!
To all, to each, a fair good-night,
And pleasing dreams and slumber light! —Sir Walter Scott.

Tobacco

Thou through such a mist dost show us,
That our best friends do not know us.
—Charles Lamb.

Pernicious weed; whose scent the fair annoys,
Unfriendly to society's chief joys,
Thy worst effect is banishing for hours
The sex whose presence civilizes ours.
—Cowper.

The pipe with solemn interposing puff,
Makes half a sentence at a time enough;
The dozing sages drop the drowsy strain,
Then pause, and puff—and speak, and pause again. —Cowper.

Tobacco, an outlandish weed,
Doth in the land strange wonders breed:
It taints the breath, the blood it dries,
It burns the head, it blinds the eyes;
It dries the lungs, scourgeth the lights,
It 'numbs the soul, it dulls the sprites;
It brings a man into a maze,
And makes him sit for other's gaze;
It mars a man, it mars a purse,
A lean one fat, a fat one worse;
A white man black, a black man white,
A night a day, a day a night;
It turns the brain like cat in pan,
And makes a Jack a gentleman.
—Fairholt.

Thou in such a cloud dost bind us,
That our worst foes cannot find us,
And ill fortune, that would thwart us,
Shoots at rovers, shooting at us;
While each man, through thy height-'ning steam,
Does like a smoking Etna seem.
—Charles Lamb.

To-day

One to-day is worth two to-morrows.—Benjamin Franklin.

To-morrow life is too late: live to-day.—Martial.

Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer.—Young.

To-day is always different from yesterday.—Alexander Smith.

We know nothing of to-morrow; our business is to be good and happy to-day.—S. Smith.

Again he limiteth a certain day, saying in David, "To-day, after so long a time; as it is said, To-day if ye will hear his voice harden not your hearts."—Bible.

Then what is the use of repining?
For where there's a will there's a way.
To-morrow the sun may be shining
Although it is cloudy to-day.
—Old Song.

To-day is yesterday returned; returned
Full-powered to cancel, expiate, raise, adorn,
And reinstate us on the rock of peace:
Let it not share its predecessor's fate,
Nor like its elder sisters die a fool.
—Young.

So here hath been dawning
Another blue day.
Think wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?
Out of eternity
This new day is born;
Into eternity
At night will return.
Behold it aforetime
No eye ever did;
So soon it for ever
From all eyes is hid.
—Carlyle.

A liberal worlding, gay philosopher
Art thou that lift'st thy young and yellow head
O'er the dim burial of the scarce-cold dead,
Building above thy brother's sepulchre
A home of love, that sense might almost err,
Dreaming thine end therein to woo and wed
The flower-haired earth forever. Yet the red
In yonder West may well such dreams deter!
Yes, thou all-hail'd to-day, whose outstretched hand
Scatters loose riches on a bankrupt land
Even though thou art but a leaf from off the tree
Of yellowing time;—a grain of glistening sand,
Dashed from the waters of that unsailed sea
Where thou to-night shall sink, and I as soon may be. —Blanchard

Thou art no dreamer, O thou stern To-day!
The dead past had its dreams; the real is thine. —Julia C. R. Dorr.

What dost thou bring to me, O fair To-day,
That comest o'er the mountains with swift feet? —Julia C. R. Dorr.

Our cares are all To-day, our joys are all To-day;
And in one little word, our life, what is it but—To-day? —Tupper.

Why shouldst thou fill to-day with sorrow about to-morrow, my heart?—Paul Flemming.

Every hour comes with some little fagot of God's will fastened upon its back.—F. W. Faber.

Oh, how short are the days! How soon the night overtakes us!—Longfellow.

Out of eternity this new day is born; into eternity at night will return.—Carlyle.

Happy the man, and happy he alone —he who can call to-day his own.—Dryden.

To-morrow comes, and we are where? Then let us live to-day.—Schiller.

To-morrow do thy worst, for I have lived to-day.—Dryden.

Days that need borrow no part of their good morrow from a forespent night of sorrow.—Crashaw.

It is when to-morrow's burden is added to the burden of to-day that the weight is more than a man can bear. —George MacDonald.

To-day is ours; what do we fear?
To-day is ours; we have it here.
Let's treat it kindly, that it may
Wish, at least, with us to stay.
Let's banish business, banish sorrow;
To the gods belongs to-morrow.
—Cowley.

Let the day's work be done as its hours are passing. Let not the opportunity that is so fleeting, yet so full, pass neglected away.—Frothingham.

Often do the spirits of great events stride on before the events; and in to-day already walks to-morrow.—Coleridge.

To-day alone, I count my own,—
For God alone doth know,
Where I shall be, when o'er the lea,
The morrow's sun doth glow.
—Chas. Noel Douglas.

Nothing that is can pause or stay;
The moon will wax, the moon will wane,
The mist and cloud will turn to rain,
The rain to mist and cloud again,
To-morrow be to-day. —Longfellow.

Toil

Bodily labor alleviates the pain of the mind; whence arises the happiness of the poor.—Rochefoucauld.

Toil and pleasure, in their natures opposite, are yet linked together in a kind of necessary connection.—Livy.

He chooses best, whose labor entertains
His vacant fancy most; the toil you hate
Fatigues you soon, and scarce improves your limbs. —Armstrong.

Toil to some is happiness, and rest to others. This man can only breathe in crowds, and that man only in solitudes.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Toil, and be strong; by toil the flaccid nerves
Grow firm, and gain a more compacted tone:
The greener juices are by toil subdued,
Mellow'd, and subtilis'd; the vapid old
Expell'd, and all the rancor of the blood.
—Armstrong.

The body * * *
Much toil demands; the lean elastic less.
While winter chills the blood and binds the veins,
No labors are too hard; by those you 'scape
The slow diseases of the torpid year,
Endless to name. —Armstrong.

Toleration

The religion that fosters intolerance needs another Christ to die for it.—Beecher.

Tolerance does not mark the progress of a religion. It is the fatal sign of its decline.—Isidore van Cleef

Toleration is the best religion.—Victor Hugo.

Clemency alone makes us equal to the gods.—Claudianus.

A fallible being will fail somewhere.—Dr. Johnson.

Every man must get to heaven his own way.—Frederick the Great.

Let us often think of our own infirmities, and we shall become indulgent toward those of others.—Fénelon.

Tolerance is the only real test of civilization.—Arthur Helps.

I would have all intoleration intolerated in its turn.—Chesterfield.

The responsibility of tolerance lies with those who have the wider vision.—George Eliot.

We are all of one dying, one immortal family.—Henry Giles.

It is intolerance to speak of toleration. Away with the word from the dictionary!—Mirabeau.

Hardly a man will you find who could live with his door open.—Seneca.

The knowledge beyond all other knowledge is the knowledge how to excuse.—Bovee.

Has not God borne with you these many years? Be ye tolerant to others.—Hosea Ballou.

If thou canst not make thyself such an one as thou wouldst, how canst thou expect to have another in all things to thy liking?—Thomas à Kempis.

Let those who celebrate by name, by waxlight at noonday, tolerate such as are content with the light of the sun.—Voltaire.

Generosity is in nothing more seen than in a candid estimation of other men's virtues and good qualities.—Barrow.

Let us be very gentle with our neighbors' failings, and forgive our friends their debts as we hope ourselves to be forgiven.—Thackeray.

The moderation and toleration of the priests of any sect are in an inverse ratio to its authority and power.—Isidore van Cleef.

No human power can force the entrenchments of the human mind: compulsion never persuades it; only makes hypocrites.—Fénelon.

Choose out the wisest, brightest, noblest of mankind, and how many of them could bear to be pursued into the little corners of their lives?—Erskine.

He (Charles Lamb) had felt, thought, and suffered so much that he literally had intolerance for nothing.—Leigh Hunt.

There is nothing to do with men but to love them; to contemplate their virtues with admiration, their faults with pity and forbearance, and their injuries with forgiveness.—Dewey.

Let us people who are so uncommonly clever and learned have a great tenderness and pity for the poor folks who are not endowed with the prodigious talents which we have.—Thackeray.

They who boast of their tolerance merely give others leave to be as careless about religion as they are themselves. A walrus might as well pride itself on its endurance of cold.—Hare.

It requires far more of constraining love of Christ to love our cousins and neighbors as members of the heavenly family than to feel the heart warm to our suffering brethren in Tuscany and Madeira.—Elizabeth Charles.

Be thankful that your lot has fallen on times when, though there may be

many evil tongues and exasperated spirits, there are none who have fire and fagot at command.—Southey.

Men in excess of happiness or misery are equally inclined to severity. Witness conquerors and monks! It is mediocrity alone, and a mixture of prosperous and adverse fortune that inspire us with lenity and pity.—Montesquieu.

No one, judging from his own feelings and powers, can be aware of the kind or degree of temptation or terror, or the seeming incapacity to resist them, which may induce others to deviate.—Abernethy.

I would recommend a free commerce both of matter and mind. I would let men enter their own churches with the same freedom as their own houses; and I would do it without a homily or graciousness or favor, for tyranny itself is to me a word less odious than toleration.—Landor.

Whenever we cease to hate, to despite, and to persecute those who think differently from ourselves, whenever we look on them calmly, we find among them men of pure hearts and unbiased judgments, who, reasoning on the same data with ourselves, have arrived at different conclusion on the subject of the spiritual world.—Sismondi.

What higher praise can we bestow on any one than to say of him that he harbors another's prejudices with a hospitality so cordial as to give him, for the time, the sympathy next best to, if indeed it be not edification in, charity itself. For what disturbs more and distracts mankind than the uncivil manners that cleave man from man?—Alcott.

Let us all resolve, first, to attain the grace of silence; second, to deem all fault-finding that does no good a sin, and to resolve, when we are ourselves happy, not to poison the atmosphere for our neighbors by calling upon them to remark every painful and disagreeable feature in their daily life, third, to practice the grace and virtue of praise.—Mrs. Stowe.

Have charity; have patience; have mercy. Never bring a human being, however silly, ignorant, or weak—above all, any little child—to shame and confusion of face. Never by petulance, by suspicion, by ridicule, even by selfish and silly haste—never, above all, by indulging in the devilish pleasure of a sneer—crush what is finest and rouse up what is coarsest in the heart of any fellow-creature.—Charles Kingsley.

Tomb

Dark lattice! letting in eternal day.—Young.

The house appointed for all living.—Bible.

Who's a prince or beggar in the grave?—Otway.

Hang an epitaph on her tomb.—Shakespeare.

The most magnificent and costly dome is but an upper chamber to a tomb.—Young.

The earth, that is nature's mother, is her tomb.—Shakespeare.

Death ends our woes, and the kind grave shuts up the mournful scene.—Dryden.

All that tread the globe are but a handful to the tribes that slumber in its bosom.—Bryant.

Men shiver when thou art named; nature appalled shakes off her wonted firmness.—Blair.

A tomb is a monument placed on the limits of two worlds.—Bernardin de St. Pierre.

From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections.—Washington Irving.

By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave, like one that wraps the

drapery of his couch about him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.—Bryant.

It buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment.—Washington Irving.

And so sepulchred, in such pomp dost lie, that kings for such a tomb would wish to die.—Milton.

I would rather sleep in the southern corner of a little country churchyard than in the tomb of the Capulets.—Burke.

To-morrow

To-morrow is, ah, whose?—D. M. Mulock.

To-morrow do thy worst, for I have lived to-day.—Dryden.

Ask me questions concerning to-morrow.—Congreve.

To-morrow is a satire on to-day,
And shows its weakness. —Young.

Dreaming of a to-morrow, which to-morrow
Will be as distant then as 'tis to-day.
—Tome Burguillos.

To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.—Moore.

Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.—Bible.

To-morrow even may bring the final reckoning.—Spurgeon.

Who knows whether the gods will add to-morrow to the present hour?—Horace.

To-morrow comes, and we are where?
Then let us live to-day. —Schiller.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time.
—Shakespeare.

To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.—Milton.

In human hearts what bolder thoughts can rise than man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn? Where is to-morrow?—Young.

To-morrow!—it is a period nowhere to be found in all the hoary registers of time, unless perchance in the fool's calendar.—Colton.

There is no to-morrow; though before our face the shadow named so stretches, we always fail to o'ertake it, hasten as we may.—Margaret J. Preston.

Heaven makes sport of human affairs, and the present hour gives no sure promise of the next.—Ovid.

Far off I hear the crowing of the cocks,
And through the opening door that time unlocks
Feel the fresh breathing of To-morrow creep.
—Longfellow.

To-morrow; never yet was born
In earth's dull atmosphere a thing so fair—
Never tripped, with footsteps light as air,
So glad a vision o'er the hills of morn.
—Julia C. R. Dorr.

To-morrow yet would reap to-day,
As we bear blossoms of the dead;
Earn well the thrifty months, nor wed
Raw Haste, half-sister to Delay.
—Tennyson.

How oft my guardian angel gently cried,
"Soul, from thy casement look, and thou shalt see
How he persists to knock and wait for thee!"
And, O! how often to that voice of sorrow,
"To-morrow we will open," I replied,
And when the morrow came I answered still, "To-morrow."
—Tome Burguillos.

A shining isle in a stormy sea,
We seek it ever with smiles and sighs;
To-day is sad. In the bland To-be,
Serene and lovely To-morrow lies.
—Mary Clemmer.

Some say "to-morrow" never comes,
A saying oft thought right;
But if to-morrow never came,
No end were of "to-night."
The fact is this, time flies so fast,
That e'er we've time to say
"To-morrow's come," presto! behold!
"To-morrow" proves "To-day."
—Anon.

To-morrow thou wilt live, didst thou say, Posthumus? to-day is too late:

he is the wise man who lived yesterday.—Martial.

To-morrow's fate, though thou be wise,
Thou canst not tell nor yet surmise;
Pass, therefore, not to-day in vain,
For it will never come again.
—Omar Khayyám.

To-morrow, what delight is in to-morrow!
What laughter and what music, breathing joy,
Float from the woods and pastures, wavering down,
Dropping like echoes through the long to-day,
Where childhood waits with weary expectation. —T. B. Read.

O, fair To-morrow, what our souls have missed
Art thou not keeping for us, somewhere, still?
The buds of promise that have never blown—
The tender lips that we have never kissed—
The song whose high, sweet strain eludes our skill,
The one white pearl that life hath never known. —Julia C. R. Dorr.

To-morrow cheats us all. Why dost thou stay,
And leave undone what should be done to-day?
Begin—the present minute's in thy power;
But still t' adjourn, and wait a fitter hour,
Is like the clown, who at some river's side
Expecting stands, in hopes the running tide
Will all ere long be past.—Fool! not to know
It still has flow'd the same, and will for ever flow. —Hughes.

To-morrow's action! Can that hoary wisdom,
Borne down with years, still dote upon to-morrow,—
That fatal mistress of the young, the lazy,
The coward, and the fool, condemn'd to lose
A useless life in waiting for to-morrow,
To gaze with longing eyes upon to-morrow,
Till interposing death destroys the prospect! —Dr. Johnson.

To-morrow may never come to us. We do not live in to-morrow. We cannot find it in any of our title-deeds. The man who owns whole blocks of real estate, and great ships on the sea, does not own a single minute of to-morrow. To-morrow! It is a mysterious possibility, not yet born. It lies under the seal of midnight, behind the veil of glittering constellations.—Chapin.

To-morrow is that lamp upon the marsh, which a traveller never reacheth;
To-morrow, the rainbow's cup, coveted prize of ignorance;
To-morrow, the shifting anchorage, dangerous trust of mariners;
To-morrow, the wrecker's beacon, wily snare of the destroyer.
Reconcile conviction with delay, and To-morrow is a fatal lie;
Frighten resolutions into action, To-morrow is a wholesome truth. —Tupper.

Tongue

The tongue is a world of iniquity. —Bible.

The artillery of words.—Swift.

The windy satisfaction of the tongue.—Homer.

The tongue, the ambassador of the heart.—Lyly.

A maiden hath no tongue but thought.—Shakespeare.

The tongue is the vile slave's vilest part.—Juvenal.

Death and life are in the power of the tongue.—Bible.

The heart's attorney.—Shakespeare.

Restrain thy mind, and let mildness ever attend thy tongue.—Theognis.

Is there a tongue like Delia's o'er her cup,
That runs for ages without winding up?
—Young.

Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show.
—Shakespeare.

The heart hath treble wrong
When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue.
—Shakespeare.

My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.—Shakespeare.

My tongue's use is to me no more
Than an unstringed viol or a harp.
—Shakespeare.

While thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.—Shakespeare.

Many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing.—Shakespeare.

I should think your tongue had broken its chain!—Longfellow.

The firste vertue, sone, if thou wilt lerne,
Is to restreyne and kepen wel thy tonge.
—Chaucer.

A sharp tongue is the only edge-tool that grows keener with constant use.—Washington Irving.

A fool's heart is in his tongue; but a wise man's tongue is in his heart.—Quarles.

To many men well-fitting doors are not set on their tongues.—Theognis.

The tongue of the wise useth knowledge aright, and is as choice silver.—Bible.

Woman's tongue is her sword, which she never lets rust.—Madame Necker.

The tongue should not be suffered to outrun the mind.—Chilo.

Give your tongue more holiday than your hands or eyes.—Rabbi Ben-Azai.

By examining the tongue of a patient, physicians find out the diseases of the body, and philosophers the diseases of the mind.—Justin.

The tongue of a fool is the key of his counsel, which, in a wise man, wisdom hath in keeping.—Socrates.

You play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me.
—Shakespeare.

The chameleon, who is said to feed upon nothing but air, has of all animals the nimblest tongue.—Swift.

When we advance a little into life, we find that the tongue of man creates nearly all the mischief of the world.—Paxton Hood.

When thou are obliged to speak, be sure to speak the truth; for equivocation is half-way to lying, and lying is the whole way to hell.—William Penn.

If any man think it a small matter, or of mean concernment, to bridle his tongue, he is much mistaken.—Plutarch.

The man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man, if with his tongue he cannot win a woman.—Shakespeare.

A wound from a tongue is worse than a wound from the sword; the latter affects only the body—the former, the spirit, the soul.—Pythagoras.

Since I cannot govern my own tongue, though within my own teeth, how can I hope to govern the tongue of others?—Franklin.

Open, candid, and generous, his heart was the constant companion of his hand, and his tongue the artless index of his mind.—George Canning.

A wound made by an arrow will cicatrize and heal; a forest felded by the axe will spring up again in new growth; but a wound made by the tongue will never heal.—Mahabharata.

The tongue is, at the same time, the best part of man and his worst; with good government, none is more useful, and without it, none is more mischievous.—Anacharsis.

Give not thy tongue too great a liberty, lest it take thee prisoner. A word unspoken is like the sword in the scabbard, thine; if vented, thy sword is in another's hand. If thou desire to be held wise, be so wise as to hold thy tongue.—Quarles.

When thou dost tell another's jest, therein
Omit the oaths which true wit cannot need;
Pick out of tales the mirth, but not the sin;
He pares his apple that will cleanly feed.
—Herbert.

The tongue of man is powerful enough to render the ideas which the human intellect conceives; but in the realm of true and deep sentiments it is but a weak interpreter. These are inexpressible, like the endless glory of the Omnipotent.—Kossuth.

In the use of the tongue God hath distinguished us from beasts, and by the well or ill using it we are distinguished from one another; and therefore, though silence be innocent as death, harmless as a rose's breath to a distant passenger, yet it is rather the state of death than life.—Jeremy Taylor.

Sacred interpreter of human thought,
How few respect or use thee as they ought!
But all shall give account of every wrong,
Who dare dishonor or defile the tongue;
Who prostitute it in the cause of vice,
Or sell their glory at a market-price!
—Cowper.

It is observed in the course of worldly things, that men's fortunes are oftener made by their tongues than by their virtues; and more men's fortunes overthrown thereby than by vices.—Sir W. Raleigh.

Tonsorial

Hoary whiskers and a forky beard.—Pope.

Our courteous Antony,
* * * * *
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast. —Shakespeare.

I must to the barber's; * * * for methinks I am marvelous hairy about the face.—Shakespeare.

And his chin new reap'd,
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home. —Shakespeare.

Ere on thy chin the springing beard began
To spread a doubtful down, and promise man. —Prior.

But he shaved with a shell when he chose,
'Twas the manner of primitive man.
—Andrew Lang.

What a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my fill-horse has on his tail.—Shakespeare.

Thy boist'rous locks, no worthy match
For valor to assail, nor by the sword
* * * * * *
But by the barber's razor best subdued.
—Milton.

Of a thousand shavers, two do not shave so much alike as not to be distinguished.—Samuel Johnson.

The first (barbers) that entered Italy came out of Sicily and it was in the 454 yeare after the foundation of Rome. Brought in they were by P. Ticinius Mena as Varra doth report for before that time they never cut their hair. The first that was shaven every day was Scipio Africanus, and after him cometh Augustus the Emperor who evermore used the rasor.—Pliny.

Trade

He that hath a trade hath an estate; and he that hath a calling hath a place of profit and honor. A ploughman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees.—Franklin.

But times are alter'd; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose. —Goldsmith.

Some men make gain a fountain, whence proceeds
A stream of liberal and heroic deeds;
The swell of pity, not to be confined
Within the scanty limits of the mind.
—Cowper.

There is a Spanish proverb, that a lapidary who would grow rich must buy of those who go to be executed, as not caring how cheap they sell; and sell to those who go to be married, as not caring how dear they buy.—Fuller.

There is nothing so useful to man in general, nor so beneficial to particular societies and individuals, as trade. This is that *alma mater*, at whose plentiful breast all mankind are nourished.—Fielding.

Tradition

Tradition wears a snowy beard.—Whittier.

There is only one thing better than tradition, and that is the original and eternal life out of which all tradition takes its rise.—Lowell.

What an enormous "camera-obscura" magnifier is tradition! How a thing grows in the human memory,

in the human imagination, when love, worship, and all that lies in the human heart, is there to encourage it; and in the darkness in the entire ignorance, without date or document, no book, no Arundel marble, only here and there some dull monumental cairn! —Carlyle.

Tragedy

Tragedy has the great moral defect of giving too much importance to life and death.—Chamfort.

Tragedy warms the soul, elevates the heart, can and ought to create heroes. In this sense, perhaps, France owes a part of her great actions to Corneille.—Napoleon.

The pleasure arising from an extraordinary agitation of the mind is frequently so great as to stifle humanity; hence arises the entertainment of the common people at executions, and of the better sort at tragedies.—L'Abbé du Bois.

Traitor

The man who fights against his own country is never a hero,—Victor Hugo.

'Tis not sensible to call a man traitor that has an army at his heels. —Selden.

An arrant traitor as any is in the universal world, or in France, or in England.—Shakespeare.

When Philip of Macedon was told that a certain city was impregnable, "Is there not a pathway to it," he asked, "wide enough for an ass laden with gold!"—Plutarch.

Tranquillity

Tranquil pleasures last the longest. —Bovee.

There is a majestic grandeur in tranquillity.—Washington Irving.

The calmest and serenest hours of life, when the passions of nature are all silent, and the mind enjoys its most perfect composure.—Dr. Watts.

Thou wilt enjoy tranquillity if thy heart condemn thee not.—Thomas à Kempis.

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep.—Shakespeare.

One may live tranquilly in a dungeon; but does life consist in living quietly?—Rousseau.

The fountain of tranquillity is within ourselves; let us keep it pure.—Phocian.

Travel

Travel is fatal to prejudice.—Mark Twain.

Travel to learn character.—Miss Pardoe.

To see the world is to judge the judges.—Joubert.

Long traveled in the ways of men. —Young.

Restless at home, and ever prone to range.—Dryden.

Never travel by sea when you can go by land.—Cato.

Traveling is a fool's paradise.—Emerson.

Travelers must be content.—Shakespeare.

Travel teaches toleration.—Earl of Beaconsfield.

Does the pilgrim count the miles
When he travels to some distant shrine?
—Schiller.

I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes. —Shakespeare.

I pity the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba and cry, "'Tis all barren!"—Sterne.

Every traveler has a home of his own, and he learns to appreciate it the more from his wandering.—Dickens.

Traveling is no fool's errand to him who carries his eyes and itinerary

along with him.—Amos Bronson Alcott.

He who never leaves his country is full of prejudices.—Carlo Goldoni.

When I was at home, I was in a better place; but travelers must be content.—Shakespeare.

He travels safest in the dark night who travels lightest.—Fernando Cortez.

The traveled mind is the catholic mind educated from exclusiveness and egotism.—Amos Bronson Alcott.

The value of life deepens incalculably with the privileges of travel.—N. P. Willis.

To roam giddily, and be everywhere but at home, such freedom doth a banishment become.—Donne.

Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see, my heart, untraveled, fondly turns to thee.—Goldsmith.

Nothing tends so much to enlarge the mind as traveling.—Dr. Watts.

Usually speaking, the worst-bred person in company is a young traveler just returned from abroad.—Swift.

A pilgrimage is an admirable remedy for over-fastidiousness and sickly refinement.—Tuckerman.

People travel to learn; most of them before they start should learn to travel.—H. W. Shaw.

Ancient travelers guessed; modern travelers measure.—Dr. Johnson.

A traveler without observation is a bird without wings.—Saadi.

The dust is old upon my "sandalshoon," and still I am a pilgrim.—N. P. Willis.

The world is a great book, of which they that never stir from home read only a page.—St. Augustine.

Travelers never did lie, though fools at home condemn them.—Shakespeare.

He travels safe, and not unpleasantly, who is guarded by poverty and guided by love.—Sir P. Sidney.

He foreign countries knew, but they were known
Not for themselves, but to advance his own.
—Lluellin.

He that would travel for the entertainment of others should remember that the great object of remark is human life.—Johnson.

Ay, now am I in Arden: the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place; but travellers must be content.—Shakespeare.

I always love to begin a journey on Sundays, because I shall have the prayers of the church to preserve all that travel by land or by water.—Swift.

* * * the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.—Shakespeare.

In travelling
I shape myself betimes to idleness
And take fools' pleasure.
—George Eliot.

Travel makes all men countrymen, makes people noblemen and kings, every man tasting of liberty and dominion.—Alcott.

Rather see the wonders of the world abroad, than, living dully sluggardized at home, wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.—Shakespeare.

The use of traveling is to regulate imagination by reality, and instead of thinking how things may be, to see them as they are.—Dr. Johnson.

He that travels into a country before he has some entrance into the language, goeth to school and not to travel.—Bacon.

Travelers find virtue in a seeming minority in all other countries, and

forget that they have left it in a minority at home.—T. W. Higginson.

The useful science of the world to know, which books can never teach, nor pedants show.—Lord Lyttleton.

Know most of the rooms of thy native country before thou goest over the threshold thereof.—Thomas Fuller.

Travel gives a character of experience to our knowledge, and brings the figures upon the tablet of memory into strong relief.—Tuckerman.

Railway traveling is not traveling at all; it is merely being sent to a place, and very little different from becoming a parcel.—Ruskin.

The proper means of increasing the love we bear our native country is to reside some time in a foreign one.—Shenstone.

Travel is a ceaseless fount of surface education,
But its wisdom will be simply superficial, if thou add not thoughts to things.
—Tupper.

Only that traveling is good which reveals to me the value of home, and enables me to enjoy it better.—Thoreau.

They, and they only, advantage themselves by travel, who, well fraught with the experience of what their own country affords, carry ever with them large and thriving talents.—F. Osborn.

Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been,
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
—Keats.

Yon sun that sets upon the sea
We follow in his flight;
Farewell awhile to him and thee,
My native Land—Good-night!
—Byron.

I used to wonder how a man of birth and spirit could endure to be wholly insignificant and obscure in a foreign country, when he might live with lustre in his own.—Swift.

I depart,
Whither I know not; but the hour's gone by
When Albion's lessening shores could grieve or glad mine eye. —Byron.

He did request me to importune you,
To let him spend his time no more at home,
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.

The bee, though it finds every rose has a thorn, comes back loaded with honey from his rambles; and why should not other tourists do the same?—Haliburton.

Men may change their climate, but they cannot change their nature. A man that goes out a fool cannot ride or sail himself into common sense.—Addison.

Returning he proclaims by many a grace,
By shrugs and strange contortions of his face,
How much a dunce that has been sent to roam,
Excels a dunce that has been kept at home.
—Cowper.

I travel all the irksome night,
By ways to me unknown;
I travel, like a bird of flight,
Onward, and all alone.
—James Montgomery.

We love old travelers: we love to hear them prate, drivel and lie; we love them for their asinine vanity, their ability to bore, their luxuriant fertility of imagination, their startling, brilliant, overwhelming mendacity.—Mark Twain.

Does the road wind up-hill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
From morn to night, my friend.
—Christina Rossetti.

With every step of the recent traveler our inheritance of the wonderful is diminished. Those beautiful pictured notes of the possible are redeemed at a ruinous discount in the hard coin of the actual.—Lowell.

As the Spanish proverb says, "He who would bring home the wealth of the Indies must carry the wealth of the Indies with him," so it is in traveling; a man must carry knowledge with him if he would bring home knowledge.—Johnson.

To be a good traveler argues one no ordinary philosopher. A sweet landscape must sometimes be allowed to atone for an indifferent supper, and an interesting ruin charm away the remembrance of a hard bed.—Tuckerman.

She had resolved that he should travel through
All European climes, by land or sea,
To mend his former morals, and get new,
Especially in France and Italy,
(At least this is the thing most people do).
—Byron.

They change their sky not their mind who cross the sea. A busy idleness possesses us: we seek a happy life, with ships and carriages: the object of our search is present with us. —Horace.

There is probably no country so barbarous that would not disclose all it knew, if it received equivalent information; and I am apt to think that a person who was ready to give more knowledge than he received would be welcome wherever he came. —Goldsmith.

Those who visit foreign nations, but who associate only with their own countrymen, change their climate, but not their customs; they see new meridians, but the same men; and with heads as empty as their pockets, return home with traveled bodies, but untraveled minds.—Colton.

Though sluggards deem it but a foolish chase,
And marvel men should quit their easy chair,
The toilsome way, and long, long league to trace;
Oh! there is sweetness in the mountain air,
And life, that bloated ease can never hope to share. —Byron.

Perigrination charms our senses with such unspeakable and sweet variety that some count him unhappy that never traveled—a kind of prisoner, and pity his case: that, from his cradle to his old age, he beholds the same still, still,—still, the same, the same.—Burton.

Joy! the lost one is restor'd!
Sunshine comes to hearth and board.
From the far-off countries old,
Of the diamond and red gold,
From the dusky archer bands,
Roamers of the desert sands,
He hath reach'd his home again.
—Mrs. Hemans.

The man who, with undaunted toils
Sails unknown seas to unknown soils,
With various wonders feasts his sight;
What stranger wonders does he write!
We read, and in description view
Creatures which Adam never knew:
For, when we risk no contradiction
It prompts the tongue to deal in fiction.
—Gay.

Better sit still where born, I say,
Wed one sweet woman and love her well,
Love and be loved in the old East way,
Drink sweet waters, and dream in a spell,
Than to wander in search of the Blessed Isles,
And to sail the thousands of watery miles
In search of love, and find you at last
On the edge of the world, and a curs'd outcast. —Joaquin Miller.

There is nothing gives a man such spirits,
Leavening his blood as cayenne doth a curry,
As going at full speed—no matter where its
Direction be, so 'tis but in a hurry,
And merely for the sake of its own merits;
For the less cause there is for all this flurry,
The greater is the pleasure in arriving
At the great end of travel—which is driving. —Byron.

His travel has not stopp'd him
As you suppose, nor alter'd any freedom,
But made him far more clear and excellent:
It drains the grossness of the understanding,
And renders active and industrious spirits:
He that knows men's manners, must of necessity
Best know his own, and mend those by examples:
'T is a dull thing to travel like a mill-horse,
Still in the place he was born in, round and blinded.
—Beaumont and Fletcher.

There are two things necessary for a traveler to bring him to the end of his journey—a knowledge of his way,

a perseverance in his walk. If he walk in a wrong way, the faster he goes the farther he is from home; if he sit still in the right way, he may know his home, but never come to it: discreet stays make speedy journeys. I will first then know my way, ere I begin my walk; the knowledge of my way is a good part of my journey.—Arthur Warwick.

Me other cares in other climes engage,
Cares that become my birth, and suit my age:
In various knowledge to instruct my youth,
And conquer prejudice, worst foe to truth,
By foreign arts, domestic faults to mend,
Enlarge my notions, and my views extend;
The useful science of the world to know,
Which books can never teach, nor pedants show. —Lord Lyttleton.

Treachery

It is time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss.—Shakespeare.

Men are oftener treacherous through weakness than design.—Rochefoucauld.

In general, treachery, though at first sufficiently cautious, yet in the end betrays itself.—Livy.

There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee.—Shakespeare.

There is no knife that cuts so sharply and with such poisoned blade as treachery.—Ouida.

There is no traitor like him whose domestic treason plants the poniard within the breast which trusted to his truth.—Byron.

Deliberate treachery entails punishment upon the traitor. There is no possibility of escaping it, even in the highest rank to which the consent of society can exalt the meanest and worst of men.—Junius.

Treason

Treason seldom dwells with courage.—Sir Walter Scott.

Rebellion must be managed with many swords; treason to his prince's person may be with one knife.—Thomas Fuller.

Treason pleases, but not the traitor. —Cervantes.

Treason must be made odious.—Andrew Johnson.

Treason is not own'd when 'tis descried;
Successful crimes alone are justified.
—Dryden.

For while the treason I detest,
The traitor still I love. —Hoole.

In the clear mind of virtue treason can find no hiding-place.—Sir P. Sidney.

Treason, which begins by being cautious, ends by betraying itself.—Lamartine.

This principle is old, but true as fate,
Kings may love treason, but the traitor hate.
—Thomas Dekker.

The man who pauses on the paths of treason,
Halts on a quicksand, the first step engulfs him. —Aaron Hill.

Fellowship in treason is a bad ground of confidence.—Burke.

Tellest thou me of "ifs"? Thou art a traitor:
Off with his head! —Shakespeare.

Treason is like diamonds; there is nothing to be made by the small trader.—Douglas Jerrold.

Thou art a traitor, and a miscreant;
Too good to be so, and too bad to live.
—Shakespeare.

So Judas kiss'd his Master,
And cried—All hail! when as he meant—all harm. —Shakespeare.

Love of country is one of the loftiest virtues which the Almighty has planted in the human heart, and so treason against it has been considered among the most damning sins. —Emery A. Storrs.

It is the just decree of Heaven that a traitor never sees his danger till his ruin is at hand.—Metastasio.

Treason and murder ever kept together, as two yolk-devils sworn to either's purpose.—Shakespeare.

Though those that are betrayed do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor stands in worse case of woe.—Shakespeare.

Treason doth never prosper; what is the reason? Why, if it prosper, none dare call it treason.—Sir John Harrington.

Treason is but trusted like the fox;
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherished, and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
—Shakespeare.

Some guard these traitors to the block of death;
Treason's true bed and yielder up of breath.
—Shakespeare.

Is there not some chosen curse,
Some hidden thunder in the stores of heaven,
Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the man
Who owes his greatness to his country's ruin?
—Addison.

Oh, for a tongue to curse the slave,
Whose treason, like a deadly blight,
Comes o'er the councils of the brave,
And blasts them in their hour of might—!
—Moore.

The man was noble, but with his last attempt he wiped it out, destroyed his country; and his name remains to the ensuing age abhorred.—Shakespeare.

I know that there are angry spirits
And turbulent mutterers of stifled treason,
Who lurk in narrow places, and walk out
Muffled to whisper curses to the night;
Disbanded soldiers, discontented ruffians,
And desperate libertines who brawl in taverns.
—Byron.

With evil omens from the harbor sails
The ill-fated ship that worthless Arnold bears;
God of the southern winds, call up thy gales,
And whistle in rude fury round his ears.
—Philip Freneau.

Cæsar had his Brutus—Charles the First, his Cromwell—and George the Third—("Treason!" cried the speaker)—may profit by their example. If this be treason, make the most of it.—Patrick Henry.

Oh, colder than the wind that freezes
Founts, that but now in sunshine play'd,
Is that congealing pang which seizes
The trusting bosom, when betray'd.
—Moore.

The traitor to Humanity is the traitor most accursed;
Man is more than Constitutions; better rot beneath the sod,
Than be true to Church and State while we are doubly false to God. —Lowell.

Trees

The groves were God's first temples.—Bryant.

A brotherhood of venerable trees.—Wordsworth.

The mourner yew and builder oak were there.—Dryden.

This is the forest primeval.—Longfellow.

Grove nods at grove.—Pope.

He loves his old hereditary trees.—Cowley.

Slips of yew, silvered in the moon's eclipse.—Shakespeare.

Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree!—Campbell.

The dureful oak, whose sap is not yet dried.—Spenser.

Cause not a tree to die.—King of Siam.

A tree in the desert is still a tree.—Talmud.

No tree in all the grove but has its charms,
Though each its hue peculiar.
—Cowper.

The highest and most lofty trees have the most reason to dread the thunder.—Rollin.

A large, branching, aged oak is perhaps the most venerable of all inanimate objects.—Shenstone.

All the tree-tops lay asleep, like green waves on the sea.—Shelley.

A forest of all manner of trees is poor, if not disagreeable, in effect; a mass of one species of tree is sublime.—Ruskin.

Hence it is that old men do plant young trees, the fruit whereof another age shall take.—Sir J. Davies.

Like some tall tree, the monster of the wood, o'ershading all that under him would grow.—Dryden.

A tree is a nobler object than a prince in his coronation robes.—Pope.

No gale disturb the trees, nor aspen leaves confess the gentle breeze.—Gay.

The trees were unctuous fir, and mountain ash.—Dryden.

The whispering breeze pants on the leaves, and dies upon the trees.—Pope.

Old trees in their living state are the only things that money cannot command.—Landor.

Whose roots earth's centre touch, whose heads the skies.—Walter Harte.

Worn, gray olive-woods, which seem the fittest foliage for a dream. —Mrs. Browning.

Next to ye both I love the palm, with his leaves of beauty, his fruit of balm.—Bayard Taylor.

Poplars and alders ever quivering played, and nodding cypress formed a fragrant shade.—Pope.

An oak whose boughs were mossed with age, and high top bald with dry antiquity.—Shakespeare.

What planter will attempt to yoke a sapling with a falling oak?—Swift.

Trees the most lovingly shelter and shade us when, like the willow, the higher soar their summits the lowlier droop their boughs.—Bulwer-Lytton.

In heaven the trees of life ambrosial fruitage bear, and vines yield nectar.—Milton.

The fir-trees dark and high; I used to think their slender tops were close against the sky.—Hood.

That forbidden tree, whose mortal taste brought death into the world, and all our woe.—Milton.

The osier good for twigs, the poplar for the mill.—Spenser.

And winter, that grand old harper, smote his thunder-harp of pines.—Alexander Smith.

With every change his features played, as aspens show the light and shade.—Sir Walter Scott.

Those green-robed senators of mighty woods, tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest stars, dream, and so dream, all night without a stir. —Keats.

But, poor old man, thou prunest a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
—Shakespeare.

Some to the holly hedge
Nestling repair; and to the thicket some;
Some to the rude protection of the thorn.
—Thomson.

I sit where the leaves of the maple and the gnarled and knotted gum are circling and drifting around me.—Alice Cary.

I wonder how it is that so cheerful-looking a tree as the willow should ever have become associated with ideas of sadness.—Hamerton.

These blasted pines, wrecks of a single winter, barkless, branchless, a blighted trunk upon a cursed root.—Byron.

When we plant a tree, we are doing what we can to make our planet a more wholesome and happier dwelling-place for those who come after us if not for ourselves.—Holmes.

Beautiful isles! beneath the sunset skies tall, silver-shafted palm-trees rise, between full orange-trees that shade the living colonade.—Bryant.

The trees were gazing up into the sky,
Their bare arms stretched in prayer for the snows. —Alex. Smith.

The trees by the way should have borne men, and expectation fainted, longing for what it had not.—Shakespeare.

In lands of palm and southern pine; in lands of palm, of orange-blossom, of olive, aloe, and maize, and wine.—Tennyson.

In all great arts, as in trees, it is the height that charms us; we care nothing for the roots or trunks, yet it could not be without the aid of these.—Cicero.

The oak roars when a high wind wrestles with it; the beech shrieks; the elm sends forth a long, deep groan; the ash pours out moans of thrilling anguish.—T. Starr King.

And all amid them stood the Tree of Life,
High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
Of vegetable gold. —Milton.

When the sappy boughs
Attire themselves with blooms, sweet rudiments
Of future harvest. —John Phillips.

Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
A sylvan scene, and as the ranks ascend
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view. —Milton.

Now rings the woodland loud and long,
The distance takes a lovelier hue,
And drowned in yonder living blue
The lark becomes a sightless song.
—Tennyson.

The woods appear
With crimson blotches deeply dashed and crossed,—
Sign of the fatal pestilence of Frost.
—Bayard Taylor.

The willow is a sad tree, whereof such who have lost their love make their mourning garlands, and we know what exiles hung up their harps upon such doleful supporters. The twigs are physic to drive out the folly of children.—Fuller.

A barren detested vale, you see it is;
The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss and baleful mistletoe.
—Shakespeare.

Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
—George P. Morris.

Welcome, ye shades! ye bowery Thickets hail!
Ye lofty Pines! ye venerable Oaks!
Ye Ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep!
Delicious is your shelter to the soul.
—Thomson.

Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court? —Shakespeare.

The place is all awave with trees,
Limes, myrtles, purple-beaded,
Acacias having drunk the lees
Of the night-dew, faint headed,
And wan, grey olive-woods, which seem
The fittest foliage for a dream.
—E. B. Browning.

But see the fading many-colored Woods,
Shade deep'ning over shade, the country round
Imbrown; crowded umbrage, dusk and dun,
Of every hue from wan declining green
To sooty dark. —Thomson.

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
No enemy here shall he see,
But winter and rough weather.
—Shakespeare.

These shades
Are still the abodes of gladness; the thick roof
Of green and stirring branches is alive
And musical with birds, that sing and sport
In wantonness of spirit; while below
The squirrel, with raised paws and form erect,
Chirps merrily.
—William Cullen Bryant.

The works of a person that builds begin immediately to decay, while

those of him who plants begin directly to improve. In this, planting promises a more lasting pleasure than building; which, were it to remain in equal perfection, would at best begin to moulder and want repairs in imagination. Now trees have a circumstance that suits our taste, and that is annual variety.—Shenstone.

Where is the pride of Summer,—the green prime,—
The many, many leaves all twinkling?—three
On the mossed elm; three on the naked lime
Trembling,—and one upon the old oak tree!
Where is the Dryad's immortality?
—Hood.

Father, thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns, thou
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They, in thy sun,
Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze.
And shot towards heaven.
—William Cullen Bryant.

The woods are hush'd, their music is no more;
The leaf is dead, the yearning past away;
New leaf, new life—the days of frost are o'er;
New life, new love, to suit the newer day:
New loves are sweet as those that went before:
Free love—free field—we love but while we may.
—Tennyson.

The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down,
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication.
—William Cullen Bryant.

The linden broke her ranks and rent
The woodbine wreaths that bind her,
And down the middle buzz! she went
With all her bees behind her!
The poplars, in long order due,
With cypress promenaded,
The shock-head willows two and two
By rivers gallopaded. —Tennyson.

Sure thou did'st flourish once! and many springs,
Many bright mornings, much dew, many showers,
Passed o'er thy head; many light hearts and wings,
Which now are dead, lodg'd in thy living bowers.
And still a new succession sings and flies;
Fresh groves grow up, and their green branches shoot
Towards the old and still-enduring skies;
While the low violet thrives at their root.
—Henry Vaughan.

The laurell, meed of mightie conquerours
And poets sage; the firre that weepeth still;
The willow, worne of forlorne paramours;
The eugh, obedient to the bender's will;
The birch, for shafts; the sallow for the mill;
The mirrhe sweete-bleeding in the bitter wound;
The warlike beech; the ash for nothing ill;
The fruitfull olive; and the platane round;
The carver holme; the maple seldom inward sound. —Spenser.

Trees have about them something beautiful and attractive even to the fancy, since they cannot change their places, are witnesses of all the changes that take place around them; and as some reach a great age, they become, as it were, historical monuments, and like ourselves they have a life, growing and passing away,—not being inanimate and unvarying like the fields and rivers. One sees them passing through various stages, and at last step by step approaching death, which makes them look still more like ourselves.—Wilhelm von Humboldt.

The tremendous unity of the pine absorbs and moulds the life of a race. The pine shadows rest upon a nation. The northern peoples, century after century, lived under one or other of the two great powers of the pine and the sea, both infinite. They dwelt amidst the forests as they wandered on the waves, and saw no end nor any other horizon. Still the dark, green trees, or the dark, green waters jagged the dawn with their fringe or their foam. And whatever elements of imagination, or of warrior strength, or of domestic justice were brought down by the Norwegian or the Goth against the dissoluteness or degra-

dation of the south of Europe were taught them under the green roofs and wild penetralia of the pine.—Ruskin.

Trials

Trials teach us what we are.—Spurgeon.

Great faith must have great trials.—Spurgeon.

When He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold.—Bible.

Under the shadow of earthly disappointment, all unconscious to ourselves, our Divine Redeemer is walking by our side.—E. H. Chapin.

Prosperity tries the fortunate, adversity the great.—Pliny the Younger.

But noble souls, through dust and heat,
Rise from disaster and defeat
The stronger. —Longfellow.

There are no crown-wearers in heaven who were not cross-bearers here below.—Spurgeon.

As sure as ever God puts His children in the furnace, He will be in the furnace with them.—Spurgeon.

A grievous burthen was thy birth to me;
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy.
—Shakespeare.

Rocks whereon greatest men have oftest wreck'd.—Milton.

Our dearest hopes in pangs are born,
The kingliest Kings are crown'd with thorn.
—Gerald Massey.

By His trials, God means to purify us, to take away all our self-confidence, and our trust in each other, and bring us into implicit, humble trust in Himself.—Horace Bushnell.

There will be no Christian but will have a Gethsemane; but every praying Christian will find that there is no Gethsemane without its angel!—T. Binney.

"Tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope." That is the order. You cannot put patience and experience into a parenthesis, and, omitting them, bring hope out of tribulation.—Alexander Maclaren.

Jesus wept once; possibly more than once. There are times when God asks nothing of His children except silence, patience, and tears.—Charles S. Robinson.

Reckon any matter of trial to thee among thy gains.—Rev. T. Adam.

All the lessons He shall send
Are the sweetest:
And His training, in the end,
Is completest. —F. R. Havergal.

When our troubles are many we are often by grace made courageous in serving our God; we feel that we have nothing to live for in this world, and we are driven, by hope of the world to come, to exhibit zeal, self-denial, and industry.—C. H. Spurgeon.

In the time of Jesus the mount of transfiguration was on the way to the cross. In our day the cross is on the way to the mount of transfiguration. If you would be on the mountain, you must consent to pass over the road to it.—H. Clay Trumbull.

Great trials seem to be a necessary preparation for great duties. It would seem that the more important the enterprise, the more severe the trial to which the agent is subjected in his preparation.—Edward Thomson.

Never was there a man of deep piety, who has not been brought into extremities—who has not been put into fire—who has been taught to say, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."—Richard Cecil.

God has not chosen to save us without crosses; as He has not seen fit to create men at once in the full vigor of manhood, but has suffered them to grow up by degrees amid all the perils and weaknesses of youth.—Fénelon.

Blessed be the discipline which makes me reach out my soul's roots

into closer union with Jesus! Blessed be the dews of the Spirit which keep my leaf ever green! Blessed be the trials which shake down the ripe, golden fruits from the branches.—T. L. Cuyler.

The child of trial, to mortality
  And all its changeful influences given;
On the green earth decreed to move and die,
  And yet by such a fate prepared for heaven. —Sir Humphrey Davy.

God hath many sharp-cutting instuments and rough files for the polishing of His jewels; and those He especially loves and means to make the most resplendent, He hath oftenest His tools upon.—Leighton.

God often lays the sum of His amazing providences in very dismal afflictions; as the limner first puts on the dusky colors, on which he intends to draw the portraiture of some illustrious beauty.—Charnock.

As the musician straineth his strings, and yet he breaketh none of them, but maketh thereby a sweeter melody and better concord; so God, through affliction, makes His own better unto the fruition and enjoying of the life to come.—Daniel Cawdrey.

Every man will have his own criterion in forming his judgment of others. I depend very much on the effect of affliction. I consider how a man comes out of the furnace; gold will lie for a month in the furnace without losing a grain.—Cecil.

Trials are medicines which our gracious and wise Physician prescribes, because we need them; and He proportions the frequency and the weight of them to what the case requires. Let us trust in his skill, and thank him for His prescription.—Newton.

Nothing is intolerable that is necessary. Now God hath bound thy trouble upon thee by His special providence, and with a design to try thee, and with purposes to reward and crown thee. These cords thou canst not break, and therefore lie thou down gently, and suffer the hand of God to do what He pleases.—Jeremy Taylor.

The way is dark, my child! but leads to light;
I would not have thee always walk by sight.
My dealings now, thou canst not understand.
I meant it so; but I will take thy hand,
And through the gloom lead safely home
  My child!
  —Henry N. Cobb.

Life has no smooth road for any of us; and in the bracing atmosphere of a high aim, the very roughness only stimulates the climber to steadier and steadier steps, till that legend of the rough places fulfills itself at last, *"per aspera ad astra,"* over steep ways to the stars.—Bishop W. C. Doane.

Pray, pray, thou who also weepest,—
  And the drops will slacken so;
Weep, weep—and the watch thou keepest,
  With a quicker count will go.
Think,—the shadow on the dial
  For the nature most undone,
Marks the passing of the trial,
  Proves the presence of the sun.
  —E. B. Browning.

It is the easiest thing in the world for us to obey God when He commands us to do what we like, and to trust Him when the path is all sunshine. The real victory of faith is to trust God in the dark, and through the dark. Let us be assured of this, that if the lesson and the rod are of His appointing, and that His all-wise love has engineered the deep tunnel of trial on the heavenward road, He will never desert us during the discipline. The vital thing for us is not to deny and desert Him.—T. L. Cuyler.

Purge me, or Lord, though it be with fire. Burn up the chaff of vanity and self-indulgence, of hasty prejudice, second-hand dogmas—husks which do not feed my soul, with which I cannot be content, of which I feel ashamed daily—and if there be any grain of wheat in me, any word or thought or power of action which may be of use as seed for my nation after me, gather it, oh Lord, into Thy garner.—Charles Kingsley.

Trifles

Man shows his character best in trifles.—Schopenhauer.

Trifles themselves are elegant in him.—Pope.

Men are led by trifles.—Napoleon.

These little things are great to little men.—Goldsmith.

Things fit only to give weight to smoke.—Persius.

A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles.—Shakespeare.

A small unkindness is a great offence.—Hannah More.

Trifles not even in trifles can excel.—Young.

There is nothing insignificant, nothing!—Coleridge.

The gay motes that people the sunbeams.—Milton.

The smallest hair throws its shadow.—Goethe.

Trifles make up the happiness or the misery of mortal life.—Alexander Smith.

We must not stand upon trifles.—Cervantes.

A trifle makes a dream, a trifle breaks.—Tennyson.

By great efforts obtain great trifles.—Terence.

These trifles will lead to serious mischief.—Horace.

The chains which cramp us most are those which weigh on us least.—Mme. Swetchine.

It is but the littleness of man that seeth no greatness in trifles.—Wendell Phillips.

Affection, like melancholy, magnifies trifles.—Leigh Hunt.

Trifles discover a character, more than actions of importance.—Shenstone.

Contentions for trifles can get but a trifling victory.—Sir P. Sidney.

The journey of a thousand miles begins with one pace.—Lao-Tze.

Little things console us, because little things afflict us.—Pascal.

Alas! by what slight means are great affairs brought to destruction.—Claudianus.

A drop of water is as powerful as a thunder-bolt.—Huxley.

There is a kind of latent omniscience, not only in every man, but in every particle.—Emerson.

Trifles light as air are to the jealous confirmations strong as proofs of holy writ.—Shakespeare.

The pathetic almost always consists in the detail of little circumstances.—Gibbon.

Trifles render us miserable, but trifles also console us.—Romainville.

What mighty contests rise from trivial things!—Pope.

A stray hair, by its continued irritation, may give more annoyance than a smart blow.—Lowell.

There some trifles well habited, as there are some fools well clothed.—Chamfort.

Trifles lighter than straws are levers in the building up of character.—Tupper.

The creation of a thousand forests is in one acorn.—Emerson.

The earth hath bubbles, as the water has, and these are of them.—Shakespeare.

The power of duly appreciating little things belongs to a great mind;

a narrow-minded man has it not, for to him they are great things.—Whately.

At every trifle scorn to take offence;
That always shows great pride or little sense. —Pope.

Seeks painted trifles and fantastic toys,
And eagerly pursues imaginary joys.
—Akenside.

A weak mind is like a microscope, which magnifies trifling things, but cannot receive great ones.—Chesterfield.

Those who bestow too much application on trifling things become generally incapable of great ones.—Rochefoucauld.

Think nought a trifle, though it small appear; small sands the mountain, moments make the year.—Young

Each particle of matter is an immensity, each leaf a world, each insect an inexplicable compendium.—Lavater.

Those who place their affections at first on trifles for amusement, will find these trifles become at last their most serious concerns.—Goldsmith.

A fly is a very light burden; but if it were perpetually to return and settle on one's nose, it might weary us of our very lives.—Fredrika Bremer.

A grain of sand leads to the fall of a mountain when the moment has come for the mountain to fall.—Ernest Renan.

Trifles we should not let plague us only, but also gratify us; we should seize not their poison-bags only, but their honey-bags also.—Richter.

Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time, which looks for other revels. —Shakespeare.

Exploding many things under the name of trifles is a very false proof either of wisdom or magnanimity, and a great check to virtuous actions with regard to fame.—Swift.

The soft droppes of raine perce the hard marble, many strokes overthrow the tallest oke.—Lyly.

Rivers from bubbling springs
Have rise at first; and great, from abject things. —Middleton.

What will this boaster produce worthy of this mouthing? The mountains are in labor; a ridiculous mouse will be born.—Horace.

When I see the elaborate study and ingenuity displayed by woman in the pursuit of trifles, I feel no doubt of their capacity for the most herculean undertakings.—Julia Ward Howe.

The great moments of life are but moments like the others. Your doom is spoken in a word or two. A single look from the eyes, a mere pressure of the hand, may decide it; or of the lips though they cannot speak.—Thackeray.

Petty vexations may at times be petty, but still they are vexations. The smallest and most inconsiderable annoyances are the most piercing.—Montaigne.

It has been well observed that the misery of man proceeds not from any single crush of overwhelming evil, but from small vexations continually repeated.—Johnson.

A slight answer to an intricate and useless question, is a fit cover to such a dish,—a cabbage-leaf is good enough to cover a dish of mushrooms. —Jeremy Taylor.

There is a vigilance and judgment about trifles which men only get by living in a crowd; and those are the trifles of detail, on which the success of execution depends.—Horner.

A little, and a little, collected together become a great deal; the heap in the barn consists of single grains, and drop and drop from an inundation.—Saadi.

There is nothing too little for so little a creature as man. It is by

studying little things that we attain the great art of having as little misery and as much happiness as possible.—Johnson.

Whoever shall review his life, will find that the whole tenor of his conduct has been determined by some accident of no apparent moment.—Johnson.

We are not only pleased, but turned, by a feather. The history of man is a calendar of straws. "If the nose of Cleopatra had been shorter," said Pascal, in his brilliant way, "Antony might have kept the world."—Willmott.

Nothing is small or great in God's sight. Whatever He wills becomes great to us, however seemingly trifling; and if once the voice of conscience tells us that He requires anything of us, we have no right to measure its importance.—Jean Nicolas Grou.

As small letters hurt the sight, so do small matters him that is too much intent upon them; they vex and stir up anger, which begets an evil habit in him in reference to greater affairs.—Plutarch.

There is no real elevation of mind in a contempt of little things; it is, on the contrary, from too narrow views that we consider those things of little importance which have in fact such extensive consequences.—Fénelon.

It is in those acts called trivialities that the seeds of joy are forever wasted, until men and women look around with haggard faces at the devastation their own waste has made, and say the earth bears no harvest of sweetness, calling their denial knowledge.—George Eliot.

He that resigns his peace to little casualties, and suffers the course of his life to be interrupted for fortuitous inadvertencies or offences, delivers up himself to the direction of the wind, and loses all that constancy and equanimity which constitutes the chief praise of a wise man.—Dr. Johnson.

There is not one grain in the universe, either too much or too little, nothing to be added, nothing to be spared; nor so much as any one particle of it, that mankind may not be either the better or the worse for, according as it is applied.—L'Estrange.

A spark is a molecule of matter, yet may it kindle the world; vast is the mighty ocean, but drops have made it vast. Despise not thou small things, either for evil or for good; for a look may work thy ruin, or a word create thy wealth.—Tupper.

Frivolous curiosity about trifles, and laborious attentions to little objects which neither require nor deserve a moment's thought, lower a man, who from thence is thought (and not unjustly) incapable of greater matters. Cardinal de Retz very sagaciously marked out Cardinal Chigi for a little mind, from the moment he told him that he had wrote three years with the same pen, and that it was an excellent good one still.—Chesterfield.

In mortals there is a care for trifles which proceeds from love and conscience, and is most holy; and a care for trifles which comes of idleness and frivolity, and is most base. And so, also, there is a gravity proceeding from thought, which is most noble; and a gavity proceeding from dulness and mere incapability of enjoyment, which is most base.—Ruskin.

Great merit or great failings will make you respected or despised; but trifles, little attentions, mere nothings, either done or neglected, will make you either liked or disliked, in the general run of the world. Examine yourself, why you like such and such people and dislike such and such others; and you will find that those different sentiments proceed from very slight causes.—Chesterfield.

The mind of the greatest man on earth is not so independent of circumstances as not to feel inconvenienced by the merest buzzing noise about

him; it does not need the report of a cannon to disturb his thoughts. The creaking of a vane or a pully is quite enough. Do not wonder that he reasons ill just now; a fly is buzzing by his ear; it is quite enough to unfit him for giving good counsel.—Pascal.

It is curious to observe the triumph of slight incidents over the mind; and what incredible weight they have in forming and governing our opinions, both of men and things, that trifles light as air shall waft a belief into the soul, and plant it so immovable within it, that Euclid's demonstrations, could they be brought to batter it in breach, should not all have power to overthrow it!—Sterne.

Trinity Sunday

To-day we are called upon to keep the festival of revelation. Every other great festival of our Church commemorates a fact through which God has been pleased to teach men something of His purpose of love; Trinity Sunday encourages us to reflect for a brief space on that final truth, most absolute, most elementary, most practical, which gives unity and stability to all knowledge. The view of the Divine nature which it offers for our devout contemplation is the charter of human faith.—Bishop Brook F. Westcott, D. D.

The light of the sun, the light of the moon, and the light of the air, in nature and substance are one and the same light, and yet they are there distinct lights: the light of the sun being of itself, and from none; the light of the moon from the sun; and the light of the air from them both. So the Divine Nature is one, and the persons three; subsisting, after a diverse manner, in one and the same Nature. —R. Newton.

He who goes about to speak of the mystery of the Trinity, and does it by words, and names of man's invention, talking of essence and existence hypostases and personalities, priority in co-equality, and unity in pluralities, may amuse himself and build a tabernacle in his head, and talk something—he knows not what; but the renewed man, that feels the power of the Father, to whom the Son is become wisdom, sanctification, and redemption, in whose heart the love of the Spirit of God is shed abroad—this man, tho he understand nothing of what is unintelligible, yet he alone truly understands the Christian doctrine of the Trinity.—Jeremy Taylor.

The two principal names which are applied to Deity in the Old Testament are Jehovah and God (in Hebrew, *Elohim*). The former is God's proper name, and clearly applies to the divine essence. This name is always singular, and may be rendered, "He who exists." The other name, *Aleim* or *Elohim*, in plural. And the question occurs, Why is the name Jehovah, which refers to His essence, always singular? Plainly, to express the unity of the divine essence. Why is the other, *Elohim*, plural? As clearly to denote a plurality of persons in the Godhead.—Field.

Father of heaven, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
To us Thy pardoning love extend.

Almighty Son, incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
To us Thy saving grace extend.

Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
To us Thy quickening power extend.

Jehovah,—Father, Spirit, Son,—
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.
—Edward Cooper.

This symbol, light, is composed of three parts, one visible and two invisible; first, illuminative rays, which affect our vision, and by their Fraunhofer lines bring to us a knowledge of the substance of the suns from which they spring; second, chemical rays, which cause growth, and give the results of photography; and, third, the principle called heat, separate from either. So is God revealed—three persons in one God. No man hath seen

the Father, or the Holy Ghost: but the Son has been seen of men. Each of these component parts is capable of separate and independent action. Each can be sundered from the other, and still retain its full efficiency. The illuminative rays still stream with their incredible swiftness, still bloom with incomprehensible color, and still bear their records of other worlds, after the other two component parts have been turned to other work. There could be no other so happy illustration of the incomprehensible triune nature of God.—Dr. H. W. Warren.

Here is a mystery, the stupendous mystery of the Christian religion, the ineffable mystery of three persons in one God. We cannot define it. Every human attempt at definition involves it in deeper mystery. The arithmetic of heaven is beyond us. Yet this is no more mysterious and inexplicable than the trinity of our own nature; body, soul, and spirit; and no man has ever shown that it involved a contradiction or in any way conflicted with the testimony of our senses or with demonstrated truth; and we must accept it by the power of a simple faith, or rush into tritheism on the one hand or unitarianism on the other.—Fredk. D. Power, D. D.

This, then, appears to be the solution of our trinitarian difficulty; to concentrate our thoughts and our affections on God the Son as He is revealed to us in Christ; to adore Him as the Creator, Preserver, all-wise Ruler and Redeemer of the world; to worship Him as the ever-present King and Head of His Church; and to look forward to the eternal enjoyment of His presence in heaven, as the consummation of our happiness, as "all our salvation and all our desire." "Almighty God, who hast given us grace at this time with one accord to make our common supplications unto Thee, and dost promise that when two or three are gathered together in Thy name, Thou wilt grant their requests, fulfil now, O Lord, the desires and petitions of Thy servants, as may be most expedient for them; granting us in this world knowledge of Thy truth, and in the world to come life everlasting. Amen."—A Prayer of St. Chrysostom.

There be three grand principles—life, generation, and obedience —
Shadowing, in every creature, the Spirit, and the Father, and the Son.
There be three grand unities, variously mixed in trinities,
The rose, and the ruby, and the pearl; each one is made of three;
And the three be the like ingredients, mingled in diverse measures.
Thyself hast within thyself body, and life, and mind;
Matter, and breath, and instinct, unite in all beasts of the field;
Substance, coherence, and weight, fashion the fabrics of the earth;
The will, the doing, and the deed, combine to frame a fact;
The stem, the leaf, and the flower; beginning, middle, and end;
Cause, circumstance, consequent; and every three is one.
Yea, the very breath of man's life consisteth of a trinity of vapors,
And the noonday light is a compound, the triune shadow of Jehovah.
—Martin F. Tupper.

Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty;
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee,
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty;
God in three persons, blessed Trinity.

Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea,
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

Holy, holy, holy! tho the darkness hide Thee,
Tho the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty;
All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth and sky and sea:
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty;
God in three persons, blessed Trinity.
Amen. —Reginald Heber.

Troubles

Troubles, like babies, grow larger by nursing.—Lady Holland.

Trifling troubles find utterance; deeply felt pangs are silent.—Seneca.

It is not designed that the road should be made too smooth for us here upon earth.—Jane Porter.

The true way to soften one's troubles is to solace those of others.—Mme. de Maintenon.

No evil lost is wailed when it is gone.—Shakespeare.

Man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upward.—Bible.

Trouble and perplexity drive us to prayer, and prayer driveth away trouble and perplexity.—Melancthon.

In this wild world the fondest and the best are the most tried, most troubled and distressed.—Crabbe.

The greater our dread of crosses, the more necessary they are for us.—Fénelon.

Know this, that troubles come swifter than the things we desire.—Plautus.

Crosses are of no use to us but inasmuch as we yield ourselves up to them and forget ourselves.—Fénelon.

There are people who are always anticipating trouble, and in this way they manage to enjoy many sorrows that never really happen to them.—H. W. Shaw.

Many minds that have withstood the most severe trials have been broken down by a succession of ignoble cares.—Lady Blessington.

Annoyance is man's leaven; the element of movement, without which we would grow mouldy.—Feuchtersleben.

Troubles are exceedingly gregarious in their nature, and flying in flocks are apt to perch capriciously.—Dickens.

Are you borne down by trouble, remember the apt words of Carlyle: "The eternal stars shine out as soon as it is dark enough."—Beecher.

We are born to trouble; and we may depend upon it, whilst we live in this world, we shall have it, though with intermissions.—Sterne.

Men are born to trouble at first, and exercised in it all their days. There is a cry at the beginning of life, and a groan at its close.—Rev. W. Arnot.

In adverse hours the friendship of the good shines most; each prosperous day commands its friends.—Euripides.

Thou art never at any time nearer to God than when under tribulation; which He permits for the purification and beautifying of thy soul.—Miguel Molinos.

Tribulation will not hurt you unless it does—what, alas! it too often does—unless it hardens you, and makes you sour and narrow and sceptical.—Chapin.

It is a note
Of upstart greatness to observe and watch
For these poor trifles, which the noble mind
Neglects and scorns. —Ben Jonson.

Men's happiness springs mainly from moderate troubles, which afford the mind a healthful stimulus, and are followed by a reaction which produces a cheerful flow of spirits.—E. Wigglesworth.

Petty vexations may at times be petty, but still they are vexations. The smallest and most inconsiderable annoyances are the most piercing. As small letters weary the eye most, so also the smallest affairs disturb us most.—Montaigne.

Let a man who wants to find abundance of employment procure a woman and a ship: for no two things do produce more trouble if you begin to equip them; neither are these two things ever equipped enough.—Plautus.

Outward attacks and troubles rather fix than unsettle the Christian, as tempests from without only serve to root the oak faster; whilst an inward

canker will gradually rot and decay it.—Hannah More.

If you tell your troubles to God, you put them into the grave; they will never rise again when you have committed them to him. If you roll your burden anywhere else, it will roll back again, like the stone of Sisyphus. —Spurgeon.

Now, God hath bound thy troubles upon thee with a design to try thee, and with purposes to reward and crown thee. The cords thou canst not break; and therefore lie thou down gently, and suffer the hand of God to do what He please.—Jeremy Taylor.

Troubles are usually the brooms and shovels that smooth the road to a good man's fortune, of which he little dreams; and many a man curses the rain that falls upon his head, and knows not that it brings abundance to drive away hunger.—Basil.

Quick is the succession of human events. The cares of to-day are seldom the cares of to-morrow; and when we lie down at night, we may safely say to most of our troubles, "Ye have done your worst, and we shall meet no more."—Cowper.

Make up your mind to the prospect of sustaining a certain measure of pain and trouble in your passage through life. By the blessing of God this will prepare you for it; it will make you thoughtful and resigned without interfering with your cheerfulness.—J. H. Newman.

You can imagine thistle-down so light that when you run after it your running motion would drive it away from you, and that the more you tried to catch it the faster it would fly from your grasp. And it should be with every man, that, when he is chased by troubles, they, chasing, shall raise him higher and higher.—Beecher.

I saw a delicate flower had grown up two feet high between the horse's path and the wheel track. An inch more to the right or left had sealed its fate, or an inch higher; and yet it lived to flourish as much as if it had a thousand acres of untrodden space around it, and never knew the danger it incurred. It did not borrow trouble, nor invite an evil fate by apprehending it.—Thoreau.

Trust

Whoso trusteth in the Lord, happy is he.—Bible.

There is none deceived but he that trusts.—Franklin.

Public office is a public trust.—Dan. S. Lamont.

You may trust him in the dark.—Cicero.

Treason is greatest where trust is greatest.—Dryden.

To be trusted is a greater compliment than to be loved.—George MacDonald.

Women are proverbially credulous. —Lavater.

Women are more credulous than men.—Victor Hugo.

To build upon a foolish woman's promise!—Shakespeare.

Will cast the spear and leave the rest to Jove.—Homer.

I believe in God, and I trust myself in His hands.—J. A. Garfield.

Make not Christ a liar in distrusting His promise.—Rutherford.

Trust few men; above all, keep your follies to yourself.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

I think we may safely trust a good deal more than we do.—Thoreau.

Who has passed by the gates of disillusion has died twice.—Ouida.

I repeat, * * * that all power is a trust—that we are accountable for its exercise.—Benj. Disraeli.

The soul and spirit that animates and keeps up society is mutual trust. —South.

Trust in God for great things. With your five loaves and two fishes He will show you a way to feed thousands.—Horace Bushnell.

When a man assumes a public trust, he should consider himself as public property.—Thos. Jefferson.

The less you trust others, the less you will be deceived.—Rochefoucauld.

The greatest trust between man and man is trust of giving counsel.—Bacon.

How calmly may we commit ourselves to the hands of Him who bears up the world!—Jean Paul Richter.

An undivided heart, which worships God alone, and trusts Him as it should, is raised above anxiety for earthly wants.—J. C. Geikie.

If, like Jacob, you trust God in little things, He may answer you by great things.—J. R. Macduff.

I can forgive a foe, but not a mistress and a friend; treason is there in its most horrid shape, where trust is greatest!—Dryden.

That, in tracing the shade, I shall find out the sun,
Trust to me! —Lord Lytton.

If he were
To be made honest by an act of parliament
I should not alter in my faith of him.
—Ben Jonson.

Trust men, and they will be true to you; treat them greatly, and they will show themselves great.—Emerson.

The confidence which we have in ourselves gives birth to much of that which we have in others.—La Rochefoucauld.

There is something so beautiful in trust that even the most hardened liar must needs feel a certain respect for those who confide in him.—Marie Ebner-Eschenbach.

The woman who yields to promises sets her bark afloat upon a raging sea. In fulfillment alone lies safety.—Alfred Bougeart.

When we trust our brother, whom we have seen, we are learning to trust God, whom we have not seen.—James Freeman Clarke.

I well believe
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
And so far will I trust thee.
—Shakespeare.

The mistakes committed by women are almost always the result of her faith in the good and her confidence in the truth.—Balzac.

"Eyes to the blind"
Thou art, O God! Earth I no longer see,
Yet trustfully my spirit looks to thee.
—Alice Bradley Neal.

The appointing power of the Pope is treated as a public trust, and not as a personal perquisite.—Chas. Sumner.

You must cast yourself on God's gospel with all your weight, without any hanging back, without any doubt, without even the shadow of a suspicion that it will give.—Alexander Maclaren.

I would sooner walk in the dark, and hold hard to a promise of my God, than trust in the light of the brightest day that ever dawned.—C. H. Spurgeon.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.
—Whittier.

Exercise your God-given power of trust. Look up! Salvation is provided, and nothing remains to be done. Take hold! Take hold! Do not wait! —Bishop Janes.

I trust you as holy men trust God; you could do nought that was not

pure and loving, though the deed might pierce me unto death.—George Eliot.

The world is an old woman, that mistakes any gilt farthing for a gold coin; whereby, being often cheated, she will henceforth trust nothing but the common copper.—Carlyle.

Public officers are the servants and agents of the people, to execute laws which the people have made and within the limits of a constitution which they have established.—Grover Cleveland.

It is not fit the public trusts should be lodged in the hands of any till they are first proved and found fit for the business they are to be entrusted with. —Mathew Henry.

Better trust all and be deceived,
And weep that trust and that deceiving,
Than doubt one heart, that, if believed,
Had blessed one's life with true believing. —Frances Anne Kemble.

To execute laws is a royal office; to execute orders is not to be a king. However, a political executive magistracy, though merely such, is a great trust.—Burke.

O holy trust! O endless sense of rest!
Like the beloved John
To lay his head upon the Saviour's breast,
And thus to journey on!
—Longfellow.

Youth, health, and hope may fade, but there is left
A soul that trusts in Heaven, though thus of all bereft.
—Emma Catherine Embury.

If thou be subject to any great vanity or ill (from which I hope God will bless thee), then therein trust no man; for every man's folly ought to be his greatest secret.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

The ordinary saying is, Count money after your father; so the same prudence adviseth to measure the ends of all counsels, though uttered by never so intimate a friend.—F. Osborn.

Women are safer in perilous situations and emergencies than men, and might be still more so if they trusted themselves more confidingly to the chivalry of manhood.—Hawthorne.

Father, perfect my trust;
Let my spirit feel in death
That her feet are firmly set
On the rock of a living faith!
—Phœbe Cary.

If thou couldst trust, poor soul!
In Him who rules the whole,
Thou wouldst find peace and rest;
Wisdom and sight are well, but trust is best. —A. A. Proctor.

Take special care that thou never trust any friend or servant with any matter that may endanger thine estate; for so shalt thou make thyself a bondslave to him that thou trustest, and leave thyself always to his mercy.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

Trust not any man with thy life, credit, or estate. For it is mere folly for a man to enthrall himself to his friend, as though, occasion being offered, he should not dare to become an enemy.—Lord Burleigh.

That which befits us, embosomed in beauty and wonder as we are, is cheerfulness, and courage, and the endeavor to realize our aspirations. Shall not the heart which has received so much trust the power by which it lives?—Emerson.

Happy he with such a mother! Faith in womankind beats with his blood, and trust in all things high comes easy to him; and though he trip and fall he shall not blind his soul with clay.—Tennyson.

Let not the titles of consanguinity betray you into a prejudicial trust; no blood being apter to raise a fever, or cause a consumption sooner in your poor estate, than that which is nearest your own.—F. Osborn.

All persons possessing any portion of power ought to be strongly and awfully impressed with an idea that they act in trust, and that they are to account for their conduct in that trust to the one great Master, Author and Founder of society.—Burke.

Public office is a public trust, the authority and opportunities of which must be used as absolutely as the public moneys for the public benefit, and not for the purposes of any individual or party.—Dorman B. Eaton.

My trust is not that I am holy, but that, being unholy, Christ died for me. My rest is here, not in what I am or shall be or feel or know, but in what Christ is and must be,—in what Christ did and is still doing as He stands before yonder throne of glory. —C. H. Spurgeon.

We come, in our trust, unto God, and the moment we so embrace Him, by committing our total being and eternity to Him, we find every thing is transformed. There is life in us from God; a kind of Christ-consciousness is opened in us, testifying with the apostle,—Christ liveth in me.—Horace Bushnell.

We are only asking you to give to Christ that which you give to others, to transfer the old emotions, the blessed emotions, the exercise of which makes gladness in the life here below, to transfer them to Him, and to rest safe in the Lord. Faith is trust.—Alexander Maclaren.

A friend called on me when I was ill, to settle some business. My head was too much confused by my indisposition to understand fully what he said, but I had such unlimited confidence in him that I did whatever he bid me, in the fullest assurance that it was right. How simply I can trust in man, and how little in God! How unreasonable is a pure act of faith in one like ourselves, if we cannot repose the same faith in God.—Richard Cecil.

Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.
—Charles Wesley.

Commit yourself then to God! He will be your guide. He Himself will travel with you, as we are told He did with the Israelites, to bring them step by step across the desert to the promised land. Ah! what will be your blessedness, if you will but surrender yourself into the hands of God, permitting Him to do whatever He will, not according to your desires, but according to His own good pleasure?—Fénelon.

It is a view of God that compensates every thing else, and enables the soul to rest in His bosom. How, when the child in the night screams with terror, hearing sounds that it knows not of, is that child comforted and put to rest? Is it by a philosophical explanation that the sounds were made by the rats in the partition? Is it by imparting entomological knowledge? No; it is by the mother taking the child in her lap, and singing sweetly to it, and rocking it. And the child thinks nothing of the explanation, but only of the mother.—H. W. Beecher.

Trust with a child-like dependence upon God, and you shall fear no evil, for be assured that even "if the enemy comes in like a flood" the Spirit of the Lord will lift up a standard against him. While at that dread hour, when the world cannot help you, when all the powers of nature are in vain, yea, when your heart and your flesh shall fail you, you will be enabled still to rely with peace upon Him who has said, "I will be the strength of thy heart and thy portion forever."—H. Blunt.

Truth

Truth is mighty and it will prevail. —Esdras.

Sacrifice life to truth.—Rousseau.

Pure truth is for God alone.—Lessing.

The language of truth is simple.—Euripides.

Abstract truth is the eye of reason. —Rousseau.

Truth and justice are the immutable laws of social order.—Laplace.

Truth needs no color; beauty, no pencil.—Shakespeare.

Truth is always straightforward.—Sophocles.

Truth is truth to the end of reckoning.—Shakespeare.

Truth hath a quiet breast.—Shakespeare.

All truth contains an echo of sadness.—F. W. Trafford.

Arm thyself for the truth!—Bulwer-Lytton.

The jealous keys of truth's eternal doors.—Shelley.

Truth is the summit of being.—Emerson.

The naked truth.—Horace.

Endless is the search of truth.—Sterne.

The expression of truth is simplicity.—Seneca.

Truth needs no flowers of speech.—Pope.

Truth is the edict of God.—H. W. Shaw.

Truth alone wounds.—Napoleon I.

O mighty power of truth!—Cicero.

Truth is truth howe'er it strike.—Robert Browning.

How sweet the words of truth breathed from the lips of love!—James Beattie.

There is no need of words; believe facts.—Ovid.

The truth of truths is love.—Bailey.

For truth is unwelcome, however divine.—Cowper.

Whoever lives true life will love true love.—E. B. Browning.

Don't be "consistent," but be simply true.—Holmes.

There is but one poetry,—true poetry.—Goethe.

Verity is nudity.—Alfred de Musset.

At times truth may not seem probable.—Boileau.

Truth hates delays.—Seneca.

History has its truth; Legend has hers.—Victor Hugo.

Peace, if possible, but the truth at any rate.—Martin Luther.

Truth is the root of all the charities.—Dewey.

Truths that wake to perish never.—Wordsworth.

Truth takes no account of centuries.—Wordsworth.

God's word lasts forever.—Ulric von Würtemberg.

Truth has rough flavors if we bite it through.—George Eliot.

Truth is more than a dream and a song.—Schiller.

Truth for authority, not authority for truth.—Lucretia Mott.

The genuine essence of truth never dies.—Carlyle.

I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth.
—Shakespeare.

Truth is the daughter of Time.—Mazzini.

Lay thy face low on the threshold of truth.—Feisi.

The nobler the truth or sentiment, the less imports the question of authorship.—Emerson.

O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil.—Shakespeare.

To truth belongs freedom.—Richter.

Point thy tongue on the anvil of truth.—Pindar.

What we have in us of the image of God is the love of truth and justice.—Demosthenes.

Individuals may perish; but truth is eternal.—Joseph Gerrald.

Our minds possess by nature an insatiable desire to know the truth.—Cicero.

Truth illuminates and gives joy; and it is by the bond of joy, not of pleasure, that men's spirits are indissolubly held.—Matthew Arnold.

If I held all of truth in my hand I would beware of opening it to men.—Fontenelle.

My cares and my inquiries are for decency and truth, and in this I am wholly occupied.—Horace.

Truth is sensitive and jealous of the least encroachment upon its sacredness.—A. Bronson Alcott.

Truth does not do so much good in the world as the appearance of it does evil.—La Rochefoucauld.

The opposite of what is noised about concerning men and things is often the truth.—La Bruyère.

Every man seeks for truth; but God only knows who has found it.—Chesterfield.

Truth is inclusive of all the virtues, is older than sects and schools, and, like charity, more ancient than mankind.—A. Bronson Alcott.

Truth is always present; it only needs to lift the iron lids of the mind's eye to read its oracles.—Emerson.

The dignity of truth is lost
With much protesting. —Jonson.

Truth is a good dog; but beware of barking too close to the heels of an error, lest you get your brains kicked out.—Coleridge.

Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie;
A fault, which needs it most, grows two thereby. —Herbert.

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam. —Milton.

A good man, through obscurest aspirations,
Has still an instinct of the one true way.
—Goethe.

But there is no veil like light—no adamantine armor against hurt like the truth.—George MacDonald.

Truth, when not sought after, sometimes comes to light.—Menander.

Truth forever on the scaffold. Wrong forever on the throne.—Lowell.

Who ever knew truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter?—Milton.

Lest men suspect your tale untrue,
Keep probability in view. —Gay.

True as the dial to the sun,
Although it be not shin'd upon.
—Butler.

All that I know is, that the facts I state
Are true as truth has ever been of late.
—Byron.

Truth is strengthened by observation and time, pretences by haste and uncertainty.—Tacitus.

The thing is not only to avoid error, but to attain immense masses of truth. —Carlyle.

Truth, such as is necessary to the regulation of life, is always found where it is honestly sought.—Johnson.

Truth sometimes comes unawares upon Caution, and sometimes speaks in public as unconsciously as in a dream. —Landor.

Truth only smells sweet forever, and illusions, however innocent, are deadly as the canker worm.—Froude.

Truth, like the sun, submits to be obscured; but, like the sun, only for a time.—Bovee.

Truth shall never strike her topsails in compliment to ignorance or sophistry.—Father Taylor.

Truth irritates those only whom it enlightens but does not convert.—Quesnel.

Truly, I see he that will but stand to the truth, it will carry him out.—George Fox.

All truth is precious, if not all divine; and what dilates the powers must needs refine.—Cowper.

Veracity is a plant of Paradise, and the seeds have never flourished beyond the walls.—George Eliot.

Old truths are always new to us, if they come with the smell of heaven upon them.—Bunyan.

Nothing is really beautiful but truth, and truth alone is lovely.—Boileau.

Truth will be uppermost one time or another, like cork, though kept down in the water.—Sir W. Temple.

Truth is too simple for us; we do not like those who unmask our illusions.—Emerson.

Truth is truth, though from an enemy, and spoken in malice.—G. Lillo.

He who seeks the truth should be of no country.—Voltaire.

The greatest truths are commonly the simplest.—Malesherbes.

Blessed be the God's voice: for it is true, and falsehoods have to cease before it!—Carlyle.

A departure from the truth was hardly ever known to be a single one.—Richardson.

There are few persons to whom truth is not a sort of insult.—Ségur.

As scarce as truth is, the supply has always been in excess of the demand.—H. W. Shaw.

If thou art wise, incline to truth; for truth, not the semblance, remains in its place.—Saadi.

O truth divine! enlightened by thy ray, I grope and guess no more, but see my way.—Arbuthnot.

It is easier to be mistaken about the true than the beautiful.—Joubert.

Truth is the highest thing that man may keep.—Chaucer.

Truth is only developed in the hour of need; time, and not man, discovers it.—Bonald.

It is strange, but true; for truth is always strange, stranger than fiction.—Byron.

The advent of truth, like the dawn of day, agitates the elements, while it disperses the gloom.—E. L. Magoon.

Truth will ever be unpalatable to those who are determined not to relinquish error.—E. W. Montagu.

We must never throw away a bushel of truth because it happens to contain a few grains of chaff.—Dean Stanley.

We must not let go manifest truths because we cannot answer all questions about them.—Jeremy Collier.

No truth can be said to be seen as it is until it is seen in its relation to all other truths. In this relation only is it true.—Elizabeth Prentiss.

Truth does not consist in minute accuracy of detail; but in conveying a right impression.—Dean Alford.

The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in; you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.
—Shakespeare.

Truth makes on the ocean of nature no one track of light—every one looking on finds its own.—Bulwer-Lytton

The golden beams of truth and the silken cords of love, twisted together, will draw men on with a sweet violence whether they will or not.—Cudworth.

If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre. —Shakespeare.

This is all as true as it is strange;
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To th' end of reckoning.
—Shakespeare.

Give us that calm certainty of truth, that nearness to Thee, that conviction of the reality of the life to come, which we shall need to bear us through the troubles of this.—H. W. Beecher.

Pray over every truth; for though the renewed heart is not "desperately wicked," it is quite deceitful enough to become so, if God be forgotten a moment.—Charles Kingsley.

An unproductive truth is none. But there are products which cannot be weighed even in patent scales, nor brought to market.—John Sterling.

The man who loves with his whole heart truth will love still more he who suffers for truth.—Lavater.

There is small chance of truth at the goal, where there is not childlike humility at the starting-post.—Coleridge.

Thy actions to thy words accord; thy words
To thy large heart give utterance due; thy heart
Contains of good, wise, just, the perfect shape. —Milton.

To love truth for truth's sake is the principal part of human perfection in this world, and the seed-plot of all other virtues.—John Locke.

'If I had a device, it would be the true, the true only, leaving the beautiful and the good to settle matters afterwards as best they could.—Sainte-Beuve.

I have found out the art of deceiving diplomatists; I speak the truth, and I am certain they will not believe me.—Count Cavour.

You need not tell all the truth, unless to those who have a right to know it; but let all you tell be truth.—Horace Mann.

Whenever you look at human nature in masses, you find every truth met by a counter truth, and both equally true. —Charles Buxton.

It is only when one is thoroughly true that there can be purity and freedom. Falsehood always punishes itself.—Auerbach.

Liars act like the salt miners; they undermine the truth, but leave just so much standing as is necessary to support the edifice.—Richter.

God offers to every mind its choice between truth and repose. Take which you please, and you can never have both.—Emerson.

One truth discovered is immortal, and entitles its author to be so; for, like a new substance in nature, it cannot be destroyed.—Hazlitt.

Truth never turns to rebuke falsehood; her own straightforwardness is the severest correction.—Thoreau.

All high truth is poetry. Take the results of science: they glow with beauty, cold and hard as are the methods of reaching them.—Charles Buxton.

In all nations truth is the most sublime, the most simple, the most difficult, and yet the most natural thing —Mme. de Sévigné.

Truth is so great a perfection that if God would render himself visible to men, he would choose light for his body and truth for his soul.—Pythagoras.

If an offence come out of the truth better is it that the offence come, than the truth be concealed.—St. Jerome.

Truth is a torch, but a terrific one; therefore we all try to reach it with

closed eyes, lest we should be scorched. —Goethe.

Some modern zealots appear to have no better knowledge of truth, nor better manner of judging it, than by counting noses.—Swift.

The face of Truth is not less fair and beautiful for all the counterfeit visors which have been put upon her. —Shaftesbury.

Theory is continually the precursor of truth; we must pass through the twilight and its shade, to arrive at the full and perfect day.—James Douglas.

Truth and reason are common to everyone, and are no more his who spake them first than his who speaks them after.—Montaigne.

The smallest pebble in the well of truth has its peculiar meaning, and will stand when man's best monuments have passed away.—Willis.

Truth is the ground of science, the centre wherein all things repose, and is the type of eternity.—Sir P. Sidney.

The usefullest truths are plainest; and while we keep to them, our differences cannot rise high.—William Penn.

O man, little hast thou learnt of truth in things most true, and how therefore shall thy blindness wot of truth in things most fallen?—Tupper.

Truth is a queen who has her eternal throne in heaven, and her seat of empire in the heart of God.—Bossuet.

Truth may be stretched, but cannot be broken, and always gets above falsehood, as oil does above water.—Cervantes.

When the truth offends no one it should come from our lips as naturally as the air we breathe.—Stanislaus.

I will be mindful of the truth, so long as I shall be able. Mayest thou grant me the truth, tell me the best to be done.—Zend Avesta.

Childhood often holds a truth with its feeble fingers, which the grasp of manhood cannot retain,—which it is the pride of utmost age to recover.—Ruskin.

Scientific truth is marvellous, but moral truth is divine; and whoever breathes its air and walks by its light has found the lost paradise.—Horace Mann.

Truth will never be tedious unto him that travelleth in the secrets of nature; there is nothing but falsehood that glutteth us.—Seneca.

Knowledge, or more expressively truth,—for knowledge is truth received into our intelligence,—truth is an ideal whole.—John Sterling.

Truth is a gem that is found at a great depth; whilst on the surface of this world all things are weighed by the false scale of custom.—Byron.

General abstract truth is the most precious of all blessings; without it, man is blind; it is the eye of reason. —Rousseau.

Great truths always dwell a long time with small minorities, and the real voice of God is often that which rises above the masses, not that which follows them.—Francis Lieber.

The firmest and noblest ground on which people can live is truth; the real with the real; a ground on which nothing is assumed.—Emerson.

Truth takes the stamp of the souls it enters. It is rigorous and rough in arid souls, but tempers and softens itself in loving natures.—Joubert.

There are truths that shield themselves behind veils, and are best spoken by implication. Even the sun veils himself in his own rays to blind the gaze of the too curious starer.—A. Bronson Alcott.

Truth is like a pearl: he alone possesses it who has plunged into the depths of life and torn his hands on the rocks of Time.—Laboulaye.

He who has once deviated from the truth usually commits perjury with as little scruple as he would tell a lie.—Cicero.

Oh truth,
Thou art, whilst tenant in a noble breast,
A crown of crystal in an iv'ry chest!
—Davenport.

Vice for a time may shine, and virtue sigh;
But truth, like heav'n's sun, plainly doth reveal,
And scourge or crown, what darkness did conceal. —Davenport.

I have seldom known any one who deserted truth in trifles that could be trusted in matters of importance.—Paley.

The greatest friend of truth is time; her greatest enemy is prejudice; and her constant companion is humility.—Colton.

While we are examining into everything we sometimes find truth where we least expected it.—Quintilian.

A man protesting against error is on the way towards uniting himself with all men that believe in truth.—Carlyle.

But what is truth? 'Twas Pilate's question put
To Truth itself, that deign'd him no reply.
—Cowper.

Love of truth will bless the lover all his days; yet when he brings her home, his fair-faced bride, she comes empty-handed to his door, herself her only dower.—Theodore Parker.

A man has no more right to utter untruths to his own disparagement than to his own praise. Truth is absolute. It is obligatory under all circumstances, and in all relations.—Dr. Kitto.

Some men are more beholden to their bitterest enemies than to friends who appear to be sweetness itself. The former frequently tell the truth, but the latter never.—Cato.

A truth which one has never heard causes the soul surprise at first, which touches it keenly; but when it is accustomed to it, it becomes very insensible there.—Nicole.

Truth can hardly be expected to adapt herself to the crooked policy and wily sinuosities of wordly affairs; for truth, like light, travels only in straight lines.—Colton.

Truth is a naked and open daylight, that doth not show the masks and mummeries of the world half so stately and daintily as candlelights.—Bacon.

But God himself is truth; in propagating which, as men display a greater integrity and zeal, they approach nearer to the similitude of God, and possess a greater portion of his love.—Milton.

But yet, I say, if imputation and strong circumstances, which lead directly to the door of truth, will give you satisfaction, you may have it.—Shakespeare.

When by night the frogs are croaking, kindle but a torch's fire;
Ha! how soon they all are silent! Thus Truth silences the liar.
—Friedrich von Logau.

'Tis not enough your counsel still be true,
Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do.
* * * * * * *
Without good breeding, truth is disapprov'd;
That only makes superior sense belov'd.
—Pope.

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again:
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
And dies among his worshippers.
—William Cullen Bryant.

Get but the truth once uttered, and 'tis like
A star new-born that drops into its place
And which, once circling in its placid round,
Not all the tumult of the earth can shake.
—Lowell.

Truth is the object of our understanding, as good is of our will; and the understanding can no more be delighted with a lie than the will can choose an apparent evil.—Dryden.

The best way to come to truth being to examine things as really they are, and not to conclude they are, as we fancy of ourselves, or have been taught by others to imagine.—Locke.

Put golden padlocks on Truth's lips, be callous as ye will,
From soul to soul, o'er all the world, leaps one electric thrill. —Lowell.

Truth is tough. It will not break, like a bubble, at a touch; nay, you may kick it about all day, like a football, and it will be round and full at evening.—O. W. Holmes.

Though love repine and reason chafe,
There came a voice without reply,
"'Tis man's perdition to be safe,
When for the truth he ought to die."
—Emerson.

Truth is one;
And, in all lands beneath the sun,
Whoso hath eyes to see may see
The token of its unity. —Whittier.

Attach thyself to truth; defend justice; rejoice in the beautiful. That which comes to thee with time, time will take away; that which is eternal will remain in thy heart.—Esaias Tegner.

In order to discover truth, we must be truthful ourselves, and must welcome those who point out our errors as heartily as those who approve and confirm our discoveries.—Max Müller.

Truth, like the juice of the poppy, in small quantities, calms men; in large, heats and irritates them, and is attended by fatal consequences in excess.—Landor.

Truth is the source of every good to gods and men. He who expects to be blessed and fortunate in this world should be a partaker of it from the earliest moment of his life.—Plato.

Truth only needs to be for once spoken out; and there's such music in her, such strange rhythm, as makes men's memories her joyous slaves.—Lowell.

The way of truth is like a great road. It is not difficult to know it. The evil is only that men will not seek it. Do you go home and search for it. —Mencius.

Every man has a right to utter what he thinks truth, and every other man has a right to knock him down for it. Martyrdom is the test.—Dr. Johnson.

Truth is congenial to man. Moral truth is then most consummate when, like beauty, it commends itself without argument. The righteous not only does right, but loves to do right.—F. W. Newman.

O Truth! pure and sacred virgin, when wilt thou be worthily revered? O Goddess, who instructs us, why didst thou put thy palace in a well?—Voltaire.

Clear and round dealing is the honor of man's nature; the mixture of falsehood is like alloy in coin of gold and silver, which may make the metal work the better, but it embaseth it.—Bacon.

The greatest truths are wronged if not linked with beauty, and they win their way most surely and deeply into the soul, when arranged in this their natural and fit attire.—Channing.

The golden beams of truth and the silken cords of love, twisted together, will draw men on with a sweet violence whether they will or no.—Cudworth.

Of all the duties, the love of truth, with faith and constancy in it, ranks first and highest. Truth is God. To love God and to love truth are one and the same.—Silvio Pellico.

"Can this be true"? an arch observer cries,—
"Yes," rather moved, "I saw it with these eyes."
"Sir! I believe it on that ground alone;
I could not had I seen it with my own."
—Cowper.

If you can but give to the fainting soul at your door a cup of water from the wells of truth, it shall flash back on you the radiance of God. As you save, so shall you be saved.—Conway.

Seven years of silent inquiry are needful for a man to learn the truth, but fourteen in order to learn how to make it known to his fellow-men.—Plato.

Truths on which depend our main concern,
That 'tis our shame and misery not to learn,
Shine by the side of every path we tread
With such a lustre, he that runs may read.
—Cowper.

"Truth," I cried, "though the heavens crush me for following her; no falsehood, though a whole celestial Lubberland were the price of apostasy!"—Carlyle.

Every newly discovered truth judges the world, separates the good from the evil, and calls on faithful souls to make sure of their election.—Julia Ward Howe.

Truth comes home to the mind so naturally that when we learn it for the first time, it seems as though we did no more than recall it to our memory.—Fontenelle.

Certainly, truth should be strenuous and bold; but the strongest things are not always the noisiest, as any one may see who compares scolding with logic.—Chapin.

Weigh not so much what men say, as what they prove; remembering that truth is simple and naked, and needs not invective to apparel her comeliness. —Sir P. Sidney.

Truth is the band of union and the basis of human happiness. Without this virtue there is no reliance upon language, no confidence in friendship, no security in promises and oaths.—Jeremy Collier.

Just as soon as any conviction of important truth becomes central and vital, there comes the desire to utter it —a desire which is immediate and irresistible. Sacrifice is gladness, service is joy, when such an idea becomes a commanding power.—R. S. Storrs.

The germs of all truth lie in the soul, and when the ripe moment comes, the truth within answers to the fact without as the flower responds to the sun, giving it form for heat and color for light.—Hamilton W. Mabie.

Truth always has a bewitching savor of newness in it, and novelty at the first taste recalls that original sweetness to the tongue; but alas for him who would make the one a substitute for the other.—Lowell.

As it has been finely expressed, "Principle is a passion for truth." And as an earlier and homelier writer hath it, "The truths we believe in are the pillars of our world."—Bulwer-Lytton.

Oh, how great is the power of truth! which of its own power can easily defend itself against all the ingenuity and cunning and wisdom of men, and against the treacherous plots of all the world.—Cicero.

Liberty is the parent of truth, but truth and decency are sometimes at variance. All men and all propositions are to be treated here as they deserve, and there are many who have no claim either to respect or decency.—Johnson.

Truth is a thing immortal and perpetual, and it gives to us a beauty that fades not away in time, nor does it take away the freedom of speech which proceeds from justice; but it gives to us the knowledge of what is just and lawful, separating from them the unjust and refuting them.—Epictetus.

Truth is a very different thing from fact; it is the loving contact of the soul with spiritual fact, vital and potent. It does not work in the soul independently of all faculty or qualification there for setting it forth or defending it. Truth in the inward parts is a power, not an opinion.—George MacDonald.

There is an inward state of the heart which makes truth credible the moment it is stated. It is credible to some men because of what they are. Love is credible to a loving heart; purity is credible to a pure mind; life

is credible to a spirit in which life beats strongly—it is incredible to other men.—F. W. Robertson.

More proselytes and converts use t' accrue
To. false persuasions than the right and true;
For error and mistake are infinite,
But truth has but one way to be i' th' right. —Butler.

Did the Almighty, holding in his right hand truth, and in his left hand search after truth, deign to proffer me the one I might prefer, in all humility, but without hesitation, I should request search after truth.—Lessing.

Ev'n them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipp'd stocks and stones,
Forget not. —Milton.

The love of truth is the stimulus to all noble conversation. This is the root of all the charities. The tree which springs from it may have a thousand branches, but they will all bear a golden and generous fruitage.—Orville Dewey.

The dictum that truth always triumphs over persecution is one of those pleasant falsehoods which men repeat after one another till they pass into commonplaces, but which all experience refutes.—J. Stuart Mill.

There are those who hold the opinion that truth is only safe when diluted,—about one-fifth to four-fifths lies,—as the oxygen of the air is with its nitrogen. Else it would burn us all up.—Holmes.

We have oftener than once endeavored to attach some meaning to that aphorism, vulgarly imputed to Shaftesbury, which however we can find nowhere in his works, that "ridicule is the test of truth."—Carlyle.

Truth, whether in or out of fashion, is the measure of knowledge and the business of the understanding; whatsoever is besides that, however authorized by consent or recommended by rarity, is nothing but ignorance or something worse.—John Locke.

Morality has need, that it may be well received, of the mask of fable and the charm of poetry: truth pleases less when it is naked; and it is the only virgin whom we best like to see a little clothed.—Boufflers.

Truth is to be sought with a mind purified from the passions of the body. Having overcome evil things, thou shalt experience the union of the immortal divinity with the mortal man. —Pythagoras.

Since truthfulness, as a conscious virtue and sacrifice, is the blossom, nay, the pollen, of the whole moral growth, it can only grow with its growth, and open when it has reached its height.—Richter.

It is not always necessary that truth should be embodied; enough if it hover, spirit-like, around us and produce harmony, if it float through the aid like the sweetly solemn chiming of a minster bell.—Goethe.

Jane borrow'd maxims from a doubting school,
And took for truth the test of ridicule;
Lucy saw no such virtue in a jest,
Truth was with her of ridicule the test.
—Crabbe.

Truth travels down from the heights of philosophy to the humblest walks of life, and up from the simplest perceptions of an awakened intellect to the discoveries which almost change the face of the world. At every stage of its progress it is genial, luminous, creative.—Edward Everett.

The confusion and undesigned inaccuracy so often to be observed in conversation, especially in that of uneducated persons, proves that truth needs to be cultivated as a talent, as well as recommended as a virtue.—Mrs. Fry.

For who knows not that truth is strong, next to the Almighty; she needs no politics, nor stratagems, nor licensings to make her victorious; those are the shifts and the defenses that error uses against her power: give her but room, and do not bind her when she sleeps.—Milton.

Truth gathers itself spotless and unhurt after all our surrenders and concealments and partisanship; never hurt by the treachery or ruin of its best defenders, whether Luther, or William Penn, or St. Paul.—Emerson.

For all the practical purposes of life, truth might as well be in a prison as in the folio of a schoolman; and those who release her from the cobwebbed shelf, and teach her to live with men, have the merit of liberating, if not of discovering her.—Colton.

There is something very sublime, though very fanciful, in Plato's description of the Supreme Being,—that truth is His body and light His shadow. According to this definition there is nothing so contradictory to his nature as error and falsehood.—Addison.

The very essence of truth is plainness and brightness; the darkness and crookedness is our own. The wisdom of God created understanding, fit and proportionable to truth, the object and end of it, as the eye to the thing visible. If our understanding have a film of ignorance over it, or be blear with gazing on other false glitterings, what is that to truth?—Milton.

He who seeks truth must be content with a lonely, little-trodden path. If he cannot worship her till she has been canonized by the shouts of the multitude, he must take his place with the members of that wretched crowd who shouted for two long hours, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" till truth, reason and calmness were all drowned in noise.—F. W. Robertson.

Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so truth be in the field, we do injuriously by licensing and prohibiting to misdoubt her strength. Let her and falsehood grapple; who ever knew truth put to the worse, in a free and open encounter? Her confuting is the best and surest suppressing.—Milton.

A writer who builds his arguments upon facts is not easily to be confuted. He is not to be answered by general assertions or general reproaches. He may want eloquence to amuse and persuade; but, speaking truth, he must always convince.—Junius.

Truth! why shall every wretch of letters
Dare to speak truth against his betters!
Let ragged virtue stand aloof,
Nor mutter accents of reproof;
Let ragged wit a mute become,
When wealth and power would have her dumb. —Churchill.

Truth is the beginning of every good thing, both in heaven and on earth; and he who would be blessed and happy should be from the first a partaker of the truth, that he may live a true man as long as possible, for then he can be trusted; but he is not to be trusted who loves voluntary falsehood, and he who loves involuntary falsehood is a fool.—Plato.

The nimble lie
Is like the second-hand upon a clock;
We see it fly; while the hour-hand of truth
Seems to stand still, and yet it moves unseen,
And wins, at last, for the clock will not strike
Till it has reached the goal.
—Longfellow.

Truths of all others the most awful and interesting are too often considered as so true that they lose all the power of truth, and lie bed-ridden in the dormitory of the soul, side by side with the most despised and exploded errors.—Coleridge.

The power to bind and loose to Truth is given:
The mouth that speaks it is the mouth of Heaven.
The power, which in a sense belongs to none,
Thus understood belongs to every one.
—Abraham Coles.

He is an adorer of chaste truth,
And speaks religiously of ev'ry man:
He will not trust obscure traditions,
Or faith implicit, but concludes of things
Within his own clear knowledge: what he says
You may believe, and pawn your soul upon 't. —Shirley.

All that happens in the world of nature and man—every war, every

peace, every horn of prosperity, every horn of adversity, every election, every death, every life, every success and every failure, all change, all permanence, the perished leaf, the unutterable glory of stars—all things speak truth to the thoughtful spirit.—Rufus Choate.

Truth, whether in or out of fashion, is the measure of knowledge, and the business of the understanding; whatever is besides that, however authorized by consent, or recommended by rarity, is nothing but ignorance, or something worse.—Locke.

Truth has no gradations; nothing which admits of increase can be so much what it is, as truth is truth. There may be a strange thing, and a thing more strange. But if a proposition be true, there can be none more true.—Johnson.

Falsehood and delusion are allowed in no case whatever; but, as in the exercise of all the virtues, there is an economy of truth. It is a sort of temperance, by which a man speaks truth with measure, that he may speak it the longer.—Burke.

Truth lies in a small compass! The Aristotelians say, all truth is contained in Aristotle, in one place or another. Galileo makes Simplicius say so, but shows the absurdity of that speech by answering all truth is contained in a lesser compass, namely, in the alphabet.—Zimmermann.

Corrupt as men are, they are yet so much the creatures of reflection, and so strongly addicted to sentiments of right and wrong, that their attachment to a public cause can rarely be secured, or their animosity be kept alive, unless their understandings are engaged by some appearance of truth and rectitude.—Robert Hall.

After all, the most natural beauty in the world is honesty and moral truth; for all beauty is truth. True features make the beauty of a face, and true proportions the beauty of architecture, as true measures that of harmony and music. In poetry, which is all fable, truth still is the perfection.—Shaftesbury.

Pure truth, like pure gold, has been found unfit for circulation, because men have discovered that it is far more convenient to adulterate the truth than to refine themselves. They will not advance their minds to the standard, therefore they lower the standard to their minds.—Colton.

Each truth sparkles with a light of its own, yet it always reflects some light upon another; a truth, while lighting another, springs from one, in order to penetrate another. The first truth is an abundant sense, from which all others are colored, and each particular truth, in its turn, resembles a great river that divides into an infinite number of rivulets.—Scheuchzer.

Truth, after all, wears a different face to everybody, and it would be too tedious to wait till all are agreed. She is said to lie at the bottom of a well, for the very reason, perhaps, that whoever looks down in search of her sees his own image at the bottom, and is persuaded not only that he has seen the goddess, but that she is far better-looking than he had imagined.—Lowell.

Truth should be the first lesson of the child and the last aspiration of manhood; for it has been well said that the inquiry of truth, which is the love-making of it, the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it, and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it, is the sovereign good of human nature.—Whittier.

Truth is the most powerful thing in the world, since even fiction itself must be governed by it, and can only please by its resemblance. The appearance of reality is necessary to make any passion agreeably represented, and to be able to move others we must be moved ourselves, or at least seem to be so, upon some probable grounds.—Shaftesbury.

According to Democritus, truth lies at the bottom of a well, the depth

of which, alas! gives but little hope of release. To be sure, one advantage is derived from this, that the water serves for a mirror, in which truth may be reflected. I have heard, however, that some philosophers, in seeking for truth, to pay homage to her, have seen their own image and adored it instead.—Richter.

Not a truth has to art or to science been given,
But brows have ached for it, and souls toil'd and striven;
And many have striven, and many have fail'd,
And many died, slain by the truth they assail'd. —Lord Lytton.

Then to side with Truth is noble when we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified. —Lowell.

Truth! Truth! where is the sound
Of thy calm, unflatt'ring voice to be found?
We may go to the Senate, where Wisdom rules,
And find but deceiv'd or deceiving fools:
Who dare trust the sages of old,
When one shall unsay what another has told?
And even the lips of childhood and youth
But rarely echo the tone of Truth.
—Eliza Cook.

Marble and recording brass decay,
And, like the 'graver's memory, pass away;
The works of man inherit, as is just,
Their author's frailty, and return to dust;
But Truth divine forever stands secure,
Its head as guarded, as its base is sure;
Fixed in the rolling flood of endless years,
The pillar of the eternal plan appears;
The waving storm and dashing wave defies,
Built by that Architect who built the skies.
—Cowper.

Tulip

The tulip's petals shine in dew,
All beautiful, but none alike.
—Montgomery.

Dutch tulips from their beds
Flaunted their stately heads.
—Montgomery.

And tulips, children love to stretch
Their fingers down, to feel in each
Its beauty's secret nearer.
—E. B. Browning.

'Mid the sharp, short emerald wheat, scarce risen three fingers well,
The wild tulip at end of its tube, blows out its great red bell,
Like a thin clear bubble of blood, for the children to pick and sell.
—Robert Browning.

Bring the tulip and the rose,
While their brilliant beauty glows.
—Eliza Cook.

Like tulip-beds of different shape and dyes,
Bending beneath the invisible west-wind's sighs. —Moore.

Turkey

How bless'd, how envied were our life,
Could we but 'scape the poulterer's knife!
But man, curs'd man, on turkeys preys,
And Christmas shortens all our days:
Sometimes with oysters we combine,
Sometimes assist the savory chine.
From the low peasant to the lord,
The turkey smokes on every board.
—Gay.

Twilight

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day.—Gray.

Like our dawn, merely a sob of light.—Victor Hugo.

Dim eclipse, disastrous twilight.—Milton.

Hail, twilight! sovereign of one peaceful hour!—Wordsworth.

Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy.—Shakespeare.

As twilight melts beneath the moon away.—Byron.

The deathbed of a day, how beautiful.—Bailey.

The skies yet blushing with departed light.—Pope.

Nature hath appointed the twilight as a bridge to pass us out of day into night.—Fuller.

The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day is crept into the bosom of the sea.—Shakespeare.

Last of the hours that track the fading day.—Mrs. Radcliffe.

Fair, fleeting sister of the mournful night.—Mrs. Norton.

How dear to my soul is the mild twilight hour!—Moore.

As thus into the quiet night the twilight lapsed away.—Whittier.

Of evening tinct the purple, streaming amethyst is thine.—Thomson.

The lengthening shadows wait the first pale stars of twilight.—O. W. Holmes.

Faint and sweet thy light falls round the peasant's homeward feet.—Mrs. Norton.

When the sun's last rays are fading
Into twilight soft and dim.
—Theodore L. Barker.

Twilight gray hath in her sober livery all things clad.—Milton.

Twilight's soft dews steal o'er the village green, with magic tints to harmonize the scene.—Rogers.

Now the last red ray is gone;
Now the twilight shadows hie.
—Susan Coolidge.

A tender sadness drops upon my soul, like the soft twilight dropping on the world.—Alexander Smith.

Night was drawing and closing her curtain up above the world, and down beneath it.—Richter.

In the vale beneath the hill
The evening's growing purple strengthens.
—Margaret J. Preston.

The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east.
—Shakespeare.

Beauteous Night lay dead
Under the pall of twilight, and the love-star sickened and shrank.
—George Eliot.

How beautiful the silent hour, when morning and evening thus sit together, hand in hand, beneath the starless sky of midnight!—Longfellow.

Twilight makes us pensive; Aurora is the goddess of activity; despair curses at midnight; hope blesses at noon.—Beaconsfield.

How lovely are the portals of the night,
When stars come out to watch the daylight die.
—Thomas Cole.

Twilight is like death; the dark portal of night comes upon us, to open again in the glorious morning of immortality.—James Ellis.

The day is done; and slowly from the scene the stooping sun upgathers his spent shafts, and puts them back into his golden quiver!—Longfellow.

The babbling day has touched the hem of night's garment, and, weary and still, drops asleep in her bosom.—Longfellow.

And not a breath crept through the rosy air, and yet the forest leaves seemed stirred with prayer.—Byron.

In the June twilight, in the soft gray twilight, the yellow sun-glow trembling through the rainy eve.—Miss Mulock.

The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives signal of a goodly day to-morrow.
—Shakespeare.

Look, the gentle day
Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey.
—Shakespeare.

The west is broken into bars
Of orange, gold, and gray;
Gone is the sun, come are the stars,
And night infolds the day.
—George MacDonald.

The gloaming comes, the day is spent,
The sun goes out of sight,
And painted is the occident
With purple sanguine bright.
—Alexander Hume.

O, the sweet, sweet twilight just before the time of rest,
When the black clouds are driven away,
and the stormy winds suppressed.
—D. M. Mulock.

Softly the evening came. The sun from the western horizon, like a magi

cian, extended his golden wand o'er the landscape.—Longfellow.

Ah, County Guy, the hour is nigh,
The sun has left the lea,
The orange flower perfumes the bower,
The breeze is on the sea. —Scott.

The sky is blue above,
And cool the green sod lies below;
It is the hour that claims for love
The halcyon moments as they flow.
—James T. Fields.

O Twilight! spirit that dost render birth
To dim enchantments—melting heaven to earth—
Leaving on craggy hills and running streams
A softness like the atmosphere of dreams.
—Mrs. Norton.

The summer day is closed—the sun is set:
Well they have done their office, those bright hours,
The latest of whose train goes softly out
In the red west.
—William Cullen Bryant.

The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn. —Shakespeare.

The air is full of hints of grief,
Strange voices touched with pain—
The pathos of the falling leaf
And rustling of the rain.
—T. B. Aldrich.

The twilight is sad and cloudy,
The wind blows wild and free,
And like the wings of sea-birds
Flash the white caps of the sea.
—Longfellow.

The sun is set; and in his latest beams
Yon little cloud of ashen gray and gold,
Slowly upon the amber air unrolled,
The falling mantle of the Prophet seems.
—Longfellow.

The sunbeams dropped
Their gold, and, passing in porch and niche,
Softened to shadows, silvery, pale, and dim,
As if the very Day paused and grew Eve.
—Edwin Arnold.

Peacefully
The quiet stars came out, one after one;
The holy twilight fell upon the sea,
The summer day was done.
—Celia Thaxter.

The sun, declined, was hastening now with prone career to the ocean isles, and in the ascending scale of heaven the stars that usher evening rose.—Milton.

The summer's songs are hushed. Up the lone shore
The weary waves wash sadly, and a grief
Sounds in the wind, like farewells fond and brief:
The cricket's chirp but makes the silence more. —Celia Thaxter.

* * * th' approach of night
The skies yet blushing with departing light,
When falling dews with spangles deck'd the glade,
And the low sun had lengthen'd ev'ry shade. —Pope.

From that high mount of God whence light and shade
Spring both, the face of brightest heaven had changed
To grateful twilight. —Milton.

Twilight, ascending slowly from the east,
Entwined in duskier wreaths her braided locks
O'er the fair front and radiant eyes of day;
Night followed, clad with stars.
—Shelley.

Along the west the golden bars
Still to a deeper glory grew;
Above our heads the faint few stars
Looked out from the unfathomed blue;
And the fair city's clamorous jars
Seemed melted in the evening hue.
—W. B. Glazier.

One by one the flowers close,
Lily and dewy rose
Shutting their tender petals from the moon:
The grasshoppers are still; but not so soon
Are still the noisy crows.
—Christina G. Rossetti.

'Twas twilight, and the sunless day went down
Over the waste of waters; like a veil,
Which, if withdrawn, would but disclose the frown
Of one whose hate is masked but to assail. —Byron.

Parting day
Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
With a new color as it gasps away,
The last still loveliest, till—'tis gone—and all is gray. —Byron.

What heart has not acknowledged the influence of this hour, the sweet and soothing hour of twilight, the

hour of love, the hour of adoration, the hour of rest, when we think of those we love only to regret that we have not loved them more dearly, when we remember our enemies only to forgive them.—Longfellow.

Now the soft hour
Of walking comes; for him who lonely loves
To seek the distant hills, and there converse
With Nature, there to harmonize his heart,
And in pathetic Song to breathe around
The harmony to others. —Thomson.

The moon is bleached as white as wool,
And just dropping under;
Every star is gone but three,
And they hang far asunder,—
There's a sea-ghost all in gray,
A tall shape of wonder!
—Jean Ingelow.

Sweet shadows of twilight! how calm their repose,
While the dewdrops fall soft in the breast of the rose!
How blest to the toiler his hour of release
When the vesper is heard with its whisper of peace! —O. W. Holmes.

In the twilight of morning to climb to the top of the mountain,—
Thee to salute, kindly star, earliest herald of day,—
And to await, with impatience, the gaze of the ruler of heaven,—
Youthful delight, oh, how oft lurest thou me out in the night. —Goethe.

Twilight's soft dews steal o'er the village-green,
With magic tints to harmonize the scene.
Stilled is the hum that through the hamlet broke
When round the ruins of their ancient oak
The peasants flocked to hear the minstrel play,
And games and carols closed the busy day.
—Samuel Rogers.

Still Twilight, welcome! Rest, how sweet art thou!
Now eve o'erhangs the western cloud's thick brow:
The far-stretch'd curtain of retiring light,
With fiery treasures fraught; that on the sight
Flash from its bulging sides, where darkness lowers,
In Fancy's eye, a chain of mould'ring tow'rs;
Or craggy coasts just rising into view,
Midst jav'lins dire and darts of streaming blue. —Bloomfield.

Fades the light,
And afar
Goeth day, cometh night,
And a star
Leadeth all
Speedeth all
To their rest. —Bret Harte.

Tyranny

Rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God.—Anonymous.

Be sure there are domestic tyrants also.—Thackeray.

Bad laws are the worst sort of tyranny.—Burke.

A wicked tyrant is better than a wicked war.—Luther.

Love reigns a very tyrant in my heart.—Otway.

Hardness ever of hardness is mother.—Shakespeare.

'Tis time to fear, when tyrants seem to kiss.—Shakespeare.

A man's tyranny is measured only by his power to abuse.—Donn Piatt.

Clever tyrants are never punished. —Voltaire.

Is there no tyrant but the crowned one?—Chénier.

What is more cruel than a tyrant's ear?—Juvenal.

There is a remedy in human nature against tyranny, that will keep us safe under every form of government.—Johnson.

A company of tyrants is inaccessible to all seductions.—Voltaire.

The sovereign is called a tyrant who knows no laws but his caprice.—Voltaire.

I knew him tyrannous, and tyrants' fears
Decrease not, but grow faster than the years. —Shakespeare.

Still when the lust of tyrant power succeeds, some Athens perishes, or some Tully bleeds.—Pope.

The tyrant, it has been said, is but a slave turned inside out.—Samuel Smiles.

He hath no friends but what are friends for fear;
Which, in his dearest need, will fly from him. —Shakespeare.

None but tyrants have any business to be afraid.—Hardouin de Péréfixe.

How can tyrants safely govern home,
Unless abroad they purchase great alliance.
—Shakespeare.

He who strikes terror into others is himself in continual fear.—Claudian.

Where the hand of tyranny is long we do not see the lips of men open with laughter.—Saadi.

Tyrants have not yet discovered any chains that can fetter the mind.—Colton.

Of all the tyrants that the world affords, our own affections are the fiercest lords.—Earl of Sterling.

Oppressive government is more cruel than a tiger.—Confucius.

Whoever is right, the persecutor must be wrong.—William Penn.

'Twixt kings and tyrants there's this difference known
Kings seek their subjects' good, tyrants their own. —Herrick.

The most insupportable of tyrants exclaim against the exercise of arbitrary power.—L'Estrange.

Kings will be tyrants from policy, when subjects are rebels from principle.—Burke.

Tyrants seldom die
Of a dry death; it waiteth at their gate,
Drest in the colour of their robes of state.
—Alleyn.

There is no tyranny so despotic as that of public opinion among a free people.—Donn Piatt.

Arbitrary power is most easily established on the ruins of liberty abused to licentiousness.—Washington.

A king rules as he ought, a tyrant as he lists; a king to the profit of all, a tyrant only to please a few.—Aristotle.

It is not the rigor, but the inexpediency, of laws and acts of authority, which makes them tyrannical.—Paley.

Unlimited power corrupts the possessor; and this I know, that, where law ends, there tyranny begins.—Chatham.

When the will of man is raised above law it is always tyranny and despotism, whether it is the will of a bashaw or of bastard patriots.—Noah Webster.

Tyrants commonly cut off the stairs by which they climb up unto their thrones * * * for fear that, if they still be left standing, others will get up the same way.—Thomas Fuller.

O nation miserable, with an untitled tyrant bloody-sceptered, when shalt thou see thy wholesome days again?—Shakespeare.

Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great Tyranny! lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dares not check thee!
—Shakespeare.

He that by harshness of nature rules his family with an iron hand is as truly a tyrant as he who misgoverns a nation.—Seneca.

A great deal of the furniture of ancient tyranny is torn to rags; the rest is entirely out of fashion.—Burke.

An extreme rigor is sure to arm everything against it, and at length to relax into a supine neglect.—Burke.

The most imperious masters over their own servants are at the same time the most abject slaves to the servants of others.—Seneca.

Every wanton and causeless restraint of the will of the subject, whether practiced by a monarch, a nobility, or a popular assembly, is a degree of tyranny.—Blackstone.

I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name. —Shakespeare.

The tyrant should take heed to what he doth,
Since every victim-carrion turns to use,
And drives a chariot, like a god made wroth,
Against each piled injustice.
—Mrs. Browning.

Men are still men. The despot's wickedness
Comes of ill teaching, and of power's excess,—
Comes of the purple he from childhood wears,
Slaves would be tyrants if the chance were theirs. —Victor Hugo.

There is nothing more hostile to a city than a tyrant, under whom in the first and chiefest place, there are not laws in common, but one man, keeping the law himself to himself, has the sway, and this is no longer equal. —Euripides.

Tyranny
Is far the worst of treasons. Dost thou deem
None rebels except subjects? The prince who
Neglects or violates his trust is more
A brigand than the robber-chief.
—Byron.

And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's,
And many an orphan's water-standing eye—
Men for their sons', wives for their husbands' fate,
And orphans for their parents' timeless death,—
Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born. —Shakespeare.

The lust of dominion innovates so imperceptibly that we become complete despots before our wanton abuse of power is perceived; the tyranny first exercised in the nursery is exhibited in various shapes and degrees in every stage of our existence.—Zimmerman.

Tyranny
Absolves all faith; and who invades our rights,
Howe'er his own commence, can never be
But an usurper. —Henry Brooke.

Each animal,
By natural instinct taught, spares his own kind,
But man, the tyrant man! revels at large,
Freebooter unrestrain'd, destroys at will
The whole creation; men and beasts his prey;
These for his pleasure, for his glory those.
—Somerville.

It is the nature of tyranny and rapacity never to learn moderation from the ill-success of first oppressions; on the contrary, all oppressors, all men thinking highly of the methods dictated by their nature, attribute the frustration of their desires to the want of sufficient rigor.—Burke.

Th' oppressive, sturdy, man-destroying villains,
Who ravag'd kingdoms, and laid empires waste,
And in a cruel wantonness of power,
Thinn'd states of half their people, and gave up
To want the rest. —Blair.

Think'st thou there is no tyranny but that
Of blood and chains? The despotism of vice—
The weakness and the wickedness of luxury—
The negligence—the apathy—the evils
Of sensual sloth—produce ten thousand tyrants,
Whose delegated cruelty surpasses
The worst acts of one energetic master,
However harsh and hard in his own bearing. —Byron.

U

Ugliness

Absolute and entire ugliness is rare.—Ruskin.

Better an ugly face than an ugly mind.—James Ellis.

Nothing is irredeemably ugly but sin.—Balzac.

Some men's ugliness is hard to beat. —G. D. Prentice.

Nobody's sweetheart is ugly.—J. J. Vadé.

Ugliness without tact is horrible.—Hawthorne.

Oh, I have passed a miserable night, so full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams!—Shakespeare.

Wrinkles and ill-nature together made a woman hideous.—Chamfort.

The ugliest man was he who came to Troy; with squinting eyes and one distorted foot.—Homer.

Ugliness, after virtue, is the best guardian of a young woman.—Mme. de Genlis.

Proper deformity seems not in the fiend so horrid as in woman.—Shakespeare.

An ugly face and the want of exterior beauty generally increases the interior beauty.—Chatfield.

Ugliness is a letter of credit for some special purposes.—Chesterfield.

Lord Chesterfield designated ugly women as the third sex; how shall we place ugly men.—Anna Cora Mowatt.

There are no ugly women; there are only women who do not know how to look pretty.—Antoine Berryer.

An ugly woman in a rich habit set out with jewels, nothing can become.—Dryden.

Few persons comprehend the power of ugliness.—Mirabeau.

In nature there's no blemish but the mind; none can be called deformed but the unkind.—Shakespeare.

Their dull ribaldry must be offensive to any one who does not, for the sake of the sin, pardon the ugliness of its circumstances.—South.

Both beauty and ugliness are equally to be dreaded; the one as a dangerous gift, the other as a melancholy affliction.—Eliza Cook.

Nothing keeps me in such awe as perfect beauty; now, there is something consoling and encouraging in ugliness.—Sheridan.

There is a sort of charm in ugliness, if the person has some redeeming qualities and is only ugly enough.—H. W. Shaw.

I do not know that she was virtuous; but she was always ugly, and with a woman, that is half the battle. —Heinrich Heine.

Nature has hardly formed a woman ugly enough to be insensible to flattery upon her person.—Chesterfield.

Homeliness has its advantage over its enemy, personal beauty; it is as difficult for an ugly woman to be calumniated as for a pretty woman not to be.—Stahl.

Gold gives to the ugliest thing a certain charming air,
For that without it were else a miserable affair. —Moliere.

Though ugliness be the opposite of beauty, it is not the opposite to proportion and fitness; for it is possible that a thing may be very ugly with any proportions, and with a perfect fitness for any use.—Burke.

Absolute ugliness is admitted as rarely as perfect beauty; but degrees of it more or less distinct are associated with whatever has the nature of death and sin, just as beauty is associated with what has the nature of virtue and of life.—Ruskin.

Unanimity

Unanimity is the mistress of strength.—Lamartine.

All concord's born of contraries.—Ben Jonson.

Two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one.—Maria Lowell.

The multitude which does not reduce itself to unity is confusion exemplified. —Pascal.

When all shoot at one mark, the gods join in the combat.—Emerson.

By union the smallest states thrive; by discord the greatest are destroyed. —Sallust.

Unbelief

Unbelief is blind.—Milton.

Men always grow vicious before they become unbelievers.—Swift.

Doubt that creed which you cannot reduce to practice.—Hosea Ballou.

It is no advantage to be near the light if the eyes are closed.—St. Augustine.

The fearful unbelief is unbelief in yourself.—Carlyle.

More strange than true. I never may believe
These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.
—Shakespeare.

A refusal to believe that God loves us is the unbelief which destroys the soul.—E. N. Kirk.

Faith always implies the disbelief of a lesser fact in favor of a greater. —O. W. Holmes.

How deeply rooted must unbelief be in our hearts when we are surprised to find our prayers answered.—Hare.

I would rather dwell in the dim fog of superstition than in air rarefied to nothing by the air-pump of unbelief.—Richter.

I know of no condition worse than that of the man who has little or no light on the supreme religious questions, and who at the same time is making no effort to come to the light.—E. F. Burr.

There is no strength in unbelief. Even the unbelief of what is false is no source of might. It is the truth shining from behind that gives the strength to disbelieve.—George MacDonald.

Surely scripture is right when it makes the sin of sins that unbelief, which is at bottom nothing else than a refusal to take the cup of salvation. Surely no sharper grief can be inflicted upon the Spirit of God than when we leave His gifts neglected and unappropriated.—Alexander Maclaren.

At the conscious approach of death, faith in the biblical religion, with its God and Christ and written revelation, never weakens, but almost or quite always strengthens, and very often advances to a splendid assurance; while unbelief under the same

circumstances never strengthens, but almost or quite always weakens and falters, and very often fails utterly.—E. F. Burr.

There is but one thing without honor, smitten with eternal barrenness, inability to do or to be—insincerity, unbelief. He who believes nothing, who believes only the shows of things, is not in relation with nature and fact at all.—Carlyle.

Uncertainty

All that lies betwixt the cradle and the grave is uncertain.—Seneca.

Everything is sweetened by risk.—Alexander Smith.

When the mind is in a state of uncertainty the smallest impulse directs it to either side.—Terence.

Who knows whether the gods will add to-morrow to the present hour?—Horace.

All human things hang on a slender thread: the strongest fall with a sudden crash.—Ovid.

Uncertainty!
Fell demon of our fears! the human soul,
That can support despair, supports not thee.
—Mallet.

Heaven makes sport of human affairs and the present hour gives no sure promise of the next.—Ovid.

Most men make the voyage of life as if they carried sealed orders which they were not to open till they were fairly in mid-ocean.—Lowell.

Delude not yourself with the notion that you may be untrue and uncertain in trifles and in important things the contrary. Trifles make up existence, and give the observer the measure by which to try us; and the fearful power of habit, after a time, suffers not the best will to ripen into action.—C. M. von Weber.

Uncouthness

To reject wisdom because the person who communicates it is uncouth and his manners are inelegant, what is it but to throw away a pine-apple, and assign for a reason the roughness of its coat?—Bishop Horne.

Understanding

Humility is the light of the understanding.—Bunyan.

The light of the understanding, humility kindleth and pride covereth.—Quarles.

They understand but little who understand only what can be explained.—Marie Ebner-Eschenbach.

The understanding also hath its idiosyncrasies as well as other faculties.—Glanvill.

Obtuseness is the rule, not the exception.—Mme. Dufresnoy.

His understanding at the best is of the middling size.—Swift.

The power of perception is that which we call the understanding.—Locke.

Fools usually know best that which the wise despair of ever comprehending.—Marie Ebner-Eschenbach.

Women have the understanding of the heart, which is better than that of the head.—Rogers.

It is by no means necessary to understand things to speak confidently about them.—Beaumarchais.

Whatever we well understand we express clearly, and words flow with ease.—Boileau.

The defects of the understanding, like those of the face, grow worse as we grow old.—Rochefoucauld.

What we do not understand we do not possess.—Goethe.

The understanding of some men is clear, that of others brilliant. The former illumines its surroundings;

the latter obscures them.—Marie Ebner-Eschenbach.

We can sometimes love what we do not understand, but it is impossible completely to understand what we do not love.—Mrs. Jameson.

When he to whom one speaks does not understand, and he who speaks himself does not understand, this is metaphysics.—Voltaire.

Do not crowd the understanding; it can comprehend so much and no more. A pint pot will not contain the measure of a quart.—J. Petit-Senn.

I know no evil so great as the abuse of the understanding, and yet there is no one vice more common.—Steele.

Fully to understand a grand and beautiful thought requires, perhaps, as much time as to conceive it.—Joubert.

Knowing is seeing. * * * Until we ourselves see it with our own eyes, and perceive it by our own understandings, we are as much in the dark and as void of knowledge as before, let us believe any learned author as much as we will.—John Locke.

It is the understanding that sees and hears; it is the understanding that improves everything, that orders everything, and that acts, rules, and reigns.—Epicharmus.

The improvement of the understanding is for two ends: first, our own increase of knowledge; secondly, to enable us to deliver and make out that knowledge to others.—Locke.

It is the same with understanding as with eyes; to a certain size and make, just so much light is necessary, and no more. Whatever is beyond brings darkness and confusion.—Shaftesbury.

A distinction has been made between acuteness and subtlety of understanding. This might be illustrated by saying that acuteness consists in taking up the points or solid atoms, subtlety in feeling the air of truth.—Hazlitt.

He who calls in the aid of any equal understanding, doubles his own; and he who profits of a superior understanding, raises his powers to a level with the height of the superior understanding he unites with.—Burke.

It is not the eye, that sees the beauty of the heaven, nor the ear, that hears the sweetness of music or the glad tidings of a prosperous accident, but the soul, that perceives all the relishes of sensual and intellectual perfections; and the more noble and excellent the soul is, the greater and more savory are its perceptions.—Jeremy Taylor.

The understanding, that should be eyes to the blind faculty of the will, is blind itself; and so brings all the inconveniences that attend a blind follower under the conduct of a blind guide.—South.

The eye of the understanding is like the eye of the sense; for as you may see great objects through small crannies or holes, so you may see great axioms of nature through small and contemptible instances.—Lord Bacon.

Undertaker — Sexton

The houses that he makes last till doomsday.—Shakespeare.

Nigh to a grave that was newly made,
Leaned a sexton old on his earth-worn spade. —Park Benjamin.

Ye undertakers, tell us,
'Midst all the gorgeous figures you exhibit,
Why is the principal conceal'd, for which
You make this mighty stir? —Blair.

Alas, poor Tom! how oft, with merry heart
Have we beheld thee play the Sexton's part;
Each comic heart must now be grieved to see
The Sexton's dreary part performed on thee. —Robert Fergusson.

Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making? Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.—Shakespeare.

See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,
The sexton, hoary-headed chronicle,
Of hard, unmeaning face, down which ne'er stole
A gentle tear. —Blair.

Why is the hearse with scutcheons blazon'd round,
And with the nodding plume of ostrich crown'd?
No; the dead know it not, nor profit gain;
It only serves to prove the living vain.
—Gay.

There was a man bespake a thing,
Which when the owner home did bring,
He that made it did refuse it;
And he that brought it would not use it,
And he that hath it doth not know
Whether he hath it yea or no.
—Sir John Davies.

Uneasiness

Men tire themselves in pursuit of rest.—Sterne.

Is it not astonishing that the love of repose keeps us in continual agitation?—Stanislaus.

Generally we are occupied either with the miseries which now we feel, or with those which threaten; and even when we see ourselves sufficiently secure from the approach of either, still fretfulness, though unwarranted by either present or expected affliction, fails not to spring up from the deep recesses of the heart, where its roots naturally grow, and to fill the soul with its poison.—Pascal.

Unfaithfulness

Infidelity, like death, admits of no degrees.—Mme. de Girardin.

Doubt the man who swears to his devotion.—Mme. de Colet.

How easy it is for the proper-false in women's waxen hearts to set their forms!—Shakespeare.

Stealing her soul with many vows of faith, and ne'er a true one.—Shakespeare.

The firmest purpose of a woman's heart to well-timed, artful flattery may yield.—Lillo.

We pardon infidelities, but we do not forget them.—Mme. de la Fayette.

O fatal beauty! why art thou bestowed on hapless woman still to make her wretched? Betrayed by thee, how many are undone!—Patterson.

It is to be feared that they who marry where they do not love, will love where they do not marry.—Thomas Fuller.

There's no trust, no faith, no honesty, in men; all perjured, all forsworn, all nought, all dissemblers.—Shakespeare.

How delightful it would be to love if one loved always! But alas! there are no eternal loves.—Mlle. Scudéri.

The reason why women grown bad are worse than men is because it is the best that turns to the worst.—Dumas, Fils.

The unfaithful woman, if she is known for such by the person concerned, is only unfaithful. If she is thought faithful, she is perfidious.—Bruyère.

Such an act, that blurs the grace and blush of modesty, calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose from the fair forehead of an innocent love, and sets a blister there.—Shakespeare.

There is not so agonizing a feeling in the whole catalogue of human suffering as the first conviction that the heart of the being whom we most tenderly love is estranged from us.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Who should be trusted, when one's own right hand
Is perjured to the bosom? Proteus,
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deepest.
—Shakespeare.

Unfortunate

The brave unfortunate are our best acquaintance.—Francis.

It is not becoming to turn from friends in adversity, but then it is for those who have basked in the sunshine of their prosperity to adhere to

them. No one was ever so foolish as to select the unfortunate for a friend. —Lucan.

Ungratefulness

Ungratefulness is the very poison of manhood.—Sir P. Sidney.

Unhappiness

The good time when I was unhappy. —Mme. Sophie Arnould.

The wretched hasten to hear of their own miseries.—Seneca.

I believe that man to be wretched whom none can please.—Martial.

Present sufferings seem far greater to men than those they merely dread. —Livy.

The most unhappy of all men is he who believes himself to be so.—Henry Home.

Have patience and endure; this unhappiness will one day be beneficial.—Ovid.

True happiness is exotic; its birthplace is in heaven; unhappiness is of native growth.—Du Cœur.

Oh, give me thy hand, one writ with me in sour misfortune's book!—Shakespeare.

What thing so good which not some harm may bring?—Earl of Sterling.

A perverse temper and fretful disposition will, wherever they prevail, render any state of life whatsoever unhappy.—Cicero.

What do people mean when they talk about unhappiness? It is not so much unhappiness as impatience that from time to time possesses men, and then they choose to call themselves miserable.—Goethe.

Man's unhappiness, as I construe, comes of his greatness; it is because there is an infinite in him, which with all his cunning he cannot quite bury under the finite.—Carlyle.

When men are unhappy, they do not imagine they can ever cease to be so; and when some calamity has fallen on them, they do not see how they can get rid of it. Nevertheless, both arrive; and the gods have ordered it so, in the end men seek it from the gods. —Epictetus.

Union — Unity

The force of union conquers all.—Homer.

By uniting we stand, by dividing we fall.—John Dickinson.

Two souls in one, two hearts into one heart!—Du Bartas.

One country, one constitution, one destiny.—Daniel Webster.

We are one people and will act as one.—Schiller.

Union gives strength to the humble. —Syrus.

Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable.—Daniel Webster.

Nothing is fair or good alone.—Emerson.

Our Federal Union: it must be preserved.—Andrew Jackson.

God plans all perfect combinations. —David Brainard.

Unite: for combination is stronger than witchcraft.—Toussaint l'Ouverture.

The union of the states is indissoluble; the country is undivided and indivisible forever.—David Dudley Field.

The multitude which does not reduce itself to unity is confusion.—Pascal.

Our national constitution shall prevail; the Union, which can alone insure internal peace and external security to each state, "must and shall be

preserved," cost what it may in time, treasure, and blood.—George B. McClellan.

Men's hearts ought not to be set against one another, but set with one another, and all against the evil thing only.—Carlyle.

By union the smallest states thrive, by discord the greatest are destroyed. —Sallust.

We must all hang together or assuredly we shall all hang separately.—Benj. Franklin.

Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one.
—Maria White Lowell.

Their meetings made December June,
Their every parting was to die.
—Tennyson.

The constitution in all its provisions looks to an indestructible union composed of indestructible states.—Salmon P. Chase.

When bad men combine, the good must associate, else they will fall, one by one, an unpitied sacrifice in a contemptible struggle.—Burke.

There is no more sure tie between friends than when they are united in their objects and wishes.—Cicero.

All the arts which belong to polished life have some common tie, and are connected as it were by some relationship.—Cicero.

The union of lakes—the union of lands—
The union of States none can sever—
The union of hearts—the union of hands—
And the flag of our Union for ever!
—George P. Morris.

When our two lives grew like two buds that kiss
At lightest thrill from the bee's swinging chime,
Because the one so near the other is.
—George Eliot.

Union does everything when it is perfect; it satisfies desires, it simplifies needs, it foresees the wishes of the imagination; it is an aisle always open, and becomes a constant fortune —De Sénancour.

I do not want the walls of separation between different orders of Christians to be destroyed, but only lowered, that we may shake hands a little easier over them.—Rowland Hill.

I never use the word "nation" in speaking of the United States. I always use the word "Union" or "Confederacy." We are not a nation but a union, a confederacy of equal and sovereign states.—J. C. Calhoun.

When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious union; on states dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood. —Daniel Webster.

The advice nearest to my heart and deepest in my convictions is that the union of the states be cherished and perpetuated. Let the open enemy to it be regarded as a Pandora with her box opened, and the disguised one as the serpent creeping with his deadly wiles into paradise.—James Madison.

This glorious union shall not perish! Precious legacy of our fathers, it shall go down honored and cherished to our children. Generations unborn shall enjoy its privileges as we have done; and if we leave them poor in all besides, we will transmit to them the boundless wealth of its blessings!—Edward Everett.

Our Union is river, lake, ocean, and sky:
Man breaks not the medal, when God cuts the die!
Though darkened with sulphur, though cloven with steel,
The blue arch will brighten, the waters will heal!
—O. W. Holmes.

If this bill (for the admission of Orleans Territory as a state) passes, it is my deliberate opinion that it is virtually a dissolution of the union; that it will free the states from their moral obligation, and, as it will be

the right of all, so it will be the duty of some, definitely to prepare for a separation—amicably if they can, violently if they must.—Josiah Quincy.

So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet a union in partition;
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem:
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one and crowned with one crest.
—Shakespeare.

I know that there is one God in heaven, the Father of all humanity, and heaven is therefore one. I know that there is one sun in the sky, which gives light to all the world. As there is unity in God, and unity in the light, so is there unity in the principles of freedom. Wherever it is broken, wherever a shadow is cast upon the sunny rays of the sun of liberty, there is always danger of free principles everywhere in the world.—Kossuth.

It is to that union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of its disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh fruits of its utility and its blessings; and although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness. —Daniel Webster.

Universe

Is it not a firmer foundation for tranquillity to believe that all things were created, and are ordered for the best, than that the whole universe is mere bungling and blundering; nothing effected for any purpose or design, but all ill-favorably cobbled and jumbled together by the unguided agitation and rude shuffles of matter.—Bentley.

Never was a human machine produced without many trials and many failures; whereas this universe in all its endless complication was perfect at its production, perfected in the ideas of its great Author, even for eternity. —Macculloch.

What blessedness it is to dwell amidst this transparent air, which the eye can pierce without limit, amidst these floods of pure, soft, cheering light, under this immeasureable arch of heaven, and in sight of these countless stars! An infinite universe is each moment opened to our view. And this universe is the sign and symbol of Infinite Power, Intelligence, Purity, Bliss, and Love.—W. E. Channing.

Unkindness

This was the most unkindest cut of all.—Shakespeare.

And in their height of kindness are unkind.—Young.

Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.—Shakespeare.

There is nothing that needs to be said in an unkind manner.—Hosea Ballou.

Hard unkindness' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forced to flow.
—Gray.

She hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture here.
—Shakespeare.

Unkind language is sure to produce the fruits of unkindness—that is, suffering in the bosom of others.—Benthem.

Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner; come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness.—Shakespeare.

A real grief I ne'er can find till thou provest perjured or unkind.—Prior.

A blow struck in anger oft causes less pain than a deliberate act of unkindness.—Chas. Noel Douglas.

As "unkindness has no remedy at law," let its avoidance be with you a point of honor.—Hosea Ballou.

More hearts pine away in secret anguish for unkindness from those who should be their comforters than for any other calamity in life.—Young.

Unkindness may do much;
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love.
—Shakespeare.

In nature there's no blemish but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind:
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous, evil,
Are empty trunks o'erflourish'd by the devil. —Shakespeare.

He who has once stood beside the grave, to look back upon the companionship which has been forever closed, feeling how impotent there are the wild love, or the keen sorrow, to give one instant's pleasure to the pulseless heart, or atone in the lowest measure to the departed spirit for the hour of unkindness, will scarcely for the future incur that debt to the heart which can only be discharged to the dust.—Ruskin.

Unselfishness

There is but one virtue—the eternal sacrifice of self.—George Sand.

Self-abnegation is a trait most often seen in women, rarely in men.—Achilles Poincelot.

He who is wise puts aside all claims which may dissipate his attention, and confining himself to one branch excels in that.—Goethe

The essence of true nobility is neglect of self. Let the thought of self pass in, and the beauty of great action is gone, like the bloom from a soiled flower.—Froude.

The secret of being loved is in being lovely; and the secret of being lovely is in being unselfish.—J. G. Holland.

Usefulness

Live for something.—Chalmers.

The great aim of human life.—Horace Mann.

The useful and the beautiful are never separated.—Periander.

Have I done aught of value to my fellow-men? Then have I done much for myself.—Lavater.

It is my humble prayer that I may be of some use in my day and generation.—Hosea Ballou.

A cock, having found a pearl, said that a grain of corn would be of more value to him.—Pierre Leroux.

Foul cankering rust the hidden treasure frets,
But gold that's put to use, more gold begets. —Shakespeare.

Have I done anything for society? I have then done more for myself. Let that truth be always present to thy mind, and work without cessation. —Simms.

When the air balloon was first discovered, some one flippantly asked Dr. Franklin what was the use of it. The doctor answered this question by asking another: "What is the use of a new-born infant? It may become a man."—Colton.

Nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give;
Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;
And vice sometime 's by action dignified.
—Shakespeare.

Thousands of men breathe, move, and live; pass off the stage of life and are heard of no more. Why? They did not a particle of good in the world; and none were blest by them, none could point to them as the instrument of their redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke, could be recalled, and so they perished

—their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, O man immortal? Live for something.—Chalmers.

Nothing in this world is so good as usefulness. It binds your fellow-creatures to you, and you to them; it tends to the improvement of your own character; and it gives you a real importance in society, much beyond what any artificial station can bestow.—Sir Benjamin Brodie.

How often do we sigh for opportunities of doing good, whilst we neglect the openings of Providence in little things, which would frequently lead to the accomplishment of most important usefulness! Dr. Johnson used to say, "He who waits to do a great deal of good at once will never do any." Good is done by degrees. However small in proportion the benefits which follow individual attempts to do good, a great deal may thus be accomplished by perseverance, even in the midst of discouragements and disappointments.—Crabb.

Usury

The synonyme of usury is ruin.—Dr. Johnson.

Extra interest signifies extra risk.—Wellington.

Poor rogues, and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!—Shakespeare.

Usury dulls and damps all industries, improvements, and new inventions, wherein money would be stirring if it were not for this slug.—Bacon.

Many have made witty invectives against usury. They say that it is a pity the devil should have God's part, which is the tithe; that the usurer is the greatest Sabbath-breaker, because his plough goeth every Sunday.—Bacon.

Usury is the land-shark and devil-fish of commerce.—J. L. Basford.

A money-lender. He serves you in the present tense; he lends you in the conditional mood; keeps you in the subjunctive; and ruins you in the future!—Addison.

Go not to a covetous old man with any request too soon in the morning, before he hath taken in that day's prey; for his covetousness is up before him, and he before thee, and he is in ill-humor; but stay till the afternoon, till he be satiated upon some borrower.—Fuller.

He was a man
Versed in the world as pilot in his compass;
The needle pointed ever to that interest
Which was his loadstar; and he spread his sails
With vantage to the gale of others' passions. —Ben Jonson.

Utility

Use almost can change the stamp of nature.—Shakespeare.

The superfluous, a thing highly necessary.—Voltaire.

Thou shalt learn
The wisdom early to discern
True beauty in utility. —Longfellow.

The use of a thing is only a part of its significance. To know anything thoroughly, to have the full command of it in all its appliances, we must study it on its own account, independently of any special application.—Goethe.

Of all parts of wisdom, the practice is the best. Socrates was esteemed the wisest man of his time because he turned his acquired knowledge into morality, and aimed at goodness more than greatness.—Tillotson.

V

Vacillation

The resolution of the combat is seldom equal to the vehemence of the charge.—Dr. Johnson.

Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel.—Bible.

The fickle populace have no fixed principles.—Claudianus.

Vacillation is the prominent feature of weakness of character.—Voltaire.

He wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat; it ever changes with the next block.—Shakespeare.

It is as common for men to change their taste as it is uncommon for them to change their inclination.—Rochefoucauld.

Vacuity

The fool of nature stood with stupid eyes,
And gaping mouth that testified surprise.
—Dryden.

You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come,
Knock as you please, there's nobody at home. —Pope.

He trudged along, unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went, for want of thought. —Dryden.

Vagrant

An honest man is seldom a vagrant. —Cato.

Beware of those who are homeless by choice! You have no hold on a human being whose affections are without a top-root!—Southey.

That beauteous Emma vagrant courses took.—Prior.

The true vagrant is the only king above all comparison.—Lessing.

A vagrant is everywhere at home. —Martial.

Valentine's Day

My valentine I pray that thou wilt be,
Not for a day, but for eternity.
—Charles Noel Douglas.

Saint Valentine is past;
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?
—Shakespeare.

And now the lads and lasses, following the example of the birds, bill and coo together.—H. W. Shaw.

Now all nature seemed in love, and birds had drawn their valentines.—Sir Henry Wotton.

It was Shakespeare's notion that on this day birds begin to couple; hence probably arose the custom of sending fancy love-billets.—Washington Irving.

On paper curiously shaped, scribblers to-day of every sort, in verses valentines ycleped, to Venus chime their annual court.—H. G. Bohn.

All birds during the pairing season become more or less sentimental, and murmur soft nothings in a tone very unlike the grinding-organ repetition

and loudness of their habitual song. The crow is very comical as a lover; and to hear him trying to soften his croak to the proper Saint-Preux standard has something the effect of a Mississippi boatman quoting Tennyson.—Lowell.

Apollo has peeped through the shutter,
And awaken'd the witty and fair;
The boarding-school belle's in a flutter,
The twopenny post's in despair;
The breath of the morning is flinging
A magic on blossom, on spray,
And cockneys and sparrows are singing
In chorus on Valentine's day.
—Praed.

Oft have I heard both youths and virgins say,
Birds choose their mates, and couple too, this day;
But by their flight I never can divine
When I shall couple with my Valentine.
—Herrick.

Oh, cruel heart! ere these posthumous papers
Have met thine eyes, I shall be out of breath;
Those cruel eyes, like two funereal tapers,
Have only lighted me the way to death.
Perchance thou wilt extinguish them in vapours,
When I am gone, and green grass covereth
Thy lover, lost; but it will be in vain—
It will not bring the vital spark again.
—Hood—A Valentine.

No popular respect will I omit
To do the honour on this happy day,
When every loyal lover tasks his wit
His simple truth in studious rhymes to pay,
And to his mistress dear his hopes convey.
Rather thou knowest I would still outrun
All calendars with Love's whose date alway
Thy bright eyes govern better than the Sun,—
For with thy favour was my life begun,
And still I reckon on from smiles to smiles,
And not by summers, for I thrive on none
But those thy cheerful countenance compiles;
Oh! if it be to choose and call thee mine,
Love, thou art every day my Valentine!
—Hood.

Hail to thy returning festival, old Bishop Valentine! great is thy name in the rubric. Like unto thee, assuredly, there is no other mitred father in the calendar.—Lamb.

To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.
—Shakespeare.

Valor

Valor consists in the power of self-recovery.—Emerson.

Discretion, the best part of valor.—Beaumont and Fletcher.

Valor is abased by too much loftiness.—Sir P. Sidney.

Let me die facing the enemy.—Bayard.

There is always safety in valor.—Emerson.

A sad, wise valor is the brave complexion.—George Herbert.

Valor is the contempt of death and pain.—Tacitus.

Distressed valor challenges great respect, even from enemies.—Plutarch.

My valor is certainly going! it is sneaking off! I feel it oozing out, as it were, at the palms of my hands.—Sheridan.

The mean of true valor lies between the extremes of cowardice and rashness.—Cervantes.

Valor is stability, not of arms and of legs, but of courage and the soul.—Montaigne.

The Spartans do not inquire how many the enemy are, but where they are.—Agis II.

True valor is like honesty; it enters into all that a man sees and does.—H. W. Shaw.

The truly valiant dare everything but doing anybody an injury.—Sir Philip Sidney.

I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valor.—Shakespeare.

Fear to do base, unworthy things is valor; if they be done to us, to suffer them is valor, too.—Ben Jonson.

You may as well say that's a valiant flea that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.—Shakespeare.

How strangely high endeavors may be blessed, where piety and valor jointly go.—Dryden.

In vain doth valour bleed,
While Avarice and Rapine share the land.
—Milton.

No man can answer for his own valor or courage till he has been in danger.—Rochefoucauld.

It is held that valor is the chiefest virtue, and most dignifies the haver.—Shakespeare.

It is said of untrue valor that some men's valors are in the eyes of them that look on.—Bacon.

When valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with.
—Shakespeare.

Valor would cease to be a virtue, if there were no injustice.—Agesilaus.

It is a brave act of valor to contemn death; but where life is more terrible than death, it is then the truest valor to dare to live.—Sir Thomas Browne.

Glorious men are the scorn of wise men, the admiration of fools, the idols of parasites, and the slaves of their own vaunts.—Bacon.

Noble Pity held his hand awhile, and to their choice gave space whether they would prove his valor or his grace.—Waller.

What's brave, what's noble, let's do it after the high Roman fashion, and make death proud to take us.—Shakespeare.

Perfect valor is to do unwitnessed what we should be capable of doing before all the world.—Rochefoucauld.

True valor lies in the mind, the never-yielding purpose, nor owns the blind award of giddy fortune.—Thomson.

To that dauntless temper of his mind he hath a wisdom that doth guide his valor to act in safety.—Shakespeare.

The fight of Balaklava—that was a feat of chivalry, fiery with consummate courage and bright with flashing valor.—Beaconsfield.

He who has resolved to conquer or die is seldom conquered; such noble despair perishes with difficulty.—Corneille.

There is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valor.—Shakespeare.

'Tis much he dares;
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. —Shakespeare.

But dream not helm and harness
The sign of valor true;
Peace hath higher tests of manhood
Than battle ever knew. —Whittier.

What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurn him with his foot, away? —Shakespeare.

I love the man that is modestly valiant: that stirs not till he most needs, and then to purpose. A continued patience I commend not.—Feltham.

Whatever comes out of despair cannot bear the title of valor, which should be lifted up to such a height that holding all things under itself, it should be able to maintain its greatness, even in the midst of miseries.—Sir P. Sidney.

Those who believe that the praises which arise from valor are superior to those which proceed from any other virtues have not considered.—Dryden

Valor gives awe, and promises protection to those who want heart or strength to defend themselves. This makes the authority of men among women, and that of a master buck in a numerous herd.—Sir W. Temple.

A valiant man
Ought not to undergo, or tempt a danger,
But worthily, and by selected ways.
He undertakes with reason, not by chance.
His valor is the salt t' his other virtues,
They're all unseason'd without it.
—Ben Jonson.

The love of glory, the fear of shame, the design of making a fortune, the desire of rendering life easy and agreeable, and the humor of pulling down other people, are often the causes of that valor so celebrated among men. —Rochefoucauld.

He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe and make his wrongs
His outsides, to wear them like his raiment, carelessly;
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart.
To bring it into danger.
—Shakespeare.

As a rule, he fights well who has wrongs to redress; but vastly better fights he who, with wrongs as a spur, has also steadily before him a glorious result in prospect—a result in which he can discern balm for wounds, compensation for valor, remembrance and gratitude in the event of death.—Lew Wallace.

Vanity

Vanity has no sex.—Colton.

Vanity is the quicksand of reason.—George Sand.

Oh, frail estate of human things!—Dryden.

Vain is the world, but only to the vain.—Young.

Not a vanity is given in vain.—Pope.

Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass, that I may see my shadow as I pass.—Shakespeare.

One can never outlive one's vanity. —Lady Montagu.

Vanity and rudeness are seldom seen together.—Lavater.

The soul of this man is in his clothes.—Shakespeare.

A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross.—Shakespeare.

Vanity is often the unseen spur.—Thackeray.

We say little if not egged on by vanity.—La Rochefoucauld.

Here Vanity assumes her pert grimace.—Goldsmith.

The knowledge of thyself will preserve thee from vanity.—Cervantes.

There is nothing which vanity does not desecrate.—Henry Ward Beecher.

No man sympathizes with the sorrows of vanity.—Johnson.

She neglects her heart who studies her glass.—Lavater.

The vain being is the really solitary being.—Auerbach.

Vanity is a strange passion; rather than be out of a job it will brag of its vices.—H. W. Shaw.

It is our own vanity that makes the vanity of others intolerable to us.—La Rochefoucauld.

Vanity keeps persons in favor with themselves who are out of favor with all others.—Shakespeare.

Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher; vanity of vanities; all is vanity.—Bible.

Extreme vanity sometimes hides under the garb of ultra modesty.—Mrs. Jameson.

Vanity makes men ridiculous, pride odious, and ambition terrible.—Steele.

Every man has just as much vanity as he wants understanding.—Pope.

Verily, every man at his best state is altogether vanity.—Bible.

It is difficult to esteem a man as highly as he would wish.—Vauvenargues.

Those who live on vanity must not unreasonably expect to die of mortification.—Mrs. Ellis.

Men speak but little when vanity does not induce them to speak.—Rochefoucauld.

The fool of vanity; for her alone he lives, loves, writes, and dies but to be known.—Canning.

To be vain is rather a mark of humility than pride.—Swift.

O, how true it is there can be no *tête-à-tête* where vanity reigns!—Madame de Girardin.

What is your sex's earliest, latest care,
Your heart's supreme ambition? To be fair. Lord Lyttleton.

Pampered vanity is a better thing perhaps than starved pride.—Joanna Baillie.

Guard against that vanity which courts a compliment, or is fed by it.—Chalmers.

Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity—
* * * * * * *
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?
—Shakespeare.

Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
—Shakespeare.

Hoy-day, what a sweep of vanity comes this way! —Shakespeare.

To be a man's own fool is bad enough; but the vain man is everybody's.—William Penn.

Death gives a quietus to all vanity.—C. N. Douglas.

Virtue would not go far, if vanity did not keep it company.—Rochefoucauld.

Our vanity is the constant enemy of our dignity.—Madame Swetchine.

The vain man makes a merit of misfortune, and triumphs in his disgrace.—Hazlitt.

Applause which owes to man's short outlook all its charms.—Young.

A vain man finds his account in speaking good or evil of himself.—La Bruyère.

The most violent passions give some respite, but vanity always disturbs us.—La Rochefoucauld.

If vanity does not entirely overthrow the virtues, at least it makes them all totter.—Rochefoucauld.

There is no restraining men's tongues or pens when charged with a little vanity.—Washington.

What fervent love of herself would Virtue excite if she could be seen!—Cicero.

Vanity indeed is a venial error; for it usually carries its own punishment with it.—Junius.

When men will not be reasoned out of a vanity, they must be ridiculed out of it.—L'Estrange.

There was never yet fair woman but she made mouths in a glass.—Shakespeare.

Pride makes us esteem ourselves; vanity makes us desire the esteem of others.—Blair.

An egotist will always speak of himself, either in praise or in censure; but a modest man ever shuns making himself the subject of his conversation.—La Bruyère.

Vanity is a natural object of temptation to a woman.—Swift.

Thy pride is but the prologue of thy shame; where vain-glory commands, there folly counsels; where pride rides, there shame lackeys.—Quarles.

Vanity is not half a bad principle, if it will but stick to legitimate business.—Haliburton.

All is vanity, look you; and so the preacher is vanity too.—Thackeray.

We have always pretensions to fame which, in our own hearts, we know to be disputable.—Dr. Johnson.

Vanity stands at my elbow, and animates me by a thousand agreeable promises.—Mrs. Pendarves.

Where would the power of women be, were it not for the vanity of men? —Marie Ebner-Eschenbach.

Oh, the cares of men! how much emptiness there is in human concerns! —Persius.

Vanity is the foundation of the most ridiculous and contemptible vices —the vices of affectation and common lying.—Adam Smith.

There is much money given to be laughed at, though the purchasers don't know it; witness A.'s fine horse, and B.'s fine house.—Franklin.

There is no limit to the vanity of this world. Each spoke in the wheel thinks the whole strength of the wheel depends upon it.—H. W. Shaw.

Vanity in its idler moments is benevolent, is as willing to give pleasure as to take it, and accepts as sufficient reward for its services a kind word or an approving smile.—Alexander Smith.

People who are very vain are usually equally susceptible; and they who feel one thing acutely, will so feel another.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Vanity is as ill at ease under indifference as tenderness is under a love which it cannot return.—George Eliot.

Every present occasion will catch the senses of the vain man; and with that bridle and saddle you may ride him.—Sir P. Sidney.

It is difficult to divest one's self of vanity; because impossible to divest one's self of self-love.—Horace Walpole.

If most married women possessed as much prudence as they do vanity, we should find many husbands far happier.—Belknap.

The vanity of human life is like a river, constantly passing away, and yet constantly coming on.—Pope.

In a vain man, the smallest spark may kindle into the greatest flame, because the materials are always prepared for it.—Hume.

A vain man can never be altogether rude. Desirous as he is of pleasing, he fashions his manners after those of others.—Goethe.

Never expect justice from a vain man; if he has the negative magnanimity not to disparage you, it is the most you can expect.—Washington Allston.

Ladies of fashion starve their happiness to feed their vanity, and their love to feed their pride.—Colton.

Alas, for human nature that the wounds of vanity should smart and bleed so much longer than the wounds of affection!—Macaulay.

Vanity and pride of nations; vanity is as advantageous to a government as pride is dangerous.—Montesquieu.

Since the well-known victory over the hare by the tortoise the descendants of the tortoise think themselves miracles of speed.—Marie Ebner-Eschenbach.

Vanity is never at its full growth till it spreadeth into affectation, and then it is complete.—Saville.

For let us women be never so ill-favored, I imagine that we are always delighted to hear ourselves called handsome.—Cervantes.

Every man's vanity ought to be his greatest shame; and every man's folly ought to be his greatest secret.—Quarles.

I doubt if there ever was a man who was not gratified by being told that he was liked by the women.—Dr. Johnson.

Vanity costs money, labor, horses, men, women, health and peace, and is still nothing at last,—a long way leading nowhere.—Emerson.

It would be next to impossible to discover a handsome woman who was not also a vain woman.—Joubert.

Greater mischief happens often from folly, meanness, and vanity than from the greater sins of avarice and ambition.—Burke.

If you cannot inspire a woman with love of you, fill her above the brim with love of herself; all that runs over will be yours.—Colton.

Imperfections would not be half so much taken notice of, if vanity did not make proclamation of them.—L'Estrange.

Vanity and dignity are incompatible with each other; vain women are almost sure to be vulnerable.—Alfred de Musset.

In condemning the vanity of women, men complain of the fire they themselves have kindled.—Lingrée.

Should I publish any favors done me by your lordship, I am afraid it would look more like vanity than gratitude.—Addison.

Vanity is a strong temptation to lying; it makes people magnify their merit, over flourish their family, and tell strange stories of their interest and acquaintance.—Jeremy Collier.

Nature has cast but two men in the mould of statesmen,—myself and Mirabeau. After that she broke the mould.—Danton.

Vanity is the natural weakness of an ambitious man, which exposes him to the secret scorn and derision of those he converses with, and ruins the character he is so industrious to advance by it.—Addison.

All men are selfish, but the vain man is in love with himself. He admires, like the lover his adored one, everything which to others is indifferent.—Auerbach.

Vain? Let it be so! Nature was her teacher,
What if a lovely and unsistered creature
Loved her own harmless gift of pleasing feature. —O. W. Holmes.

Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain:
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain. —Dryden.

Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah me!
That I the Judge's bride might be!
He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine."
—Whittier.

There is no vice or folly that requires so much nicety and skill to manage as vanity; nor any which by ill management makes so contemptible a figure.—Swift.

Does not vanity itself cease to be blamable, is it not even ennobled, when it is directed to laudable objects, when it confines itself to prompting us to great and generous actions?—Diderot.

There is more jealousy between rival wits than rival beauties, for vanity has no sex. But in both cases there must be pretensions, or there will be no jealousy.—Colton.

Every one at the bottom of his heart cherishes vanity; even the toad thinks himself good-looking,—"rather tawny perhaps, but look at his eye!" —Wilson.

Tell me not of the pain of falsehood to the slandered! There is noth-

ing so agonizing to the fine skin of vanity as the application of a rough truth.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Scarcely have I ever heard or read the introductory phrase, "I may say without vanity," but some striking and characteristic instance of vanity has immediately followed.—Franklin.

When a man has no longer any conception of excellence above his own, his voyage is done, he is dead,—dead in trespasses and sin of blear-eyed vanity.—Beecher.

Pride is never more offensive than when it condescends to be civil; whereas vanity, whenever it forgets itself, naturally assumes good-humor. —Cumberland.

There is no folly of which a man who is not a fool cannot get rid except vanity; of this nothing cures a man except experience of its bad consequences, if indeed anything can cure it.—Rousseau.

Vanity, indeed, is the very antidote to conceit: for while the former makes us all nerve to the opinion of others, the latter is perfectly satisfied with its opinion of itself.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Vanity bids all her sons be brave, and all her daughters chaste and courteous. But why do we need her instructions? Ask the comedian who is taught a part which he does not feel. —Sterne.

The vainest woman is never thoroughly conscious of her beauty till she is loved by the man who sets her own passion vibrating in return.— George Eliot.

Our vanities differ as our noses do: all conceit is not the same conceit, but varies in correspondence with the minutiæ of mental make in which one of us differs from another. —George Eliot.

Vanity is the poison of agreeableness; yet as poison, when artfully and properly applied, has a salutary effect in medicine, so has vanity in the commerce and society of the world. —Greville.

Vanity is the fruit of ignorance. It thrives most in subterranean places, never reached by the air of heaven and the light of the sun.—Ross.

False modesty is the masterpiece of vanity: showing the vain man in such an illusory light that he appears in the reputation of the virtue quite opposite to the vice which constitutes his real character; it is a deceit.— La Bruyère.

Extinguish vanity in the mind, and you naturally retrench the little superfluities of garniture and equipage. The blossoms will fall of themselves when the root that nourishes them is destroyed.—Steele.

False glory is the rock of vanity; it seduces men to affect esteem by things which they indeed possess, but which are frivolous, and which for a man to value himself on would be a scandalous error.—La Bruyère.

It is vanity which makes the rake at twenty, the worldly man at forty, and the retired man at sixty. We are apt to think that best in general for which we find ourselves best fitted in particular.—Pope.

Ecclesiastes said that "all is vanity,"
Most modern preachers say the same, or show it
By their examples of true Christianity.
In short, all know, or very soon may know it. —Byron.

When we are conscious of the least comparative merit in ourselves, we should take as much care to conceal the value we set upon it, as if it were a real defect; to be elated or vain upon it is showing your money before people in want.—Colley Cibber.

The youth who, like a woman, loves to adorn his person, has renounced all claim to wisdom and to glory; glory is due to those only who dare to associate with pain, and have tram-

pled pleasure under their feet.—Fénelon.

Vanity finds in self-love so powerful an ally that it storms, as it were, by a *coup de main*, the citadel of our heads, where, having blinded the two watchmen, it readily descends into the heart.—Colton.

Vanity is so constantly solicitous of self, that even where its own claims are not interested, it indirectly seeks the aliment which it loves, by showing how little is deserved by others.—Simms.

Vanity calculates but poorly on the vanity of others; what a virtue we should distil from frailty, what a world of pain we should save our brethren, if we would suffer our own weakness to be the measure of theirs.—Bulwer-Lytton.

We are so presumptuous that we wish to be known to all the world, even to those who come after us; and we are so vain that the esteem of five or six persons immediately around us is enough to amuse and satisfy us.—Pascal.

After all, what is vanity? If it means only a certain wish to look one's best, is it not another name for self-respect? If it means inordinate self-admiration (very rare among persons with some occupation), it is less wicked than absurd.—Mrs. H. R. Haweis.

Vanity may be likened to the smooth-skinned and velvet-footed mouse, nibbling about forever in expectation of a crumb; while self-esteem is too apt to take the likeness of the huge butcher's dog, who carries off your steaks, and growls at you as he goes.—Simms.

A weakness natural to superior and to little men, when they have committed a fault, is to wish to make it pass as a work of genius, a vast combination which the vulgar cannot comprehend. Pride says these things and folly credits them.—Chateaubriand.

I give vanity fair quarter, wherever I meet with it, being persuaded that it is often productive of good to the possessor, and to others who are within his sphere of action; and therefore, in many cases, it would not be altogether absurb if a man were to thank God for his vanity, among the other comforts of life.—Franklin.

Vanity is so closely allied to virtue, and to love the fame of laudable actions approaches so near the love of laudable actions for their own sake, that these passions are more capable of mixture than any other kinds of affection; and it is almost impossible to have the latter without some degree of the former.—Hume.

It was prettily devised of Æsop, the fly sat upon the axletree of the chariot-wheel, and said, "What a dust do I raise!" So are there some vain persons that, whatsoever goeth alone or moveth upon greater means, if they have never so little hand in it, they think it is they that carry it.—Bacon.

O vanity, how little is thy force acknowledged or thy operations discerned! How wantonly dost thou deceive mankind under different disguises! Sometimes thou dost wear the face of pity; sometimes of generosity; nay, thou hast the assurance to put on those glorious ornaments which belong only to heroic virtue.—Fielding.

I would much rather fight pride than vanity, because pride has a stand-up way of fighting. You know where it is. It throws its black shadow on you, and you are not at a loss where to strike. But vanity is that delusive, that insectiferous, that multiplied feeling, and men that fight vanities are like men that fight midges and butterflies. It is easier to chase them than to hit them.—Beecher.

Let her who is full of beauty and admiration, sitting like the queen of flowers in majesty among the daughters of women, let her watch lest vanity enter her heart, beguiling her to rest proudly upon her own strength;

let her remember that she standeth upon slippery places, and be not high-minded but fear.—Mrs. Sigourney.

There are women vain of advantages not connected with their persons, such as birth, rank, and fortune; it is difficult to feel less the dignity of the sex. The origin of all women may be called celestial, for their power is the offspring of the gifts of Nature; by yielding to pride and ambition they soon destroy the magic of their charms.—Mme. de Staël.

Charms, which, like flowers, lie on the surface and always glitter, easily produce vanity; hence women, wits, players, soldiers, are vain, owing to their presence, figure, and dress. On the contrary, other excellences, which lie down like gold and are discovered with difficulty,—strength, profoundness of intellect, morality,—leave their possessors modest and proud.—Richter.

The greatest human virtue bears no proportion to human vanity. We always think ourselves better than we are, and are generally desirous that others should think us still better than we think ourselves. To praise us for actions or dispositions which deserve praise is not to confer a benefit, but to pay a tribute. We have always pretensions to fame which, in our own hearts, we know to be disputable, and which we are desirous to strengthen by a new suffrage; we have always hopes which we suspect to be fallacious, and of which we eagerly snatch at every confirmation. —Johnson.

Variety

Variety is the very spice of life.—Cowper.

Even pleasure cloys without variety. —Ovid.

Where order in variety we see; and where, though all things differ, all agree.—Pope.

Variety is the condition of harmony.—James Freeman Clarke.

Variety is the mother of enjoyment. —Disraeli.

Whatever is natural admits of variety.—Mme. de Staël.

Diversity, that is my motto.—La Fontaine.

Amidst the soft variety I'm lost.—Addison.

Tired of the last, and eager of the new.—Prior.

Ladies like variegated tulips show. —Pope.

The most universal quality is diversity.—Montaigne.

All, with one consent, praise newborn gawds.—Shakespeare.

That divine gift which makes a woman charming.—Beaconsfield.

Nothing is pleasant that is not spiced with variety.—Bacon.

There is a grace in wild variety surpassing rule and order.—William Mason.

Variety is a positive requisite even in the character of our food.—Ruskin.

Variety alone gives joy; the sweetest meats the soonest cloy.—Prior.

All sorts are here that all the earth yields, variety without end.—Milton.

There is a variety in the tempers of good men.—Atterbury.

Variety is nothing else but a continued novelty.—South.

Gods, that never change their state, vary oft their love and hate.—Waller.

That each from other differs, first confess; next that he varies from himself no less.—Pope.

The most delightful pleasures cloy without variety.—Publius Syrus.

I take it to be a principal rule of life, not to be too much addicted to any one thing.—Terence.

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety. —Shakespeare.

For variety of mere nothings gives more pleasure than uniformity of something.—Jean Paul Richter.

God hath here varied His bounty so with new delights!—Milton.

When our old Pleasures die,
Some new One still is nigh;
Oh! fair Variety! —Nicholas Rowe.

As land is improved by sowing it with various seeds, so is the mind by exercising it with different studies.—Pliny.

In books and love the mind one end pursues, and only change the expiring flame renews.—Gay.

God hath varied the inclinations of men according to the variety of actions to be performed.—Sir T Browne.

Countless the various species of mankind; countless the shades which separate mind from mind.—Gifford.

The charm of London is that you are never glad or sorry for ten minutes together; in the country you are one or the other for weeks.—Dr. Johnson.

Therefore doth heaven divide the state of man in divers functions, setting endeavor in continual motion.—Shakespeare.

The lights and shades, whose well-accorded strife gives all the strength and color of our life.—Pope.

Nature, through all her works, in great degree,
Borrows a blessing from variety.
Music itself her needful aid requires
To rouse the soul, and wake our dying fires.
—Churchill.

How nature delights and amuses us by varying even the character of insects; the ill-nature of the wasp, the sluggishness of the drone, the volatility of the butterfly, the slyness of the bug!—Sydney Smith.

The earth was made so various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change
And pleased with novelty, might be indulged. —Cowper.

Not chaos-like together crush'd and bruis'd,
But, as the world, harmoniously confus'd,
Where order in variety we see,
And where, though all things differ, all agree. —Pope.

How widely its agencies vary,—
To save, to ruin, to curse, to bless,—
As even its minted coins express,
Now stamp'd with the image of good Queen Bess,
And now of Bloody Mary. —Hood.

Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth
With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
Covering the earth with odors, fruits, and flocks,
Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,
But all to please and sate the curious taste?
—Milton.

Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh, like parrots, at a bagpiper;
And other of such vinegar aspect,
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.
—Shakespeare.

Vegetation

Every green herb, from the lotus to the darnel, is rich with delicate aids to help incurious man.—Tupper.

Every green thing loves to die in bright colors. The vegetable cohorts march glowing out of the year in flaming dresses, as if to leave this earth were a triumph and not a sadness. It is never nature that is sad, but only we, that dare not look back on the past, and that have not its prophecy of the future in our bosoms.—Beecher.

The earth is a machine which yields almost gratuitous service to every application of intellect. Every plant is a manufacturer of soil. In

the stomach of the plant development begins. The tree can draw on the whole air, the whole earth, on all the rolling main. The plant is all suction-pipe,—imbibing from the ground by its root, from the air by its leaves, with all its might.—Emerson.

Vehemence

Vehemence without feeling is rant. —G. H. Lewes.

Violence does even justice unjustly. —Carlyle.

Nothing good comes of violence.—Luther.

I tremble at his vehemence of temper.—Addison.

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot that it do singe yourself.—Shakespeare.

Loud indignation against vice often stands for virtue with bigots.—J. Petit-Senn.

Whatever they did, the Elysians were careful never to be vehement.—Beaconsfield.

The greater your real strength and power, the quieter it will be exercised. —Lowell.

Vengeance

Vengeance is without foresight.—Napoleon I.

Good Christians should never avenge injuries.—Cervantes.

Deep, sombre vengeance is the daughter of deep silence.—Alfieri.

Delay in vengeance gives a heavier blow.—John Ford.

I shall see
The winged vengeance overtake such children. —Shakespeare.

In high vengeance there is noble scorn.—George Eliot.

In vengeance is found the abject pleasure of an abject mind.—Juvenal.

The rarer action is in virtue than in vengeance.—Shakespeare.

Venice

Venice once was dear,
The pleasant place of all festivity,
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy.
—Byron.

In Venice, Tasso's echoes are no more,
And silent rows the songless gondolier;
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
And music meets not always now the ear.
—Byron.

White swan of cities, slumbering in thy nest
So wonderfully built among the reeds
Of the lagoon, that fences thee and feeds,
As sayeth thy old historian and thy guest!
—Longfellow.

I loved her from my boyhood; she to me
Was as a fairy city of the heart,
Rising like water-columns from the sea,
Of joy the sojourn, and of wealth the mart;
And Otway, Radcliffe, Schiller, Shakespeare's art,
Had stamp'd her image in me. —Byron.

The sylphs and ondines
And the sea-kings and queens
Long ago, long ago, on the waves built a city,
As lovely as seems
To some bard in his dreams,
The soul of his latest love-ditty.
—Owen Meredith.

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs,
A palace and a prison on each hand;
I saw from out the wave her structure rise,
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand:
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying Glory smiles
O'er the far times, when many a subject land
Look'd to the winged Lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles. —Byron.

Ventilation

You cannot breathe too much of the open air.—Dr. Abernethy.

Be careful never to retire to rest in a room not properly ventilated.—Horace Mann.

There is nothing that this age, from whatever standpoint we survey it, needs more, physically, intellectually, and morally, than thorough ventilation.—Ruskin.

Venus

O Venus, hail! all hail, immortal Queen!
Thou reign'st unbounded o'er the human scene,
Where the bright Thames shines forth in azure pride,
To where the Ganges rolls its foamy tide,
Where the redundant Nile expands his course,
Or Niagara throws her headlong force;
Still from the east to west, from pole to pole,
Thou e'er shalt rule great Sovereign of the whole. —Bohn.

Creator Venus, genial power of love,
The bliss of men below, and gods above!
Beneath the sliding sun thou runn'st thy race,
Dost fairest shine, and best become thy place;
For thee the winds their eastern blasts forbear,
Thy month reveals the spring, and opens all the year.
Thee, goddess, thee, the storms of winter fly,
Earth smiles with flowers renewing, laughs the sky,
And birds to lays of love their tuneful notes apply;
For thee the lion loathes the taste of blood. —Dryden.

Verbosity

He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument.—Shakespeare.

Versatility

He who expects from a great name in politics, in philosophy, in art, equal greatness in other things, is little versed in human nature. Our strength lies in our weakness. The learned in books are ignorant of the world. He who is ignorant of books is often well acquainted with other things; for life is of the same length in the learned and unlearned; the mind cannot be idle; if it is not taken up with one thing, it attends to another through choice or necessity; and the degree of previous capacity in one class or another is a mere lottery.—Hazlitt.

That mere will and industry can enable any man to accomplish anything is a belief common enough amongst imperfectly educated man. * * * But no one of really cultivated intellect denies the variety of natural endowments.—Hamerton.

Verse

Verse sweetens toil, however rude the sound;
All at her work the village maiden sings;
Nor as she turns the giddy wheel around,
Revolves the sad vicissitudes of things. —Gifford.

Of little use, the man you may suppose,
Who says in verse what others say in prose;
Yet let me show a poet's of some weight,
And (though no soldier) useful to the state,
What will a child learn sooner than a song?
What better teach a foreigner the tongue?
What's long or short, each accent where to place
And speak in public with some sort of grace? —Pope.

I was a poet too; but modern taste
Is so refined and delicate and chaste,
That verse, whatever fire the fancy warms,
Without a creamy smoothness has no charms.
Thus, all success depending on an ear,
And thinking I might purchase it too dear,
If sentiment were sacrific'd to sound,
And truth cut short to make a period round,
I judg'd a man of sense could scarce do worse
Than caper in the morris-dance of verse. —Cowper.

Vexation

Your children were vexation to your youth.—Shakespeare.

Vexations may be petty, but they are vexations still.—Montaigne.

There are two things which will make us happy in this life, if we attend to them. The first is, never to vex ourselves about what we cannot help; and the second, never to vex ourselves about what we can help.—Chatfield.

Vice

One sin another doth provoke.—Shakespeare.

Human nature is not of itself vicious.—Thomas Paine.

Vice lives and thrives best by concealment.—Virgil.

To vice innocence must always seem only a superior kind of chicanery.—Ouida.

Vice itself lost half its evil by losing all its grossness.—Burke.

The vices of some men are magnificent.—Lamb.

We pardon familiar vices.—Seneca.

Spare the person, but lash the vice.—Martial.

To sanction vice and hunt decorum down.—Byron.

And poor misfortune feels the lash of vice.—Thomson.

Vices are seldom single.—Robert Hall.

Vice, that digs her own voluptuous tomb!—Byron.

Vice in its own pure native ugliness.—Crabbe.

Few love to hear the sins they love to act.—Shakespeare.

Vice is a peripatetic, always in progression.—Owen Feltham.

Vice, like disease, floats in the atmosphere.—Hazlitt.

Vice gets more in this vicious world than piety.—Fletcher.

There is no truth which personal vice will not distort.—J. G. Holland.

And lash the vice and follies of the age.—Susannah Centlivre.

Vices are often habits rather than passions.—Rivarol.

Vices are seldom single.—Bishop Hall.

Let thy vices die before thee.—Franklin.

Vice is but a nurse of agonies.—Sir P. Sidney.

The vicious obey their passions, as slaves do their masters.—Diogenes.

What maintains one vice would bring up two children.—Franklin.

This is the essential evil of vice: it debases a man.—Chapin.

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us.
—Shakespeare.

One vice worn out makes us wiser than fifty tutors.—Bulwer-Lytton.

It is but a step from companionship to slavery when one associates with vice.—Hosea Ballou.

The world will tolerate many vices, but not their diminutives.—Arthur Helps.

Vice stings us even in our pleasures, but virtue consoles us even in our pains.—Cowper.

We try to make a virtue of vices we are loth to correct.—La Rochefoucauld.

I prefer an accommodating vice to an obstinate virtue.—Molière.

Vice repeated is like the wandering wind, blows dust in others' eyes to spread itself.—Shakespeare.

No vice so great, but we can kill
And conquer it, if we but will.
—Chas. Noel Douglas.

Great parts produce great vices as well as virtues.—Plato.

The cunning tempter, by avoiding the grossness of vice, often silences objections.—Rivarol.

Most men are more willing to indulge in easy vices than to practise laborious virtues.—Dr. Johnson.

Do but see his vice: 't is to his virtue a just equinox, the one as long as the other.—Shakespeare.

Who called thee vicious was a lying elf; thou art not vicious, for thou art vice itself.—Martial.

Many a man's vices have at first been nothing worse than good qualities run wild.—J. C. and A. W. Hare.

So in the wicked there's no vice of which the saints have not a spice. —Samuel Butler.

Crimes sometimes shock us too much; vices almost always too little. —Hare.

There are some faults so nearly allied to excellence that we can scarce weed out the vice without eradicating the virtue.—Goldsmith.

If vices were profitable, the virtuous man would be the sinner.—Bacon.

Vices that are familiar we pardon, and only new ones reprehend.—Publius Syrus.

Vicious actions are not hurful because they are forbidden, but forbidden because they are hurtful.—Franklin.

The end of a dissolute life is most commonly a desperate death.—Bion.

When our vices have left us, we flatter ourselves that we have left them.—Rochefoucauld.

I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,
And virtue has no tongue to check her pride. —Milton.

Count all th' advantage prosp'rous vice attains,
'Tis but what virtue flies from, and disdains. —Pope.

No penance can absolve our guilty fame;
Nor tears, that wash out sin, can wash out shame. —Prior.

One principal characteristic of vice in the present age is the contempt of fame.—Thomas Gray.

Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
And vice sometime 's by action dignified.
—Shakespeare.

There is no vice so simple, but assumes some mark of virtue on its outward parts.—Shakespeare.

Vice can deceive under the guise and shadow of virtue.—Juvenal.

A few vices are sufficient to darken many virtues.—Plutarch.

The same vices which are huge and insupportable in others we do not feel in ourselves.—La Bruyère.

No man e'er reach'd the heights of vice at first.—Juvenal.

So blinded are we by our passions, that we suffer more to be damned than to be saved.—Colton.

When to mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit instruments of ill!
—Pope.

No one is born without vices, and he is the best man who is encumbered with the least.—Horace.

Though a man cannot abstain from being weak, he may from being vicious.—Addison.

The heart resolves this matter in a trice,
"Men only feel the smart, but not the vice."
—Pope.

O dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
—Shakespeare.

Vice is contagious, and there is no trusting the sound and the sick together.—Seneca.

Led by my hand, he saunter'd Europe round,
And gather'd every vice on Christian ground. —Pope.

Vice is the greatest of all Jacobins, the archleveller.—Hare.

Vice and virtue chiefly imply the relation of our actions to men in this world; sin and holiness rather imply their relation to God and the other world.—Dr. Watts.

Ah, Vice! how soft are thy voluptuous ways!
While boyish blood is mantling, who can 'scape
The fascination of thy magic gaze?
—Byron.

There is some virtue in almost every vice, except hypocrisy; and even

that, while it is a mockery of virtue, is at the same time a compliment to it.—Hazlitt.

I never heard yet that any of these bolder vices wanted less impudence to gainsay what they did, than to perform it first.—Shakespeare.

The vices operate like age,—bring on disease before its time, and in the prime of youth, leave the character broken and exhausted.—Junius.

People do not persist in their vices because they are not weary of them, but because they canot leave them off. It is the nature of vice to leave us no resource but in itself.—Hazlitt.

To attack vices in the abstract, without touching persons, may be safe fighting indeed, but it is fighting with shadows.—Junius.

Long careers of vice, that prosper even in their epitaphs, make cemeteries seem ridiculous, and death anything but a leveller.—John Weiss.

What often prevents our abandoning ourselves to a single vice is, our having more than one.—Rochefoucauld.

But all have prices,
From crowns to kicks, according to their vices. —Byron.

The reason that men are so slow to confess their vices is because they have not yet abandoned them.—Beecher.

It will be found a work of no small difficulty to dispossess a vice from the heart, where long possession begins to plead prescription.—Bacon.

The vices and the virtues are written in a language the world cannot construe; it reads them in a vile translation, and the translators are Failure and Success.—Bulwer-Lytton.

He that has energy enough in his constitution to root out a vice should go a little farther, and try to plant in a virtue in its place, otherwise he will have his labor to renew.—Colton.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
—Pope.

It is not possible now to keep a young gentleman from vice by a total ignorance of it, unless you will all his life mew him up in a closet and never let him go into company.—Locke.

Why is there no man who confesses his vices? It is because he has not yet laid them aside. It is a waking man only who can tell his dreams. —Seneca.

Beware of the beginnings of vice. Do not delude yourself with the belief that it can be argued against in the presence of the exciting cause. Nothing but actual flight can save you.—B. R. Haydon.

Vices and frailties correct each other, like acids and alkalies. If each vicious man had but one vice, I do not know how the world could go on. —Whately.

O, what a mansion have those vices got
Which for their habitation chose out thee,
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,
And all things turn to fair that eyes can see! —Shakespeare.

The vices enter into the composition of the virtues, as poisons into that of medicines. Prudence collects and arranges them, and uses them beneficially against the ills of life.—Rochefoucauld.

The scandalous bronze-lacquer age of hungry animalisms, spiritual impotences, and mendacities, will have to run its course, till the pit follow it.—Carlyle.

Wise men will apply their remedies to vices, not to names; to the causes of evil which are permanent, not the occasional organs by which they act, and the transitory modes in which they appear.—Burke.

There are vices which have no hold upon us, but in connection with others; and which, when you cut down the trunk, fall like the branches.—Pascal.

When men of infamy to grandeur soar,
They light a torch to show their shame the more,
Those governments which curb not evils, cause!
And a rich knave's a libel on our laws.
—Young.

As a stick, when once it is dry and stiff you may break it, but you can never bend it into a straighter posture; so doth the man become incorrigible who is settled and stiffened into vice.—Barrow.

It is only in some corner of the brain which we leave empty that Vice can obtain a lodging. When she knocks at your door be able to say: "No room for your ladyship; pass on."—Bulwer-Lytton.

Saint Augustine! well hast thou said,
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame.
—Longfellow.

There will be nothing more that posterity can add to our immoral habits; our descendants must have the same desires and act the same follies as their sires. Every vice has reached its zenith.—Juvenal.

It may be said that the vices await us in the journey of life like hosts with whom we must successively lodge; and I doubt whether experience would make us avoid them if we were to travel the same road a second time.—Rochefoucauld.

Say everything for vice which you can say, magnify any pleasure as much as you please, but don't believe you have any secret for sending on quicker the sluggish blood, and for refreshing the faded nerve.—Sydney Smith.

What we call vice in our neighbor may be nothing less than a crude virtue. To him who knows nothing more of precious stones than he can learn from a daily contemplation of his breastpin, a diamond in the mine must be a very uncompromising sort of stone.—Simms.

In its primary signification all vice—that is, all excess—brings its own punishment even here. By certain fixed, settled, and established laws of Him who is the God of Nature, excess of every kind destroys that constitution that temperance would preserve.—Colton.

Vices are often hid under the name of virtues, and the practice of them followed by the worst consequences. I have seen ladies indulge their own ill-humor by being very rude and impertinent, and think they deserve approbation by saying, "I love to speak the truth."—Lady Montagu.

Vice leaves repentance in the soul like an ulcer in the flesh, which is always scratching and lacerating itself; for reason effaces all other griefs and sorrows, but it begets that of repentance, which is so much the more grievous, by reason it springs within, as the cold and hot of fevers are more sharp than those that only strike upon the outward skin.—Montaigne.

Vicissitudes

Happy the man who can endure with equanimity the highest and the lowest fortune.—Seneca.

Thus run the wheels of state, now up, now down,
And none that lives finds safety in a crown. —Markham and Sampson.

But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
—Shakespeare.

The most affluent may be stripped of all, and find his worldly comforts like so many withered leaves dropping from him.—Sterne.

Sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud: and, after summer evermore succeeds barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold: so cares and

joys abound, as seasons fleet.—Shakespeare.

Roses bloom, and then they wither;
Cheeks are bright, then fade and die;
Shapes of light are wafted hither,
Then, like visions, hurry by.
—Percival.

Thus doth the ever-changing course of things
Run a perpetual circle, ever turning;
And that same day, that highest glory brings,
Brings us unto the point of back-returning.
—Daniel.

We do not marvel at the sunrise of a joy, only at its sunset! Then, on the other hand, we are amazed at the commencement of a sorrow-storm; but that it should go off in gentle showers, we think quite natural.—Richter.

A blossom full of promise is life's joy,
That never comes to fruit. Hope, for a time,
Suns the young floweret in its gladsome light,
And it looks flourishing—a little while—
'T is pass'd, we know not whither, but 't is gone.
—Miss Landon.

Though the Indian ocean abounds in rich and rare gems, it does not boast a clearer sky nor more unruffled sea. If there be a shore that dreads not the fury of the faithless billows, it is some poor and narrow inlet unknown to the winds.—Metastasio.

Oh sad vicissitude
Of earthly things! to what untimely end
Are all the fading glories that attend
Upon the state of greatest monarchs, brought!
What safety can by policy be wrought,
Or rest be found on fortune's restless wheel!
—May.

Is there no constancy in earthy things?
No happiness in us, but what must alter?
No life, without the heavy load of fortune?
What miseries we are, and to ourselves?
Ev'n then when full content seems to sit by us,
What daily sores and sorrows.
—Beaumont and Fletcher.

Such are the vicissitudes of the world, through all its parts, that day and night, labor and rest, hurry and retirement, endear each other. Such are the changes that keep the mind in action; we desire, we pursue, we obtain, we are satiated; we desire something else, and begin a new pursuit.—Johnson.

Then grieve not that nought mortal
Endures through passing years—
Did life one changeless tenor keep,
'T were cause indeed for tears.
And fill we, ere our parting,
A mantling pledge to sorrow;
The pang that wrings the heart to-day,
Time's touch will heal to-morrow.
—Mrs. Ellet.

Victory

The smile of God is victory.—Whittier.

I came, saw, and overcame.—Shakespeare.

There's a lean fellow beats all conquerors.—Dekker.

Victory or Westminster Abbey.—Nelson.

How beautiful is victory, but how dear!—Boufflers.

Victory belongs to the most persevering.—Napoleon I.

I love victory, but I love not triumph.—Madame Swetchine.

And either victory, or else a grave.—Shakespeare.

To whom God will, there be the victory!—Shakespeare.

Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances.—Scott.

God on our side, doubt not of victory.—Shakespeare.

Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
—Shakespeare.

A victory is twice itself when the achiever brings home full numbers.—Shakespeare.

We have met the enemy and they are ours.—Oliver Hazard Perry.

They see nothing wrong in the rule, that to the victors belong the spoils of the enemy.—W. L. Marcy.

Then with the losers let it sympathize;
For nothing can seem foul to those that win. —Shakespeare.

Who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.
—Milton.

But if
We have such another victory, we are undone.
—Attributed to Pyrrhus, by Bacon.

Victory, with advantage, is rather robbed than purchased.—Sir P. Sidney.

In victory, the hero seeks the glory, not the prey.—Sir P. Sidney.

A victory won over self, is the only victory acceptable to God.—Chas. Noel Douglas.

Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious. —Burns.

Victory follows me, and all things follow victory.—Scudéri.

Whether in chains or in laurels, liberty knows nothing but victories.—Wendell Phillips.

It is more difficult to look upon victory than upon battle.—Sir Walter Scott.

It is the contest that delights us, and not the victory.—Pascal.

We conquered France, but felt our captive's charms,
Her arts victorious triumph'd o'er our arms.
—Pope.

Now the time is come,
That France must veil her lofty-plumed crest,
And let her head fall into England's lap.
—Shakespeare.

Pursue not a victory too far. He hath conquered well that hath made his enemy fly; thou mayest beat him to a desperate resistance, which may ruin thee.—George Herbert.

Victories that are cheap are cheap. Those only are worth having which come as the result of hard fighting. —Beecher.

"But what good came of it at last?" quoth little Peterkin. "Why, that I cannot tell," said he; "but 'twas a famous victory."—Southey.

There is a tear for all that die,
A mourner o'er the humblest grave;
But nations swell the funeral cry,
And Triumph weeps above the brave.
—Byron.

Then should some cloud pass over
The brow of sire or lover,
Think 'tis the shade
By Victory made
Whose wings right o'er us hover!
—Moore.

With dying hand, above his head,
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted "Victory!—
Charge, Chester, charge! on, Stanley on!"
Were the last words of Marmion.—Scott.

Not one of all the purple host
Who took the flag to-day
Can tell the definition
So clear of victory.
As he, defeated, dying,
On whose forbidden ear
The distant strains of triumph
Break agonized and clear.
—Emily Dickinson.

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hail'd them o'er the wave,
Ye are brothers! ye are men!
And we conquer but to save;
So peace instead of death let us bring;
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King. —Campbell.

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
"Who put the French to rout;
But what they kill'd each other for,
I could not well make out.
But every body said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory.
They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory."
—Southey.

He went down to the school with a glimmering of another lesson in his heart,—the lesson that he who has

conquered his own coward spirit has conquered the whole outward world. —Thomas Hughes.

Vigilance

The master's eye makes the horse fat.—From the Latin.

It is the enemy who keep the sentinel watchful.—Mme. Swetchine.

Vigilance is not only the price of liberty, but of success of any sort. —Beecher.

He is most free from danger, who, even when safe, is on his guard.—Syrus.

There is a significant Latin proverb, to wit, Who will guard the guards?—H. W. Shaw.

A prudent person, having to do with a designing one, will always distrust most when appearances are fairest.—Richardson.

Chance will not do the work. Chance sends the breeze;
But if the pilot slumber at the helm,
The very wind that wafts us tow'rds the port
May dash us on the shoals. The steersman's part
Is vigilance, or blow it rough or smooth.
—Ben Jonson.

Villagers

Suburban villas, highway-side retreats,
That dread th' encroachments of our growing streets,
Tight boxes neatly sash'd, and in a blaze
With all a July sun's collected rays,
Delight the citizen, who gasping there,
Breathes clouds of dust, and calls it country air.
O sweet retirement, who would balk the thought
That could afford retirement, or could not?
'Tis such an easy walk, so smooth and straight,—
The second milestone fronts the garden gate;
A step if fair, and if a shower approach
You find safe shelter in the next stagecoach,
There prison'd in a parlor snug and small,
Like bottled wasps upon a southern wall,
The man of business and his friends compress'd,
Forget their labors, and yet find no rest;
But still 'tis rural,—trees are to be seen
From every window, and the fields are green. —Cowper.

The villager, born humbly and bred hard,
Content his wealth, and poverty his guard,
In action simply just, in conscience clear,
By guilt untainted, undisturb'd by fear,
His means but scanty, and his wants but few,
Labor his business, and his pleasure too,
Enjoys more comforts in a single hour
Than ages give the wretch condemn'd to power. —Churchill.

Villainy

Villainy that is vigilant will be an overmatch for virtue, if she slumber at her post.—Colton.

Calm, thinking villains, whom no faith could fix.—Pope.

He hath out-villained villainy so far, that the rarity redeems him.—Shakespeare.

Villainy, when detected, never gives up, but boldly adds impudence to imposture.—Goldsmith.

Why here's a villain,
Able to corrupt a thousand by example.
—Massinger.

A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted, and sign'd, to do a deed of shame.
—Shakespeare.

The multiplying villainies of nature
Do swarm upon him. —Shakespeare

O villainy! Ho! let the door be lock'd;
Treachery! seek it out. —Shakespeare.

The villainy you teach me, I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.—Shakespeare.

Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes;
That when I note another man like him
I may avoid him. —Shakespeare.

The most stormy ebullitions of passion, from blasphemy to murder, are less terrific than one single act of cool villainy; a still rabies is more dangerous than the paroxysms of a fever. Fear the boisterous savage of passion less than the sedately grinning villain.—Lavater.

Villains are usually the worst casuists, and rush into greater crimes to avoid less. Henry VIII. committed murder to avoid the imputation of

adultery; and in our times, those who commit the latter crime attempt to wash off the stain of seducing the wife by signifying their readiness to shoot the husband.—Colton.

Vindictiveness

No reasonable man would be eager to possess himself of the invidious power of inflicting punishment, if he were not predetermined to make use of it. —Junius.

Violets

The violet is a nun.—Hood.

Violets spring in the soft May shower.—Bryant.

Banks that slope to the southern sky
Where languid violets love to lie.
—Sarah Helen Whitman.

And from his ashes may be made
The violet of his native land. —Tennyson.

The violet thinks, with her timid blue eye,
To pass for a blossom enchantingly shy.
—Francis S. Osgood.

Surely as cometh the Winter, I know
There are Spring violets under the snow.
—R. H. Newell.

Here oft we sought the violet, as it lay
Buried in beds of moss and lichens gray.
—Sarah Helen Whitman.

Steals timidly away,
Shrinking as violets do in summer's ray.
—Moore.

And shade the violets,
That they may bind the moss in leafy nets.
—Keats.

The country ever has a lagging Spring,
Waiting for May to call its violets forth.
—Bryant.

Early violets blue and white
Dying for their love of light.
—Edwin Arnold.

Yet there upon that upland height
The darlings of the early spring
Blue violets—were blossoming.
—Julia C. R. Dorr.

Again the violet of our early days
Drinks beauteous azure from the golden sun,
And kindles into fragrance at his blaze.
—Ebenezer Elliott.

The sweet sound,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor!—Shakespeare.

Violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath. —Shakespeare.

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky.
—Wordsworth.

In kindly showers and sunshine bud
The branches of the dull gray wood;
Out from its sunned and sheltered nooks
The blue eye of the violet looks.
—Whittier.

The smell of violets, hidden in the green,
Pour'd back into my empty soul and frame
The times when I remembered to have been
Joyful and free from blame.
—Tennyson.

The tender violet bent in smiles
To elves that sported nigh,
Tossing the drops of fragrant dew
To scent the evening sky.
—Elizabeth Oakes Smith.

And the violet lay dead while the odor flew
On the wings of the wind o'er the water blue. —Shelley.

Hath the pearl less whiteness
Because of its birth?
Hath the violet less brightness
For growing near earth?
—Moore.

And in my breast
Spring wakens too; and my regret
Becomes an April violet,
And buds and blossoms like the rest.
—Tennyson.

The modest, lowly violet
In leaves of tender green is set;
So rich she cannot hide from view,
But covers all the bank with blue.
—Dora Read Goodale.

We are violets blue,
For our sweetness found
Careless in the mossy shades,
Looking on the ground.
Love's dropp'd eyelids and a kiss,—
Such our breath and blueness is.
—Leigh Hunt.

A blossom of returning light,
An April flower of sun and dew;
The earth and sky, the day and night
Are melted in her depth of blue!
—Dora Read Goodale

Cold blows the wind against the hill,
And cold upon the plain;
I sit me by the bank, until
The violets come again.
—Richard Garnett.

When beechen buds begin to swell,
And woods the blue-bird's warble know,
The yellow violet's modest bell
Peeps from the last year's leaves below.
—Bryant.

The violets were past their prime,
Yet their departing breath
Was sweeter, in the blast of death,
Than all the lavish fragrance of the time.
—Montgomery.

What thought is folded in thy leaves!
What tender thought, what speechless pain!
I hold thy faded lips to mine,
Thou darling of the April rain.
—T. B. Aldrich.

Violets!—deep-blue violets!
April's loveliest coronets!
There are no flowers grow in the vale,
Kiss'd by the dew, woo'd by the gale,—
None by the dew of the twilight wet,
So sweet as the deep-blue violet.
—L. E. Landon.

Violet! sweet violet!
Thine eyes are full of tears;
Are they wet
Even yet
With the thought of other years?
—Lowell.

A humble flower long time I pined
Upon the solitary plain,
And trembled at the angry wind,
And shrunk before the bitter rain.
And oh! 'twas in a blessed hour
A passing wanderer chanced to see,
And, pitying the lonely flower,
To stoop and gather me.
—Thackeray.

Virgin

White, cold, virgin snow.—Shakespeare.

A simple maiden in her flower is worth a hundred coats-of-arms.—Tennyson.

Unstained and pure as is the lily, or the mountain snow.—Thomson.

Maiden, when such a soul as thine is born, the morning stars their ancient music make.—Lowell.

Virginity is the poetry, not the reality, of life.—Lamartine.

Fasting maids whose minds are dedicate to nothing temporal.—Shakespeare.

The young girl who begins to experience the necessity of loving seeks to hide it.—Beauchêne.

For me it will be enough that a marble stone should declare that a queen, having reigned such a time, lived and died a virgin.—Queen Elizabeth.

Timorous virgins form a dreadful chimera of a husband, as of a creature quite contrary to that soft, humble, pliant, easy thing, a lover.—Congreve.

But earthlier happy is the rose distilled than that which, withering on the virgin thorn, grows, lives, and dies in single blessedness.—Shakespeare.

Poetry, good sir, in my opinion, is like a young virgin, very young, and extremely beautiful, whom divers other virgins—namely, all the other sciences—make it their business to enrich, polish, and adorn.—Cervantes.

Let the words of a virgin, though in a good cause and to a good purpose, be neither violent, many, nor first, nor last; it is less shame for a virgin to be lost in a blushing silence than to be found in a bold eloquence.—Quarles.

A woman's whole life is a history of the affections. The heart is her world; it is there her ambition strives for empire; it is there her avarice seeks for hidden treasures. She sends forth her sympathies on adventure, she embarks her soul in the traffic of affection; and, if shipwrecked, her case is hopeless, for it is a bankruptcy of the heart.—Washington Irving.

Virtue

Virtue is the beauty of the soul.—Socrates.

Virtue alone is true nobility.—Gifford.

Virtue is beauty.—Shakespeare.

Virtue is to herself the best reward.—Henry Moore.

Virtue, the greatest of all monarchies.—Swift.

Virtue alone is happiness below.—Crabbe.

Heaven made virtue; man, the appearance.—Voltaire.

The only reward of virtue is virtue.—Emerson.

He who dies for virtue does not perish.—Plautus.

Virtue's a stronger guard than brass.—Edmund Waller.

Virtue is not hereditary.—Thomas Paine.

Virtue is like a rich stone, best plain set.—Bacon.

Virtue is health, vice is sickness.—Petrarch.

Assume a virtue, if you have it not.—Shakespeare.

Virtue by calculation is the virtue of vice.—Joubert.

Our virtues are commonly disguised vices.—Rochefoucauld.

Virtue's office never breaks men's troth.—Shakespeare.

A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.—Shakespeare.

Virtue is praised and freezes.—Juvenal.

Our virtues and vices spring from one root.—Goethe.

Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful.—Shakespeare.

Hang virtue!—Ben Jonson.

They only have lived long who have lived virtuously.—Sheridan.

The greatest offence against virtue is to speak ill of it.—Hazlitt.

Sometimes virtue starves while vice is fed.—Pope.

Virtue is the truest liberty.—Owen Feltham.

The good hate sin because they love virtue.—Horace.

It is easy to be virtuous in prospective.—J. Petit-Senn.

Virtue is voluntary, vice involuntary.—Plato.

All great virtues become great men.—Corneille.

Virtue is necessary to a republic.—Montesquieu.

Virtue withers away if it has no opposition.—Seneca.

Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition.—Shakespeare.

Virtue is in the mind, not in the appearance.—Saadi.

Integrity of life is fame's best friend.—John Webster.

Most virtue lies between two vices.—Horace.

Virtue has many preachers, but few martyrs.—Helvetius.

Virtue will catch as well as vice by contact.—Burke.

God looks at pure, not full hands.—Syrus.

And even his failings leaned to virtue's side.—Goldsmith.

All bow to virtue and then walk away.—De Finod.

The whole of virtue consists in its practice.—Cicero.

Virtue is, like health, the harmony of the whole man.—Carlyle.

Sweet are the slumbers of the virtuous man.—Addison.

We need greater virtues to sustain good than evil fortune.—La Rochefoucauld.

I wrap myself up in my virtue.—Horace.

Birth is nothing where virtue is not.—Molière.

Honor is the reward of virtue.—Cicero.

Virtue is safe only when it is inspired.—Charles H. Parkhurst.

Virtue, for us, is obedience to God in Christ.—Roswell D. Hitchcock.

For virtue only finds eternal fame.—Petrarch.

Virtue often trips and falls on the sharp-edged rock of poverty.—Eugene Sue.

Silver is less valuable than gold, gold than virtue.—Horace.

Virtue maketh men on the earth famous, in their graves illustrious, in the heavens immortal.—Chilo.

O let us still the secret joy partake,
To follow virtue even for virtue's sake.
—Pope.

If you can be well without health, you can be happy without virtue.—Burke.

Live virtuously, my lord, and you cannot die too soon, nor live too long.—Lady Rachel Russell.

Recommend to your children virtue; that alone can make happy, not gold.—Beethoven.

No one dies too soon who has finished the course of perfect virtue.—Cicero.

Virtue is everywhere the same, because it comes from God, while everything else is of men.—Voltaire.

What is virtue but a medicine, and vice but a wound?—Hooker.

Well may your heart believe the truths I tell;
'Tis virtue makes the bliss where'er we dwell. —Collins.

Virtue is like precious odors, most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed.—Bacon.

Some, by admiring other men's virtues, become enemies to their own vices.—Bias.

I believe that Virtue shows quite as well in rags and patches as she does in purple and fine linen.—Dickens.

Virtue is a state of war, and to live in it we have always to combat with ourselves.—Rousseau.

I am no herald to inquire of men's pedigrees; it sufficeth me, if I know their virtues.—Sir P. Sidney.

If our virtues did not go forth of us, it were all alike as if we had them not.—Shakespeare.

Virtue consisteth of three parts,—temperance, fortitude, and justice.—Epicurus.

In the truly great, virtue governs with the sceptre of knowledge.—Sir P. Sidney.

There are some persons on whom virtue sits almost as ungraciously as vice.—Bouhours.

It is difficult to persuade mankind that the love of virtue is the love of themselves.—Cicero.

Virtue is that which must tip the preacher's tongue and the ruler's sceptre with authority.—South.

Nothing is more easy than irreproachable conduct.—Mme. de Maintenon.

The soul's calm sunshine, and the heartfelt joy, is virtue's prize.—Pope

Parley and surrender signify the same thing where virtue is concerned. —Mme. de Maintenon.

Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied, and vice sometimes by action dignified.—Shakespeare.

Virtue in distress, and vice in triumph make atheists of mankind.—Dryden.

Virtue, vain word, futile shadow, slave of chance! Alas! I believe in thee!—Brutus.

Virtue preserv'd from fell destruction's blast,
Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at last.
—Shakespeare.

The only amaranthine flower on earth is virtue.—Cowper.

Is virtue a thing remote? I wish to be virtuous; and lo! virtue is at hand.—Confucius.

Whilst shame keeps its watch, virtue is not wholly extinguished in the heart.—Burke.

The four cardinal virtues are prudence, fortitude, temperance, and justice.—Paley.

But virtue too, as well as vice, is clad in flesh and blood.—Waller.

'T is virtue which they want; and, wanting it, honor no garment to their backs can fit.—Ben Jonson.

Virtue must be the result of self-culture; the gods do not take pupils. —Mme. de Krudener.

Virtue and sense are one; and, trust me, still
A faithless heart betrays the head unsound.
—Armstrong.

And virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm.—Dryden.

Virtue is not a thing you can have by halves; it is or it is not.—Balzac.

Most men admire virtue, who follow not her lore.—Milton.

Of the two, I prefer those who render vice lovable to those who degrade virtue.—Joubert.

Virtue is not malicious; wrong done her
Is righted even when men grant they err.
—George Chapman.

The virtue which has never been attacked by temptation is deserving of no monument.—Mlle. de Scudéri.

Few men have virtue to withstand the highest bidder.—George Washington.

Virtue, thou in rags, may challenge more than vice set off with all the trim of greatness.—Massinger.

Beware of the virtue which a man boasts is his.—Marie Ebner-Eschenbach.

It is easier to be virtuous than it is to appear so, and it pays better.—H. W. Shaw.

According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.
—Shakespeare.

The true ornament of matrons is virtue, not apparel.—Justin.

And he by no uncommon lot
Was famed for virtues he had not
—Cowper.

My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
—Shakespeare.

Virtue is not left to stand alone. He who practices it will have neighbors.—Confucius.

For in the fatness of these pursy times
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg.
—Shakespeare

Virtue she finds too painful an endeavor,
Content to dwell in decencies forever.
—Pope.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives.
—Herbert.

Virtue does not consist in the absence of the passions, but in the control of them.—H. W. Shaw.

Our virtues live upon our incomes; our vices consume our capital.—J. Petit-Senn.

Good company and good discourse are the very sinews of virtue.—Izaak Walton.

O virtue, I have followed you through life, and find you at last but a shade.—Euripides.

Virtue is like the polar star, which keeps its place, and all stars turn towards it.—Confucius.

The firste vertu, sone, if thou wolt lerne,
Is to restreyne, and kepe wel thy tonge.
—Chaucer.

She who is more ashamed of dishonesty than of poverty will not be easily overcome.—Richardson.

Our virtues, as well as our vices, are often scourges for our own backs. —Miss Braddon.

Virtue with some is nothing but successful temerity.—Seneca.

An effort made with ourselves for the good of others, with the intention of pleasing God alone.—Bernardin de St. Pierre.

Virtues that shun the day and lie concealed in the smooth seasons and the calm of life.—Addison.

Virtuous and vicious every man must be,
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree.
—Pope.

Weak is that throne, and in itself unsound,
Which takes not solid virtue for its ground.
—Churchill.

Whatever farce the boastful hero plays,
Virtue alone has majesty in death.
—Young.

Know then this truth, enough for man to know,
Virtue alone is happiness below. —Pope.

Positive virtues are of all others the severest and most sublime.—Paley.

Or, if virtue feeble were, heaven itself would stoop to her.—Milton.

True greatness is sovereign wisdom. We are never deceived by our virtues. —Lamartine.

All virtue lies in a power of denying our own desires where reason does not authorize them.—Locke.

Virtue in its grandest aspect is neither more nor less than following reason.—Lao-Tze.

Virtue dwells at the head of a river, to which we cannot get but by rowing against the stream.—Feltham.

I find that the best virtue I have has in it some tincture of vice.—Montaigne.

Her virtues, graced with external gifts,
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart.
—Shakespeare.

Virtue alone outbuilds the Pyramids;
Her monuments shall last, when Egypt's fall.
—Young.

Can virtue hide itself? Go to, mum, you are he; graces will appear, and there's an end.—Shakespeare.

When men grow virtuous in their old age, they only make a sacrifice to God of the devil's leavings.—Pope.

Virtue is its own reward. There's a pleasure in doing good which sufficiency pays itself.—Vanbrugh.

Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water. —Shakespeare.

Some virtue is needed, but not too much. Excess in anything is a defect. —Monvel.

I prefer an accommodating vice to an obstinate virtue.—Molière.

Virtue alone is the unerring sign of a noble soul.—Boileau.

That virtue we appreciate is as much ours as another's. We see so much only as we possess.—Thoreau.

To show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age

and body of the time his form and presence.—Shakespeare.

Adversity tries men; but virtue struggles after fame regardless of the adverse heights.—Silius Italicus.

The more virtuous any man is, the less easily does he suspect others to be vicious.—Cicero.

Virtue is the health of the soul. It gives a flavor to the smallest leaves of life.—Joubert.

The regular path of virtue is to be pursued without any bend, and from no view to emolument.—Mencius.

Nature has placed nothing so high that virtue cannot reach it.—Quintus Curtius Rufus.

True virtue, wheresoever it moves, still carries an intrinsic worth about it.—Vanbrugh.

Virtue were a kind of misery if fame were all the garland that crowned her.—Owen Feltham.

It is virtue that gives glory; that will endenizen a man everywhere.—Ben Jonson.

We hate virtue when it is safe; when removed from our sight we diligently seek it.—Horace.

Let them (the wicked) see the beauty of virtue, and pine at having forsaken her.—Persius.

It is not the business of virtue to extirpate the affections of the mind, but to regulate them.—Addison.

Every generous action loves the public view; yet no theatre for virtue is equal to a consciousness of it.—Cicero.

Fewer possess virtue than those who wish us to believe that they possess it.—Cicero.

There was never yet a truly great man that was not at the same time truly virtuous.—Benjamin Franklin.

Virtue consists in avoiding vice, and is the highest wisdom.—Horace.

We seldom speak of the virtue which we have, but much oftener of that which we lack.—Lessing.

But virtue never will be mov'd,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven. —Shakespeare.

The ages of greatest public spirit are not always eminent for private virtue.—Hume.

Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues.—Bishop Hall.

That virtue which requires to be ever guarded is scarce worth the sentinel.—Goldsmith.

Hast thou virtue? acquire also the graces and beauties of virtue.—Benjamin Franklin.

Virtue alone is sufficient to make a man great, glorious, and happy.—Benjamin Franklin.

Virtue, though clothed in a beggar's garb, commands respect.—Schiller.

It is not enough merely to possess virtue, as if it were an art; it should be practised.—Cicero.

Virtue alone is sweet society,
It keeps the key to all heroic hearts,
And opens you a welcome in them all.
—Emerson.

The virtue of a man ought to be measured not by his extraordinary exertions, but by his every-day conduct.—Pascal.

When we pray for any virtue, we should cultivate the virtue as well as pray for it; the form of your prayers should be the rule of your life.—Jeremy Taylor.

To be ambitious of true honor, of the true glory and perfection of our natures, is the very principle and incentive of virtue.—Sir P. Sidney.

There is nothing that is meritorious but virtue and friendship; and, indeed, friendship itself is only a part of virtue.—Pope.

Virtue is not to be considered in the light of mere innocence, or abstaining from harm; but as the exertion of our faculties in doing good.—Bishop Butler.

What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heart-felt joy,
Is virtue's prize. —Pope.

I would be virtuous for my own sake, though nobody were to know it; as I would be clean for my own sake, though nobody were to see me.—Shaftesbury.

Good sense, good health, good conscience, and good fame,—all these belong to virtue, and all prove that virtue has a title to your love.—Cowper.

The virtue in most request is conformity. Self-reliance is its aversion. It loves not realities and creators, but names and customs.—Emerson.

Although virtue receives some of its excellencies from nature, yet it is perfected by education.—Quintilian.

Every man has his appointed day; life is brief and irrevocable; but it is the work of virtue to extend our fame by our deeds.—Virgil.

It is the stain and disgrace of the age to envy virtue, and to be anxious to crush the very flower of dignity.—Cicero.

Virtue can see to do what virtue would by her own radiant light, though sun and moon were in the flat sea sunk.—Milton.

The paths of virtue, though seldom those of worldly greatness, are always those of pleasantness and peace.—Sir Walter Scott.

The advantage to be derived from virtue is so evident that the wicked practise it from sinister motives.

The thirst for fame is much greater than that for virtue; for who would embrace virtue itself if you take away its rewards?—Juvenal.

Sincerely to aspire after virtue is to gain her, and zealously to labor after her wages is to receive them.—Colton.

I willingly confess that it likes me better when I find virtue in a fair lodging than when I am bound to seek it in an ill-favored creature.—Sir P. Sidney.

Virtue does not truly reward her votary if she leaves him sad and half doubtful whether it would not have been better to serve vice.—George William Curtis.

The best perfection of a religious man is to do common things in a perfect manner. A constant fidelity in small things is a great and heroic virtue.—St. Bonaventura.

The virtues, like the muses, are always seen in groups. A good principle was never found solitary in any breast.—Jane Porter.

Virtue hath no virtue if it be not impugned; then appeareth how great it is, of what value and power it is, when by patience it approveth what it works.—Seneca.

Charity and good-nature give a sanction to the most common actions; and pride and ill-nature make our best virtues despicable.—Wycherley.

Virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin; and sin that amends is but patched with virtue.—Shakespeare.

Virtue is an angel; but she is a blind one, and must ask of Knowledge to show her the pathway that leads to her goal.—Horace Mann.

I have known persons without a friend—never any one without some virtue. The virtues of the former conspired with their vices to make the whole world their enemies.—Hazlitt.

Even virtue is an art; and even its devotees are divided into those who practise it and those who are merely amateurs.—Marie Ebner-Eschenbach.

Let this great maxim be my virtue's guide,—in part she is to blame that has been tried; he comes too near that comes to be denied.—Mary Wortley Montagu.

The measure of any man's virtue is what he would do if he had neither the laws nor public opinion, nor even his own prejudices, to control him.—Hazlitt.

The glory of riches and of beauty is frail and transitory; virtue remains bright and eternal.—Sallust.

Virtues, like essences, lose their fragrance when exposed. They are sensitive plants, which will not bear too familiar approaches.—Shenstone.

Virtue that wavers is not virtue, but vice revolted from itself, and after a while returning. The actions of just and pious men do not darken in their middle course.—Milton.

Content not thyself that thou art virtuous in the general; for one link being wanting, the chain is defective. —William Penn.

Virtue, without talent, is a coat of mail without a sword; it may indeed defend the wearer, but will not enable him to protect his friend.—Colton.

No man is born wise; but wisdom and virtue require a tutor; though we can easily learn to be vicious without a master.—Seneca.

There are odious virtues; such as inflexible severity, and an integrity that accepts of no favor.—Tacitus.

It must be admitted that the conception of virtue cannot be separated from the conception of happiness-producing conduct.—Herbert Spencer.

O virtue! virtue! as thy joys excel, so are thy woes transcendent: the gross world knows not the bliss or misery of either.—Thomson.

Virtue is that perfect good, which is the complement of a happy life; the only immortal thing that belongs to mortality.—Seneca.

The most virtuous of all men is he that contents himself with being virtuous without seeking to appear so.—Plato.

All virtue lies in individual action, in inward energy, in self-determination. The best books have most beauty.—Channing.

Woman's virtue is the music of stringed instruments, which sounds best in a room; but man's that of wind instruments, which sounds best in the open air.—Richter.

Virtue, the more it is exposed, like purest linen, laid in open air, will bleach the more, and whiten to the view.—Dryden.

To worthiest things, virtue, art, beauty, fortune, now I see, rareness of use, not nature value brings.—Donne.

Good sense, good health, good conscience, and good fame,—all these belong to virtue, and all prove that virtue has a title to your love.—Cowper.

Virtue and vice are both prophets; the first, of certain good; the second, of pain or else of penitence.—R. Venning.

Our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair if they were not cherished by our virtues.—Shakespeare.

God sure esteems the growth and completing of one virtuous person, more than the restraint of ten vicious. —Milton.

They who disbelieve in virtue because man has never been found perfect, might as reasonably deny the sun because it is not always noon.—Hare

A virtuous name is the only precious good for which queens and peasants' wives must contest together.—Schiller.

Virtues go ever in troops; they go so thick, that sometimes some are hid in the crowd; which yet are, but appear not.—Bishop Hall.

The more tickets you have in a lottery, the worse your chance. And it is the same of virtues, in the lottery of life.—Sterne.

As they suspect a man in the city who is ostentatious of his riches, so should the woman be who makes the most noise of her virtue.—Fielding.

Virtue, which breaks through opposition and all temptation can remove, most shines, and most is acceptable above.—Milton.

However virtuous a woman may be, a compliment on her virtue is what gives her the least pleasure.—Prince de Ligne.

It is a great deal easier for a man to find a pedigree to fit his virtues than virtues to fit his pedigree.—H. W. Shaw.

As many as are the difficulties which Virtue has to encounter in this world, her force is yet superior.—Shaftesbury.

Is any one able for one day to apply his strength to virtue? I have not seen the case in which his strength would be sufficient.—Confucius.

Most people are so constituted that they can only be virtuous in a certain routine; an irregular course of life demoralizes them.—Hawthorne.

Wealth is a weak anchor, and glory cannot support a man; this is the law of God, that virtue only is firm, and cannot be shaken by a tempest.—Pythagoras.

To be discontented with the divine discontent, and to be ashamed with the noble shame, is the very germ of the first upgrowth of all virtue.—Chas. Kingsley.

If we should cease to be generous and charitable because another is sordid and ungrateful, it would be much in the power of vice to extinguish Christian virtues.—L'Estrange.

To be able under all circumstances to practise five things constitutes perfect virtue: these five are gravity, generosity of soul, sincerity, earnestness, and kindness.—Confucius.

Sweet drop of pure and pearly light;
In thee the rays of Virtue shine;
More calmly clear, more mildly bright,
Than any gem that gilds the mine.
—Sam'l Rogers.

The only impregnable citadel of virtue is religion; for there is no bulwark of mere morality which some temptation may not overtop, or undermine and destroy.—Sir P. Sidney.

His virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off.
—Shakespeare.

Though virtue give a ragged livery, she gives a golden cognizance; if her service make thee poor, blush not. Thy poverty may disadvantage thee, but not dishonor thee.—Quarles.

It is the edge and temper of the blade that make a good sword, not the richness of the scabbard, and so it is not money or possessions that make men considerable, but virtue.—Seneca.

There is no community or commonwealth of virtue; every man must study his own economy, and erect these rules unto the figure of himself. —Sir Thomas Browne.

Virtue is uniform, conformable to reason, and of unvarying consistency; nothing can be added to it that can make it more than virtue; nothing can be taken from it, and the name of virtue be left.—Cicero.

No virtue fades out of mankind. Not over-hopeful by inborn tempera-

ment, cautious by long experience, I yet never despair of human virtue.—Theodore Parker.

That which leads us to the performance of duty by offering pleasure as its reward, is not virtue, but a deceptive copy and imitation of virtue.—Cicero.

Count all th' advantage prosperous Vice attains,
'Tis but what Virtue flies from and disdains:
And grant the bad what happiness they would,
One they must want—which is, to pass for good. —Pope.

Virtue may choose the high or low degree,
'Tis just alike to Virtue and to me;
Dwell in a monk, or light upon a king,
She's still the same belov'd contented thing.
—Pope.

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair if they were not cherished by our virtues.—Shakespeare.

Believe the muse, the wintry blast of death
Kills not the buds of virtue; no, they spread,
Beneath the heavenly beams of brighter suns,
Thro' endless ages, into higher powers.
—Thomson.

Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt;
Surpris'd by unjust force, but not enthrall'd;
Yea, even that which mischief meant most harm,
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory.
—Milton.

He who talks much about virtue in the abstract, begins to be suspected; it is shrewdly guessed that where there is great preaching there will be little almsgiving.—Carlyle.

Virtue and vice are not arbitrary things; but there is a natural and eternal reason for goodness and virtue, and against vice and wickedness.—Tillotson.

Some virtuous women are too liberal in their insults to a frail sister; but virtue can support itself without borrowing any assistance from the vices of other women.—Fielding.

True virtue, when she errs, needs not the eyes of men to excite her blushes; she is confounded at her own presence, and covered with confusion of face.—Jane Porter.

The Great slight the men of wit, who have nothing but wit; the men of wit despise the Great, who have nothing but greatness; the good man pities them both, if with greatness or wit they have not virtue.—La Bruyère.

Many new years you may see, but happy ones you cannot see without deserving them. These virtue, honor, and knowledge alone can merit, alone can produce.—Chesterfield.

Virtue consists in doing our duty in the several relations we sustain, in respect to ourselves, to our fellowmen, and to God, as known from reason, conscience, and revelation.—Alexander.

I cannot worship the abstractions of virtue; she only charms me when she addresses herself to my heart, speaks through the love from which she springs.—Niebuhr.

Virtue, our present peace, our future prize,
Man's unprecarious, natural estate,
Improvable at will, in virtue lies;
Its tenure sure; its income is divine.
—Young.

Virtue, the strength and beauty of the soul,
Is the best gift of heaven; a happiness
That, even above the smiles and frowns of fate,
Exalts great Nature's favorites; a wealth
That ne'er encumbers, nor can be transferr'd. —Armstrong.

What, what is virtue, but repose of mind.
A pure ethereal calm, that knows no storm;
Above the reach of wild ambition's wind,
Above those passions that this world deform
And torture man. —Thomson.

Virtue is more to man than either water or fire. I have seen men die from treading on water and fire, but I

have never seen a man die from treading the course of virtue.—Confucius.

I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind;
And would my father had left me no more!
For all the rest is held at such a rate,
As brings a thousandfold more care to keep,
Than in possession any jot of pleasure.
—Shakespeare.

Virtue may be said to steal, like a guilty thing, into the secret haunts of vice and infamy; it clings to their devoted victim, and will not be driven quite away. Nothing can destroy the human heart.—Hazlitt.

No virtue can be real that has not been tried. The gold in the crucible alone is perfect; the loadstone tests the steel, and the diamond is tried by the diamond, while metals gleam the brighter in the furnace.—Calderon.

Virtue is only a conflict by which we get the mastery of our failings; that, by which every man proves his peculiar power of understanding the will and spirit of God, is only a silent working of the inner man.—Schleiermacher.

There have been men who could play delightful music on one string of the violin, but there never was a man who could produce the harmonies of heaven in his soul by a one-stringed virtue.—Chapin.

A virtuous and well-disposed person, like a good metal, the more he is fired, the more he is fined; the more he is opposed, the more he is approved: wrongs may well try him, and touch him, but cannot imprint in him any false stamp.—Richelieu.

A man that hath no virtue in himself ever envieth virtue in others; for men's minds will either feed upon their own good or upon others' evil; and who wanteth the one will prey upon the other.—Bacon.

Virtue is despotic; life, reputation, every earthly good, must be surrendered at her voice. The law may seem hard, but it is the guardian of what it commands; and is the only sure defence of happiness.—Jane Porter.

Virtue is shut out from no one; she is open to all, accepts all, invites all, gentlemen, freedmen, slaves, kings, and exiles; she selects neither house nor fortune; she is satisfied with a human being without adjuncts.—Seneca.

It would not be easy even for an unbeliever, to find a better translation of the rule of virtue from the abstract into the concrete, than to endeavor so to live that Christ would approve our life.—J. Stuart Mill.

There is no virtue which does not rejoice a well-descended nature; there is a kind of I know not what congratulation in well-doing, that gives us an inward satisfaction, and a certain generous boldness that accompanies a good conscience.—Montaigne.

Verily, virtue must be her own reward, as in the Socratic creed; for she will bring no other dower than peace of conscience in her gift to whosoever weds her. "I have loved justice, and fled from iniquity; wherefore here I die in exile," said Hildebrand upon his death-bed.—Ouida.

There is but one pursuit in life which it is in the power of all to follow, and of all to attain. It is subject to no disappointments, since he that perseveres makes every difficulty an advancement and every contest a victory; and this is the pursuit of virtue.—Colton.

What we take for virtues is often nothing but an assemblage of different actions, and of different interests, that fortune or our industry know how to arrange; and it is not always from valor and from chastity that men are valiant, and that women are chaste.—Rochefoucauld.

Virtue is nothing but an act of loving that which is to be beloved, and that act is prudence, from whence not to be removed by constraint is fortitude; not to be allured by enticements is temperance; not to be diverted by pride is justice.—Quarles.

The recognition of virtue is not less valuable from the lips of the man who hates it, since truth forces him to acknowledge it; and though he may be unwilling to take it into his inmost soul, he at least decks himself out in its trappings.—Montaigne.

If thou takest virtue for the rule of life, and valuest thyself upon acting in all things comfortably thereto, thou wilt have no cause to envy lords and princes; for blood is inherited, but virtue is common property, and may be acquired by all; it has, moreover, an intrinsic worth, which blood has not. —Cervantes.

A vice sanctioned by the general opinion is merely a vice. The evil terminates in itself. A vice condemned by the general opinion produces a pernicious effect on the whole character. The former is a local malady; the latter, constitutional taint. When the reputation of the offender is lost, he too often flings the remainder of his virtue after it in despair.—Macaulay.

I have ever thought,
Nature doth nothing so great for great men,
As when she's pleas'd to make them lords of truth.
Integrity of life is fame's best friend,
Which nobly, beyond death, shall crown the end. —John Webster.

Court-virtues bear, like gems, the highest rate,
Born where Heav'n's influence scarce can penetrate.
In life's low vale, the soil the virtues like,
They please as beauties, here as wonders strike. —Pope.

Virtue will catch as well as vice by contact; and the public stock of honest manly principle will daily accumulate. We are not too nicely to scrutinize motives as long as action is irreproachable. It is enough (and for a worthy man perhaps too much) to deal out its infamy to convicted guilt and declared apostasy.—Burke.

Do not be troubled because you have not great virtues. God made a million spears of grass where he made one tree. The earth is fringed and carpeted, not with forests, but with grasses. Only have enough of little virtues and common fidelities, and you need not mourn because you are neither a hero nor a saint.—Beecher.

The height and value of true virtue consists in the facility, utility, and pleasure of its exercise; so far from difficulty, that boys, as well as men, and the innocent as well as the subtle, may make it their own; and it is by order and good conduct, and not by force, that it is to be acquired.—Montaigne.

By great and sublime virtues are meant those which are called into action on great and trying occasions, which demand the sacrifice of the dearests interests and prospects of human life, and sometimes of life itself; the virtues, in a word, which, by their rarity and splendor, draw admiration, and have rendered illustrious the character of patriots, martyrs, and confessors.—Robert Hall.

Virtue is as little to be acquired by learning as genius; nay, the idea is barren, and is only to be employed as an instrument, in the same way as genius in respect to art. It would be as foolish to expect that our moral and ethical systems would turn out virtuous, noble, and holy beings, as that our æsthetic systems would produce poets, painters, and musicians.—Schopenhauer.

Where is the reward of virtue? and what recompense has nature provided for such important sacrifices as those of life and fortune, which we must often make to it? O sons of earth! Are ye ignorant of the value of this celestial mistress? And do ye meanly inquire for her portion, when ye observe her genuine beauty?—Hume.

Virtue is the nursing-mother of all human pleasures, who, in rendering them just, renders them also pure and permanent; in moderating them, keeps them in breath and appetite; in interdicting those which she herself refuses, whets our desires to those that she allows; and, like a kind and liberal mother, abundantly allows all that

nature requires, even to satiety, if not to lassitude.—Socrates.

Ah! whither now are fled
Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes
Of happiness? those longings after fame?
Those restless cares? those busy bustling days?
Those gay-spent, festive nights? those veering thoughts,
Lost between good and ill, that shared thy life?
All now are vanished! Virtue sole survives,
Immortal never-failing friend of man,
His guide to happiness on high.
—Thomson.

The virtuous to those mansions go
Where pleasures unembitter'd flow,
Where, leading up a jocund band,
Vigor and Youth dance hand in hand,
Whilst Zephyr, with harmonious gales,
Pipes softest music through the vales,
And Spring and Flora, gaily crown'd,
With velvet carpet spread the ground;
With livelier blush where roses bloom,
And every shrub expires perfume.
—Churchill.

Virtue and sense are one; and trust me still
A faithless heart betrays the head unsound.
Virtue (for mere good nature is a fool)
Is sense and spirit with humanity.
'Tis sometimes angry, and its frown confounds;
'Tis even vindictive, but in vengeance just,
Knaves fain would laugh at it; some great ones dare
But at his heart the most undaunted son
Of Fortune dreads its name and awful charms. —Armstrong.

Visions

Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimæras dire.—Milton.

Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul.
—Gray.

And like a passing thought, she fled
In light away. —Burns.

Fond man! the vision of a moment made!
Dream of a dream! and shadow of a shade!
—Young.

But shapes that come not at an earthy call,
Will not depart when mortal voices bid.
—Wordsworth.

My thoughts by night are often filled
With visions false as fair:
For in the past alone, I build
My castles in the air.
—Thos. Love Peacock.

The people's prayer, the glad diviner's theme!
The young men's vision, and the old men's dream! —Dryden.

O visions ill foreseen! Better had I
Liv'd ignorant of future, so had borne
By part of evil only. —Milton.

An angel stood and met my gaze,
Through the low doorway of my tent;
The tent is struck, the vision stays;
I only know she came and went.
—Lowell.

It is a dream, sweet child! a waking dream,
A blissful certainty, a vision bright,
Of that rare happiness, which even on earth
Heaven gives to those it loves.
—Longfellow.

Hence the fool's paradise, the statesman's scheme,
The air-built castle, and the golden dream,
The maid's romantic wish, the chemist's flame,
And poet's vision of eternal fame.—Pope.

Our revels now are ended. These, our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air;
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. —Shakespeare.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
An saw, within the moonlight in his room
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel, writing in a book of gold;
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said—
"What writest thou?" The Vision raised its head,
And, with a look made all of sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord." —Leigh Hunt.

Visitors

Fish and visitors smell in three days.—Franklin.

Visits are unsatiable devourers of time, and fit only for those who, if they did not visit, would do nothing.—Cowper.

Visits are for the most part neither more nor less than inventions for discharging upon our neighbors some

what of our own unendurable weight. —Nicole.

Vituperation

The bitter clamour of two eager tongues.—Shakespeare.

For evil deeds may better than bad words be borne.—Spenser.

When he (Luther) was angry, invectives rushed from him like boulder rocks down a mountain torrent in flood.—Erasmus.

Scurrility has no object in view but incivility; if it is uttered from feelings of petulance, it is mere abuse; if it is spoken in a joking manner, it may be considered raillery.—Cicero.

Less than we imagine, from abusive words in controversy, does one individual, who is the vilified object, suffer harm. Vials of wrath in constant use, like uncorked bottles, lose the potency of their contents from too much exposure to the air; and disputants laugh in each other's faces after having with hard adjectives metaphorically boxed one another's ears.—Bartol.

Vivacity

Vivacity is the health of the spirit. —Balzac.

Vivacity is the gift of woman.—Addison.

Vivacity in youth is often mistaken for genius, and solidity for dulness.—Colton.

The vivacity that augments with years is not far from folly.—Rochefoucauld.

Vocation

'Tis no sin for a man to labor in his vocation.—Shakespeare.

He that hath a trade hath an estate, and he that hath a calling hath an office of profit and honor.—Benjamin Franklin.

Every individual has a place to fill in the world, and is important, in some respect, whether he chooses to be so or not.—Hawthorne.

One must espouse some pursuit, taking it kindly at heart and with enthusiasm.—A. Bronson Alcott.

Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say I; every man to his business. —Shakespeare.

A vocation is born to us all; happily most of us meet promptly our twin,—occupation.—Balzac.

When we have learned to offer up every duty connected with our situation in life as a sacrifice to God, a settled employment becomes just a settled habit of prayer.—Thomas Erskine.

The highest excellence is seldom attained in more than one vocation. The roads leading to distinction in separate pursuits diverge, and the nearer we approach the one, the farther we recede from the other.—Bovee.

Of all paths a man could strike into, there is, at any given moment, a best path for every man,—a thing which, here and now, it were of all things wisest for him to do; which, could he but be led or driven to do, he were then doing like a man, as we phrase it. His success, in such a case, were complete, his felicity a maximum.—Carlyle.

Never let your love for your profession overshadow your religious feeling. Depend on it that religion will strengthen, not weaken, your energies, and will not only make you a better sailor, but a superior man. Professional studies are not to be neglected; but, on the other hand, take care how you fall into the common error of believing they are the remedy for all the ills of life.—B. R. Haydon.

Voice

The warder of the mind.—Rousseau.

The voice is the flower of beauty.—Zeno.

Thy voice is sweet as if it took its music from thy face.—L. E. Landon.

The voice of the people is the voice of God.—Hesiod.

Thy voice is a celestial melody.—Longfellow.

The human voice is the organ of the soul.—Longfellow.

My heart leaps at the trumpet's voice.—Addison.

The music of the heart.—Akenside.

Canst thou thunder with a voice like him?—Bible.

The soft contralto notes of a woman's voice are born in the immediate region of the heart.—Alfred de Musset.

Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman.—Shakespeare.

Her voice was like the voice the stars
Had when they sang together.
—Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

The devil hath not, in all his quiver's choice,
An arrow for the heart like a sweet voice.
—Byron.

Her voice changed like a bird's:
There grew more of the music and less of the words. —Robert Browning.

The tones of human voices mightier than strings or brass to move the soul.—Klopstock.

A lovely countenance is the fairest of all sights, and the sweetest harmony is the sound of the voice of her whom we love.—Bruyère.

There is in the voice of a menaced man, who calls you, something imperious, which subdues and commands.—M. de Martignac.

Two voices are there; one is of the sea,
One of the mountains: each a mighty voice. —Wordsworth.

Mirah's was the sort of voice that gives the impression of being meant, like a bird's wooing, for an audience near and beloved.—George Eliot.

How sweetly sounds the voice of a good woman! It is so seldom heard that when it speaks, it ravishes all senses.—Massinger.

Oh, there is something in that voice that reaches
The innermost recesses of my spirit!
—Longfellow.

Her voice is soft; not shrill and like the lark's, but tenderer, graver, almost hoarse at times! As though the earnestness of love prevailed and quelled all shriller music.—Barry Cornwall.

The Angel ended, and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice, that he awhile
Thought him still speaking, still stood fix'd to hear. —Milton.

A sweet voice, a little indistinct and muffled, which caresses and does not thrill; an utterance which glides on without emphasis, and lays stress only on what is deeply felt.—George Sand.

Her silver voice
Is the rich music of a summer bird,
Heard in the still night, with its passionate cadence. —Longfellow.

The voice so sweet, the words so fair,
As some soft chime had stroked the air;
And though the sound had parted thence,
Still left an echo in the sense.
—Ben Jonson.

His voice no touch of harmony admits,
Irregularly deep, and shrill by fits.
The two extremes appear like man and wife
Coupled together for the sake of strife.
—Churchill.

Reader, when that which thou lovedst has long vanished from the earth or from thy fancy, then will nevertheless the beloved voice come back, and bring with it all thy old tears, and the disconsolate heart which has shed them.—Richter.

To a nice ear, the quality of a voice is singularly affecting. Its depth seems to be allied to feeling; at least, the contralto notes alone give an adequate sense of pathos. They are born near the heart.—Tuckerman.

The voice is a human sound which nothing inanimate can perfectly imi-

tate. It has an authority and an insinuating property which writing lacks. It is not merely so much air, but air modulated and impregnated with life.—Joubert.

Some glances of real beauty may be seen in their faces who dwell in true meekness. There is a harmony in the sound of that voice to which divine love gives utterance, and some appearance of right order in their temper and conduct whose passions are regulated.—John Woolman.

How often you are irresistibly drawn to a plain, unassuming woman, whose soft silvery tones render her positively attractive! In the social circle, how pleasant it is to hear a woman talk in that low key which always characterizes the true lady. In the sanctuary of home, how such a voice soothes the fretful child and cheers the weary husband!—Lamb.

How wonderful is the human voice! It is indeed the organ of the soul! The intellect of man sits enthroned visibly upon his forehead and in his eye; and the heart of man is written upon his countenance. But the soul reveals itself in the voice only, as God revealed himself to the prophet of old, in "the still, small voice," and in a voice from the burning bush. The soul of man is audible, not visible. A sound alone betrays the flowing of the eternal fountain, invisible to man!—Longfellow.

Voluptuousness

Music arose with its voluptuous swell.—Byron.

Voluptuous as the first approach of sleep.—Byron.

I had often heard Mentor say, that the voluptuous were never brave, and I now found by experience that it was true; for the Cyprians whose jollity had been so extravagant and tumultuous, now sunk under a sense of their danger and wept like women. I heard nothing but the screams of terror and the wailings of hopeless distress. Some lamented the loss of pleasures that were never to return; but none had presence of mind either to undertake or direct the navigation of the menaced vessel.—Fenelon.

Voluptuousness, like justice, is blind, but that is the only resemblance between them.—Pascal.

I had rather eleven died nobly for their country than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.—Shakespeare.

What pleasure can those overhappy persons know, who, from their affluence and luxury, always eat before they are hungry and drink before they are thirsty?—Richardson.

The rich and luxurious may claim an exclusive right to those pleasures which are capable of being purchased by pelf, in which the mind has no enjoyment, and which only afford a temporary relief to languor by steeping the senses in forgetfulness; but in the precious pleasures of the intellect, so easily accessible by all mankind, the great have no exclusive privilege; for such enjoyments are only to be procured by our own industry.—Zimmermann.

Votes

I court not the votes of the fickle mob.—Horace.

If we could but weigh in place of counting votes.—Alexander H. Everett.

No country can find eternal peace and comfort where the vote of Judas Iscariot is as good as the vote of the Saviour of mankind.—Carlyle.

It may be conjectured that it is cheaper in the long run to lift men up than to hold them down, and that the ballot in their hands is less dangerous to society than a sense of wrong is in their heads.—Lowell.

Vowels

We are little airy creatures,
All of different voice and features:
One of us in glass is set,
One of us you'll find in jet,
T'other you may see in tin,
And the fourth a box within.
If the fifth you should pursue,
It can never fly from you. —Swift.

Vows

Men's vows are women's traitors.—Shakespeare.

Hasty resolutions are of the nature of vows; and to be equally avoided.—William Penn.

Those mouth-made vows, which break themselves in swearing.—Shakespeare.

All unnecessary vows are folly, because they suppose a prescience of the future, which has not been given us.—Johnson.

The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows; they are polluted offerings, more abhorred than spotted livers in the sacrifice.—Shakespeare.

The vows that woman makes to her fond lover are only fit to be written on air or on the swiftly passing stream.—Catullus.

Make no vows to perform this or that; it shows no great strength, and makes thee ride behind thyself.—Fuller.

No man takes or keeps a vow,
But just as he sees others do;
Nor are they 'blig'd to be so brittle
As not to yield and bow a little:
For as best temper'd blades are found,
Before they break, to bend quite round;
So truest oaths are still more tough,
And tho' they bow, are breaking proof.
—Butler.

Vulgarity

Success will popularize the grossest vulgarity.—Alfred Bougeart.

A rank soil, nay, a dunghill, will produce beautiful flowers.—Boswell.

Vulgarity is more obvious in satin than in homespun.—N. P. Willis.

Vulgarity is setting store by the things which are seen.—Lady Morgan.

Flourishing vulgarity is more unconscious than wicked; a destitute refinement is a great deal more capable of bearing malice.—John Weiss.

Vulgar minds refuse or crouch beneath their load; the brave bear theirs without repining.—Thomson.

To show us what a miserable, credulous, deluded thing that creature is, called the vulgar.—Milton.

To endeavor to work upon the vulgar with fine sense is like attempting to hew blocks with a razor.—Pope.

The manner of a vulgar man hath freedom without ease, and the manner of a gentleman hath ease without freedom.—Shenstone.

As to the pure all things are pure, so the common mind sees far more vulgarity in others than the mind developed in genuine refinement.—George MacDonald.

The fastidious taste will find offence in the occasional vulgarisms, or what we now call slang, which not a few of our writers seem to have affected.—Coleridge.

A vulgar man is captious and jealous and impetuous about trifles. He suspects himself to be slighted, and thinks everything that is said is meant for him.—Chesterfield.

He whom common, gross, or stale objects allure, and when obtained, content, is a vulgar being, incapable of greatness in thought or action.—Lavater.

Disorder in a drawing-room is vulgar; in an antiquary's study, not; the black battle-stain on a soldier's face is not vulgar, but the dirty face of a housemaid is.—Ruskin.

The vulgarity of inanimate things requires time to get accustomed to; but living, breathing, bustling, plotting, planning, human vulgarity is a species of moral ipecacuanha, enough to destroy any comfort.—Carlyle.

W

Walking

If you are for a merry jaunt,
I will try for once who can
foot it farthest.—Dryden.

The art of walking is at once suggestive of the dignity of man. Progressive motion alone implies power, but in almost every other instance it seems a power gained at the expense of self-possession.—Tuckerman.

The sum of the whole is this: walk and be happy, walk and be healthy. "The best of all ways to lengthen our days" is not, as Mr. Thomas Moore has it, "to steal a few hours from night, my love:" but, with leave be it spoken, to walk steadily and with a purpose. The wandering man knows of certain ancients, far gone in years, who have staved off infirmities and dissolution by earnest walking,—hale fellows close upon eighty and ninety, but brisk as boys.—Dickens.

Want

Nothing makes men sharper than want.—Addison.

Our necessities never equal our wants.—Franklin.

The keener the want, the lustier the growth.—Wendell Phillips.

How few our real wants, and how vast our imaginary ones!—Lavater.

If any one say that he has seen a just man in want of bread, I answer that it was in some place where there was no other just man.—St. Clement.

Hundreds would never have known want if they had not first known waste. —Spurgeon.

He can feel no little wants who is in pursuit of grandeur.—Lavater.

It is not from nature, but from education and habits that our wants are chiefly derived.—Fielding.

God forbid that such a scoundrel as want should dare approach me!—Swift.

Every want that stimulates the breast becomes a source of pleasure when redressed.—Goldsmith.

Constantly choose rather to want less, than to have more.—Thomas à Kempis.

Human life is in constant want, and ought to be a constant prayer.—S. Osgood.

The relief that is afforded to mere want, as want, tends to increase that want.—Whately.

The miser is as much in want of what he has, as of what he has not. —Syrus.

The stoical scheme of supplying our wants by lopping off our desires is like cutting off our feet when we want shoes.—Swift.

Every one is the poorer in proportion as he has more wants, and counts not what he has, but wishes only what he has not.—Manilius.

The fewer our wants the nearer we resemble the gods.—Socrates.

We should wish for few things with eagerness, if we perfectly knew the nature of that which was the object of our desire.—Rochefoucauld.

Great wants proceed from great wealth; but they are undutiful children, for they sink wealth down to poverty.—Henry Home.

Wants awaken intellect. To gratify them disciplines intellect. The keener the want the lustier the growth. —Wendell Phillips.

Where necessity ends, curiosity begins; and no sooner are we supplied with everything that nature can command than we sit down to contrive artificial appetites.—Dr. Johnson.

Nature has provided for the exigency of privation, by putting the measure of our necessities far below the measure of our wants. Our necessities are to our wants as Falstaff's pennyworth of bread to his any quantity of sack.—Bovee.

We are ruined, not by what we really want, but by what we think we do; therefore never go abroad in search of your wants; if they be real wants, they will come home in search of you; for he that buys what he does not want will soon want what he cannot buy.—Colton.

The grave Sir Gilbert holds it for a rule,
That ev'ry man in want is knave or fool.
"God cannot love (says Blunt, with tearless eyes)
The wretch he starves"—and piously denies;
But the good bishop, with a meeker air,
Admits and leaves them Providence's care.
—Pope.

War

War is science of destruction.—John S. C. Abbott.

So ends the bloody business of the day.—Homer.

A day of battle is a day of harvest for the devil.—William Hooke.

My sentence is for open war.—Milton.

Horribly stuffed with epithets of war.—Shakespeare.

The brazen throat of war.—Milton.

There are few die well that die in a battle.—Shakespeare.

There never was a good war or a bad peace.—Benj. Franklin.

Battle's magnificently stern array! —Byron.

War cannot be put on a certain allowance.—Archidamus III.

There is war in the skies!—Lord Lytton.

I hate war, for it spoils conversation.—Fontenelle.

In war the olive branch of peace is of use.—Ovid.

War never leaves, where it found a nation.—Burke.

The fortune of war is always doubtful.—Seneca.

The crystal-pointed tents from hill to hill.—E. C. Stedman.

Slavery is also as ancient as war, and war as human nature.—Voltaire.

I propose to fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer.—Grant.

They shall have wars and pay for their presumption.—Shakespeare.

War is a crime which involves all other crimes.—Brougham.

War is the corruption and disgrace of man.—Thomson.

The guard dies but never surrenders.—Rougemont.

To the victors belong the spoils of the enemy.—William Learned Marcy.

War disorganizes, but it is to reorganize.—Emerson.

The law is silent during war.—Cicero.

Christianity hath harmonized the conduct of war.—Paley.

A wicked tyrant is better than a wicked war.—Luther.

The feast of vultures, and the waste of life.—Byron.

Civil wars leave nothing but tombs.—Lamartine.

War, war is still the cry; "War even to the knife!"—Byron.

Better pointed bullets than pointed speeches.—Bismarck.

To murder thousands takes a specious name.—Young.

All delays are dangerous in war.—Dryden.

Their flag was furled, and mute their drum.—Sir Walter Scott.

Men practice war; beasts do not.—Seneca.

The wounds of civil war are deepest.—Lucan.

A man-of-war is the best ambassador.—Cromwell.

The worse the man, the better the soldier.—Napoleon I.

Cry "Havock," and let slip the dogs of war.—Shakespeare.

I prefer the hardest terms of peace to the most just war.—C. J. Fox.

And high above the fight the lonely bugle grieves.—Grenville Mellin.

We kind o' thought Christ went agin war an' pillage.—Lowell.

When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war!—Nathaniel Lee.

To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace.—Washington.

Death is the universal salt of states;
Blood is the base of all things—law and war. —Bailey.

War's a brain-spattering, windpipe-slitting art,
Unless her cause by right be sanctified.
—Byron.

Cease to consult, the time for action calls,
War, horrid war, approaches to your walls!
—Pope.

The chance of war
Is equal, and the slayer oft is slain.
—Homer.

Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we march'd on without impediment.
—Shakespeare.

Ingenious to their ruin, every age improves the art and instruments of rage.—Waller.

The fire-eyed maid of smoky war
All hot and bleeding will we offer them.
—Shakespeare.

Let's march without the noise of threat'ning drum. —Shakespeare.

So frown'd the mighty combatants, that hell
Grew darker at their frown. —Milton.

Sound trumpets! let our bloody colors wave!
And either victory, or else a grave.
—Shakespeare.

He which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made.
—Shakespeare.

The warrior who cultivates his mind polishes his arms.—De Boufflers.

'Tis a principle of war that when you can use the lightning, 'tis better than cannon.—Napoleon I.

Intestine war no more our passions wage,
And giddy factions bear away their rage.
—Pope.

War is delightful to those who have had no experience of it.—Erasmus.

Who asks whether the enemy were defeated by strategy or valor?—Virgil.

War in men's eyes shall be a monster of iniquity in the good time coming.—Charles Mackay.

Religious canons, civil laws, are cruel; then what should war be?—Shakespeare.

Every creature lives in a state of war by nature.—Swift.

A great country can have no such thing as a little war.—Wellington.

War requires three things,—money, money, money.—Montecuculi.

I heard the bullets whistle; and believe me, there is something charming in the sound.—Washington.

Let the only walls the foe shall scale
Be ramparts of the dead!
—Paul H. Hayne.

War is a terrible trade; but in the cause that is righteous sweet is the smell of powder.—Longfellow.

War and Niagara thunder to a music of their own.—Wendell Phillips.

Now hear the trumpets' clangor from afar, and all the dreadful harmony of war.—Tickell.

Even in a righteous cause force is a fearful thing.—Schiller.

War's a game, which, were their subjects wise,
Kings would not play at. —Cowper.

He is come to open
The purple testament of bleeding war.
—Shakespeare.

Grim-visag'd war hath smoothed his wrinkled front.—Shakespeare.

Most of the debts of Europe represent condensed drops of blood.—Beecher.

Providence for war is the best prevention of it.—Bacon.

War its thousands slays; peace its ten thousands.—Dr. Porteus.

The bodies of men, munition, and money may justly be called the sinews of war.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

The words of his mouth were smoother than butter, but war was in his heart.—Bible.

Advise how war may, best upheld, move by her two main nerves, iron and gold.—Milton.

For those that run away, and fly,
Take place at least o' th' enemy.
—Butler.

Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back.
—Shakespeare.

If Christian nations were nations of Christians, there would be no wars.—Soame Jenyns.

War, that mad game the world so loves to play. —Swift.

In all the trade of war, no feat
Is nobler than a brave retreat. —Butler.

Food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.—Shakespeare.

Civil war is a momentous evil. * * * Civil war needs momentous and solemn justification.—Wendell Phillips.

Nothing except a battle lost can be half so melancholy as a battle won.—Duke of Wellington.

When all is past, it is humbling to tread o'er the weltering field of the tombless dead.—Byron.

The king who makes war on his enemies tenderly distresses his subjects most cruelly.—Johnson.

Terrible as is war, it yet displays the spiritual grandeur of man daring to defy his mightiest hereditary enemy—death.—Heine.

Let the gulled fool the toil of war pursue, where bleed the many to enrich the few.—Shenstone.

The fate of war is to be exalted in the morning, and low enough at night! There is but one step from triumph to ruin.—Napoleon I.

Black it stood as night
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
And shook a dreadful dart. —Milton.

War will never yield but to the principles of universal justice and love; and these have no sure root but in the religion of Jesus Christ.—Channing.

The sight of a battlefield after the fight is enough to inspire princes with a love of peace and a horror of war. —Napoleon I.

The decision will come only from God, from the God of battles, when He lets fall from His hand the iron dice of destiny.—Bismarck.

Battles are never the end of war; for the dead must be buried and the cost of the conflict must be paid.—James A. Garfield.

All history is the decline of war, though the slow decline. All that society has yet gained is mitigation; the doctrine of the right of war still remains.—Emerson.

The soldier at the same time may shoot out his prayer to God, and aim his pistol at his enemy, the one better hitting the mark for the other.—Thomas Fuller.

Fly from wrath; sad be the sights and bitter fruits of war; a thousand furies wait on wrathful swords.—Spenser.

Cannon to right of them, cannon to left of them, cannon in front of them, volleyed and thundered.—Tennyson.

The necessity of war, which among human actions is the most lawless, hath some kind of affinity with the necessity of law.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

Take my word for it, if you had seen but one day of war, you would pray to Almighty God that you might never see such a thing again.—Wellington.

The whole art of war consists in getting at what is on the other side of the hill, or, in other words, in learning what we do not know from what we do.—Duke of Wellington.

War is a child that devours its nurses one after another, until it is claimed by its true parents.—O. W. Holmes.

Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die. —Tennyson.

War, when decisive, has a quick and practical philosophy of its own, and the difficulties that seem largest in its progress usually vanish at its close.—Lord Lytton.

The fearful thunder-roar of red-breathed cannon and the wailing cry of myriad victims filled the air.—G. D. Prentice.

Let war be so carried on that no other object may seem to be sought but the acquisition of peace.—Cicero.

Battle, with the sword, has cut many a Gordian knot in twain which all the wit of East and West, of Northern and Border statesmen, could not untie.—Emerson.

Civil wars are the greatest of evils. They are inevitable, if we wish to reward merit, for all will say that they are meritorious.—Pascal.

Even in a righteous cause force is a fearful thing; God only helps when men can help no more.—Schiller.

Some general officers should pay a stricter regard to truth than to call the depopulating other countries the service of their own.—Fielding.

The measure of civilization in a people is to be found in its just appreciation of the wrongfulness of war.—Helps.

War kills men, and men deplore the loss; but war also crushes bad prin-

ciples and tyrants, and so saves societies.—Colton.

War educates the senses, calls into action the will, perfects the physical constitution, brings men into such swift and close collision in critical moments that man measures man.—Emerson.

A steady hand in military affairs is more requisite than in peace, because an error committed in war may prove irremediable.—Bacon.

Strategy is the most important department of the art of war, and strategical skill is the highest and rarest function of military genius.—George S. Hillard.

The nations bleed where'er her steps she turns; the groan still deepens, and the combat burns.—Pope.

We fight to great disadvantage when we fight with those who have nothing to lose.—Guicciardini.

When discord dreadful bursts her brazen bars,
And shatters locks to thunder forth her wars. —Horace.

No terms except an unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works.—U. S. Grant.

Woe to the man that first did teach the cursed steel to bite in his own flesh, and make way to the living spirit!—Spenser.

There is strength and a fierce instinct, even in common souls, to bear up manhood with a stormy joy when red swords meet in lightning.—Mrs. Hemans.

War 'twixt you twain would be as if the world should cleave, and that slain men should solder up the rift. —Shakespeare.

He who makes war his profession cannot be otherwise than vicious. War makes thieves, and peace brings them to the gallows.—Machiavelli.

Great warriors, like great earthquakes, are principally remembered for the mischief they have done.—Bovee.

The armorers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
—Shakespeare.

Lay on, Macduff,
And damn'd be him that first cries "Hold, enough!" —Shakespeare.

From camp to camp through the foul womb of night
The hum of either army stilly sounds.
—Shakespeare.

Tut, tut; good enough to toss; food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better.—Shakespeare.

Now for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace.
—Shakespeare.

The cannons have their bowels full of wrath,
And ready mounted are they to spit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls.
—Shakespeare.

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead.
—Shakespeare.

If the cause and end of war be justifiable, all the means that appear necessary to the end are justifiable also.—Paley.

From hence, let fierce contending nations know
What dire effects from civil discord flow.
—Addison.

To overcome in battle, and subdue
Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite
Man-slaughter, shall be held the highest pitch
Of human glory. —Milton.

March to the battle-field,
The foe is now before us;
Each heart is Freedom's shield,
And heaven is shining o'er us.
—B. E. O'Meara.

"Go, with a song of peace," said Fingal; "go, Ullin, to the king of swords. Tell him that we are mighty

in war; that the ghosts of our foes are many."—Ossian.

Arms on armor clashing bray'd
Horrible discord, and the madding wheels
Of brazen chariots ray'd; dire was the noise
Of conflict. —Milton.

She saw her sons with purple death expire,
Her sacred domes involved in rolling fire,
A dreadful series of intestine wars,
Inglorious triumphs and dishonest scars.
—Pope.

In the lost battle,
Borne down by the flying.
Where mingles war's rattle
With groans of the dying.—Scott.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry.
—Campbell.

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold. —Byron.

For he who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day;
But he who is in battle slain
Can never rise and fight again.
—Goldsmith.

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.
—Francis M. Finch.

By the rude bridge that arched the flood.
Their flag to April's breeze unfurl'd;
Here once the embattl'd farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.
—Emerson.

War suspends the rules of moral obligation, and what is long suspended is in danger of being totally abrogated. Civil wars strike deepest of all into the manners of the people.—Burke.

A great and lasting war can never be supported on this principle (patriotism) alone. It must be aided by a prospect of interest, or some reward.—George Washington.

Every war involves a greater or less relapse into barbarism. War, indeed, in its details, is the essence of inhumanity. It dehumanizes. It may save the state, but it destroys the citizen.—Bovee.

They came with banner, spear, and shield;
And it was proved in Bosworth field,
Not long the Avenger was withstood—
Earth help'd him with the cry of blood.
—Wordsworth.

Ez fer war, call it murder,—
Ther you hev it plain and flat;
I don't want to go no furder
Than my Testyment fer that.—Lowell.

To arms! to arms! ye brave!
Th' avenging sword unsheathe,
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On victory or death!
—Joseph Rouget De Lisle.

Hence jarring sectaries may learn
Their real interest to discern;
That brother should not war with brother
And worry and devour each other.
—Cowper.

If war has its chivalry and its pageantry, it has also its hideousness and its demoniac woe. Bullets respect not beauty. They tear out the eye, and shatter the jaw, and rend the cheek.—Abbott.

The blood of man should never be shed but to redeem the blood of man. It is well shed for our family, for our friends, for our God, for our country, for our kind. The rest is vanity; the rest is crime.—Burke.

The natural principle of war is to do the most harm to our enemy with the least harm to ourselves; and this of course, is to be effected by stratagem.—Washington Irving.

Laws are commanded to hold their tongues among arms; and tribunals fall to the ground with the peace they are no longer able to uphold.—Burke.

A wise minister would rather preserve peace than gain a victory, because he knows that even the most successful war leaves nations generally more poor, always more profligate, than it found them.—Colton.

Wars, therefore, are to be undertaken for this end, that we may live in peace, without being injured: but

when we obtain the victory, we must preserve those enemies who behaved without cruelty or inhumanity during the war.—Cicero.

Kings play at war unfairly with republics; they can only lose some earth, and some creatures they value as little, while republics lose in every soldier a part of themselves.—Landor.

A nation is not worthy to be saved if, in the hour of its fate, it will not gather up all its jewels of manhood and life, and go down into the conflict, however bloody and doubtful, resolved on measureless ruin or complete success.—Garfield.

Thus, as the stream and ocean greet,
With waves that madden as they meet—
Thus join the bands whom mutual wrong,
And fate and fury drive along.—Byron.

With common men
There needs too oft the show of war to keep
The substance of sweet peace, and for a king,
'Tis sometimes better to be fear'd than lov'd. —Byron.

War is one of the greatest plagues than can afflict humanity: it destroys religion, it destroys states, it destroys families. Any scourge, in fact, is preferable to it. Famine and pestilence become as nothing in comparison with it.—Martin Luther.

Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;
For ere thou can'st report I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard;
So hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath. —Shakespeare.

Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,
They shall be fam'd; for there the sun shall greet them,
And draw their honors reeking up to heaven;
Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime. —Shakespeare.

And all the gods go with you! upon your sword
Sit laurel victory; and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet.
—Shakespeare.

In peace there's nothing so becomes a man as modest stillness and humility; but when the blast of war flows in our ears, then imitate the action of the tiger.—Shakespeare.

Bloody wars at first began,
The artificial plague of man,
That from his own invention rise,
To scourge his own iniquities. —Butler.

Shall we upon the footing of our land
Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley, and base truce,
To arms invasive? —Shakespeare.

Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies;
Now thrive the armorers, and honor's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man.
—Shakespeare.

We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns,
And pass them current too. God's me, my horse! —Shakespeare.

The nimble gunner
With linstock now the devilish cannon touches,
And down goes all before them.
—Shakespeare.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled;
Scots, wham Bruce has often led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory! —Burns.

War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honor, but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying.
—Dryden.

Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
That they may crush down with heavy fall
The usurping helmets of our adversaries.
—Shakespeare.

And when the fight becomes a chase,
Those win the day that win the race;
And that which would not pass in fights,
Has done the feat with easy flights.
—Butler.

I drew this gallant head of war,
And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,
To outlook conquest and to win renown
Even in the jaws of danger and of death.
—Shakespeare.

One to destroy, is murder by the law,
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe;
To murder thousands takes a specious name,
War's glorious art, and gives immortal fame. —Young.

It is only necessary to make war with five things: with the maladies of the body, the ignorances of the mind, with the passions of the body, with the seditions of the city, and the discords of families.—Pythagoras.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarest the celestial harmonies?
—Longfellow.

Others more mild,
Retreated in a silent valley, sing
With notes angelical to many a harp
Their own heroic deeds and hapless fall
By doom of battle. —Milton.

Some undone widow sits upon mine arm,
And takes away the use of it; and my sword,
Glued to my scabbard with wronged orphan's tears,
Will not be drawn. —Massinger.

Our battle is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
Our armor all as strong, our cause the best;
Then reason will our hearts should be as good. —Shakespeare.

Give me the cups;
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth. —Shakespeare.

War! that in a moment
Lay'st waste the noblest part of the creation,
The boast and masterpiece of the great Maker,
That wears in vain th' impression of his image,
Unprivileged from thee! —Rowe.

Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
Numb'ring our Ave Marias with our beads?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms
—Shakespeare.

Follow thy drum;
With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules;
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;
Then what should war be?
—Shakespeare.

What a fine-looking thing is war! Yet, dress it as we may, dress and feather it, daub it with gold, huzza it, and sing swaggering songs about it,—what is it, nine times out of ten, but murder in uniform!—Douglas Jerrold.

What though the field be lost?
All is not lost; the unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate
And courage never to submit or yield,
And what is else not to be overcome.
—Milton.

Still from the sire the son shall hear
Of the stern strife, and carnage drear,
Of Flodden's fatal field,
When shiver'd was fair Scotland's spear,
And broken was her shield! —Scott.

Hand to hand, and foot to foot:
Nothing there, save death, was mute;
Stroke, and thrust, and flash, and cry
For quarter or for victory,
Mingle there with the volleying thunder.
—Byron.

That men should kill one another for want of somewhat else to do, which is the case of all volunteers in war, seems to be so horrible to humanity that there needs no divinity to control it.—Clarendon.

War is never lenient but where it is wanton; where men are compelled to fight in self-defence, they must hate and avenge. This may be bad, but it is human nature; it is the clay as it came from the hands of the Potter. —Macaulay.

A thousand glorious actions that might claim
Triumphant laurels, and immortal fame,
Confus'd in crowds of glorious actions lie,
And troops of heroes undistinguished die.
—Addison.

Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen!
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood;
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!
—Shakespeare.

I abominate war as Unchristian. I hold it the greatest of human crimes. I deem it to involve all others,—violence, blood, rapine, fraud; everything that can deform the character, alter the nature, and debase the name of man.—Lord Brougham.

Wars are to the body politic, what drams are to the individual. There are times when they may prevent a sudden death, but if frequently resorted to, or long persisted in, they heighten the energies only to hasten the dissolution.—Colton.

Carry his body hence!
Kings must have slaves:
Kings climb to eminence
Over men's graves:
So this man's eye is dim;
Throw the earth over him!
—Henry Austin Dobson.

Then more fierce
The conflict grew; the din of arms, the yell
Of savage rage, the shriek of agony,
The groan of death, commingled in one sound
Of undistinguish'd horrors. —Southey.

Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which enkindled it. —Shakespeare.

War, like all other situations of danger and of change, calls forth the exertion of admirable intellectual qualities and great virtues, and it is only by dwelling on these, and keeping out of sight the sufferings and sorrows, and all the crimes and evils that follow in its train, that it has its glory in the eyes of men.—Bryant.

The fate of a battle is the result of a moment, of a thought: the hostile forces advance with various combinations, they attack each other and fight for a certain time; the critical moment arrives, a mental flash decides, and the least reserve accomplishes the object.—Napoleon I.

I own my natural weakness; I have not
Yet learn'd to think of indiscriminate murder
Without some sense of shuddering; and the sight
Of blood, which spouts through hoary scalps, is not,
To me, a thing of triumph, nor the death
Of men surprised, a glory. —Byron.

In the wars of the European powers in matters relating to themselves we have never taken any part, nor does it comport with our policy so to do. It is only when our rights are invaded or seriously menaced that we resent injuries or make preparation for our defence.—James Monroe.

The death-shot hissing from afar—
The shock—the shout—the groan of war—
Reverberate along that vale,
More suited to the shepherd's tale:
Though few the numbers—theirs the strife,
That neither spares, nor speaks for life.
—Byron.

What boots the oft-repeated tale of strife,
The feast of vultures, and the waste of life?
The varying fortune of each separate field,
The fierce that vanquish, and the faint that yield?
The smoking ruin and the crumbled wall?
In this the struggle was the same with all.
—Byron.

O war, thou son of hell,
Whom angry heav'ns do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
Hot coals of vengeance!—Let no soldier fly;
He that is truly dedicate to war
Hath no self-love: nor he that loves himself. —Shakespeare.

War! war! war!
Heaven aid the right!
God move the hero's arm in the fearful fight!
God send the women sleep in the long, long night,
When the breasts on whose strength they leaned shall heave no more.
—E. C. Stedman.

War in men's eyes shall be
A monster of iniquity
In the good time coming.
Nations shall not quarrel then,
To prove which is the stronger;
Nor slaughter men for glory's sake;—
Wait a little longer.—Charles Mackay.

Oh, a strange hand writes for our dear son—O, stricken mother's soul!
All swims before her eyes—flashes with black—she catches the main words only;
Sentences broken—gun-shot wound in the breast, cavalry skirmish, taken to hospital;
At present low, but will soon be better.
—Walt Whitman.

Of all the evils to public liberty, war is perhaps the most to be dreaded, because it comprises and develops the genius of every other. War is the parent of armies; from these proceed debt and taxes. And armies and

debts and taxes are the known instruments for bringing the many under the dominion of the few.—Madison.

Use makes a better soldier than the most urgent considerations of duty,—familiarity with danger enabling him to estimate the danger. He sees how much is the risk, and is not afflicted with imagination; knows practically Marshal Saxe's rule, that every soldier killed costs the enemy his weight in lead.—Emerson.

War, even in the best state of an army, with all the alleviations of courtesy and honor, with all the correctives of morality and religion, is nevertheless so great an evil, that to engage in it without a clear necessity is a crime of the blackest dye. When the necessity is clear, it then becomes a crime to shrink from it.—Southey.

The conqueror is not so much pleased by entering into open gates, as by forcing his way. He desires not the fields to be cultivated by the patient husbandman; he would have them laid waste by fire and sword. It would be his shame to go by a way already opened.—Lucan.

Tell me, he that knows,
* * * * * *
Why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war:
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week:
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-laborer with the day;
Who is't that can inform me?
—Shakespeare.

O great corrector of enormous times,
Shaker of o'er-rank states, thou grand decider
Of dusty and old titles, that healest with blood
The earth when it is sick, and curest the world
O' the pleurisy of people.
—Beaumont and Fletcher.

War is the matter which fills all history; and consequently the only, or almost the only, view in which we can see the external of political society is in a hostile shape: and the only actions to which we have always seen, and still see, all of them intent, are such as tend to the destruction of one another.—Burke.

All was prepared—the fire, the sword, the men
To wield them in their terrible array.
The army, like a lion from his den,
March'd forth with nerves and sinews bent to slay—
A human Hydra, issuing from its fen
To breathe destruction on its winding way,
Whose heads were heroes, which cut off in vain,
Immediately in others grew again.
—Byron.

War is honorable
In those who do their native rights maintain;
In those whose swords an iron barrier are
Between the lawless spoiler and the weak;
But is, in those who draw th' offensive blade
For added power or gain, sordid and despicable
As meanest office of the worldly churl.
—Joanna Baillie.

To my shame, I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That, for a fantasy and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds; fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough, and continent,
To hide the slain. —Shakespeare.

The morning came, there stood the foe;
Stark eyed them as they stood;
Few words he spoke—'twas not a time
For moralizing mood:
"See there the enemy, my boys!
Now, strong in valor's might,
Beat them or Betty Stark will sleep
In widowhood to-night."
—J. P. Rodman.

Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet
Till earth and sky stand presently at God's great judgment seat;
But there is neither East nor West, border nor breed nor birth
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the ends of the earth!
—Rudyard Kipling.

The gospel has but a forced alliance with war. Its doctrine of human brotherhood would ring strangely between the opposed ranks. The bellowing speech of cannon and the baptism of blood mock its liturgies and sacraments. Its gentle beatitudes

would hardly serve as mottoes for defiant banners, nor its list of graces as names for ships-of-the-line.—Chapin.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown! —Byron.

War mends but few, and spoils multitudes; it legitimates rapine and authorizes murder; and these crimes must be ministered to by their lesser relatives, by covetousness and anger and pride and revenge, and heats of blood, and wilder liberty, and all the evil that can be supposed to come from or run to such cursed causes of mischief.—Jeremy Taylor.

Three hundred cannon threw up their emetic,
And thirty thousand muskets flung their pills
Like hail, to make a bloody diuretic;
Mortality! thou hast thy monthly bills!
Thy plagues, thy famines, thy physicians, yet tick,
Like the death-watch, within our ears the ills,
Past, present, and to come; but all may yield
To the true portrait of one battle-field.
—Byron.

All that the mind would shrink from, of excesses;
All that the body perpetrates, of bad;
All that we read, hear, dream, of man's distresses;
All that the devil would do, if run stark mad;
All that defies the worst which pen expresses
All by which hell is peopled, or is sad
As hell—mere mortals who their power abuse—
Was here (as heretofore and since) let loose. —Byron.

"War," says Machiavelli, "ought to be the only study of a prince"; and, by a prince, he means every sort of State, however constituted. "He ought," says this great political doctor, "to consider peace only as a breathing-time, which gives him leisure to contrive, and furnishes ability to execute military plans." A meditation on the conduct of political societies made old Hobbes imagine that war was the state of nature.—Burke

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They now to fight are gone;
Armor on armor shone;
Drum now to drum did groan,
To hear was wonder;
That with the cries they make,
The very earth did shake;
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
Thunder to thunder. —Drayton.

By heaven! it is a splendid sight to see
(For one who hath no friend, no brother there)
Their rival scarfs of mix'd embroidery,
Their various arms that glitter in the air!
What gallant war-hounds rouse them from their lair,
And gnash their fangs, loud yelling for the prey!
All join the chase, but few the triumph share;
The grave shall bear the chiefest prize away,
And havoc scarce for joy can number their array. —Byron.

The bay-trees in our country all are wither'd
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change;
Rich men look sad and ruffians dance and leap,
The one in fear to lose what they enjoy,
The other to enjoy by rage and war.
—Shakespeare.

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal, afar
And near; the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips—"The foe! they come! they come!" —Byron.

War suspends the rules of moral obligation, and what is long suspended is in danger of being totally abrogated. Civil wars strike deepest of all into the manners of the people. They vitiate their politics; they corrupt their morals; they pervert even the natural taste and relish of equity

and justice. By teaching us to consider our fellow-citizens in a hostile light, the whole body of our nation becomes gradually less dear to us. The very names of affection and kindred, which were the bond of charity, whilst we agreed, become new incentives to hatred and rage, when the communion of our country is dissolved.—Burke.

Lay down the axe; fling by the spade;
Leave in its track the toiling plough;
The rifle and the bayonet-blade
For arms like yours were fitter now;
And let the hands that ply the pen
Quit the light task, and learn to wield
The horseman's crooked brand, and rein
The charger on the battle-field.
—Bryant.

Dreary East winds howling o'er us,
Clay-lands knee-deep spread before us;
Mire and ice and snow and sleet;
Aching backs and frozen feet;
Knees which reel as marches quicken,
Ranks which thin as corpses thicken;
While with carrion birds we eat,
Calling puddle-water sweet,
As we pledge the health of our general,
who fares as rough as we:
What can daunt us, what can turn us, led
to death by such as he?
—Charles Kingsley.

Washington's Birthday

First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.—Henry Lee.

He had faith in God and in himself.—Guizot.

The two greatest men of modern times are William III. and Washington.—Grattan.

Where Washington hath left his awful memory a light for after-times.—Southey.

Washington, in fact, had very little private life, but was eminently a public character.—Washington Irving.

Illustrious man! deriving honor less from the splendor of his situation than from the dignity of his mind.—C. J. Fox.

He early acquired the magic of method, which of itself works wonders.—Washington Irving.

The test of the progress of mankind will be in the appreciation of the character of Washington.—Brougham.

In my idea General Washington is the greatest man; for I look upon him as the most virtuous.—Lafayette.

There is virtue in the look of a great man [after meeting Washington]. I felt myself warmed and refreshed by it during the rest of my life.—Chateaubriand.

Unacquainted with aught of inward agitation, untormented by the promptings of splendid ambition, Washington anticipated none of the occurrences of his life.—Guizot.

When Washington declined a military escort on the occasion of his inauguration [1789], he said, "I require no guard but the affections of the people."—Edward Everett.

Whoever would understand the character of Washington, in all its compass and grandeur, must learn it from his own writings, and from a complete history of his country during the long period in which he was the most prominent actor.—Jared Sparks.

I never say anything of a man that I have the smallest scruple of saying to him.—Washington.

To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace.—Washington.

'Tis substantially true that virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular government.—Washington.

To the efficacy and permanency of your union a government for the whole is indispensable.—Washington.

It is our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world.—Washington.

It is incumbent upon every person of every description to contribute to his country's welfare.—Washington.

Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence the jealousy of a free people ought to be constantly awake. —Washington.

Let us impart all the blessings we possess, or ask for ourselves, to the whole family of mankind.—Washington.

There can be no greater error than to expect or calculate upon real favors from nation to nation.—Washington.

The name American must always exalt the just pride of patriotism.—Washington.

Every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest should be indignantly frowned upon. —Washington.

Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire, conscience.—Washington.

The propitious smiles of heaven can never be expected on a nation that disregards the eternal rules of order and right, which heaven itself has ordained.—Washington.

It would be repugnant to the vital principles of our government virtually to exclude from public trusts, talents and virtue, unless accompanied by wealth.—Washington.

Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalship, interest, humor or caprice?—Washington.

The very idea of the power and right of the people to establish government presupposes the duty of every individual to obey the established government.—Washington.

"My brave fellows, let no sensation of satisfaction for the triumphs you have gained induce you to insult your fallen enemy. Let no shouting, no clamorous huzzaing increase their mortification. It is sufficient for us that we witness their humiliation. Posterity will huzza for us."—Washington at Yorktown.

Where is the man to be found who wishes to remain indebted for the defense of his own person and property to the exertions, the bravery, and the blood of others, without making one generous effort to repay the debt of honor and gratitude?—Washington.

If there was the same propensity in mankind for investigating the motives, as there is for censuring the conduct, of public characters, it would be found that the censure so freely bestowed is oftentimes unmerited and uncharitable.—Washington.

For a thousand years no king in Christendom has shown such greatness or given so high a type of manly virtue.—Theodore Parker.

George Washington, the brave, the wise, the good. Supreme in war, in council, and in peace. Washington, valiant, without ambition; discreet, without fear; confident, without presumption.—Dr. Andrew Lee.

More than any other individual, and as much as to one individual was possible, has he contributed to found this, our wide spreading empire, and to give to the Western World independence and freedom.—Chief Justice Marshall.

To add brightness to the sun or glory to the name of Washington is alike impossible. Let none attempt it. In solemn awe pronounce the name, and in its naked, deathless splendor leave it shining on.—Abraham Lincoln.

Let him who looks for a monument to Washington look around the United States. Your freedom, your independence, your national power, your prosperity, and your prodigious growth are a monument to him.—Kossuth.

More than all, and above all, Washington was master of himself. If there be one quality more than an-

other in his character which may exercise a useful control over the men of the present hour, it is the total disregard of self when in the most elevated positions for influence and example.—Charles Francis Adams.

God be thanked that in General Washington we have the picture of one such man, set where it cannot be hid, in the glorious frame of our country's early history, as an example to the Americans of to-day! May it find no small number who, living by the same great principles, may in no long time work in our land a moral revolution — a regeneration into a purer, sweeter, and nobler life.—James T. Bixby, D.D.

He stands the noblest leader who ever was entrusted with his country's life. His patience under provocation, his calmness in danger, and lofty courage when all others despaired, his prudent delays when delay was best, and his quick and resistless blows when action was possible, his magnanimity to defamers and generosity to his foes, his ambition for his country and unselfishness for himself, his sole desire of freedom and independence for America, and his only wish to return after victory to private life, have all combined to make him, by the unanimous judgment of the world, the foremost figure of history.—Chauncey M. Depew.

It must, indeed, create astonishment that, placed in circumstances so critical, and filling a station so conspicuous, the character of Washington should not once have been called in question; that he should, in no instance, have been accused either of improper insolence or of mean submission, in his transactions with foreign nations. It has been reserved for him to run the race of glory without experiencing the smallest interruption to the brilliancy of his career. The breath of censure has not dared to impeach the purity of his conduct, nor the eye of envy to raise its malignant glance to the elevation of his virtues. Such has been the transcendent merit and the unparalleled fate of this illustrious man!—Charles James Fox in the British Parliament, 1794.

His genius, it is true, was of a peculiar kind; the genius of character, of thought, and the objects of thought solidified and concentrated into active faculty. He belongs to that rare class of men—rare as Homers and Miltons, rare as Platos and Newtons—who have impressed their characters upon nations without pampering national vices. Such men have natures broad enough to include all the facts of a people's practical life, and deep enough to discern the spiritual laws which underlie, animate, and govern those facts.—Edwin F. Whipple.

But perhaps he excels all the great men that ever lived in the steadiness of his adherence to his maxims of life, and in the uniformity of his conduct to the same maxims. These maxims, though wise, were yet not so remarkable for their wisdom as for their authority over his life; for if there were any errors in his judgment (and he discovered as few as any man), we know of no blemishes in his virtue. He was the patriot without reproach; he loved his country enough to hold his success in serving it an ample recompense. Thus far self-love and love of country coincided; but when his country needed sacrifices few could, or perhaps would, be willing to make, he did not even hesitate. This was virtue in its most exalted character.—Fisher Ames.

Sound, sound the trump of Fame!
Let Washington's great name
  Ring through the world with loud applause;
Let every clime to Freedom dear
Listen with a joyful ear.
  With equal skill, with god-like power,
  He governs in the fearful hour
Of horrid war, or guides with ease,
The happier times of honest peace.
—Jos. Hopkinson.

The General is sorry to be informed that the foolish and wicked practise of profane cursing and swearing, a vice hitherto little known in an American army, is growing into fashion. He hopes the officers will, by example

as well as influence, endeavor to check it, and that both they and the men will reflect that we can have little hope of the blessing of heaven on our arms, if we insult it by our impiety and folly. Added to this, it is a vice so mean and low, without any temptation, that every man of sense and character detests and despises it.—Washington.

O noble brow, so wise in thought!
O heart, so true! O soul unbought!
O eye, so keen to pierce the night
And guide the "ship of state" aright!
O life, so simple, grand and free,
The humblest still may turn to thee.
O king, uncrowned! O prince of men!
When shall we see thy like again?
—Mrs. Mary Wingate.

Great knightly soul who came in time to serve his country's need,
To serve her with the timely word and with the valiant deed,
Along the ages brightening as endless cycles run
Undimmed and gaining luster in the twentieth century's sun,
First in our Hall of Fame we write the name all folk may ken,
As first in war, and first in peace, first with his countrymen.—Margaret Sangster.

A true son of nature was George Washington—of nature in her brightest intelligence and noblest mold; and the difficulty, if such there be, in comprehending him, is only that of reviewing from a single standpoint the vast procession of those civil and military achievements which filled nearly half a century of his life, and in realizing the magnitude of those qualities which were requisite to their performance—the difficulty of fashioning in our minds a pedestal broad enough to bear the towering figure, whose greatness is diminished by nothing but the perfection of its proportions.—John W. Daniel.

Grand and manifold as were its phases, there is yet no difficulty in understanding the character of Washington. He was no Veiled Prophet. He never acted a part. Simple, natural, and unaffected, his life lies before us—a fair and open manuscript. He disdained the arts which wrap power in mystery in order to magnify it. He practised the profound diplomacy of truthful speech—the consummate tact of direct attention. Looking ever to the All-Wise Disposer of events, he relied on that Providence which helps men by giving them high hearts and hopes to help themselves with the means which their Creator has put at their service. There was no infirmity in his conduct over which charity must fling its veil; no taint of selfishness from which purity averts her gaze; no dark recess of intrigue that must be lit up with colored panegyric; no subterranean passage to be trod in trembling, lest there be stirred the ghost of a buried crime.—John W. Daniel.

Never to see a nation born
Hath been given to mortal man,
Unless to those who, on that summer morn,
Gazed silent when the great Virginian
Unsheathed the sword whose fatal flash
Shot union through the incoherent clash
Of our loose atoms, crystallizing them
Around a single will's unpliant stem
And making purpose of emotion rash.
Out of that scabbard sprang, as from its womb,
Nebulous at first but hardening to a star,
Through mutual share of sunburst and of gloom,
The common faith that made us what we are.
—Lowell.

Conquerors who have stretched your scepters over boundless territories; founders of empires who have held your dominions in the reign of law; reformers who have cried aloud in the wilderness of oppression; teachers who have striven to cast down false doctrine, heresy, and schism; statesmen whose brains have throbbed with mighty plans for the amelioration of human society; scar-crowned vikings of the sea, illustrious heroes of the land, who have borne the standards of siege and battle, come forth in bright array from your glorious fanes, and would ye be measured by the measure of his stature? Behold you not in him a more illustrious and more venerable presence? Statesman, soldier, patriot, sage, reformer of creeds, teacher of truth and justice, achiever and preserver of liberty, the first of men, founder and savior of his country, father of his people—this is he, solitary and unapproachable in his grandeur! Oh, felicitous Providence that

gave to America our Washington!—John W. Daniel.

The time is now near at hand which must probably determine whether Americans are to be freemen or slaves; whether they are to have any property they can call their own; whether their houses are to be pillaged and destroyed, and themselves consigned to a state of wretchedness from which no human efforts will deliver them. The fate of unborn millions will now depend, under God, on the courage and conduct of this army. Our cruel unrelenting enemy leaves us only the choice of a brave resistance or the most abject submission. We have, therefore, to resolve to conquer or to die. Our own, our country's honor, calls upon us for a vigorous and manly exertion; and if we now shamefully fail, we shall become infamous before the whole world. Let us, then, rely on the goodness of our cause, and the aid of the Supreme Being, in whose hands victory is, to animate and encourage us to great and noble actions. The eyes of all our countrymen are now upon us; and we shall have their blessings and praises if happily we are the instruments of saving them from the tyranny meditated against them. Let us, therefore, animate and encourage each other, and show the whole world that a freeman contending for liberty on his own ground, is superior to any slavish mercenary on earth. Liberty, property, life, and honor are all at stake. Upon your courage and conduct rest the hopes of our bleeding and insulted country. Our wives, children, and parents expect safety from us only; and they have every reason to believe that heaven will crown with success so just a cause. The enemy will endeavor to intimidate us by show and appearance; but remember they have been repulsed on various occasions by a few brave Americans. Their cause is bad—their men are conscious of it; and, if opposed with firmness and coolness on their first onset, with our advantages of works and knowledge of the ground, the victory is most assuredly ours. Every good soldier will be silent and attentive, wait for orders, and reserve his fire until he is sure of doing execution.—Washington's Address to the American Troops Before the Battle of Long Island, Aug. 27, 1776.

Equal when fields were lost or fields were won,
With breath of popular applause or blame,
Nor fanned or damped, unquenchably the same,
Too inward to be reached by flaws of idle fame.
Soldier and statesman, rarest unison;
High-poised example of great duties done
Simply as breathing, a world's honors worn
As life's indifferent gifts to all men born;
Dumb for himself, unless it were to God,
But for his barefoot soldiers eloquent,
Tramping the snow to coral where they trod,
Held by his awe in hollow-eyed content;
Modest, yet firm as Nature's self; unblamed
Save by the men his nobler temper shamed;
Never seduced through show of present good
By other than unsetting lights to steer
New-trimmed in Heaven, nor than his steadfast mood
More steadfast, far from rashness as from fear;
Rigid, but with himself first, grasping still
In swerveless poise the wave-beat helm of will;
Not honored then or now because he wooed
The popular voice, but that he still withstood;
Broad-minded, higher-souled, there is but one
Who was all this and ours, and all men's,
—Washington. —Lowell.

Encompassed by the inviolate seas, stands to-day the American Republic which he founded—a freer, Greater Britain—uplifted above the powers and principalities of the earth, even as his monument is uplifted over roof and dome and spire of the multitudinous city. Long live the Republic of Washington! Respected by mankind, beloved by all its sons, long may it be the asylum of the poor and oppressed of all lands and religions—long may it be the citadel of that Liberty which writes beneath the eagle's folded wings, "We will sell to no man, we will deny to no man, right and justice." Long live the United States of America! Filled with the free, magnanimous spirit, crowned by the wisdom, blessed by the moderation, hovered over by the guardian angel of Washington's example.—John W. Daniel.

Waste

Time elaborately thrown away.—Young.

More water glideth by the mill than wots the miller of.—Shakespeare.

What maintains one vice, would bring up two children. Remember, many a little makes a mickle: and farther, beware of little expenses; a small leak will sink a great ship.—Franklin.

Waste cannot be accurately told, though we are sensible how destructive it is. Economy, on the one hand, by which a certain income is made to maintain a man genteelly; and waste, on the other, by which on the same income another man lives shabbily, cannot be defined. It is a very nice thing; as one man wears his coat out much sooner than another, we cannot tell how.—Dr. Johnson.

Oh! waste thou not the smallest thing,
Created by Divinity;
For grains of sand do mountains make,
And atomies infinity;
Waste thou not then, the smallest time,
'Tis imbecile infirmity,
For well thou know'st, if aught thou know'st,
That seconds form eternity.
—Edward Knight.

Watchfulness

He is free from danger who, even when safe, is on his guard.—Syrus.

He allows very readily, that the eyes and footsteps of the master are things most salutary to the land.—Columella.

Without your knowledge, the eyes and ears of many will see and watch you, as they have done already.—Cicero.

Water

The rising world of waters dark and deep.—Milton.

Water its living strength first shows,
When obstacles its course oppose.
—Goethe.

Honest water, which ne'er left man in the mire.—Shakespeare.

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep.—Shakespeare.

Water is the mother of the vine,
The nurse and fountain of fecundity,
The adorner and refresher of the world.
—Chas. Mackay.

Here quench your thirst, and mark in me
An emblem of true charity;
Who, while my bounty I bestow,
Am neither seen, nor heard to flow.
—Hone.

Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.
—Coleridge.

Traverse the desert, and then ye can tell
What treasures exist in the cold deep well,
Sink in despair on the red parch'd earth,
And then ye may reckon what water is worth. —Miss Eliza Cook.

Till taught by pain,
Men really know not what good water's worth:
If you had been in Turkey or in Spain,
Or with a famish'd boat's crew had your berth,
Or in the desert heard the camel's bell,
You'd wish yourself where truth is—in a well. —Byron.

'Tis a little thing
To give a cup of water: yet its draught
Of cool refreshment, drain'd by feverish lips,
May give a thrill of pleasure to the frame
More exquisite than when nectarian juice
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours.
—Thos. Noon Talfourd.

'Tis rushing now adown the spout,
And gushing out below,
Half frantic in its joyousness,
And wild in eager flow.
The earth is dried and parched with heat,
And it hath long'd to be
Released from out the selfish cloud,
To cool the thirsty tree.
—Elizabeth Oakes Smith.

How beautiful the water is!
To me 'tis wondrous fair—
No spot can ever lonely be
If water sparkle there:
It hath a thousand tongues of mirth,
Of grandeur, or delight,
And every heart is gladder made
When water greets the sight.
—Mrs. E. Oakes Smith.

A cup of cold Adam from the next purling stream.—Tom Brown.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
The brightest that beauty or revelry sips.
—Samuel Woodworth.

More water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of.
—Shakespeare.

Smooth to the shelving brink, a copious flood
Rolls fair and placid, where collected all
In one impetuous torrent, down the steep
It thund'ring shoots, and shakes the country round.
At first an azure sheet it rushes broad,
Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls,
And from the loud resounding rocks below,
Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft
A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.
Nor even the torrid wave here finds repose,
But raging still amid the shaggy rocks,
Now flashes o'er the scatter'd fragments now
Aslant the hollow'd channel rapid darts,
And falling fast from gradual slope to slope,
With wild infracted course and lessen'd roar
It gains a safer bed, and steals at last
Along the mazes of the quiet vale.
—Thomson.

The fall of waters! rapid as the light,
The flashing mass foams shaking the abyss;
The hell of waters! where they howl and hiss,
And boil in endless torture; while the sweat
Of their great agony, wrung out from this
Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet
That gird the gulf around, in pitiless horror set,
And mounts in spray the skies, and thence again
Returns in an unceasing shower, which round,
With its unemptied clouds of gentle rain,
Is an eternal April to the ground,
Making it all one emerald:—how profound
The gulf! and how the giant element
From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,
Crushing the cliffs, which, downward worn and rent
With his fierce footsteps, yield in chasms a fearful vent
To the broad column which rolls on.
—Byron.

Weakness

Amiable weakness.—Henry Fielding.

Weakness is born vanquished.—Mme. Swetchine.

The weakest goes to the wall.—Shakespeare.

To be weak is miserable, doing or suffering.—Milton.

Weakness to be wroth with weakness.—Tennyson.

Amiable weakness of human nature.—Gibbon.

Our worries always come from our weaknesses.—Joubert.

Fine by defect, and delicately weak.—Pope.

How many weak shoulders have craved heavy burdens!—Joubert.

Soft without weakness; without glaring, gay.—Pope.

But every one has a besetting sin to which he returns.—La Fontaine.

Women are never stronger than when they arm themselves in their weakness.—Mme. du Deffand.

Guard thy heart on this weak side, where most our nature fails.—Addison.

To think everything disputable is a proof of a weak mind and a captious temper.—Beattie.

The weakness of women has been given them to call forth the virtues of men.—Mme. Necker.

Many take pleasure in spreading abroad the weaknesses of an exalted character.—Steele.

Weakness is more opposed to virtue than is vice.—Rochefoucauld.

I know and love the good, yet, ah! the wrong pursue.—Petrarch.

We may not be weaklings because we have a strong enemy.—Latimer.

The attractiveness that exists to man in the very helplessness of woman is scarcely realized.—Lamartine.

We justly consider women to be weaker than ourselves, and yet we are governed by them.—Chamfort.

The weak-minded man is the slave of his vices and the dupe of his virtues.—J. Petit-Senn.

Some weak people are so sensible of their weakness as to be able to make a good use of it.—Rochefoucauld.

The beautiful seems right by force of beauty, and the feeble wrong, because of weakness.—Mrs. Browning.

Though it is weakness to love, oftentimes it is another weakness to cease to love.—Du Cœur.

Weakness is oftentimes so palpable as to be equivalent to wickedness.—George Sand.

The feeble howl with the wolves, bray with the asses, and bleat with the sheep.—Mme. Roland.

Woman's weakness, not man's merit, oftenest gains the suitor's victory.—Chamfort.

Weakness indicates dependence, and there is a degree of trust and tenderness also in it.—Eugene Sue.

Soft-heartedness, in times like these,
Shows softness in the upper story!
—Lowell.

But the concessions of the weak are the concessions of fear.—Burke.

We always weaken whatever we exaggerate.—La Harpe.

Weaknesses, so called, are nothing more nor less than vice in disguise!—Lavater.

Weakness is the only fault that is incorrigible.—Rochefoucauld.

Men are in general so tricky, so envious, and so cruel that when we find one who is only weak, we are too happy.—Voltaire.

The weak may be joked out of anything but their weakness.—Zimmermann.

Delusion and weakness produce not one mischief the less, because they are universal.—Burke.

More men are guilty of treason through weakness than any studied design to betray.—Rochefoucauld.

The mortal race is far too weak not to grow dizzy on unwonted heights.—Goethe.

There are two kinds of weakness, that which breaks and that which bends.—Lowell.

We are not so easily guided by our most prominent weaknesses as by those of which we are least aware.—Arthur Helps.

The strength of man sinks in the hour of trial; but there doth live a Power that to the battle girdeth the weak.—Joanna Baillie.

There are some weaknesses that are peculiar and distinctive to generous characters, as freckles are to a fair skin.—Bovee.

How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms! —Shakespeare.

Weakness ineffectually seeks to disguise itself,—like a drunken man trying to show how sober he is.—Bovee.

Some of our weaknesses are born in us, others are the result of education; it is a question which of the two gives us most trouble.—Goethe.

Weakness of conduct is but the consequence of weakness of conviction: for the strongest of all the springs of human action is human belief.—Guizot.

It is not because men's desires are strong that they act ill; it is because

their consciences are weak. There is no natural connection between strong impulses and a weak conscience.—J. Stuart Mill.

He that of greatest works is finisher oft does them by the weakest minister: so holy writ in babes hath judgment shown, when judges have been babes. —Shakespeare.

The more weakness the more falsehood; strength goes straight; every cannon-ball that has in it hollows and holes goes crooked. Weaklings must lie.—Richter.

Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone.
—Shakespeare.

He who does most to cure woman of her weakness, her frivolity, and her servility will likewise at the same stroke do most to cure man of his brutality, his selfishness and his sensuality.—Frances Power Cobbe.

Heaven forming each on other to depend,
A master, or a servant, or a friend,
Bids each on other for assistance call,
Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all. —Pope.

If weakness may excuse,
What murderer, what traitor, parricide,
Incestuous, sacrilegious, but may plead it?
All wickedness is weakness; that plea, therefore,
With God or man will gain thee no remission. —Milton.

I have never quite understood the relationship between beauty and weakness, womanly sweetness and womanly silliness; to my mind, indeed, that woman being the most beautiful who is the most capable, while weakness and silliness can never by any chance be other than unlovely.—E. Lynn Linton.

Women, sometimes boasting of their weakness, cunningly obtain power by playing on the weakness of men. And they may well glory in their illicit sway; for, like Turkish bashaws, they have more real power than their masters.—Mary Wollstonecraft.

We must have a weak spot or two in a character before we can love it much. People that do not laugh or cry, or take more of anything than is good for them, or use anything but dictionary words, are admirable subjects for biographies.—O. W. Holmes.

Weakness has its hidden resources, as well as strength. There is a degree of folly and meanness which we cannot calculate upon, and by which we are as much liable to be foiled as by the greatest ability or courage.—Hazlitt.

Wealth

A great fortune is a great servitude. —Seneca.

We all covet wealth, but not its perils.—Bruyère.

Lack of desire is the greatest riches. —Seneca.

These riches are posses'd, but not enjoy'd.—Homer.

I envy none the gilding of their woe. —Young.

All wealth is the product of labor. —Locke.

Riches seldom make their owners rich.—Dr. Johnson.

Wealth is the least trustworthy of anchors.—J. G. Holland.

Worldly wealth is the devil's bait.—Robert Burton.

Golden roofs break men's rest.—Seneca.

Base wealth preferring to eternal praise.—Homer.

Wants keep pace with wealth always.—J. G. Holland.

The wealth of society is its stock of productive labor.—Sir James Mackintosh.

How i' the name of thrift doth he rake this together?—Shakespeare.

Wealth is not his that has it, but his that enjoys it.—Franklin.

Poverty treads close upon the heels of great and unexpected wealth.—Rivarol.

Without a rich heart wealth is an ugly beggar.—Emerson.

For they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.—Shakespeare.

Can wealth give happiness? look round and see, what gay distress! what splendid misery!—Young.

Conscience and wealth are not always neighbors.—Massinger.

Well-gotten wealth may lose itself, but the ill-gotten loses its master also.—Cervantes.

Wealth is nothing in itself; it is not useful but when it departs from us.—Dr. Johnson.

Our wealth is often a snare to ourselves, and always a temptation to others.—Colton.

It is far more easy to acquire a fortune like a knave than to expend it like a gentleman.—Colton.

The million covet wealth, but how few dream of its perils?—John Neal.

Property is like snow; if it falleth level to-day, it will be blown into drifts to-morrow.—Sinclair.

It is only when the rich are sick that they fully feel the impotence of wealth.—Colton.

The most brilliant fortunes are often not worth the littleness required to gain them.—Rochefoucauld.

Get place and wealth, if possible, with grace
If not, by any means get wealth and place.
—Pope.

Wealth is the smallest thing on earth, the least gift that God has bestowed on mankind.—Martin Luther.

That man has the fewest wants who is the least anxious for wealth.—Publius Syrus.

What makes the breaking of all oaths
A holy duty?—food and clothes.
—Butler.

Less coin, less care; to know how to dispense with wealth is to possess it.—Reynard.

A man can no more make a safe use of wealth without reason than he can of a horse without a bridle.—Socrates.

Wealth cannot purchase any great private solace or convenience. Riches are only the means of sociality.—Henry D. Thoreau.

Wealth is an imperious mistress; she requires the whole heart and life of man.—Laboulaye.

Wealth may be an excellent thing, for it means power, it means leisure, it means liberty.—Lowell.

Old gold has a civilizing virtue which new gold must grow old to be capable of secreting.—Lowell.

If you would be wealthy, think of saving as well as of getting.—Benjamin Franklin.

Life is short. The sooner that a man begins to enjoy his wealth the better.—Johnson.

He that is proud of riches is a fool. For if he be exalted above his neighbors because he hath more gold, how much inferior is he to a gold mine!—Jeremy Taylor.

Wealth hath never given happiness, but often hastened misery; enough hath never caused misery but often quickened happiness.—Tupper.

The way to wealth is as plain as the road to market. It depends chiefly on two words,—industry and frugality.—Franklin.

Wherever there is excessive wealth, there is also in the train of it exces-

sive poverty; as where the sun is brightest the shade is deepest.—Landor.

One cause of the insufficiency of riches (to produce happiness) is, that they very seldom make their owner rich.—Johnson.

As riches and favor forsake a man, we discover him to be a fool, but nobody could find it out in his prosperity. —Bruyère.

Seek not proud wealth; but such as thou mayest get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and leave contentedly.—Bacon.

Wealth, after all, is a relative thing, since he that has little, and wants less, is richer than he that has much but wants more.—Colton.

There is no society, however free and democratic, where wealth will not create an aristocracy.—Bulwer-Lytton.

The accumulation of wealth is followed by an increase of care, and by an appetite for more.—Horace.

The proverb is true, that light gains make heavy purses; for light gains come often, great gains now and then. —Bacon.

When wealthy, show thy wisdom not to be to wealth a servant, but make wealth serve thee.—Sir J. Denham.

Seneca devoted much of his time to writing essays in praise of poverty, and in lending money at usurious rates.—H. W. Shaw.

Much learning shows how little mortals know; much wealth, how little worldlings can enjoy.—Young.

Sovereign money procures a wife with a large fortune, gets a man credit, creates friends, stands in place of pedigree, and even of beauty.—Horace.

There is nothing keeps longer than a middling fortune, and nothing melts away sooner than a great one.—Bruyère.

In goodness, rich men should transcend the poor, as clouds the earth; raised by the comfort of the sun to water dry and barren grounds.—Tourneur.

The possession of wealth is, as it were, prepayment, and involves an obligation of honor to the doing of correspondent work.—George MacDonald.

For wealth, without contentment, climbs a hill,
To feel those tempests which fly over ditches. —Herbert.

Through life's dark road his sordid way he wends,
An incarnation of fat dividends. —Sprague.

But wealth is a great means of refinement; and it is a security for gentleness, since it removes disturbing anxieties.—Ik. Marvel.

O what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year! —Shakespeare.

Know from the bounteous heavens all riches flow;
And what man gives, the gods by man bestow. —Homer.

Let none admire
That riches grow in hell; that soil may best
Deserve the precious bane. —Milton.

It requires a great deal of boldness and a great deal of caution to make a great fortune; and when you have got it, it requires ten times as much wit to keep it.—Rothschild.

Wealth is a weak anchor, and glory cannot support a man; this is the law of God, that virtue only is firm, and cannot be shaken by a tempest.—Pythagoras.

Many a beggar at the crossway, or gray-haired shepherd on the plain, hath more of the end of all wealth than hundreds who multiply the means.—Tupper.

Money and time are the heaviest burdens of life, and the unhappiest of

all mortals are those who have more of either than they know how to use. —Johnson.

That plenty should produce either covetousness or prodigality is a perversion of providence; and yet the generality of men are the worse for their riches.—William Penn.

People who are arrogant on account of their wealth are about equal to our Laplanders, who measure a man's worth by the number of his reindeer. —Fredrika Bremer.

Many in hot pursuit have hasted to the goal of wealth, but have lost, as they ran, those apples of gold, the mind and the power to enjoy it.—Tupper.

Riches are gotten with pain, kept with care, and lost with grief. The cares of riches lie heavier upon a good man than the inconveniences of an honest poverty.—L'Estrange.

Can wealth give happiness? look round, and see
What gay distress! what splendid misery!
Whatever fortune lavishly can pour,
The mind annihilates, and calls for more.
—Young.

We frequently misplace esteem,
By judging men by what they seem,
To birth, wealth, power, we should allow
Precedence, and our lowest bow. —Gay.

If thou art rich, thou art poor; for, like an ass whose back with ingots bows, thou bearest thy heavy riches but a journey, and death unloads thee. —Shakespeare.

If we command our wealth, we shall be rich and free; if our wealth commands us, we are poor indeed. We are bought by the enemy with the treasure in our own coffers.—Burke.

The greatest and most amiable privilege which the rich enjoy over the poor is that which they exercise the least,—the privilege of making them happy.—Colton.

One man pursues power in order to possess wealth, and another pursues wealth in order to possess power; which last is the safer way, and generally followed.—South.

Of all pure things, purity in the acquisition of riches is the best. He who preserves purity in becoming rich is really pure, not he who is purified by water.—Manu.

The ideal social state is not that in which each gets an equal amount of wealth, but in which each gets in proportion to his contribution to the general stock.—Henry George.

Who hath not heard the rich complain
Of surfeits, and corporeal pain?
He barr'd from every use of wealth,
Envies the ploughman's strength and health. —Gay.

I have mental joys and mental health,
Mental friends and mental wealth,
I've a wife that I love and that loves me;
I've all but riches bodily.
—Wm. Blake.

Poverty breeds wealth; and wealth in its turn breeds poverty. The earth, to form the mould, is taken out of the ditch; and whatever may be the height of the one will be the depth of the other.—J. C. and A. W. Hare.

There are, while human miseries abound,
A thousand ways to waste superfluous wealth,
Without one fool or flatterer at your board,
Without one hour of sickness or disgust.
—Armstrong.

Wealth in the gross is death, but life diffus'd;
As poison heals, in just proportion us'd;
In heaps, like ambergrise, a stink it lies,
But well dispers'd, is incense to the skies.
—Pope.

There is a burden of care in getting riches, fear in keeping them, temptation in using them, guilt in abusing them, sorrow in losing them, and a burden of account at last to be given up concerning them.—Matthew Henry.

What a man does with his wealth depends upon his idea of happiness. Those who draw prizes in life are apt to spend tastelessly, if not viciously; not knowing that it requires as much talent to spend as to make.—Whipple.

Gross and vulgar minds will always pay a higher respect to wealth than to talent; for wealth, although it be a far less efficient source of power than talent, happens to be far more intelligible.—Colton.

What makes all doctrines plain and clear?
About two hundred pounds a year,
And that which was prov'd true before,
Prove false again? two hundred more.
—Butler.

Many men want wealth,—not a competence alone, but a five-story competence. Everything subserves this; and religion they would like as a sort of lightning-rod to their houses, to ward off by and by the bolts of Divine wrath.—Beecher.

Leisure and solitude are the best effect of riches, because mother of thought. Both are avoided by most rich men, who seek company and business, which are signs of being weary of themselves.—Sir W. Temple.

What real good does an addition to a fortune, already sufficient, procure? Not any. Could the great man, by having his fortune increased, increase also his appetites, then precedence might be attended with real amusement.—Goldsmith.

Worldly wealth is the Devil's bait; and those whose minds feed upon riches recede, in general, from real happiness, in proportion as their stores increase; as the moon, when she is fullest, is farthest from the sun. —Burton.

Money, thou bane of bliss, and source of woe,
Whence com'st thou, that thou art so fresh and fine?
I know thy parentage is base and low:
Man found thee poor and dirty in a mine.
—Herbert.

The rich man's son inherits cares;
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares,
And soft, white hands could hardly earn
A living that would serve his turn.
—Lowell.

Let us not envy some men their accumulated riches; their burden would be too heavy for us; we could not sacrifice, as they do, health, quiet, honor, and conscience, to obtain them: it is to pay so dear for them that the bar gain is a loss.—Bruyère.

What does competency in the long run mean? It means to all reasonable beings, cleanliness of person, decency of dress, courtesy of manners, opportunities for education, the delights of leisure, and the bliss of giving.—Whipple.

That I might live alone once with my gold!
Oh 't is a sweet companion! kind and true!
A man may trust it, when his father cheats him,
Brother, or friend, or wife. O wondrous pelf,
That which makes all men false, is true itself.
—Jonson.

If wealth come, beware of him, the smooth, false friend! There is treachery in his proffered hand; his tongue is eloquent to tempt; lust of many harms is lurking in his eye; he hath a hollow heart; use him cautiously.—Tupper.

Poor worms, they hiss at me, whilst I at home
Can be contented to applaud myself, * * * with joy
To see how plump my bags are and my barns.
—Ben Jonson.

Since all the riches of this world
May be gifts from the devil and earthly kings,
I should suspect that I worshipped the devil
If I thanked my God for worldly things.
—Wm. Blake.

What money creates, money preserves: if thy wealth decays, thy honor dies; it is but a slippery happiness which fortunes can give, and frowns can take; and not worth the owning which a night's fire can melt, or a rough sea can drown.—Quarles.

Wealth is not acquired, as many persons suppose, by fortunate speculations and splendid enterprises, but by the daily practice of industry, frugality, and economy. He who relies upon these means will rarely be found destitute, and he who relies upon any

other will generally become bankrupt. —Wayland.

We know that wealth well understood,
Hath frequent power of doing good;
Then fancy that the thing is done,
As if the power and will were one;
Thus oft the cheated crowd adore
The thriving knaves that keep them poor.
—Gay.

These grains of gold are not grains of wheat!
These bars of silver thou canst not eat;
These jewels and pearls and precious stones
Cannot cure the aches in thy bones,
Nor keep the feet of death one hour
From climbing the stairways of thy tower.
—Longfellow.

An accession of wealth is a dangerous predicament for a man. At first he is stunned, if the accession be sudden; he is very humble and very grateful. Then he begins to speak a little louder; people think him more sensible, and soon he thinks himself so.—Cecil.

And to hie him home, at evening's close,
To sweet repast, and calm repose.
* * * * * * *
From toil he wins his spirits light,
From busy day the peaceful night;
Rich, from the very want of wealth,
In heaven's best treasures, peace and health.
—Gray.

Men pursue riches under the idea that their possession will set them at ease, and above the world. But the law of association often makes those who begin by loving gold as a servant finish by becoming themselves its slaves; and independence without wealth is at least as common as wealth without independence.—Colton.

Wealth brings noble opportunities, and competence is a proper object of pursuit; but wealth, and even competence, may be bought at too high a price. Wealth itself has no moral attribute. It is not money, but the love of money, which is the root of all evil. It is the relation between wealth and the mind and the character of its possessor which is the essential thing.—Hillard.

Whosoever shall look heedfully upon those who are eminent for their riches will not think their condition such as that he should hazard his quiet, and much less his virtue, to obtain it, for all that great wealth generally gives above a moderate fortune is more room for the freaks of caprice, and more privilege for ignorance and vice, a quicker succession of flatteries, and a larger circle of voluptuousness.—Johnson.

To purchase Heaven has gold the power?
Can gold remove the mortal hour?
In life can love be bought with gold?
Are friendship's pleasures to be sold?
No—all that's worth a wish—a thought,
Fair virtue gives unbribed, unbought.
Cease then on trash thy hopes to bind,
Let nobler views engage thy mind.
—Dr. Johnson.

Perhaps he hath great projects in his mind,
To build a college, or to found a race,
An hospital, a church—and leave behind
Some dome surmounted by his meagre face,
Perhaps he fain would liberate mankind
Even with the very ore which makes them base;
Perhaps he would be wealthiest of his nation,
Or revel in the joys of calculation.
—Byron.

See what money can do: that can change
Men's manners; alter their conditions!
How tempestuous the slaves are without it!
O thou powerful metal! what authority
Is in thee! thou art the key to all men's
Mouths: with thee, a man may lock up the jaws
Of an informer; and without thee, he
Cannot open the lips of a lawyer.
—Richard Brome.

Why dost thou heap up wealth, which thou must quit,
Or what is worse, be left by it?
Why dost thou load thyself when thou 'rt to fly,
Oh, man! ordain'd to die?
Why dost thou build up stately rooms on high,
Thou who art under ground to lie?
Thou sow'st and plantest, but no fruit must see,
For death, alas! is reaping thee.
—Cowley.

When the desire of wealth is taking hold of the heart, let us look round and see how it operates upon those whose industry or fortune has obtained it. When we find them oppressed with their own abundance, luxurious with-

out pleasure, idle without ease, impatient and querulous in themselves, and despised or hated by the rest of mankind, we shall soon be convinced that if the real wants of our condition are satisfied, there remains little to be sought with solicitude or desired with eagerness.—Dr. Johnson.

Weariness

After all there is a weariness that cannot be prevented. It will come on. The work brings it on. The cross brings it on. Sometimes the very walk with God brings it on, for the flesh is weak; and at such moments we hear softer and sweeter than it ever floated in the wondrous air of Mendelssohn, "O rest in the Lord," for it has the sound of an immortal requiem: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors."—James Hamilton.

Weather

We consider it tedious to talk of the weather, and yet there is nothing more important.—Auerbach.

Wedlock (See Marriage)

Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine.—Shakespeare.

Wedlock joins nothing, if it joins not hearts.—Sheridan Knowles.

A world-without-end bargain.—Shakespeare.

The band of conjugal love is adamantine.—Robert Burton.

Marriage with peace is the world's paradise.—St. Augustine.

Marriage is not, like the hill of Olympus, wholly clear, without clouds.—Thomas Fuller.

Hail, wedded love, mysterious law, true source of human offspring!—Milton.

Body and soul like peevish man and wife, united jar, and yet are loath to part.—Young.

Humble wedlock is far better than proud virginity.—St. Augustine.

No navigator has yet traced lines of latitude and longitude on the conjugal sea.—Balzac.

As soon as a woman becomes ours, we are no longer theirs.—Montaigne.

A husband is a plaster that cures all the ills of girlhood.—Molière.

The very difference of character in marriage produces a harmonious combination.—Washington Irving.

A man finds himself seven years older the day after his marriage.—Bacon.

If she be not honest, chaste, and true, there's no man happy.—Shakespeare.

There is a French saying: "Love is the dawn of marriage, and marriage is the sunset of love."—De Finod.

We must be careful that the bond of wedlock does not become bondage.—Mrs. Jameson.

The bitterest satires and noblest eulogies on married life have come from poets.—Whipple.

Conjugal love is the metempsychosis of woman.—Mme. de Salm.

Since all the maids are good and lovable, from whence come the evil wives?—Lamb.

It is a mistake to consider marriage merely a scheme of happiness; it is also a bond of service.—Chapin.

It destroys one's nerves to be amiable every day to the same human being.—Beaconsfield.

Mutual complacency is the atmosphere of conjugal love.—Dr. Johnson.

For any man to match above his rank is but to sell his liberty.—Massinger.

There are few husbands whom the wife cannot win in the long run, by

patience and love.—Marguerite de Valois.

When a man and woman are married, their romance ceases and their history commences.—Rochebrune.

I believe it will be found that those who marry late are best pleased with their children; and those who marry early, with their partners.—Dr. Johnson.

The treasures of the deep are not so precious as are the concealed comforts of a man locked up in woman's love.—Middleton.

To all married men be this caution, which they should duly tender as their life: Neither to doat too much, nor doubt a wife.—Massinger.

The happiness of married life depends upon the power of making small sacrifices with readiness and cheerfulness.—Selden.

The character of a woman rapidly develops after marriage, and sometimes seems to change, when in fact it is only complete.—Beaconsfield.

If you will learn the seriousness of life, and its beauty also, live for your husband; make him happy.—Fredrika Bremer.

A happy marriage is a new beginning of life, a new starting-point for happiness and usefulness.—Dean Stanley.

They that marry ancient people merely in expectation to bury them, hang themselves in hopes that some one will come and cut the halter.—Thomas Fuller.

It was in his own home that Fielding knew and loved her (Amelia); from his own wife that he drew the most charming character in English fiction.—Thackeray.

To protect ourselves against the storms of passion, marriage with a good woman is a harbor in the tempest; but with a bad woman it is a tempest in the harbor.—J. Petit-Senn.

The land of marriage has this peculiarity: that strangers are desirous of inhabiting it, while its natural inhabitants would willingly be banished from thence.—Montaigne.

However old a conjugal union, it still garners some sweetness. Winter has some cloudless days, and under the snow some flowers still bloom.—Mme. de Staël.

The early months of marriage often are times of critical tumult,—whether that of a shrimp pool or of deeper water,—which afterwards subside into cheerful peace.—George Eliot.

Husband and wife,—so much in common, how different in type! Such a contrast, and yet such harmony, strength and weakness blended together!—Ruffini.

Men who marry wives very much superior to themselves are not so truly husbands to their wives as they are unawares made slaves to their position.—Plutarch.

Socrates, who is by all accounts the undoubted head of the sect of the hen-pecked, owed, and acknowledged that he owed, a great part of his virtue to the exercise his useful wife constantly gave him.—Steele.

Rarest of all things on earth is the union in which both, by their contrasts, make harmonious their blending; each supplying the defects of the helpmate, and completing, by fusion, one strong human soul.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Husband and wife have so many interests in common that when they have jogged through the ups and downs of life a sufficient time, the leash which at first galled often grows easy and familiar.—Bulwer-Lytton.

She is not a brilliant woman; she is not even an intellectual one; but there is such a thing as a genius for affec-

tion, and she has it. It has been good for her husband that he married her. —Helen Hunt.

He said—and his observation was just—that a man on whom heaven hath bestowed a beautiful wife should be as cautious of the men he brings home to his house as careful of observing the female friends with whom his spouse converses abroad.—Cervantes.

If a superior woman marry a vulgar or inferior man, he makes her miserable, but seldom governs her mind or vulgarizes her nature; and if there be love on his side, the chances are that in the end she will elevate and refine him.—Mrs. Jameson.

No unity can last, in married life, unless the fellowship of hearts is accompanied by the fellowship of minds As a woman loses the charms of her youth, her husband must perceive that her mind is developing, and love must be perpetuated by esteem.—Dupanloup.

If the man be really the weaker vessel, and the rule is necessarily in the wife's hands, how is it then to be? To tell the truth, I believe that the really loving, good wife never finds it out. She keeps the glamor of love and loyalty between herself and her husband, and so infuses herself into him that the weakness never becomes apparent either to her or to him or to most lookers-on.—Charlotte M. Yonge.

Weeds

To win the secret of a weed's plain heart.—Lowell.

Call us not weeds, we are flowers of the sea.—E. L. Aveline.

The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die,
But if that flower with base infection meet.
The basest weed outbraves his dignity;
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds. —Shakespeare.

I will go root away
The noisome weeds which without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.
—Shakespeare.

Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;
Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the garden,
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry. —Shakespeare.

In the deep shadow of the porch
A slender bind-weed springs,
And climbs, like airy acrobat,
The trellises, and swings
And dances in the golden sun
In fairy loops and rings.
—Susan Coolidge.

Weeping

We weep and laugh, as we see others do.—Roscommon.

Love, Gratitude, and Pity wept at once.—Thomson.

And weep the more because I weep in vain.—Gray.

There is a certain pleasure in weeping; grief finds in tears both a satisfaction and a cure.—Ovid.

What remains when hope is fled? She answered, "Endless weeping."—Rogers.

Every woman is in the wrong until she cries, and then she is in the right instantly.—Haliburton.

For one drop calls another down, till we are drowned in seas of grief.—Dr. Watts.

There is something so moving in the very image of weeping beauty.—Steele.

This heart shall break into a hundred thousand flaws or ere I'll weep. —Shakespeare.

The tear down childhood's cheek that flows is like the dew-drop on the rose.—Sir Walter Scott.

Trust not a woman when she weeps, for it is her nature to weep when she wants her will.—Socrates.

In silence weep, and thy convulsive sorrow inward keep.—Prior.

Larded all with sweet flowers, which bewept to the grave did go, with true-love showers.—Shakespeare.

The April's in her eyes; it is love's spring, and these the showers to bring it on.—Shakespeare.

My tears are buried in my heart, like cave-locked fountains sleeping.—L. E. Landon.

Weeping is not alone woman's weapon, but also a specific for transient sorrows.—Mme. Dufresnoy.

I so lively acted with my tears that my poor mistress, moved therewithal, wept bitterly.—Shakespeare.

When from soft love proceeds the deep distress, ah! why forbid the willing tears to flow?—Cowper.

Were both the golden Indies mine, I'd give both Indies for a tear.—Dr. Watts.

Weep not for him that dieth; for he sleeps, and is at rest.—Mrs. Norton.

Then let these useless streams be stayed; wear native courage in your face.—Dr. Watts.

She was a good deal shocked,—not shocked at tears, for women shed and use them at their liking.—Byron.

What women would do if they could not cry, nobody knows. What poor, defenceless creatures they would be! —Douglas Jerrold.

Do not weep, my dear lady! Your tears are too precious to shed for me; bottle them up, and may the cork never be drawn.—Sterne.

Welcome

Welcome as happy tidings after fears.—Otway.

Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast.—Shakespeare.

Stay is a charming word in a friend's vocabulary.—A. Bronson Alcott.

To say you are welcome were superfluous.—Shakespeare.

Trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence yet I pick'd a welcome.
—Shakespeare.

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings!—Bible.

His worth is warrant for his welcome.—Shakespeare.

Welcome as kindly showers to long-parched earth.—Dryden.

Welcome, my old friend,
Welcome to a foreign fireside.
—Longfellow.

I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome dear.—Shakespeare.

The appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony.—Shakespeare.

A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish. —Shakespeare.

The atmosphere breathes rest and comfort, and the many chambers seem full of welcome.—Longfellow.

And kind the voice and glad the eyes
That welcome my return at night.
—William Cullen Bryant.

A hundred thousand welcomes: I could weep,
And I could laugh; I am light and heavy: Welcome. —Shakespeare.

Welcome ever smiles,
And Farewell goes out sighing.
—Shakespeare.

I am glad to see you well;
Horatio,—or I do forget myself.
—Shakespeare.

'Tis sweet to hear the watchdog's honest bark bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home.—Byron.

I reckon this always,—that a man is never undone till he be hanged; nor never welcome to a place till some

certain shot be paid and the hostess say, Welcome.—Shakespeare.

Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.
—Shakespeare.

Bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly.
—Shakespeare.

I hope, as no unwelcome guest,
At your warm fireside, when the lamps are lighted,
To have my place reserved among the rest,
Nor stand as one unsought and uninvited!
—Longfellow.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
They will not keep you standing at that door. —Christina G. Rossetti.

Come in the evening, or come in the morning,
Come when you're looked for, or come without warning,
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you. —Thomas O. Davis.

A general welcome from his grace
Salutes ye all: This night he dedicates
To fair content, and you: none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad: he would have all as merry
As first-good company, good wine, good welcome
Can make good people. —Shakespeare.

Well-doing

Let no man be sorry he has done good, because others concerned with him have done evil! If a man has acted right, he has done well, though alone; if wrong, the sanction of all mankind will not justify him.—Fielding.

The Hebrews have a saying that God is more delighted in adverbs than in nouns; it is not so much the matter that is done, but the matter how it is done, that God minds. Not how much, but how well! It is the well-doing that meets with a well-done. Let us therefore serve God, not nominally or verbally, but adverbially.—R. Venning.

Whip-poor-will

The moan of the whip-poor-will from the hillside; the boding cry of the tree-toad, that harbinger of storm; the dreary hooting of the screechowl. —Irving.

Where deep and misty shadows float
In forest's depths is heard thy note.
Like a lost spirit, earthbound still,
Art thou, mysterious whip-poor-will.
—Marie Le Baron.

But the whip-poor-will walls on the moor,
And day has deserted the west:
The moon glimmers down thro' the vines at my door
And the robin has flown to her nest.
—James G. Clarke.

Wickedness

Oh, how cowardly is wickedness always!—Statius.

Peace and wickedness are far asunder.—Stillingfleet.

The world loves a spice of wickedness.—Longfellow.

For never, never wicked man was wise.—Pope.

Wickedness may prosper for a while.—L'Estrange.

No wickedness has any ground of reason.—Livy.

The majority is wicked.—Bias.

Do not be deceived; happiness and enjoyment do not lie in wicked ways. —Dr. Watts.

Wickedness is a kind of voluntary frenzy, and a chosen distraction.—Tillotson.

The happiness of the wicked passes away like a torrent.—Racine.

I never wonder to see men wicked, but I often wonder to see them not ashamed.—Swift.

Few are so wicked as to take delight in crimes unprofitable.—Dryden.

What rein can hold licentious wickedness, when down the hill he holds his fierce career?—Shakespeare.

The wickedness of the few makes the calamity of the many.—Publius Syrus.

There's a method in man's wickedness; it grows up by degrees.—Beaumont and Fletcher.

It is no sin to be tempted; the wickedness lies in being overcome.—Balzac.

'Cause I'se wicked,—I is. I's mighty wicked, anyhow, I can't help it.—Harriet Beecher Stowe.

They that plough iniquity and sow wickedness reap the same.—Bible.

Destroy his fib, or sophistry—in vain!
The creature's at his dirty work again.
—Pope.

Was ever any wicked man free from the stings of a guilty conscience?—Tillotson.

Are you call'd forth from out a world of men,
To slay the innocent? —Shakespeare.

Mental stains cannot be removed by time, nor washed away by any waters.—Cicero.

The disposition to do a bad deed is the most terrible punishment of the deed it does.—Charles Mildway.

To see and listen to the wicked is already the beginning of wickedness. —Confucius.

Wickedness resides in the very hesitation about an act, even though it be not perpetrated.—Cicero.

Great God, have pity on the wicked, for thou didst everything for the good, when thou madest them good!—Saadi.

We can never be grieved for their miseries who are thoroughly wicked, and have thereby justly called their calamities on themselves.—Dryden.

It is a statistical fact that the wicked work harder to reach hell than the righteous do to enter heaven.—H. W. Shaw.

Hint at the existence of wickedness in a light, easy, and agreeable manner, so that nobody's fine feelings may be offended.—Thackeray.

The sure way to wickedness is always through wickedness.—Seneca.

If the wicked flourish, and thou suffer, be not discouraged; they are fatted for destruction, thou are dieted for health.—Fuller.

Wickedness is a wonderfully diligent architect of misery, of shame, accompanied with terror, and commotion, and remorse, and endless perturbation.—Plutarch.

Doubtless the world is wicked enough; but it will not be improved by the extension of a spirit which self-righteously sees more to reform outside of itself than in itself.—J. G. Holland.

Wickedness may well be compared to a bottomless pit, into which it is easier to keep one's self from falling, then, being fallen, to give one's self any stay from falling infinitely.—Sir P. Sidney.

There is no man suddenly either excellently good or extremely wicked; but grows so, either as he holds himself up in virtue, or lets himself slide to viciousness.—Sir P. Sidney.

God has sometimes converted wickedness into madness; and it is to the credit of human reason that men who are not in some degree mad are never capable of being in the highest degree wicked.—Burke.

Widow

A widow is like a frigate of which the first captain has been shipwrecked. —Alphonse Karr.

Widows, like ripe fruit, drop easily from their perch.—Bruyère.

Young widows still bide their time.
—H. W. Shaw.

Handsome widows, after a twelvemonth, enjoy a latitude and longitude without limit.—Balzac.

May widows wed as often as they can,
And ever for the better change their man;
And some devouring plague pursue their lives,
Who will not well be govern'd by their wives. —Dryden.

Why are those tears? why droops your head
Is then your other husband dead?
Or does a worse disgrace betide?
Hath no one since his death applied?
—Gay.

Thus, day by day, and month by month, we pass'd;
It pleas'd the Lord to take my spouse at last.
I tore my gown, I soil'd my locks with dust,
And beat my breasts—as wretched widows must:
Before my face my handkerchief I spread,
To hide the flood of tears I did—not shed.
—Pope.

The widow who has been bereft of her children may seem in after years no whit less placid, no whit less serenely gladsome; nay, more gladsome than the woman whose blessings are still round her. I am amazed to see how wounds heal.—Charles Buxton.

Wife

My dear, my better half.—Sir Philip Sidney.

How much the wife is dearer than the bride!—Lord Lyttleton.

The light wife doth make a heavy husband.—Shakespeare.

Lord of yourself, uncumbered with a wife.—Dryden.

Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.—Shakespeare.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,
Wives may be merry, and yet honest too.
—Shakespeare.

Should all despair that have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind would hang themselves.—Shakespeare.

Thy wife is a constitution of virtues: she's the moon, and thou art the man in the moon.—Congreve.

He who would have fine guests, let him have a fine wife.—Dr. Johnson.

He knows little who will tell his wife all he knows.—Thomas Fuller.

All other goods by fortune's hand are given; a wife is the peculiar gift of heaven.—Pope.

As the husband is, the wife is; thou art mated with a clown.—Tennyson.

She is not made to be the admiration of everybody, but the happiness of one.—Burke.

A happy union with wife and child is like the music of lutes and harps.—Confucius.

A wise man in his house should find a wife gentle and courteous, or no wife at all.—Euripides.

She commandeth her husband, in any equal matter, by constant obeying him.—Fuller.

One can with dignity be wife and widow but once.—Joubert.

Of earth's goods, the best is a good wife; a bad, the bitterest curse of human life.—Simonides.

He knew whose gentle hand was on the latch, before the door had given her to his eyes.—Keats.

Think you, if Laura had been Petrarch's wife,
He would have written sonnets all his life.
—Byron.

The world well tried—the sweetest thing in life
Is the unclouded welcome of a wife.
—N. P. Willis.

Wives are young men's mistresses; companions for middle age; and old men's nurses.—Bacon.

I have known men of valor cowards to their wives.—Horace Walpole.

To no men are such cordial greetings given
As those whose wives have made them fit for heaven. —Byron.

But thou dost make the very night itself
Brighter than day. —Longfellow.

One word can charm all wrongs away,—
The sacred name of Wife.
—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self,
Thy wish, exactly to thy heart's desire.
—Milton.

The wife was pretty, trifling, childish, weak;
She could not think, but would not cease to speak. —Crabbe.

Her pleasures are in the happiness of her family.—Rousseau.

First get an absolute conquest over thyself, and then thou wilt easily govern thy wife.—Fuller.

Nothing flatters a man so much as the happiness of his wife; he is always proud of himself as the source of it.—Dr. Johnson.

To be man's tender mate was woman born, and in obeying nature she best serves the purpose of heaven.—Schiller.

In the election of a wife, as in
A project of war, to err but once is
To be undone forever.
—Thos. Middleton.

An intelligent wife can make her home, in spite of exigencies, pretty much what she pleases.—Thackeray.

Her gentle spirit commits itself to yours to be directed, as from her lord, her governor, her king.—Shakespeare.

A woman in a single state may be happy and may be miserable; but most happy, most miserable,—these are epithets belonging to a wife.—Coleridge.

O wretched is the dame, to whom the sound,
"Your lord will soon return," no pleasure brings. —Maturin.

Being asked why in some kingdoms the king is of age at fourteen, but cannot marry until eighteen, Molière replied: "Because it is more difficult to rule a wife than a kingdom."—J. A. Bent.

You know I met you,
Kist you, and prest you close within my arms,
With all the tenderness of wifely love.
—Dryden.

For nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to study household good,
And good works in her husband to promote.
—Milton.

The wife, where danger or dishonor lurks,
Safest and seemliest by her husband stays,
Who guards her, or with her the worst endures. —Milton.

Awake,
My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,
Heaven's last best gift, my ever new delight! —Milton.

What is there in the vale of life
Half so delightful as a wife;
When friendship, love and peace combine
To stamp the marriage-bond divine?
—Cowper.

She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonny wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.
—Burns.

And while the wicket falls behind
Her steps, I thought if I could find
A wife I need not blush to show
I've little further now to go.
—William Barnes.

She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
Or, if she rules him, never shews she rules;
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humour most when she obeys.
—Pope.

The man to Jove his suit preferr'd;
He begg'd a wife; his prayer was heard.
Jove wonder'd at his bold addressing:
For how precarious is the blessing!
—Gay.

Oh! 'tis a precious thing, when wives are dead,
To find such numbers who will serve instead;
And in whatever state a man be thrown,
'Tis that precisely they would wish their own. —Crabbe.

You are my true and honorable wife, as dear to me as the ruddy

drops that visit my sad heart.—Shakespeare.

A wife, domestic, good, and pure,
Like snail, should keep within her door;
But not, like snail, with silver track,
Place all her wealth upon her back.
—W. W. How.

I grant I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman that lord Brutus took to wife;
I grant I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman well reputed; Cato's daughter.
Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd and so husbanded?
—Shakespeare.

Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life!
The evening beam that smiles the clouds away
And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray!
—Byron.

She is mine own;
And I as rich in having such a jewel,
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
—Shakespeare.

I crave fit disposition for my wife;
Due reference of place, and exhibition;
With such accommodation, and besort,
As levels with her breeding.
—Shakespeare.

As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another:
The third o' the world is yours; which with a snaffle,
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.
—Shakespeare.

Alas! he has banish'd me his bed already;
His love, too long ago: I am old, my lords,
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me, above this wretchedness?
—Shakespeare.

Fye! fye! unknit that threat'ning unkind brow;
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds;
And in no sense is meet, or amiable.
—Shakespeare.

I am asham'd, that women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
—Shakespeare.

Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all is, that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed.
—Shakespeare.

Would it not grieve a woman to be over-mastered by a piece of valiant dust? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marle?—Shakespeare.

What? I! I love! I sue! I seek a wife!
A woman that is like a German clock,
Still a repairing, ever out of frame,
And never going aright; being a watch,
But being watch'd that it may still go right!
—Shakespeare.

Give me, next good, an understanding wife,
By nature wise, not learned by much art;
Some knowledge on her side will all my life
More scope of conversation then impart;
Besides her inborn virtue fortify;
They are most good who best know why.
—Sir Thomas Overbury.

Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband:
And, when she 's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?
—Shakespeare.

Horses (thou say'st) and asses men may try,
And ring suspected vessels ere they buy;
But wives, a random choice, untried they take;
They dream in courtship, but in wedlock wake;
Then, nor till then, the veil's removed away,
And all the woman glares in open day.
—Pope.

This specter of the female politician, who abandons her family to neglect for the sake of passing bills in parliament, is just as complete an illusion of the masculine brain, as the other specter whom Sydney Smith laid by a joke,—the woman who would forsake an infant for a quadratic equation.—Frances Power Cobbe.

The good wife is none of our dainty dames, who love to appear in a variety of suits every day new; as if a good gown, like a stratagem in war, were to be used but once. But our good

wife sets up a sail according to the keel of her husband's estate; and if of high parentage, she doth not so remember what she was by birth, that she forgets what she is by match.—Fuller.

Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance; commits his body
To painful labour, both by sea and land;
While thou ly'st warm at home, secure and safe,
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;—
Too little payment for so great a debt.
—Shakespeare.

Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising by mental force to be the comforter and supporter of her husband under misfortune, and abiding with unshrinking firmness the bitterest blast of adversity.—Washington Irving.

A good wife is heaven's last, best gift to man,—his gem of many virtues, his casket of jewels; her voice is sweet music, her smiles his brightest day, her kiss the guardian of his innocence, her arms the pale of his safety, her industry his surest wealth, her economy his safest steward, her lips his faithful counselors, her bosom the softest pillow of his care.—Jeremy Taylor.

What so pure, which envious tongues will spare?
Some wicked wits have libell'd all the fair,
With matchless impudence they style a wife,
The dear-bought curse, and lawful plague of life;
A bosom serpent, a domestic evil,
A night invasion, and a mid-day devil;
Let not the wise these sland'rous words regard,
But curse the bones of ev'ry living bard.
—Pope.

O woman! thou knowest the hour when the good man of the house will return, when the heat and burden of the day are past; do not let him at such time, when he is weary with toil and jaded with discouragement, find upon his coming to his habitation that the foot which should hasten to meet him is wandering at a distance, that the soft hand which should wipe the sweat from his brow is knocking at the door of other houses.—Washington Irving.

Sail forth into the sea of life,
O gentle, loving, trusting wife,
And safe from all adversity
Upon the bosom of that sea
Thy comings and thy goings be!
For gentleness and love and trust
Prevail o'er angry wave and gust;
And in the wreck of noble lives
Something immortal still survives.
—Longfellow.

Light household duties, ever more inwrought
With placid fancies of one trusting heart
That lives but in her smile, and turns
From life's cold seeming and the busy mart,
With tenderness, that heavenward ever yearns
To be refreshed where one pure altar burns.
Shut out from hence the mockery of life;
Thus liveth she content, the meek, fond, trusting wife.
—Elizabeth Oakes Smith.

A love still burning upward, giving light
To read those laws, an accent very low
In blandishment, but a most silver flow
Of subtle-paced counsel in distress,
Right to the heart and brain, tho' undescried,
Winning its way with extreme gentleness
Thro' all the outworks of suspicious pride;
A courage to endure and to obey:
A hate of gossip parlance and of sway,
Crown'd Isabel, thro' all her placid life,
The queen of marriage, a most perfect wife.
—Tennyson.

The death of a man's wife is like cutting down an ancient oak that has long shaded the family mansion. Henceforth the glare of the world, with its cares and vicissitudes, falls upon the old widower's heart, and there is nothing to break their force, or shield him from the full weight of misfortune. It is as if his right hand were withered; as if one wing of his angel was broken, and every movement that he made brought him to the ground.—Lamartine.

Wilfulness

The star of the unconquered will.—Longfellow.

To wilful men the injuries that they themselves procure must be their schoolmasters.—Shakespeare.

Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end.
—Shakespeare.

Self-will is so ardent and active that it will break a world to pieces to make a stool to sit upon.—Cecil.

Will

Our wills are ours to make them Thine.—Tennyson.

The star of the unconquered will. —Longfellow.

There is nothing good or evil save in the will.—Epictetus.

Our wills are ours, we know not how.—Tennyson.

Will is not unfrequently weakness. —George MacDonald.

He would make his will lord of his reason.—Shakespeare.

People do not lack strength; they lack will.—Victor Hugo.

He wants wit that wants resolved will.—Shakespeare.

Will is deaf, and hears no heedful friends.—Shakespeare.

No one is a slave whose will is free.—Tyrius Maximus.

A boy's will is the wind's will.—Longfellow.

All life needs for life is possible to will.—Tennyson.

The will of man is by his reason sway'd.—Shakespeare.

How does our will become sanctified? By conforming itself unreservedly to that of God.—Fénelon.

He who is firm in will moulds the world to himself.—Goethe.

Everything in this world depends upon will.—Earl of Beaconsfield.

A tender heart, a will inflexible.—Longfellow.

Want of will causes paralysis of every faculty. In spiritual things man is utterly unable because resolvedly unwilling.—C. H. Spurgeon.

That what he will he does, and does so much
That proof is call'd impossibility.
—Shakespeare.

And binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will. —Pope.

To deny the freedom of the will is to make morality impossible.—Froude.

The only way of setting the will free is to deliver it from wilfulness. —J. C. and A. W. Hare.

It is the will that makes the action good or ill.—Herrick.

In idle wishes fools supinely stay; be there a will, and wisdom finds a way.—Crabbe.

A willing heart adds feather to the heel, and makes the clown a winged Mercury.—Joanna Baillie.

That ye may prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God.—Bible.

The readinesse of doing doth expresse
No other but the doer's willingnesse.
—Herrick.

No action will be considered as blameless unless the will was so; for by the will the act was dictated.—Seneca.

The saddest failures in life are those that come from the not putting forth of power and will to succeed.—Whipple.

Lawless are they that make their wills their law.—Rochefoucauld.

Leaning on Him, make with reverent meekness His own thy will.—Whittier.

The general of a large army may be defeated, but you cannot defeat the determined will of a peasant.—Confucius.

The despotism of will in ideas is styled plan, project, character, obstinacy; its despotism in desires is called passion.—Rivarol.

My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores.
Of will and judgment. —Shakespeare.

We sought therefore to amend our will, and not to suffer it through despite to languish long time in error. —Seneca.

There may be some tenderness in the conscience and yet the will be a very stone; and as long as the will stands out, there is no broken heart. —Richard Alleine.

"My will, not Thine, be done," turned paradise into a desert. "Thy will, not mine be done," turned the desert into paradise, and made Gethsemane the gate of heaven.—Pressensè.

We are too fond of our own will; we want to be doing what we fancy mighty things: but the great point is to do small things, when called to them, in a right spirit.—Cecil.

Whatever the will commands, the whole man must do; the empire of the will over all the faculties being absolutely overruling and despotic.—South.

In the moral world there is nothing impossible if we can bring a thorough will to it. Man can do everything with himself, but he must not attempt to do too much with others.—Wilhelm von Humboldt.

God takes men's hearty desires and will, instead of the deed, where they have not power to fulfill it; but he never took the bare deed instead of the will.—Richard Baxter.

There is nothing more precious to a man than his will; there is nothing which he relinquishes with so much reluctance.—J. G. Holland.

He that complies against his will,
Is of his own opinion still,
Which he may adhere to, yet disown,
For reasons to himself best known.
—Butler.

Study to follow His will in all, to have no will but His. This is thy duty and thy wisdom. Nothing is gained by spurning and struggling, but to hurt and vex thyself; but by complying all is gained,—sweet peace.—Leighton.

To those who are His all things are not only easy to be borne, but even to be gladly chosen. Their will is united to that will which moves heaven and earth, which gives laws to angels, and rules the courses of the world.—Archbishop Manning.

A good inclination is but the first rude draught of virtue; but the finishing strokes are from the will, which, if well disposed, will by degrees perfect; if ill-disposed, will by the superinduction of ill habits quickly deface it.—South.

Calmness of will is a sign of grandeur. The vulgar, far from hiding their will, blab their wishes. A single spark of occasion discharges the child of passions into a thousand crackers of desire.—Lavater.

God made thee perfect, not immutable;
And good he made thee, but to persevere
He left it in thy pow'r; ordained thy will
By nature free, not over-rul'd by fate
Inextricable, or strict necessity.
—Milton.

If the will, which is the law of our nature, were withdrawn from our memory, fancy, understanding, and reason, no other hell could equal, for a spiritual being, what we should then feel from the anarchy of our powers. It would be conscious madness,—a horrid thought!—Milton.

Do not let the loud utterances of your own wills anticipate, nor drown, the still, small voice in which God speaks. Bridle impatience till He does. If you cannot hear His whisper, wait till you do. Take care of running before you are sent. Keep your wills in equipoise till God's hand gives the impulse and direction.—Alexander Maclaren.

There dwelt in him a mighty will, which merely said to the serving company of impulses: Let it be! Such a will is not stoicism, which rules merely over internal malefactors, or knaves, or prisoners of war, or children; but it is that genially energetic spirit which conditions and binds the healthy savages of our bosoms, and which says more royally than the Spanish regent to others: I, the king. —Richter.

Willow

The willow hangs with sheltering grace
And benediction o'er their sod,
And Nature, hushed, assures the soul
They rest in God.
—Crammond Kennedy.

Willow, in thy breezy moan,
I can hear a deeper tone;
Through thy leaves come whispering low,
Faint sweet sounds of long ago—
Willow, sighing willow!
—Mrs. Hemans.

Know ye the willow-tree,
Whose grey leaves quiver,
Whispering gloomily
To yon pale river?
Lady, at even-tide
Wander not near it:
They say its branches hide
A sad, lost spirit! —Thackeray.

Tree of the gloom, o'erhanging the tomb,
Thou seem'st to love the churchyard sod;
Thou ever art found on the charnel ground,
Where the laughing and happy have rarely trod.
When thy branches trail to the wintry gale,
Thy wailing is sad to the hearts of men;
When the world is bright in a summer's light,
'Tis only the wretched that love thee then.
The golden moth and the shining bee
Will seldom rest on the Willow-tree.
—Eliza Cook.

Wills

What thou givest after thy death, remember that thou givest it to a stranger, and most times to an enemy; for he that shall marry thy wife will despise thee, thy memory, and thine, and shall possess the quiet of thy labors, the fruit which thou hast planted, enjoy thy love, and spend with joy and ease what thou hast spared and gotten with care and travail.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

What you leave at your death, let it be without controversy, else the lawyers will be your heirs.—F. Osborn.

Wind

Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.—Shakespeare.

While rocking winds are piping loud.—Milton.

How silent are the winds!—Barry Cornwall.

There is strange music in the stirring wind!—Rev. Wm. L. Bowles.

Is 't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?—Shakespeare.

The winds are out of breath.—Dryden.

Is not thy home among the flowers? —William Cullen Bryant.

The hushed winds their Sabbath keep.—William Cullen Bryant.

The wind, a sightless laborer, whistles at his task.—Wordsworth.

The wind moans, like a long wail from some despairing soul shut out in the awful storm!—W. H. Gibson.

What wind blew you hither, Pistol?
Not the ill wind which blows no man to good. —Shakespeare.

The winds with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kisst.
—Milton.

The wind breathes not, and the wave
Walks softly as above a grave.
—Bailey.

Seas are the fields of combat for the winds; but when they sweep along

some flowery coast, their wings move mildly, and their rage is lost.—Dryden.

The sobbing wind is fierce and strong; its cry is like a human wail. —Susan Coolidge.

Do not the bright June roses blow
To meet thy kiss at morning hours?
—William Cullen Bryant.

Full fast the leaves are dropping
Before that wandering breath.
—William Cullen Bryant.

Except wind stands as it never stood
It is an ill wind turns none to good.
—Thomas Tusser.

I hear the wind among the trees playing celestial symphonies.—Longfellow.

I hear the howl of the wind that brings
The long drear storm on its heavy wings.
—William Cullen Bryant.

O wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind? —Shelley.

And maketh the clouds his chariot, and walketh upon the wings of the wind.—Bible.

As winds come lightly whispering from the west,
Kissing, not ruffling the blue deep's serene.
—Byron.

The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate wooer,
Kisses the blushing leaf. —Longfellow.

The winds of winter wailing through the woods;
The mighty laughter of the vernal floods.
—Abraham Coles.

When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
—Milton.

Never does a wilder song
Steal the breezy lyre along,
When the wind in odors dying,
Wooes it with enamor'd sighing.
—Moore.

Take a straw and throw it up into the air, you may see by that which way the wind is.—John Selden.

A melancholy sound is in the air,
A deep sigh in the distance, a shrill wail
Around my dwelling. 'Tis the Wind of night. —William Cullen Bryant.

A gentle wind of western birth,
From some far summer sea,
Wakes daisies in the wintry earth.
—George MacDonald.

Madame, bear in mind
That princes govern all things—save the wind. —Victor Hugo.

Where hast thou wandered, gentle gale, to find
The perfumes thou dost bring?
—William Cullen Bryant.

Perhaps the wind
Wails so in winter for the summer's dead,
And all sad sounds are nature's funeral cries
For what has been and is not.
—George Eliot.

Chill airs and wintry winds! my ear
Has grown familiar with your song;
I hear it in the opening year,
I listen, and it cheers me long.
—Longfellow.

Through the gaunt woods the winds are shrilling cold,
Down from the rifted rock the sunbeam pours
Over the cold gray slopes, and stony moors.
—Frederick Tennyson.

We wait for thy coming, sweet wind of the south!
For the touch of thy light wings, the kiss of thy mouth;
For the yearly evangel thou bearest from God,
Resurrection and life to the graves of the sod! —Whittier.

Boughs are daily rifled
By the gusty thieves,
And the book of Nature
Getteth short of leaves.
—Hood.

The morning wind the mead hath kissed;
It leads in narrow lines
The shadows of the silver mist,
To pause among the pines. —Ruskin.

Thou wind!
Which art the unseen similitude of God
The Spirit, His most meet and mightiest sign. —Bailey.

A wailing, rushing sound, which shook the walls as though a giant's hand were on them; then a hoarse

roar, as if the sea had risen; then such a whirl and tumult, that the air seemed mad; and then, with a lengthened howl, the waves of wind swept on.—Dickens.

The winds that never moderation knew,
Afraid to blow too much, too faintly blew;
Or out of breath with joy, could not enlarge
Their straighten'd lungs or conscious of their charge. —Dryden.

A fresher Gale
Begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream,
Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn;
While the Quail clamors for his running mate. —Thomson.

The faint old man shall lean his silver head
To feel thee; thou shalt kiss the child asleep,
And dry the moistened curls that overspread
His temples, while his breathing grows more deep. —Bryant.

A breeze came wandering from the sky,
Light as the whispers of a dream;
He put the o'erhanging grasses by,
And softly stooped to kiss the stream,
The pretty stream, the flattered stream,
The shy, yet unreluctant stream.
—Bryant.

I dropped my pen; and listened to the wind
That sang of trees uptorn and vessels tost;
A midnight harmony and wholly lost
To the general sense of men by chains confined
Of business, care, or pleasure,—or resigned
To timely sleep.
—Wordsworth.

And the South Wind—he was dressed
With a ribbon round his breast
That floated, flapped, and fluttered
In a riotous unrest
And a drapery of mist
From the shoulder to the wrist
Floating backward with the motion
Of the waving hand he kissed.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

We must not think too unkindly even of the east wind. It is not, perhaps, a wind to be loved, even in its benignest moods; but there are seasons when I delight to feel its breath upon my cheek, though it be never advisable to throw open my bosom and take it into my heart, as I would its gentle sisters of the south and west.—Hawthorne.

Loud wind, strong wind, sweeping o'er the mountains,
Fresh wind, free wind, blowing from the sea,
Pour forth thy vials like streams from airy mountains,
Draughts of life to me.
—D. M. Mulock.

The bitter-sweet, the haunting air
Creepeth, bloweth everywhere;
It preys on all, all prey on it,
Blooms in beauty, thinks in wit,
Stings the strong with enterprise,
Makes travellers long for Indian skies.
—Emerson.

O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,
Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes.
—Shelley.

The wind, the wandering wind
Of the golden summer eves—
Whence is the thrilling magic
Of its tunes amongst the leaves?
Oh, is it from the waters,
Or from the long, tall grass?
Or is it from the hollow rocks
Through which its breathings pass?
—Mrs. Hemans.

Ye winds ye unseen currents of the air,
Softly ye played a few brief hours ago;
Ye bore the murmuring bee; ye tossed the air
O'er maiden cheeks, that took a fresher glow;
Ye rolled the round white cloud through depths of blue;
Ye shook from shaded flowers the lingering dew;
Before you the catalpa's blossoms flew,
Light blossoms, dropping on the grass like snow. —William Cullen Bryant.

The wind has a language, I would I could learn!
Sometimes 'tis soothing, and sometimes 'tis stern,
Sometimes it comes like a low sweet song,
And all things grow calm, as the sound floats along,
And the forest is lull'd by the dreamy strain,
And slumber sinks down on the wandering main,
And its crystal arms are folded in rest,
And the tall ship sleeps on its heaving breast. —L. E. Landon.

The wind is r'sing; it seizes and shakes
The doors and window-blinds, and makes
Mysterious moanings in the halls;
The convent-chimneys seem almost
The trumpets of some heavenly host,
Setting its watch upon our walls!
—Longfellow.

Wind of the sunny south! oh, still delay
In the gay woods and in the golden air,
Like to a good old age released from care,
Journeying, in long serenity, away.
In such a bright, late quiet, would that I
Might wear out life like thee, mid bowers and brooks,
And, dearer yet, the sunshine of kind looks,
And music of kind voices ever nigh;
And when my last sand twinkled in the glass,
Pass silently from men as thou dost pass.
—Bryant.

I loved the Wind.
Whether it kissed my hair and pallid brow;
Whether with sweets my sense it fed, as now;
Whether it blew across the scudding main;
Whether it shrieked above a stretch of plain;
Whether, on autumn days, in solemn woods,
And barren solitudes,
Along the waste it whirled the withered leaves;
Whether it hummed around my cottage eaves,
And shook the rattling doors,
And died with long-drawn sighs, on bleak and dreary moors;
Whether in winter, when its trump did blow
Through desolate gorges dirges of despair,
It drove the snow-flakes slantly down the air,
And piled the drifts of snow;
Or whether it breathed soft in vernal hours,
And filled the trees with sap, and filled the grass with flowers.
—R. H. Stoddard.

Wine

Good wine needs no bush.—Shakespeare.

There is a devil in every berry of the grape.—The Koran.

Wine has drowned more than the sea.—Publius Syrus.

Wine is a cunning wrestler.—Plautus.

Wine and youth are fire upon fire.—Fielding.

Wine is a turncoat; first a friend, and then an enemy.—Fielding.

Wine invents nothing; it only tattles.—Schiller.

O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil!—Shakespeare.

That is a treacherous friend against whom you must always be on your guard. Such a friend is wine.—Bovee.

Wine maketh the hand quivering, the eye watery, the night unquiet, lewd dreams, a stinking breath in the morning, and an utter forgetfulness of all things.—Pliny.

Taking our stand on the immovable rock of Christ's character we risk nothing in saying that the wine of miracle answered to the wine of nature, and was not intoxicating. No counter proof can equal the force of that drawn from His attributes. It is an indecency and a calumny to impute to Christ conduct which requires apology.—Abraham Coles.

So Noah, when he anchor'd safe on
The mountain's top, his lofty haven,
And all the passengers he bore
Were on the new world set ashore,
He made it next his chief design
To plant and propagate a vine,
Which since has overwhelmed and drown'd
Far greater numbers, on dry ground,
Of wretched mankind, one by one,
Than all the flood before had done.
—Butler.

Wine is an abomination.—Ptah Hotep.

Wine maketh a man act like an ass in a rich pasture.—Zahir Ad-din.

Drinking of wine maketh men to act like so many furies.—N. Morton.

The blood that is once inflamed with wine is apt to boil with rage.—Hall.

Wine makes a poor man rich in imagination, a rich man poor in reality.—Edward Parsons Day.

Wine intoxicates for a time, but the end is bitterness.—Lady Rachel Russell.

Wine, though it possesses good qualities, was forbidden by the prophet, because it attacked reason.—Hais-Bais.

This is the great fault in wine; it first trips up the feet, it is a cunning wrestler.—Plautus.

Wine often turns the good-natured man into an idiot, and the choleric into an assassin.—Addison.

When asked what kind of wine he liked to drink he replied, "That which belongs to another."—Diogenes Laërtius.

Wine and other luxuries have a tendency to enervate the mind and make men less brave in battle.—Cæsar.

Wine leads to folly, making even the wise to laugh immoderately, to dance, and to utter what had better have been kept silent.—Homer.

Wine takes away reason, engenders insanity, leads to thousands of crimes, and imposes such an enormous expense on nations.—Pliny.

The use of wine must inevitably be a stepping-stone to that of stronger drinks and to intemperance.—J. C. Holbrook, D.D.

In my interview with the king of the French, he stated expressly that the drunkenness of France was occasioned by wine.—Hon. E. C. Delavan.

Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright; at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.—Bible.

It (wine) produces most of the bad effects of ardent spirits, as misused in our country, and is perhaps more insidious.—Horatio Greenough, the sculptor, of Florence.

Of all things known to mortals wine is the most powerful and effectual for exciting and inflaming the passions of mankind, being common fuel to them all.—Lord Bacon.

The wine-shops breed, in physical atmosphere of malaria and a moral pestilence of envy and vengeance, the men of crime and revolution.—Charles Dickens.

There is never the body of a man, how strong and stout soever, if it be troubled and inflamed, but will take more harm and offense by wine being poured into it.—Plutarch.

Where there is a wine-shop, there are the elements of disease and the frightful source of all that is at enmity with the interests of the workmen.—Count De Montalembert.

Drinking of wine brings poverty, shame, quarrels; leads to calumnious talk, unchastity, murder, and the loss of freedom, of honor, of understanding.—Tosafot.

The sluices of the grog-shop are fed from the wine-glasses in the parlor, and there is a lineal descent from the gentleman who hiccoughs at his elegant dinner-table to the sot who makes a bed of the gutter.—E. H. Chapin, D.D.

From extensive acquaintance with many lands, I unhesitatingly affirm that everywhere God has provided pure water for man, and that the wines drunk are often miserable and dirty. I have found water everywhere that I have traveled,—in China and India, Palestine and Egypt,—and everywhere water has been my beverage.—Thomas Cook, the Tourist.

Thou shalt not drink wine of anything that will intoxicate.—Buddhist Commandment.

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.—Prov. 20: 1.

Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine and men of strength to mingle strong drink.—Isa. 5: 22.

All the crimes on earth do not destroy so much of the human race, nor alienate so much property as drunkenness.—Lord Bacon.

Far from me be the gift of Bacchus —pernicious, inflaming wine, that weakens both body and mind.—Homer of Greece, 900 B.C.

If it is a small sacrifice to discontinue the use of wine, do it for the sake of others; if it is a great sacrifice, do it for your own sake.—Rev. Samuel J. May.

Wine is like anger; for it makes us strong,
Blind and impatient; and it leads us wrong;
The strength is quickly lost; we feel the error long. —Crabbe.

I hold to the utter abandonment of the use as a beverage of distilled and fermented liquors of every sort, especially of wines, whether having much or little alcohol in them.—Eliphalet Nott, D.D.

Light wines—nothing so treacherous. They inflame the brain like fire while melting on the palate like ice. All inhabitants of light-wine countries are quarrelsome.—Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton.

The use of wine is quite superfluous to man. It is constantly followed by the expenditure of power. The drinker draws a bill on his health which must always be renewed.—Baron Liebig.

Wine-drinking is the mother of all mischief, the root of crimes, the spring of vices, the whirlwind of the brain, the overthrow of the sense, the tempest of the tongue, the ruin of the body, the shame of life, the stain of honesty, and the plague and corruption of the soul.—St. Augustine.

Wine heightens indifference into love, love into jealousy, and jealousy into madness. It often turns the good-natured man into an idiot, and the choleric into an assassin. It gives bitterness to resentment, it makes vanity insupportable, and displays every little spot of the soul in its utmost deformity.—Addison.

You often hear the remark that "there is no harm in a glass of wine per se." Per se means by itself. Certainly there is no harm in a glass of wine by itself. Place a glass of wine on a shelf and let it remain there, and it is per se, and will harm no one. But if you take it from the shelf and turn it inside a man, then it is no longer per se.—Geo. W. Bain.

Not only has Solomon, in his wisdom, pointed out the evils, which attend those who tarry long at the wine, but all the precepts and denunciators against drunkenness, all the details of the flagitious arts penetrated under its influence, which are recorded in the Bible, from Genesis to Revelation, are directed against the inordinate drinkers of wine.—Hodgkin.

Wine is the source of the greatest evils among communities. It causes diseases, quarrels, seditions, idleness, aversion to labor, and family disorders. . . . . It is a species of poison that causes madness. It does not make a man die, but it degrades him into a brute. Men may preserve their health and vigor without wine; with wine they run the risk of ruining their health and losing their morals.—Fenelon.

O ye princes and rulers, how exceeding strong is wine! It causeth all men to err that drink it; it maketh the mind of the king and the beggar to be all one, of the bondman and the freeman, of the poor man and of the rich; it turneth also every thought into jollity and mirth, so that a man remembereth neither sorrow nor debt; it changeth and elevateth the spirits

and enliveneth the heavy hearts of the miserable; it maketh a man forget his brethren, and draw his sword against his best friends.—Masonic Manual.

Take special care that thou delight not in wine; for there never was any man who came to honor, or preferment that loved it; for it transformeth a man into a beast, decayeth health, poisoneth the breath, destroyeth natural heat, brings a man's stomach to an artificial heat, deformeth the face, rotteth the teeth, and to conclude, maketh a man contemptible, soon old, and despised of all wise and worthy men; hated in thy servants, in thyself, and companions; for it is a bewitching and infectious vice.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

Who hat woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contentions? Who hath babbling? Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine: they that go to seek mixed wine.—Prov. 23: 29.

Winter

O winter, ruler of the inverted year!
—Thomson.

Winter is the night of vegetation.—Bovee.

Stern winter loves a dirge-like sound.—Wordsworth.

Coldly and capriciously the slanting sunbeams fall.—Alice Cary.

O wind, if winter comes, can spring be far behind?—Shelley.

When great leaves fall, the winter is at hand.—Shakespeare.

And Autumn in his leafless bowers is waiting for the winter's snow.—Whittier.

The frost performs its secret ministry unhelped by any wind.—Coleridge.

Winter binds our strengthened bodies in a cold embrace constringent.—Thomson.

Winter does not work only on a broad scale; he is careful in trifles.—Alexander Smith.

Winter giveth the fields, and the trees so old, their beards of icicles and snow.—Longfellow.

The stiff rails were softened to swan's-down, and still fluttered down the snow.—Lowell.

Behold the groves that shine with silver frost, their beauty withered, and their verdure lost!—Pope.

When dark December glooms the day, and takes our autumn joys away.—Sir Walter Scott.

No vernal blooms their tropid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May. —Goldsmith.

The silent snow possessed the earth, and calmly fell our Christmas-eve.—Tennyson.

On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence. —Keats.

'Tis done! dread winter spreads his latest glooms, and reigns tremendous o'er the conquered year.—Thomson.

Every Fern is tucked and set,
'Neath coverlet,
Downy and soft and warm.
—Susan Coolidge.

See, Winter comes to rule the varied year.
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train,
Vapors, and clouds, and storms.
—Thomson.

Well-apparelled April on the heel of limping winter treads.—Shakespeare.

A February face, so full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness!—Shakespeare.

Take winter as you find him, and he turns out to be a thoroughly honest fellow with no nonsense in him, and

tolerating none in you, which is a great comfort in the long run.—Lowell.

The day is ending,
The night is descending;
The marsh is frozen,
The river dead. —Longfellow.

But see, Orion sheds unwholesome dews;
Arise, the pines a noxious shade diffuse;
Sharp Boreas blows, and nature feels decay,
Time conquers all, and we must time obey.
—Pope.

Where, twisted round the barren oak,
The summer vine in beauty clung,
And summer winds the stillness broke,
The crystal icicle is hung.
—Longfellow.

Green moss shines there with ice encased;
The long grass bends its spear-like form;
And lovely is the silvery scene
When faint the sun-beams smile.
—Southey.

In winter, when the dismal rain
Came down in slanting lines,
And Wind, that grand old harper, smote
His thunder-harp of pines.
—Alexander Smith.

I crown thee king of intimate delights,
Fireside enjoyments, home-born happiness,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturb'd retirement, and the hours
Of long, uninterrupted evening, know.
—Cowper.

There's silence in the harvest field;
And blackness in the mountain glen,
And cloud that will not pass away
From the hill-tops for many a day;
And stillness round the homes of men.
—Mary Howitt.

Yet all how beautiful! Pillars of pearl
Propping the cliffs above, stalactites bright
From the ice roof depending; and bequeath,
Grottoes and temples with their crystal spires
And gleaming columns radiant in the sun.
—William Henry Burleigh.

Look! the massy trunks
Are cased in the pure crystal; each light spray,
Nodding and tinkling in the breath of heaven,
Is studded with its trembling water-drops,
That glimmer with an amethystine light.
—Bryant.

Every leaf and twig was * * * covered with a sparkling ice armor. Even the grasses in exposed fields were hung with innumerable diamond pendants, which jingled merrily when brushed by the foot of the traveler. * * * It was as if some superincumbent stratum of the earth had been removed in the night, exposing to light a bed of untarnished crystals.—Henry D. Thoreau.

Miserable they!
Who, here entangled in the gathering ice,
Take their last look of the descending sun,
While, full of death, and fierce with tenfold frost,
The long, long night, incumbent o'er their heads,
Falls horrible. —Thomson.

Under the snowdrifts the blossoms are sleeping,
Dreaming their dreams of sunshine and June,
Down in the hush of their quiet they're keeping
Trills from the throstle's wild summer-sung tune. —Harriet Prescott Spofford.

'Tis winter, yet there is no sound
Along the air
Of winds along their battle-ground;
But gently there
The snow is falling,—all around
—Ralph Hoyt.

O Winter! bar thine adamantine doors:
The north is thine; there hast thou built thy dark,
Deep-founded habitation. Shake not thy roofs,
Nor bend thy pillars with thine iron car.
—William Blake.

Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference, as the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say,
"This is no flattery." —Shakespeare.

O Winter! ruler of the inverted year,
Thy scatter'd hair with sleet-like ashes fill'd,
Thy breath congeal'd upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Fring'd with a beard made white with other snows
Than those of age; thy forehead wrapt in clouds,
A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
A sliding car indebted to no wheels,
But urged by storms along its slippery way;
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art. —Cowper.

Every winter,
When the great sun has turned his face
away,
The earth goes down into the vale of grief,
And fasts, and weeps, and shrouds herself
in sables,
Leaving her wedding-garlands to decay—
Then leaps in spring to his returning kisses.
—Charles Kingsley.

Up rose the wild old winter-king,
And shook his beard of snow;
"I hear the first young hare-bell ring,
'Tis time for me to go!
Northward o'er the icy rocks,
Northward o'er the sea,
My daughter comes with sunny locks:
This land's too warm for me!"
—Leland.

His breath like silver arrows pierced the
air,
The naked earth crouched shuddering at his
feet,
His finger on all flowing waters sweet
Forbidding lay—motion nor sound was
there:—
Nature was frozen dead,—and still and
slow,
A winding sheet fell o'er her body fair,
Flaky and soft, from his wide wings of
snow. —Frances Anne Kemble.

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick, the shepherd, blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit;
Tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.
—Shakespeare.

Now, when the cheerless empire of the
sky
To Capricorn the Centaur Archer yields,
And fierce Aquarius stains th' inverted
year;
Hung o'er the farthest verge of heaven, the
sun
Scarce spreads o'er ether the dejected day;
Faint are his gleams and ineffectual shoot
His struggling rays, in horizontal lines,
—Thomson.

These Winter nights against my window-
pane
Nature with busy pencil draws designs
Of ferns and blossoms and fine spray of
pines,
Oak-leaf and acorn and fantastic vines,
Which she will make when summer comes
again—
Quaint arabesques in argent, flat and cold,
Like curious Chinese etchings.
—T. B. Aldrich.

When now, unsparing as the scourge of
war,
Blasts follow blasts and groves dismantled
roar;
Around their home the storm-pinched cat-
tle lows,
No nourishment in frozen pasture grows;
Yet frozen pastures every morn resound
With fair abundance thund'ring to the
ground. —Bloomfield.

All nature feels the renovating force
Of winter, only to the thoughtless eye
In ruin seen. The frost-contracted glebe
Draws in abundant vegetable soul,
And gathers vigor for the coming year.
A stronger glow sits on the lively cheek
Of ruddy fire; and luculent along
The purer rivers flow: their sullen deeps,
Transparent, open to the shepherd's gaze
And murmur hoarser at the fixing frost.
—Thomson.

When winter stern his gloomy front up-
rears,
A sable void the barren earth appears;
The meads no more their former verdure
boast,
Fast-bound their streams, and all their
beauty lost;
The herds, the flocks, in icy garments
mourn, and wildly murmur for the
Spring's return;
From snow-topp'd hills the whirlwinds
keenly blow,
Howl through the woods, and pierce the
vales below,
Through the sharp air a flaky torrent flies,
Mocks the slow sight, and hides the gloomy
skies. —Crabbe.

But Winter has yet brighter scenes—he
boasts
Splendors beyond what gorgeous Summer
knows.
Or Autumn with his many fruits, and
woods
All flushed with many hues. Come when
the rains
Have glazed the snow and clothed the trees
with ice,
While the slant sun of February pours
Into the bowers a flood of light. Approach!
The incrusted surface shall upbear thy
steps,
And the broad arching portals of the grove
Welcome thy entering.
—William Cullen Bryant.

Lastly came Winter cloathed all in frize,
Chattering his teeth for cold that did him
chill;
Whilst on his hoary beard his breath did
freese,
And the dull drops, that from his purpled
bill
As from a limebeck did adown distill:

In his right hand a tipped staffe he held,
With which his feeble steps he stayed still;
For he was faint with cold, and weak with eld;
That scarce his loosed limbes he hable was to weld. —Spenser.

Wisdom

The price of wisdom is above rubies. —Bible.

Wisdom is the health of the soul.—Victor Hugo.

Wisdom adorns riches, and shadows poverty.—Socrates.

Wisdom is only found in truth.—Goethe.

Be wisely worldly, but not worldly wise.—Quarles.

He is wise that is wise to himself. —Euripides.

The wise man is but a clever infant. —Carlyle.

Wisdom is the repose of the mind.—Lavater.

Wisdom,—a man's best friend.—Gladstone.

Wisdom is the abstract of the past. —O. W. Holmes.

Wisdom alone is a science of other sciences and of itself.—Plato.

Wisdom and eloquence are not always united.—Victor Hugo.

The wisest among us is a fool in some things.—Richardson.

All human wisdom, to divine, is folly.—Sir J. Denham.

Who are a little wise the best fools be.—Donne.

Wisdom comes to no one by chance. —Seneca.

The heart is wiser than the intellect.—J. G. Holland.

Wisdom is seldom gained without suffering.—Sir Arthur Helps.

He that never thinks can never be wise.—Johnson.

Wisdom sits with children round her knees.—Wordsworth.

For never, never wicked man was wise.—Homer.

In youth and beauty wisdom is but rare!—Homer.

Wisdom is the conqueror of fortune. —Juvenal.

Whoever is not too wise, is wise.—Martial.

Wise men say nothing in dangerous times.—John Selden.

Wisdom is infused into every form. —Emerson.

As for me, all I know is that I know nothing.—Socrates.

No one is wise at all times.—Pliny the Elder.

A word to the wise is sufficient.—Terence.

'Tis held that sorrow makes us wise.—Tennyson.

Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile.—Shakespeare.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers.—Tennyson.

It is great folly to wish only to be wise.—La Rochefoucauld.

Knowledge is the parent of love; wisdom, love itself.—J. C. and A. W. Hare.

No man is wise enough by himself. —Plautus.

You read of but one wise man; and all that he knew was—that he knew nothing.—Congreve.

Wisdom is to the soul what health is to the body.—La Rochefoucauld.

The wise man is seldom prudent.—Marie Ebner-Eschenbach.

Wisdom is rare, Lorenzo! wit abounds.—Young.

Dare to be wise.—Horace.

Body cannot teach wisdom; God only.—Emerson.

No man can be wise on an empty stomach.—George Eliot.

Wisdom may be the ultimate arbiter, but is seldom the immediate agent in human affairs.—Sir J. Stephen.

Give tribute, but not oblation, to human wisdom.—Sir P. Sidney.

Wisdom views with an indifferent eye all finite joys, all blessings born to die.—Hannah More.

Great is wisdom; infinite is the value of wisdom. It cannot be exaggerated; it is the highest achievement of man.—Carlyle.

A man's wisdom is his best friend; folly, his worst enemy.—Sir W. Temple.

Man's chief wisdom consists in being sensible of his follies.—Rochefoucauld.

Call him wise whose actions, words, and steps are all a clear because to a clear why.—Lavater.

The glory and increase of wisdom stands in exercising it.—Sir P. Sidney.

But they whom truth and wisdom lead
Can gather honey from a weed.
—Cowper.

We become wiser by adversity; prosperity destroys our appreciation of the right.—Seneca.

You will cast away your cards and dice when you find the sweetness of youthful learning.—Richard Baxter.

The wisest man is generally he who thinks himself the least so.—Boileau.

The wisdom of one generation will be folly in the next.—Priestley.

Who then is free? The wise man who can govern himself.—Horace.

It is easier to be wise for others than for ourselves.—La Rochefoucauld.

It is not wise to be wiser than is necessary.—Quinault.

On every thorn, delightful wisdom grows,
In every rill a sweet instruction flows.
—Young.

It is good to rub and polish our brain against that of others.—Montaigne.

He who has once been very foolish will at no other time be very wise.—Montaigne.

Be wise with speed;
A fool at forty is a fool indeed.
—Montaigne.

Teach me my days to number, and apply
My trembling heart to wisdom.
—Young.

He gains wisdom in a happy way who gains it by another's experience.—Plautus.

Our wisdom is no less at fortune's mercy than our wealth.—Rochefoucauld.

Nothing can be truer than fairy wisdom. It is as true as sunbeams.—Douglas Jerrold.

By wisdom wealth is won; but riches purchased wisdom yet for none.—Bayard Taylor.

The doorstep to the temple of wisdom is a knowledge of our own ignorance.—Spurgeon.

The wisdom of women comes to them by inspiration, their folly by premeditation.—Dumas, Père.

Full oft we see cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.—Shakespeare.

Be wise;
Soar not too high to fall; but stoop to rise.
—Massinger.

I would have you wise unto that which is good, and simple concerning evil.—Bible.

How prone to doubt, how cautious are the wise!—Homer.

Wisdom is the talent of buying virtuous pleasures at the cheapest rate.—Fielding.

The weak have remedies, the wise have joys; superior wisdom is superior bliss.—Young.

The bearings of this observation lays in the application on it.—Dickens.

Wisdom no more consists in science than happiness in wealth.—De Boufflers.

Wisdom makes but a slow defence against trouble, though at last a sure one.—Goldsmith.

Wisdom is ofttimes nearer when we stoop than when we soar.—Wordsworth.

To know that which before us lies in daily life is the prime of wisdom.—Milton.

A man must become wise at his own expense.—Montaigne.

Look about, my son, and see how little wisdom it takes to govern the world.—Oxenstiern.

True wisdom is to know what is best worth knowing, and to do what is best worth doing.—Humphreys.

The end of wisdom is consultation and deliberation.—Demosthenes.

As you are old and reverend, you should be wise.—Shakespeare.

With wisdom fraught; not such as books, but such as practice taught.—Waller.

Common sense is an uncommon degree is what the world calls wisdom.—Coleridge.

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.—Bible.

Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.
—Cowper.

What in me is dark,
Illumine, what is low, raise and support.
—Milton.

Seize wisdom ere 'tis torment to be wise; that is, seize wisdom ere she seizes thee.—Young.

Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense weigh thy opinion against Providence.—Pope.

In idle wishes fools supinely stay;
Be there a will, then wisdom finds a way.
—Shakespeare.

So wise, so young, they say, do never live long.—Shakespeare.

A man cannot learn to be wise any more than he can learn to be handsome.—H. W. Shaw.

Modest doubt is called the beacon of the wise.—Shakespeare.

He is oft the wisest man who is not wise at all.—Wordsworth.

Wisdom consists not so much in seeing as in foreseeing.—Hosea Ballou.

Thank God, men that are greatly guilty are never wise.—Burke.

Wisdom and love do not take up their abode in the same breast.—Emile Souvestre.

In seeking wisdom thou art wise; in imagining that thou hast attained it, thou art a fool.—Rabbi Ben Azai.

Wisdom deprives even poverty of half its power.—H. W. Shaw.

Accomplishments have taken virtue's place, and wisdom falls before exterior grace.—Cowper.

It is a little learning, and but a little, which makes men conclude hastily.—Jeremy Taylor.

Wisdom! I bless thy gentle sway, and ever, ever will obey.—Mrs. Barbauld.

What doth better become wisdom than to discern what is worthy the living.—Sir P. Sidney.

Preceptive wisdom that has not been vivified by life has in itself no affinity for life.—J. G. Holland.

Certainly the greatest scholars are not the wisest men.—Regnier.

It's not enough plagues, wars, and famine rise to lash our crimes, but must our wives be wise?—Young.

Wisdom is neither gold, nor silver, nor fame, nor wealth, nor health, nor strength, nor beauty.—Plutarch.

Extremes of fortune are true wisdom's test, and he's of men most wise who bears them best.—Cumberland.

The bearing and the training of a child
Is woman's wisdom. —Tennyson.

The stream from Wisdom's well,
Which God supplies, is inexhaustible.
—Bayard Taylor.

Wisdom and Goodness are twin born, one heart
Must hold both sisters, never seen apart.
—Cowper.

Nor is he the wisest man who never proved himself a fool. —Tennyson.

He who exercises wisdom exercises the knowledge which is about God.—Epictetus.

If wisdom was to cease throughout the world, no one would suspect himself of ignorance.—Saadi.

He is a wise man who does not grieve for the things which he has not, but rejoices for those which he has.—Epictetus.

He is wise who can instruct us and assist us in the business of daily virtuous living.—Carlyle.

Wisdom is everlasting; early or late we apprehend her still the same.—Frederic W. H. Myers.

A man of virtue, judgment, and prudence speaks not until there is silence.—Saadi.

The only jewel which you can carry beyond the grave is wisdom.—James Alfred Langford.

Wisdom consists not in seeing what is directly before us, but in discerning those things which may come to pass.—Terence.

He who learns the rules of wisdom, without conforming to them in his life, is like a man who labored in his fields, but did not sow.—Saadi.

The fool is willing to pay for anything but wisdom. No man buys that of which he supposes himself to have an abundance already.—Simms.

A wise man will always be a Christian, because the perfection of wisdom is to know where lies tranquillity of mind and how to attain it, which Christianity teaches.—Landor.

These are the signs of a wise man: to reprove nobody, to praise nobody, to blame nobody, nor even to speak of himself or his own merits.—Epictetus.

If thou kiss Wisdom's cheek and make her thine, she will breathe into thy lips divinity, and thou, like Phœbus, shalt speak oracle.—Decker.

The sublimity of wisdom is to do those things living which are to be desired when dying.—Jeremy Taylor.

Wisdom is the olive that springeth from the heart, bloometh on the

tongue, and beareth fruit in the actions.—Grymestone.

Wisdom consists in rising superior both to madness and to common sense, and in lending one's self to the universal delusion without becoming its dupe.—Amiel.

The highest conceptions of the sages, who, in order to arrive at them, had to live many days, have become the milk for babes.—Ballanche.

True wisdom, laboring to expound, heareth others readily;
False wisdom, sturdy to deny, closeth up her mind to argument. —Tupper.

To be wiser than other men is to be honester than they; and strength of mind is only courage to see and speak the truth.—Hazlitt.

Human wisdom is the aggregate of all human experience, constantly accumulating and selecting and reorganizing its own materials.—Judge Joseph Story.

Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. —Shakespeare.

Much of this world's wisdom is still acquired by necromancy,—by consulting the oracular dead.—Hare.

But wisdom, awful wisdom! which inspects,
Discerns, compares, weighs, separates, infers,
Seizes the right, and holds it to the last.
—Young.

The first point of wisdom is to discern that which is false; the second, to know that which is true.—Lactantius.

But to know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wisdom. —Milton.

In the common run of mankind, for one that is wise and good you find ten of a contrary character.—Addison.

Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.—Shakespeare.

Were wisdom to be sold, she would give no price; every man is satisfied with the share he has from nature.—Henry Home.

The clouds may drop down titles and estates, wealth may seek us; but wisdom must be sought.—Young.

He who considers himself a paragon of wisdom is sure to commit some superlatively stupid act.—Ludwig Tieck.

What is it to be wise?
'Tis but to know how little can be known,
To see all others' faults, and feel our own.
—Pope.

To one it is the mighty heavenly goddess; to another it is an excellent cow that furnishes him with milk.—Schiller.

We ought not to judge of men's merits by their qualifications, but by the use they make of them.—Charron.

Socrates * * *
Whom, well inspir'd, the oracle pronounc'd
Wisest of men. —Milton.

Teach a man to read and write, and you have put into his hands the great keys of the wisdom-box.—Huxley.

In strictness of language there is a difference between knowledge and wisdom; wisdom always supposing action, and action directed by it.—Paley.

If wisdom were conferred with this proviso, that I must keep it to myself and not communicate it to others, I would have none of it.—Seneca.

May I deem the wise man rich, and may I have such a portion of gold as none but a prudent man can either bear or employ!—Plato.

The wise man is but a clever infant, spelling letters from a hieroglyphical prophetic book, the lexicon of which lies in eternity.—T. Carlyle.

Talk not to me of the wisdom of women.—I know my own sex well; the wisest of us all are but little less

foolish than the rest.—Mary, Queen of Scots.

When a man seems to be wise, it is merely that his follies are proportionate to his age and fortune.—Rochefoucauld.

Knowledge is the treasure of the mind, but discretion is the key to it, without which it is useless. The practical part of wisdom is the best. —Owen Feltham.

There is this difference between happiness and wisdom: he that thinks himself the happiest man is really so; but he that thinks himself the wisest is generally the greatest fool.—Bacon.

Man thinks
Brutes have no wisdom, since they know not his:
Can we divine their world?
—George Eliot.

The god, O men, seems to me to be really wise; and by his oracle to mean this, that the wisdom of this world is foolishness and of none effect.—Plato.

Wisdom, though richer than Peruvian mines,
And sweeter than the sweet ambrosial hive,
What is she, but the means of happiness?
That unobtain'd, than folly more a fool.
—Young.

The most manifest sign of wisdom is a continual cheerfulness; her state is like that of things in the regions above the moon, always clear and serene.—Montaigne.

The sea does not contain all the pearls, the earth does not enclose all the treasures, and the flint-stone does not inclose all the diamonds, since the head of man encloses wisdom.—Saadi.

For knowledge to become wisdom, and for the soul to grow, the soul must be rooted in God: and it is through prayer that there comes to us that which is the strength of our strength, and the virtue of our virtue, the Holy Spirit.—Wm. Mountford.

No man is the wiser for his learning; it may administer matter to work in, or objects to work upon; but wit and wisdom are born with a man.—Selden.

Wisdom and understanding are synonymous words; they consist of two propositions, which are not distinct in sense, but one and the same thing variously expressed.—Tillotson.

All foreign wisdom doth amount to this,
To take all that is given, whether wealth,
Or love, or language; nothing comes amiss:
A good digestion turneth all to health.
—Herbert.

As whole caravans may light their lamps from one candle without exhausting it, so myriads of tribes may gain wisdom from the great Book without impoverishing it.—Rabbi Ben-Azai.

Be still, then, thou uneasy mortal; know that God is unerringly wise; and be assured that, amidst the greatest multiplicity of beings, He does not overlook thee.—James Hervey.

Some men are counted wise from the cunning manner in which they hide their ignorance. In what little they do know such men play the pedant.—A. Ricard.

Wisdom consisteth not in knowing many things, nor even in knowing them thoroughly; but in choosing and in following what conduces the most certainly to our lasting happiness and true glory.—Landor.

It may be said, almost without qualification, that true wisdom consists in the ready and accurate perception of analogies. Without the former quality, knowledge of the past is uninstructive; without the latter it is deceptive.—Whately.

The true greatness and the true happiness of a country consist in wisdom; in that enlarged and comprehensive wisdom which includes education, knowledge, religion, virtue, freedom, with every influence which advances and every institution which supports them.—Henry Giles.

Wisdom is the only thing which can relieve us from the sway of the passions and the fear of danger, and which can teach us to bear the injuries of fortune itself with moderation, and which shows us all the ways which lead to tranquillity and peace. —Cicero.

Though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps
At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity
Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill
Where no ill seems. —Milton.

Wisdom sits alone, topmost in heaven: she is its light, its God; and in the heart of man she sits as high, though groveling minds forget her oftentimes, seeing but this world's idols.—N. P. Willis.

Wouldst thou wisely, and with pleasure,
Pass the days of life's short measure,
From the slow one counsel take,
But a tool of him ne'er make;
Ne'er as friend the swift one know,
Nor the constant one as foe.
—Schiller.

Wisdom is like electricity. There is no permanently wise man, but men capable of wisdom, who, being put into certain company, or other favorable conditions, become wise for a short time, as glasses rubbed acquire electric power for a while.—Emerson.

Few and precious are the words which the lips of Wisdom utter.
To what shall their rarity be likened? What price shall count their worth?
Perfect and much to be desired, and giving joy with riches,
No lovely thing on earth can picture all their beauty. —Tupper.

The question is, whether, like the Divine Child in the temple, we are turning knowledge into wisdom, and whether, understanding more of the mysteries of life, we are feeling more of its sacred law; and whether, having left behind the priests and the scribes and the doctors and the fathers, we are about our Father's business, and becoming wise to God.—F. W. Robertson.

Whoever is wise is apt to suspect and be diffident of himself, and upon that account is willing to "hearken unto counsel"; whereas the foolish man, being in proportion to his folly full of himself, and swallowed up in conceit, will seldom take any counsel but his own, and for that very reason, because it is his own. Balguy.

Wisdom for a man's self is, in many branches thereof, a depraved thing; it is the wisdom of rats, that will be sure to leave a house somewhat before it fall; it is the wisdom of the fox, that thrusts out the badger who digged and made room for him; it is the wisdom of crocodiles, that shed tears when they would devour.—Bacon.

Human wisdom makes as ill use of her talent when she exercises it in rescinding from the number and sweetness of those pleasures that are naturally our due, as she employs it favorably and well in artificially disguising and tricking out the ills of life to alleviate the sense of them.—Montaigne.

That man strangely mistakes the manner of spirit he is of who knows not that peaceableness, and gentleness, and mercy, as well as purity, are inseparable characteristics of the wisdom that is from above; and that Christian charity ought never to be sacrificed even for the promotion of evangelical truth.—Bishop Mant.

Every moment instructs, and every object; for wisdom is infused into every form. It has been poured into us as blood; it convulsed us as pain; it slid into us as pleasure; it enveloped us in dull, melancholy days, or in days of cheerful labor; we did not guess its essence until after long time. —Emerson.

Wisdom is a fox who, after long hunting, will at last cost you the pains to dig out; it is a cheese, which, by how much the richer, has the thicker, the homlier, and the coarser coat; and whereof to a judicious palate, the maggots are best. It is a sack posset, wherein the deeper you go, you'll find it the sweeter. Wisdom is a hen, whose cackling we must

value and consider, because it is attended with an egg. But lastly, it is a nut, which, unless you choose with judgment, may cost you a tooth, and pay you with nothing but a worm.—Swift.

Socrates was pronounced by the oracle of Delphos to be the wisest man in Greece, which he would turn from himself ironically, saying there could be nothing in him to verify the oracle, except this, that he was not wise and knew it, and others were not wise and knew it not.—Bacon.

"The Prophet's words were true;
The mouth of Ali is the golden door
Of Wisdom."
When his friends to Ali bore
These words, he smiled and said: "And should they ask
The same until my dying day, the task
Were easy; for the stream from Wisdom's well,
Which God supplies, is inexhaustible."
—Bayard Taylor.

But these are foolish things to all the wise,
And I love wisdom more than she loves me;
My tendency is to philosophise
On most things, from a tyrant to a tree;
But still the spouseless virgin Knowledge flies,
What are we? and whence come we? what shall be
Our ultimate existence? What's our present?
Are questions answerless, and yet incessant.
—Byron.

Vain man would trace the mystic maze
With foolish wisdom, arguing, charge his God,
His balance hold, and guide his angry rod,
New-mould the spheres, and mend the skies' design,
And sound th' immense with his short scanty line.
Do thou, my soul, the destined period wait,
When God shall solve the dark decrees of fate,
His now unequal dispensation clear,
And make all wise and beautiful appear.
—Tickell.

Happy is the man that findest wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding: for the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold. She is more precious than rubies: and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her. Length of days is in her right hand; and in her left hand riches and honor. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her; and happy is every one that retaineth her.—Bible.

Where the eye of pity weeps,
And the sway of passion sleeps,
Where the lamp of faith is burning,
And the ray of hope returning,
Where the "still small voice" within
Whispers not of wrath or sin,
Resting with the righteous dead—
Beaming o'er the drooping head—
Comforting the lowly mind,
Wisdom dwelleth—seek and find.

I'll tell the names and sayings and the places of their birth,
Of the seven great ancient sages so renowned on Grecian earth,
The Lindian Cleobulus said, "The mean was still the best;"
The Spartan Chilo, "Know thyself," a heaven-born phrase confessed.
Corinthian Periander taught "Our anger to command,"
"Too much of nothing," Pittacus, from Mitylenes' strand;
Athenian Solon this advised, "Look to the end of life,"
And Bias from Priene showed, "Bad men are the most rife;"
Milesian Thales urged that "None should e'er a surety be;"
Few were their words, but if you look, you'll much in little see.
—From the Greek (author unknown).

Those things on which philosophy has set its seal are beyond the reach of injury; no age will discard them or lessen their force, each succeeding century will add somewhat to the respect in which they are held; for we look upon what is near us with jealous eyes, but we admire what is further off with less prejudice. The wise man's life, therefore, includes much; he is not hedged in by the same limits which confine others; he alone is exempt from the laws by which mankind is governed; all ages serve him like a god. If any time be past he recalls it by his memory, if it be present he uses it, if it be future he anticipates it; his life is a long

one because he concentrates all times into it.—Seneca.

Wishes

Every wish is like a prayer with God.—Mrs. Browning.

Our wishes lengthen, as our sun declines.—Young.

We cannot wish for that we know not.—Voltaire.

Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought.—Shakespeare.

I have immortal longings in me.—Shakespeare.

Where nothing wants that want itself doth seek.—Shakespeare.

What one has wished for in youth, in old age one has in abundance.—Goethe.

If all our wishes were gratified, most of our pleasures would be destroyed.—Whately.

Wishes, like castles in the air, are inexpensive and not taxable.—Haliburton.

Wishes, at least, are the easy pleasures of the poor.—Douglas Jerrold.

Why wish for more?
Wishing of all employments is the worst.
—Young.

Men's thoughts are much according to their inclination.—Bacon.

Fate wings, with every wish, the afflictive dart,
Each gift of nature, and each grace of art.
—Johnson.

Unattainable wishes are often called "pious." This seems to indicate that only profane wishes are fulfilled.—Marie Ebner-Eschenbach.

I could write down twenty cases, wherein I wished God had done otherwise than He did; but which I now see, had I had my own will, would have led to extensive mischief. The life of a Christian is a life of paradoxes.—Cecil.

The apparently irreconcilable dissimilarity between our wishes and our means, between our hearts and this world, remains a riddle.—Richter.

Before we passionately wish for anything, we should carefully examine into the happiness of its possessor.—Rochefoucauld.

We are poor, indeed, when we have no half-wishes left us. The heart and the imagination close the shutters the instant they are gone.—Landor.

It is a fearful mistake to believe that because our wishes are not accomplished they can do no harm.—Gertrude.

Wert thou all that I wish thee, great, glorious and free,
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea. —Moore.

I've often wished that I had clear,
For life, six hundred pounds a year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terrace walk, and half a rood
Of land, set out to plant a wood.
—Swift.

I respect the man who knows distinctly what he wishes. The greater part of all the mischief in the world arises from the fact that men do not sufficiently understand their own aims. They have undertaken to build a tower, and spend no more labor on the foundation than would be necessary to erect a hut.—Goethe.

"Man wants but little here below
Nor wants that little long,"
'Tis not with me exactly so;
But 'tis so in the song.
My wants are many, and, if told,
Would muster many a score;
And were each wish a mint of gold,
I still should long for more.
—John Quincy Adams.

Knowest thou the land where the lemon-trees flourish, where amid the shadowed leaves the golden oranges glisten,—a gentle zephyr breathes from the blue heavens, the myrtle is mo-

tionless, and the laurel rises high? Dost thou know it well? Thither, thither, fain would I fly with thee, O my beloved!—Goethe.

Wit

Wit is an unexpected explosion of thought.—Whipple.

You may be witty, but not satirical. —Horace Greeley.

The finest wits have their sediment. —Emerson.

So vast is art; so narrow human wit.—Pope.

What quick wit is found in sudden straits!—Martial.

Ev'n wit's a burthen, when it talks too long.—Dryden.

Wit does not take the place of knowledge.—Vauvenargues.

Avoid witticisms at the expense of others.—Horace Mann.

Wit is the salt of conversation, not the food.—Hazlitt.

Wit and judgment often are at strife.—Pope.

Wit,—the pupil of the soul's clear eye.—Sir John Davies.

Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.—Shakespeare.

How the wit brightens! how the style refines!—Pope.

Wit and humor belong to genius alone.—Cervantes.

Wit is the flower of the imagination.—Livy.

A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits.—Pope.

Wit has as few true judges as painting.—Wycherley.

Wit should be wit, but never satire. —Madame La Rochejaquelein.

Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth—it catches.—Shakespeare.

Wit sometimes enables us to act rudely with impunity.—La Rochefoucauld.

Wit is the refractory pupil of judgment.—Shenstone.

They have a plentiful lack of wit. —Shakespeare.

There's a skirmish of wit between them.—Shakespeare.

True wit never made us laugh.—Emerson.

Wit without an employment is a disease.—Burton.

Humor is consistent with pathos, whilst wit is not.—Coleridge.

Truth, when witty, is the wittiest of all things.—J. C. and A. W. Hare.

A good wit will make use of anything.—Shakespeare.

What silly people wits are!—Beaumarchais.

The life of a wit is a warfare upon earth.—Pope.

Those who object to wit are envious of it.—Hazlitt.

That is not wit which consists not with wisdom.—South.

Don't put too fine a point to your wit, for fear it should get blunted. —Cervantes.

It is often a sign of wit not to show it, and not to see that others want it.—Madame Necker.

The character of false wit is that of appearing to depend only upon reason.—Vauvenargues.

There is many a man hath more hair than wit.—Shakespeare.

If satire charms, strike faults, but spare the man.—Young.

Wit is the god of moments, but genius is the god of ages.—Bruyère.

It marries ideas lying wide apart, by a sudden jerk of the understanding.—E. P. Whipple.

The impromptu reply is precisely the touch-stone of the man of wit.—Molière.

Wit will shine
Through the harsh cadence of a rugged line.
—Dryden.

Great wits and valours, like great states,
Do sometimes sink with their own weights.
—Butler.

I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men.—Shakespeare.

It is having in some measure a sort of wit, to know how to use the wit of others.—Stanislaus.

As wit is too hard for power in council, so power is too hard for wit in action.—Wycherley.

Women ought not to know their own wit, because they will still be showing it, and so spoil it.—John Selden.

Wit is of the true Pierian spring, that can make anything of anything.—Chapman.

Aristotle said * * * melancholy men of all others are most witty.—Burton.

To place wit before good sense is to place the superfluous before the necessary.—M. de Montlosier.

Wit has its place in debate; in controversy it is a legitimate weapon, offensive and defensive.—Theodore Parker.

Wit, to be well defined, must be defined by wit itself; then it will be worth listening to.—Zimmermann.

I am a fool . . . yet, I'm poor enough to be a wit.—Congreve.

In cheerful souls there is no wit. Wit shows a disturbance of the equipoise.—Novalis.

Wit and wisdom differ; wit is upon the sudden turn, wisdom is bringing about ends.—Selden.

And one may say that his wit shines at the expense of his memory.—Alain René Le Sage.

Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.
—Dryden.

The wit of men compared to that of women is like rouge compared to the rose.—Saint Foix.

Sharp wits, like sharp knives, do often cut their owner's fingers.—Arrowsmith.

You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come;
Knock as you please, there's nobody at home.
—Pope.

Witticisms never are agreeable, which are injurious to others.—From the Latin.

I fear nothing so much as a man who is witty all day long.—Madame de Sévigné.

It is inconceivable how much wit it requires to avoid being ridiculous.—Chamfort.

There must be more malice than love in the hearts of all wits.—B. R. Haydon.

Wit, now and then, struck smartly, shows a spark.—Cowper.

When we seek after wit, we discover only foolishness.—Montesquieu.

Repartee is precisely the touch-stone of the man of wit.—Molière.

Wit is the rarest quality to be met with among people of education, and

the most common among the uneducated.—Hazlitt.

Men are contented to be laughed at for their wit, but not for their folly.—Swift.

Wit will never make a man rich, but there are places where riches will always make a wit.—Johnson.

The wit of language is so miserably inferior to the wit of ideas that it is very deservedly driven out of good company.—Sydney Smith.

Genuine wit implies no small amount of wisdom and culture.—Moses Harvey.

To leave this keen encounter of our wits, and fall somewhat into a slower method.—Shakespeare.

Genuine and innocent wit is surely the very flavor of the mind.—Moses Harvey.

Oh, help thou my weak wit, and sharpen my dull tongue!—Spenser.

His sparkling sallies bubbled up as from areated natural fountains.—Carlyle.

Of all wit's uses, the main one is to live well with who has none.—Emerson.

Erasmus injured us more by his wit than Luther by his anger.—Leo X.

His wit run him out of his money, and now his poverty has run him out of his wits.—Congreve.

For the qualities of sheer wit and humor, Swift had no superior, ancient or modern.—Leigh Hunt.

Only just the right quantum of wit should be put into a book; in conversation a little excess is allowable. —Joubert.

The falling-out of wits is like the falling-out of lovers: we agree in the main. like treble and bass.—Congreve.

His wit invites you by his looks to come; but when you knock, it never is at home.—Cowper.

There is nothing so unready as readiness of wit.—Rivarol.

Humor is the offspring of man; it comes forth like Minerva, fully armed from the brain.—L'Estrange.

Anger makes dull men witty, but keeps them poor.—Bacon.

Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting; it is a most sharp sauce.—Shakespeare.

I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools.—Shakespeare.

This fellow pecks up wit as pigeons pease; he is wit's peddler.—Shakespeare.

Whose wit in the combat, gentle as bright, ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade.—Moore.

True wit is everlasting, like the sun; describing all men, but described by none.—Buckingham.

Though I am young, I scorn to flit
On the wings of borrowed wit.
—George Wither.

Wit is an intermittent fountain; kindness is a perennial spring.—Marie Ebner-Eschenbach.

A man does not please long when he has only one species of wit.—La Rochefoucauld.

Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit; by and by it will strike. —Shakespeare.

Modest plainness sets off sprightly wit,
For works may have more wit than does 'em good,
As bodies perish through excess of blood.
—Pope.

A good old man, sir; he will be talking: as they say, When the age is in, the wit is out.—Shakespeare.

Self-wit is so ardent and active that it will break a sword to pieces to make a stool to sit on.—Cecil.

Surprise is so essential an ingredient of wit that no wit will bear repetition; at least, the original electrical feeling produced by any piece of wit can never be renewed.—Sydney Smith.

We find ourselves less witty in remembering what we have said than in dreaming of what we would have said.—J. Petit-Senn.

There are some men who are witty when they are in a bad humor, and others only when they are sad.—Joubert.

There's no possibility of being witty without a little ill-nature; the malice of a good thing is the barb that makes it stick.—Sheridan.

Methinks sometimes that I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has; but I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.—Shakespeare.

Make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the keyhole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.—Shakespeare.

Wit, without wisdom, is salt without meat: and that is but a comfortless dish to set a hungry man down to.—Bishop Horne.

With little wit and ease to suit them,
They whirl in narrow circling trails,
Like kittens playing with their tails.
—Goethe.

We prefer a person with vivacity and high spirits, though bordering upon insolence, to the timid and pusillanimous; we are fonder of wit joined to malice than of dullness without it.—Hazlitt.

Raillery is a mode of speaking in favor of one's wit at the expense of one's better nature.—Montesquieu.

Men of humor are always in some degree men of genius; wits are rarely so, although a man of genius may, amongst other gifts, possess wit, as Shakespeare.—Coleridge.

The hapless wit has his labors always to begin, the call for novelty is never satisfied, and one jest only raises expectation of another.—Johnson.

There are as many and innumerable degrees of wit, as there are cubits between this and heaven.—Montaigne.

Intemperate wits will spare neither friend nor foe, and make themselves the common enemies of mankind.—L'Estrange.

Wit, like money, bears an extra value when rung down immediately it is wanted. Men pay severely who require credit.—Douglas Jerrold.

It is a certain rule that wit and passion are entirely incompatible. When the affections are moved, there is no place for the imagination.—Hume.

Wit is more necessary than beauty; and I think no young woman ugly that has it, and no handsome woman agreeable without it.—Wycherley.

One wit, like a knuckle of ham in soup, gives a zest and flavor to the dish; but more than one serves only to spoil the pottage.—Smollett.

An elegant writer has observed, that wit may do very well for a mistress, but that he should prefer reason for a wife.—Colton.

Rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words,
With better appetite. —Shakespeare.

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him that hears it, never in the tongue of him that makes it.—Shakespeare.

The fairest blossoms of pleasantry thrive best where the sun is not strong enough to scorch, nor the soil rank enough to corrupt.—L'Estrange.

Wits, like drunken men with swords, are apt to draw their steel upon their best acquaintances.—Douglas Jerrold.

Antithesis may be the blossom of wit, but it will never arrive at maturity unless sound sense be the trunk and truth the root.—Colton.

Wit is, in general, the finest sense in the world. I had lived long before I discovered that wit was truth.—Dr. Porson.

The lowest boor may laugh on being tickled, but a man must have intelligence to be amused by wit.—L'Estrange.

It is with wits as with razors, which are never so apt to cut those they are employed upon as when they have lost their edge.—Swift.

Wit consists in knowing the resemblance of things which differ, and the difference of things which are alike.—Madame de Staël.

It is no great advantage to possess a quick wit, if it is not correct; the perfection is not speed, but uniformity.—Vauvenargues.

This man [Chesterfield] I thought had been a lord among wits; but I find he is only a wit among lords.—Sam'l Johnson.

His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest.
—Shakespeare.

Great men may jest with saints; 'tis wit in them;
But, in the less, foul profanation.
—Shakespeare.

A small degree of wit, accompanied by good sense, is less tiresome in the long run than a great amount of wit without it.—La Rochefoucauld.

Sharpness cuts slight things best; solid, nothing cuts through but weight and strength; the same in the use of intellectuals.—Sir W. Temple.

There are heads sometimes so little, that there is no room for wit, sometimes so long that there is no wit for so much room.—Fuller.

For wit and judgment often are at strife,
Though meant each other's aid, like man and wife.
—Pope.

It is by vivacity and wit that man shines in company; but trite jokes and loud laughter reduce him to a buffoon.—Chesterfield.

The most brilliant flashes of wit come from a clouded mind, as lightning leaps only from an obscure firmament—Bovee.

Wit, like hunger, will be with great difficulty restrained from falling on vice and ignorance, where there is great plenty and variety of food.—Fielding.

Wit is a dangerous weapon, even to the possessor, if he knows not how to use it discreetly.—Montaigne.

I cannot imagine why we should be at the expense to furnish wit for succeeding ages, when the former have made no sort of provision for ours.—Swift.

Wit implies hatred or contempt of folly and crime, produces its effects by brisk shocks of surprise, uses the whip of scorpions and the branding-iron, stabs, stings, pinches, tortures, goads, teases, corrodes, undermines.—E. P. Whipple.

As in smooth oil, the razor best is whet,
So wit is by politeness sharpest set;
Their want of edge from their offence is seen;
Both pain us least when exquisitely keen.
—Young.

I have no more pleasure in hearing a man attempting wit and failing, than in seeing a man trying to leap over a ditch and tumbling into it.—Dr. Johnson.

It is much easier to decide what is not humorous than what is, and very difficult to define it otherwise than

Cowley has done, by negatives.—Addison.

Too much or too little wit
Do only render th' owner fit
For nothing, but to be undone
Much easier than if they'd none.
—Butler.

True wit is like the brilliant stone,
Dug from the Indian mine,
Which boasts two different pow'rs in one,
To cut as well as shine.
—Notes and Queries.

A Christian's wit is offensive light,
A beam that aids, but never grieves the sight;
Vig'rous in age as in the flush of youth,
'Tis always active on the side of truth.
—Cowper.

Some wits, like oracles, deal in ambiguities, but not with equal success; for though ambiguities are the first excellence of an impostor, they are the last of a wit.—Young.

It consisteth in one knows not what, and springeth up one can hardly tell how. Its ways are unaccountable and inexplicable, being answerable to the numberless rovings of fancy and windings of language.—Dr. Barrow.

Since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
I will be brief. —Shakespeare.

Against their wills what numbers ruin shun,
Purely through want of wit to be undone!
Nature has shown by making it so rare,
That wit's a jewel which we need not wear.
—Young.

Wit is not levelled so much at the muscles as at the heart; and the latter will sometimes smile when there is not a single wrinkle on the cheek. —Lord Lyttleton.

Many species of wit are quite mechanical; these are the favorites of witlings, whose fame in words scarce outlives the remembrance of their funeral ceremonies.—Zimmermann.

Wit is brushwood, judgment timber; the one gives the greatest flame, the other yields the durablest heat; and both meeting make the best fire.—Sir Thomas Overbury.

From Lucifer to Jerry Sneak there is not an aspect of evil, imperfection, and littleness which can elude the lights of humor or the lightning of wit.—Whipple.

The best thing next to wit is a consciousness that it is not in us; without wit, a man might then know how to behave himself, so as not to appear to be a fool or a coxcomb.—Bruyère.

Less judgment than wit is more sail than ballast. Yet it must be confessed that wit gives an edge to sense, and recommends it extremely.—William Penn.

Wit, says an author that I do not know,
Is like Time's scythe—cuts down both friend and foe;—
Ready, each object, tiger-like, to leap on!
"Lord! what a butcher this same wit!"
—Peter Pindar.

Some to conceit alone their taste confine,
And glittering thoughts struck out at ev'ry line;
Pleas'd with a work where nothing's just or fit;
One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.
—Pope.

Wit consists in assembling, and putting together with quickness, ideas in which can be found resemblance and congruity, by which to make up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions in the fancy.—Locke.

I give you full credit for your elegant diction, well-turned periods, and Attic wit; but wit is oftentimes false, though it may appear brilliant; which is exactly the case of your whole performance.—Junius.

Wit throws a single ray, separated from the rest,—red, yellow, blue, or any intermediate shade,—upon an object; never white light; that is the province of wisdom. We get beautiful effects from wit,—all the prismatic colors,—but never the object as it is in fair daylight.—Holmes.

That which we call wit consists much in quickness and tricks, and is so full of lightness that it seldom goes with judgment and solidity; but when they do meet, it is commonly in an honest man.—King James I.

Wit, bright, rapid, and blasting as the lightning, flashes, strikes, and vanishes, in an instant; humor, warm and all-embracing as the sunshine, bathes its object in a genial and abiding light.—Whipple.

Even when there is a real stock of wit, yet the wittiest sayings and sentences will be found in a great measure the issue of chance, and nothing else but so many lucky hits of a roving fancy.—South.

Genuine witticisms surprise those who say them as much as those who listen to them; they arise in us in spite of us, or, at least, without our participation,—like everything inspired.—Joubert.

Wit in women is a jewel, which, unlike all others, borrows lustre from its setting, rather than bestows it; since nothing is so easy as to fancy a very beautiful woman extremely witty.—Colton.

If he who has little wit needs a master to inform his stupidity, he who has much frequently needs ten to keep in check his worldly wisdom, which might otherwise, like a high-mettled charger, toss him to the ground.—Scriver.

Perpetual aiming at wit is a very bad part of conversation. It is done to support a character: it generally fails; it is a sort of insult on the company, and a restraint upon the speaker.—Swift.

Man could direct his ways by plain reason, and support his life by tasteless food; but God has given us wit, and flavor, and brightness, and laughter, and perfumers, to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage, and to "charm his pained steps over the burning marl."—Sydney Smith.

Superiority in wit is more frequently the cause of vanity than superiority of judgment; as the person that wears an ornamental sword is ever more vain than he that wears a useful one.—Shenstone.

Sense is our helmet, wit is but the plume,
The plume exposes, 'tis our helmet saves.
Sense is the diamond, weighty, solid, sound
When cut by wit, it casts a brighter beam;
Yet, wit apart, it is a diamond still.
—Young

If wit is to be measured by the circumstances of time and place, there is no man has generally so little of that talent as he who is a wit by profession. What he says, instead of arising from the occasion, has an occasion invented for bringing it in.—Steele.

With the latitude of unbounded scurrility, it is easy enough to attain the character of a wit, especially when it is considered how wonderfully pleasant it is to the generality of the public to see the folly of their acquaintance exposed by a third person.—Fielding.

The essence of every species of wit is surprise; which, *vi termini*, must be sudden; and the sensations which wit has a tendency to excite are impaired or destroyed as often as they are mingled with much thought or passion.—Sydney Smith.

Wit must be without effort. Wit is play, not work; a nimbleness of the fancy, not a laborious effort of the will; a license, a holiday, a carnival of thought and feeling, not a trifling with speech, a constraint upon language, a duress upon words.—Bovee.

Nature and society are so replete with startling contrasts that wit often consists in the mere statement and comparison of facts, as when Hume says that the ancient Muscovites wedded their wives with a whip instead of a ring.—Whipple.

Wit generally succeeds more from being happily addressed than from its

native poignancy. A jest, calculated to spread at a gaming-table, may be received with perfect indifference should it happen to drop in a mackerel-boat.—Goldsmith.

Let your wit rather serve you for a buckler to defend yourself, by a handsome reply, than the sword to wound others, though with ever so facetious reproach; remembering that a word cuts deeper than a sharper weapon, and the wound it makes is longer curing.—F. Osborn.

Though wit be very useful, yet unless a wise man has the keeping of it, that knows when, where, and how to apply it, it is like wild-fire, that flies at rovers, runs hissing about, and blows up everything that comes in its way, without any respect or discrimination.—Walter Scott.

False wit is a fatiguing search after cunning traits, an affectation of saying in enigmas what others have already said naturally, to hang together ideas which are incompatible, to divide that which ought to be united, of seizing false relations.—Voltaire.

By wit we search divine aspect above,
By wit we learn what secrets science yields,
By wit we speak, by wit the mind is rul'd,
By wit we govern all our actions;
Wit is the loadstar of each human thought,
Wit is the tool by which all things are wrought. —Robert Greene.

Wit is its own remedy. Liberty and commerce bring it to its true standard. The only danger is the laying an embargo. The same thing happens here as in the case of trade: impositions and restrictions reduce it to a low ebb; nothing is so advantageous to it as a free port.—Shaftesbury.

I have seen many so prone to quip and gird, as they would rather lose their friend than their jest. And if perchance their boiling brain yield a quaint scoff, they will travail to be delivered of it, as a woman with child. These nimble fancies are but the froth of wit.—Lord Burleigh.

The essence of the ludicrous consists in surprise,—in unexpected terms of feeling and explosions of thought,—often bringing dissimilar things together with a shock; as when some wit called Boyle, the celebrated philosopher, the father of chemistry and brother of the Earl of Cork.—Whipple.

Wit's an unruly engine, wildly striking
Sometimes a friend, sometimes the engineer:
Hast thou the knack? pamper it not with liking;
But if thou want it, buy it not too deare.
Many affecting wit beyond their power,
Have got to be a deare fool for an houre.
—Herbert.

When wit is combined with sense and information; when it is softened by benevolence and restrained by strong principle; when it is in the hands of a man who can use it and despise it, who can be witty and something much better than witty, who loves honor, justice, decency, good-nature, morality, and religion, ten thousand times better than wit,—wit is then a beautiful and delightful part of our nature.—Sydney Smith.

As the repute of wisdom, so of wit also, is very casual, sometimes a lucky saying or a pertinent reply has procured an esteem of wit to persons otherwise very shallow; so that, if such a one should have the ill-hap to strike a man dead with a smart saying, it ought in all reason and conscience to be judged but a chance medley.—South.

Wit, how delicious to man's dainty taste!
'Tis precious as the vehicle of sense;
But, as its substitute, a dire disease;
Pernicious talent! flatter'd by the world,
By the blind world, which thinks the talent rare.
Wisdom is rare—wit abounds.
Passion can give it; sometimes wine inspires
The lucky flash, and madness rarely fails.
—Young.

Wit, like every other power, has its boundaries. Its success depends on the aptitude of others to receive impressions: and that as some bodies, indissoluble by heat, can set the fur-

nace and crucible at defiance, there are minds upon which the rays of fancy may be pointed without effect, and which no fire of sentiment can agitate or exalt.—Johnson.

Men famed for wit, of dangerous talents vain,
Treat those of common parts with proud disdain;
The powers that wisdom would, improving, hide,
They blaze abroad, with inconsid'rate pride;
While yet but mere probationers for fame,
They seize the honor they should then disclaim:
Honor so hurried to the light must fade,
The lasting laurels flourish in the shade.
—Crabbe.

Wit makes its own welcome, and levels all distinction. No dignity, no learning, no force of character, can make any stand against good wit. It is like ice, on which no beauty of form, no majesty of carriage, can plead any immunity; they must walk gingerly, according to the laws of ice, or down they must go, dignity and all.—Emerson.

Wit gives to life one of its best flavors; common-sense leads to immediate action, and gives society its daily motion: large and comprehensive views, its annual rotation; ridicule chastises folly and imprudence, and keeps men in their proper sphere; subtlety seizes hold of the fine threads of truth; analogy darts away in the most sublime discoveries; feeling paints all the exquisite passions of man's soul, and rewards him by a thousand inward visitations for the sorrows that come from without.—Sydney Smith.

Witches

What are these,
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire;
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't. —Shakespeare.

Midnight hags,
By force of potent spells, of bloody characters,
And conjurations, horrible to hear,
Call fiends and spectres from the yawning deep,
And set the ministers of hell at work.
—Rowe.

Woe

A world of woes despatched in little space.—Dryden.

Thus woe succeeds a woe, as wave a wave.—Herrick.

He scorns his own who feels another's woe.—Campbell.

One woe doth tread upon another's heel, so fast they follow.—Shakespeare.

No words suffice the secret soul to show,
And truth denies all eloquence to woe.
—Byron.

Woes cluster; rare are solitary woes;
They love a train, they tread each other's heel. —Young.

So many miseries have craz'd my voice,
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute. —Shakespeare.

My languid numbers have forgot to flow, and fancy sinks beneath a weight of woe.—Pope.

The grateful tear that streams for others' woes.—Akenside.

Alas! by some degree of woe we every bliss must gain.—Lord Lyttleton.

Dependants, friends, relations, love himself, ravaged by woe, forget the tender tie.—Thomson.

It becomes one, while exempt from woes, to look to the dangers.—Sophocles.

Remembrance wakes, with all her busy train, swells at my heart, and turns the past to pain.—Goldsmith.

Not suffering, but faint heart, is worst of woes.—Lowell.

O Fortune, how thy restless, wavering state has fraught with cares my troubled wit!—Queen Elizabeth.

When we our betters see bearing our woes, we scarcely think our miseries our foes.—Shakespeare.

But I have that within, which passeth show; these but the trappings and the suits of woe.—Shakespeare.

Tell me, when shall these weary woes have end? or shall their ruthless torment never cease?—Spenser.

Wise men ne'er sit and wail their woes, but presently prevent the ways to wail.—Shakespeare.

Woe unto you when all men speak well of you.—Bible.

No scene of mortal life but teems with mortal woe.—Sir Walter Scott.

My thoughts, imprisoned in my secret woes, with flamy breaths do issue oft in sound.—Sir P. Sidney.

By woe the soul to daring action steals; by woe in plaintless patience it excels.—Savage.

Woe for my vine-clad home, that it should ever be so dark to me, with its bright threshold and its whispering tree!—N. P. Willis.

Woman

Woman is the masterpiece.—Confucius.

Woman is a miracle of divine contradictions.—Michelet.

Her step is music, and her voice is song.—Bailey.

Earth's noblest thing, a woman perfected.—James Russell Lowell.

Nature intended that woman should be her masterpiece.—Lessing.

Women have the genius of charity.—E. W. Legouvé.

Delicacy in woman is strength.—Lichtenberg.

A woman's fitness comes by fits.—Shakespeare.

One tongue is sufficient for a woman.—Attributed to Milton.

The enigma of the nineteenth century.—Victor Hugo.

Women, like princes, find few real friends.—Lord Lyttleton.

Woman is the lesser man.—Tennyson.

Who is it can read a woman?—Shakespeare.

When women sue, they sue to be denied.—Young.

The society of woman is the element of good manners.—Goethe.

There is a woman at the beginning of all great things.—Lamartine.

If women were humbler, men would be honester.—Vanbrugh.

There are few women whose charm survives their beauty.—La Rochefoucauld.

She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen.—Homer.

Fine by defect, and delicately weak.—Pope.

Women see through Claude Lorraines.—Emerson.

Men are misers, and women prodigal, in affection.—Lamartine.

Her stature tall—I hate a dumpy woman.—Byron.

A woman is easily governed, if a man takes her in hand.—La Bruyère.

Sensibility is the power of woman.—Lavater.

A shameless woman is the worst of men.—Young.

What woman can resist the force of praise?—Gay.

Divination seems heightened and raised to its highest power in woman.—Amos Bronson Alcott.

The crown of creation.—Herder.

The woman that deliberates is lost.—Addison.

A cunning woman is a knavish fool.—Lord Lyttleton.

A woman in love is a very poor judge of character.—J. G. Holland.

'T is modesty that makes them seem divine.—Shakespeare.

Woman is at best a contradiction still.—Pope.

The eternal feminine doth draw us on.—Goethe.

Women forgive injuries, but never forget slights.—Thomas C. Haliburton.

Who does know the bent of woman's fantasy.—Spenser.

A woman's noblest station is retreat.—Lord Lyttleton.

The beauty of a lovely woman is like music.—George Eliot.

Great women belong to history and to self-sacrifice.—Leigh Hunt.

Nature is in earnest when she makes a woman.—Holmes.

A woman's lot is made for her by the love she accepts.—George Eliot.

Would you hurt a woman worst, aim at her affections.—Lew Wallace.

Not for herself was woman first created, nor yet to be man's idol, but his mate.—Mrs. Norton.

The sweetest noise on earth, a woman's tongue;
A string which hath no discord.
—Barry Cornwall.

By her we first were taught the wheedling arts.—Gay.

To a gentleman every woman is a lady in right of her sex.

The happiest women, like the happiest nations, have no history.—George Eliot.

If the heart of a man is depressed with cares,
The mist is dispell'd when a woman appears. —Gay.

And when a lady's in the case,
You know all other things give place.
—Gay.

A woman's hopes are woven of sunbeams; a shadow annihilates them.—George Eliot.

If thou wouldest please the ladies, thou must endeavor to make them pleased with themselves.—Fuller.

Woman is the Sunday of man: not his repose only, but his joy; the salt of his life.—Michelet.

Woman's grief is like a summer storm, short as it is violent.—Joanna Baillie.

What mighty woes
To thy imperial race from woman rose.
—Homer.

O woman, woman, when to ill thy mind
Is bent, all hell contains no fouler fiend.
—Homer.

The brain women never interest us like the heart women; white roses please less than red.—Holmes.

Women can less easily surmount their coquetry than their passions.—Rochefoucauld.

A handsome woman is a jewel; a good woman is a treasure.—Saadi.

Woman's faith, and woman's trust,
Write the characters in dust. —Scott.

Woman has this in common with angels, that suffering beings belong especially to her.—Balzac.

Be to her virtues very kind;
Be to her faults a little blind.
—Prior.

But what is woman? Only one of nature's agreeable blunders.—Cowley.

Honor women! They strew celestial roses on the pathway of our terrestrial life.—Boiste.

If you resent, and wish a woman ill,
But turn her o'er one moment to her will.
—Young.

Women were made to give our eyes delight;
A female sloven is an odious sight.
—Young.

To speak but little becomes a woman; and she is best adorned who is in plain attire.—Democritus.

Women are a new race, recreated since the world received Christianity. —Beecher.

It is against womanhood to be forward in their own wishes.—Sir P. Sidney.

Women have more heart and more imagination than men.—Lamartine.

There are in woman's eyes two sorts of tears,—the one of grief, the other of deceit.—Pythagoras.

Men who flatter women do not know them; men who abuse them know them still less.—Mme. de Salm.

Women have a genius for love; men can only learn the art indifferently.—De Maistre.

The pearl is the image of purity, but woman is purer than the pearl. —Bourdon.

Woman, last at the cross, and earliest at the grave.—E. S. Barrett.

Where would the power of women be, were it not for the vanity of men? —Marie Ebner-Eschenbach.

Women are extreme in all points. They are better or worse than men. Bruyère.

The world was sad!—the garden was a wild!
And man, the hermit, sigh'd—till woman smiled. —Campbell.

The test of civilization is the estimate of woman.—George W. Curtis.

A woman needs a stronger head than her own for counsel—she should marry.—Calderon.

What's a table richly spread
Without a woman at its head?
—T. Wharton.

Pretty women without religion are like flowers without perfume.—Heinrich Heine.

The desire to please everything having eyes seems inborn in maidens.—Salamon Gessner.

What could a woman's head contrive
Which it would not know how to excuse?
—Lessing.

Honor women! they entwine and weave heavenly roses in our earthly life.—Schiller.

A noble man is led by woman's gentle words.—Goethe.

A woman is always changeable and capricious.—Virgil.

A woman, and by so much nearer heaven as that makes one.—Beecher.

A woman either loves or hates: she knows no medium.—Syrus.

Women that are the least bashful are often the most modest.—Colton.

Where women are, the better things are implied if not spoken.—A. Bronson Alcott.

Women especially as to be talked to as below men, and above children. —Lord Chesterfield.

The woman in us still prosecutes a deceit like that begun in the garden.—Glanvill.

A clever woman has millions of born foes,—all stupid men.—Marie Ebner-Eschenbach.

A woman is seldom roused to great and courageous exertion but when something most dear to her is in immediate danger.—Joanna Baillie.

Wretched, un-idea'd girls.—Sam'l Johnson.

There are female women, and there are male women.—Charles Buxton.

Men at most differ as heaven and earth: but women, worst and best, as heaven and hell.—Tennyson.

Very few men understand the true significance of contentment; women alone illustrate it.—Mme. Deluzy.

She is not made to be the admiration of everybody, but the happiness of one.—Burke.

Women are never stronger than when they arm themselves with their weakness.—Madame du Deffand.

And whether coldness, pride, or virtue, dignify
A woman; so she's good, what does it signify?
—Byron.

When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.—Longfellow.

'Tis the greatest misfortune in nature for a woman to want a confidant.—Farquhar.

If there be any one whose power is in beauty, in purity, in goodness, it is a woman.—Henry Ward Beecher.

What will not woman, gentle woman, dare,
When strong affection stirs her spirit up.
—Southey.

Woman, once made equal to man, becometh his superior.—Socrates.

A little, tiny, pretty, witty, charming darling she.—Lucretius.

The heart of true womanhood knows where its own sphere is, and never seeks to stray beyond it!—Hawthorne.

Heaven gave to woman the peculiar grace
To spin, to weep, and cully human race.
—Pope.

Women are like pictures: of no value in the hands of a fool till he hears men of sense bid high for the purchase.—Farquhar.

Woman! thou loveliest gift that here below
Man can receive, or Providence bestow.
—Praed.

The foundation of domestic happiness is faith in the virtue of woman.—Landor.

Most women indulge in idle gossip, which is the henchman of rumor and scandal.—Octave Feuillet.

A woman set on anything will walk right through the moral crockery without wincing.—C. D. Warner.

The taste forever refines in the study of women.—N. P. Willis.

A wretched woman is more unfortunate than a wretched man.—Victor Hugo.

Oh, pearl of all things, woman! Adored be the artist who created thee!—Schiller.

Man forms and educates the world; but woman educates man.—Julie Burow.

A good woman is a hidden treasure; who discovers her will do well not to boast about it.—La Rochefoucauld.

Woman is the salvation or destruction of the family. She carries its destinies in the folds of her mantle.—Amiel.

All the women in the world would not make me lose an hour.—Napoleon I.

There is no jewel in the world so valuable as a chaste and virtuous woman.—Cervantes.

The purer the golden vessel, the more readily is it bent; the higher worth of women is sooner lost than that of men.—Richter.

If we require more perfection from women than from ourselves, it is doing them honor.—Dr. Johnson.

It is valueless to a woman to be young unless pretty, or to be pretty unless young.—La Rochefoucauld.

Woman's honor is nice as ermine, will not bear a soil.—Dryden.

And whispering, "I will ne'er consent"—consented.—Byron.

Woman's love is writ in water!
Woman's faith is traced on sand!
—W. E. Aytoun.

Thou art a woman,
And that is saying the best and worst of thee. —Bailey.

For the nature of women is closely allied to art.—Goethe.

In matters of business, no woman stops at integrity.—Dr. Johnson.

O woman! thou wert fashioned to beguile:
So have all sages said, all poets sung.
—Jean Ingelow.

Woman is a flower that breathes its perfume in the shade only.—Lamennais.

I've seen your stormy seas and stormy women,
And pity lovers rather more than seamen.
—Byron.

A rosebud set with little wilful thorns,
And sweet as English air could make her, she. —Tennyson.

Maids must be wives and mothers, to fulfil
Th' entire and holiest end of woman's being.
—Frances Anne Kemble.

Most women will forgive an insult rather than a slight.—Colton.

How the best state to know?—it is found out
Like the best woman;—that least talked about. —Schiller.

Woman is like the reed which bends to every breeze, but breaks not in the tempest.—Whately.

There is no gown or garment that worse becomes a woman than when she will be wise.—Martin Luther.

Most men like in women what is most opposite their own characters.—Fielding.

We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo. —Shakespeare.

He bears an honorable mind,
And will not use a woman lawlessly.
—Shakespeare.

If ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it.
—Shakespeare.

She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won.
—Shakespeare.

Ah me, how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! —Shakespeare.

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety. —Shakespeare.

A child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman.—Shakespeare.

Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
Thou, stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless. —Shakespeare.

Women are the poetry of the world, in the same sense as the stars are the poetry of heaven.—Hargrave.

O most delicate fiend!
Who is't can read a woman?
—Shakespeare.

A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man.
—Shakespeare.

Fear and niceness, the handmaids of all women, or more truly, woman its pretty self.—Shakespeare.

Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love.
—Milton.

Have you not heard it said full oft,
A woman's nay doth stand for nought?
—Shakespeare.

They are the books, the arts, the academies, that show, contain, and nourish all the world.—Shakespeare.

Kindness in woman, not their beauteous looks, shall win my love.—Shakespeare.

My latest found,
Heaven's last best gift, my ever new delight!
—Milton.

A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty.
—Shakespeare.

For nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to study household good.
—Milton.

It is less difficult for a woman to obtain celebrity by her genius than to be forgiven for it.—Brissot.

She was his life,
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,
Which terminated all.
—Byron.

There are three things I have always loved and never understood,—paintings, music, and woman.—Fontenelle.

But O ye lords of ladies intellectual,
Inform us truly, have they not henpecked you all?
—Byron.

A beautiful woman without fixed principles may be likened to those fair but rootless flowers which float in streams, driven by every breeze.—Lady Blessington.

They govern the world, these sweet-lipped women, because beauty is the index of a larger fact than wisdom.—O. W. Holmes.

Woman is mistress of the art of completely imbittering the life of the person on whom she depends.—Goethe.

Women have, in general, but one object, which is their beauty; upon which scarce any flattery is too gross for them.—Chesterfield.

Just corporeal enough to attest humanity, yet sufficiently transparent to let the celestial origin shine through.—Ruffini.

When a woman hath ceased to be quite the same to us, it matters little how different she becomes.—Landor.

As soon as she begins to be ashamed of what she ought not, she will not be ashamed of what she ought.—Livy.

She is like ivy, which grows beautifully so long as it twines round a tree, but is of no use when separated.—Molière.

Where woman is held in honor, there the gods are well pleased; where she receives no honor, all holy acts are void and fruitless.—Manu.

A woman's faults, be they never so small, cast a shadow which all her virtues cannot dispel.—Achilles Poincelot.

Woman is superlative; the best leader in life, the best guide in happy days, the best consoler in sorrow.—Seume.

There is on earth no greater treasure or more desirable possession for man, than a woman who truly loves him.—Sainte-Foi.

All women are, in some degree, poets in imagination, angels in heart, and diplomatists in mind.—Emmanuel Gonzales.

Endurance is the prerogative of woman, enabling the gentlest to suffer what would cause terror to manhood.—Wieland.

The honor of woman is badly guarded when it is guarded by keys and spies. No woman is honest who does not wish to be.—Adrian Dupuy.

If you would know the political and moral condition of a people, ask as to the position of its women.—Almé-Martin.

A clever, ugly man every now and then is successful with the ladies; but a handsome fool is irresistible.—Thackeray.

Never expect women to be sincere, so long as they are educated to think that their first aim in life is to please.—Marie Ebner-Eschenbach.

There are three things a wise man will not trust,—the wind, the sunshine of an April day, and woman's plighted faith.—Southey.

Women equitable, logical, and utterly just! Mercy upon us! If they were, population would cease, the world would be a howling wilderness. —Thackeray.

A woman possessing nothing but outward advantages is like a flower without fragrance, a tree without fruit.—Regnier.

All a woman has to do in this world is contained within the duties of a daughter, a sister, a wife and a mother.—Steele.

He ploughs the waves, sows the sand, and hopes to gather the wind in a net, who places his hopes on the heart of woman.—Sannazaro.

A clever woman often compromises her husband; a stupid woman only compromises herself.—Talleyrand.

Women do not transgress the bounds of decorum so often as men; but when they do, they go greater lengths.—Colton.

Woman's power is over the affections. A beautiful dominion is hers, but she risks its forfeiture when she seeks to extend it.—Bovee.

Beshrew my heart, but it is wond'rous strange;
Sure there is something more than witchcraft in them,
That masters ev'n the wisest of us all.
—Rowe.

A pretty woman's worth some pains to see,
Nor is she spoiled, I take it, if a crown
Completes the forehead pale and tresses pure.
—Robert Browning.

A woman's heart is just like a lithographer's stone,—what is once written upon it cannot be rubbed out.—Thackeray.

As for the women, though we scorn and flout them, we may live with, but cannot live without them.—Dryden.

A young man rarely gets a better vision of himself than that which is reflected from a true woman's eyes; for God Himself sits behind them.—J. G. Holland.

Men, some to business, some to pleasure take,
* * * * * *
Men, some to quiet, some to public strife,
But every lady would be queen for life.
—Pope.

Happiness lends poetic charms to woman, and dress adorns her like a delicate tinge of rouge.—Balzac.

Most of their faults women owe to us, whilst we are indebted to them for most of our better qualities.—Charles Lemesle.

A tact which surpassed the tact of her sex as much as the tact of her sex surpasses the tact of ours.—Macaulay.

The empire of woman is an empire of softness, of address, of complacency. Her commands are caresses, her menaces are tears.—Rousseau.

The world is the book of women. Whatever knowledge they may possess is more commonly acquired by observation than by reading.—Rousseau.

A woman may be ugly, ill-shaped, wicked, ignorant, silly, and stupid, but hardly ever ridiculous.—Louis Desnoyers.

Women are engaged to men by the favors they grant them; men are disengaged by the same favors.—Bruyère.

The errors of women spring almost always from her faith in the good or her confidence in the true.—Balzac.

O woman! in ordinary cases so mere a mortal, how, in the great and rare events of life, dost thou swell into the angel!—Bulwer-Lytton.

Women have more strength in their looks than we have in our laws, and more power by their tears, than we have by our arguments.—Saville.

Women see through and through each other; and often we most admire her whom they most scorn.—Charles Buxton.

There is in every true woman's heart a spark of heavenly fire, which beams and blazes in the dark hours of adversity.—Washington Irving.

Our sex bears the disgrace not only of a great deal of genuine poltroonery, but also of much which is mere affectation.—Frances Power Cobbe.

Women should be doubly careful of their conduct, since appearances often injure them as much as faults.—Abbé Girard.

What we call in men wisdom is in women prudence. It is a partiality to call one greater than the other.—Steele.

The world is so unjust that a female heart which has been once touched is thought forever blemished.—Steele.

God has placed the genius of women in their hearts, because the works of this genius are always works of love.—Lamartine.

The woman who is resolved to be respected can make herself so even amidst an army of soldiers.—Cervantes.

It makes sweet human music,—oh! the spells that haunt the trembling tale a bright-eyed maiden tells!—Edwin Arnold.

And when a woman says she loves a man, the man must hear her, though he love her not.—Mrs. Browning.

It goes far to reconciling me to being a woman when I reflect that I am thus in no danger of ever marrying one.—Lady Montagu.

The wisest woman you talk with is ignorant of something that you know, but an elegant woman never forgets her elegance.—Holmes.

Every blue-stocking will remain a spinster as long as there are sensible men on the earth.—Rousseau.

A bluestocking is the scourge of her husband, children, friends, servants, and every one.—Rousseau.

Women wish to be loved without a why or a wherefore; not because they are pretty, or good, or well-bred, or graceful, or intelligent, but because they are themselves.—Amiel.

I am very fond of the company of ladies. I like their beauty, I like their delicacy, I like their vivacity, and I like their silence.—Samuel Johnson.

Are women books? says Hodge, then would mine were
An Almanack, to change her every year.
—Benjamin Franklin.

For silence and a chaste reserve is woman's genuine praise, and to remain quiet within the house.—Euripides.

A woman too often reasons from her heart; hence two-thirds of her mistakes and her troubles.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Next to God, we are indebted to women, first for life itself, and then for making it worth having.—Bovee.

She hugg'd the offender, and forgave the offence;
Sex to the last. —Dryden.

My only books
Were woman's looks,
And folly's all they've taught me.
—Moore.

Women are like thermometers, which on a sudden application of heat sink at first a few degrees, as a preliminary to rising a good many.—Richter.

A woman's best qualities do not reside in her intellect, but in her affections. She gives refreshment by her sympathies, rather than by her knowledge.—Samuel Smiles.

I know the nature of women. When you will, they will not; when you will

not, they come of their own accord.—Terence.

She hath a natural wise sincerity, a simple truthfulness, and these have lent her a dignity as moveless as the centre.—Lowell.

I have often thought that the nature of women was inferior to that of men in general, but superior in particular. —Lord Greville.

Loveliest of women! heaven is in thy soul,
Beauty and virtue shine forever round thee,
Brightening each other! thou art all divine.
—Addison.

Men can be great when great occasions call:
In little duties women find their spheres,
The narrow cares that cluster round the hearth. —R. H. Stoddard.

A woman mixed of such fine elements
That were all virtue and religion dead
She'd make them newly, being what she was. —George Eliot.

How sweetly sounds the voice of a good woman!
It is so seldom heard, that, when it speaks,
It ravishes all senses. —Massinger.

A woman's rank
Lies in the fulness of her womanhood:
Therein alone she is royal.
—George Eliot.

'Tis beauty, that doth oft make women proud;
* * * * * *
'Tis virtue, that doth make them most admired;
* * * * * *
'Tis government, that makes them seem divine. —Shakespeare.

A woman is the most inconsistent compound of obstinacy and self-sacrifice that I am acquainted with.—Richter.

One woman is fair; yet I am well: another is wise; yet I am well; another virtuous; yet I am well. But till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace.—Shakespeare.

Men's hearts and faces are always wide asunder; women's are not only in close connection, but are mirror-like in the instant power of reflection. —Chamfort.

Offend her, and she knows not to forgive;
Oblige her, and she'll hate you while you live. —Pope.

O loving woman, man's fulfillment, sweet.
Completing him not otherwise complete!
How void and useless the sad remnant left
Were he of her, his nobler part, bereft.
—Abraham Coles.

Without our hopes, without our fears,
Without the home that plighted love en dears,
Without the smile from partial beauty won,
Oh! what were man?—a world without a sun. —Campbell.

Pleasure is to women what the sun is to the flower; if moderately enjoyed, it beautifies, it refreshes, and it improves; if immoderately, it withers, deteriorates and destroys.—Colton.

Women are much more like each other than men: they have, in truth, but two passions, vanity and love; these are their universal characteristics.—Chesterfield.

A virtuous mind in a fair body is indeed a fine picture in a good light, and therefore it is no wonder that it makes the beautiful sex all over charms.—Addison.

On one she smiled, and he was bles.;
She smiles elsewhere—we make a din!
But 'twas not love which heaved her breast,
Fair child!—it was the bliss within.
—Matthew Arnold.

Thy daughters bright thy walks adorn,
Gay as the gilded summer sky,
Sweet as the dewy milk-white thorn,
Dear as the raptured thrill of joy.
—Burns.

You forget too much
That every creature, female as the male,
Stands single in responsible act and thought,
As also in birth and death.
—E. B. Browning.

The majority of women have no principles of their own; they are guided by the heart, and depend for their own conduct, upon that of the men they love.—Bruvère.

To see her is to love her,
And love but her forever;
For nature made her what she is,
And never made anither!
—Burns.

Auld nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O;
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, O.
—Burns.

Oh, Woman, perfect woman! what distraction
Was meant to mankind when thou wast made a devil!
What an inviting hell invented.
—Beaumont and Fletcher.

The souls of women are so small,
That some believe they've none at all;
Or, if they have, like cripples, still
They've but one faculty, the will.
—Butler.

But she was a soft landscape of mild earth,
Where all was harmony, and calm, and quiet,
Luxuriant, budding; cheerful without mirth.
—Byron.

A tigress robb'd of young, a lioness,
Or any interesting beast of prey,
Are similes at hand for the distress
Of ladies who cannot have their own way.
—Byron.

Some waltz; some draw; some fathom the abyss
Of metaphysics; others are content
With music; the most moderate shine as wits,
While others have a genius turn'd for fits.
—Byron.

I am resolved to grow fat and look young till forty, and then slip out of the world with the first wrinkle and the reputation of five and twenty.—Dryden.

What furniture can give such finish to a room as a tender woman's face? and is there any harmony of tints that has such stirrings of delight as the sweet modulations of her voice?—George Eliot.

Women never truly command till they have given their promise to obey; and they are never in more danger of being made slaves than when the men are at their feet.—Farquhar.

To describe women, the pen should be dipped in the humid colors of the rainbow, and the paper dried with the dust gathered from the wings of a butterfly.—Diderot.

To think of the part one little woman can play in the life of a man, so that to renounce her may be a very good imitation of heroism, and to win her may be a discipline.—George Eliot.

Let men say what they will; according to the experience I have learned, I require in married women the economical virtue above all other virtues.—Fuller.

If thou wouldst hear what seemly is and fit, inquire of noble woman; they can tell, who in life's common usage hold their place by graceful deed and aptly chosen word.—Goethe.

At present the most valuable gift which can be bestowed on women is something to do, which they can do well and worthily, and thereby maintain themselves.—James A. Garfield.

I am a woman—therefore I may not
Call to him, cry to him,
Fly to him,
Bid him delay not!
—R. W. Gilder.

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy?
What art can wash her guilt away?
—Goldsmith.

First, then, a woman will, or won't, depend on't;
If she will do't, she will; and there's an end on't.
But if she won't, since safe and sound your trust is,
Fear is affront, and jealousy injustice.
—Aaron Hill.

Women of forty always fancy they have found the Fountain of Youth, and that they remain young in the midst of the ruins of their day.—Arsène Houssage.

Teach him to live unto God and unto thee; and he will discover that women, like the plants in woods, de

rive their softness and tenderness from the shade.—Landor.

When greater perils men environ,
Then women show a front of iron;
And, gentle in their manner, they
Do bold things in a quiet way.
—Thomas Dunn English.

And where she went, the flowers took thickest root,
As she had sow'd them with her odorous foot. —Ben Jonson.

I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship to a woman, whether civilized or savage, without receiving a decent and friendly answer.—Ledyard.

A Lady with a lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood.
—Longfellow.

Oh! why did God, * * * create at last
* * * * * *
This novelty on earth, this fair defect
Of nature, and not fill the world at once
With men as angels without feminine.
—Milton.

O fairest of creation! last and best
Of all God's works! creature in whom excell'd
Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!
—Milton.

O woman, born first to believe us;
Yea, also born first to forget;
Born first to betray and deceive us,
Yet first to repent and regret.
—Joaquin Miller.

O woman! whose form and whose soul
Are the spell and the light of each path we pursue;
Whether sunn'd in the tropics, or chill'd at the pole,
If woman be there, there is happiness too.
—Moore.

There is nothing by which I have, through life, more profited by than the just observations, the good opinion, and the sincere and gentle encouragement of amiable and sensible women. —Romilly.

O, if the loving, closed heart of a good woman should open before a man, how much controlled tenderness, how many veiled sacrifices and dumb virtues, would he see reposing therein?—Richter.

Angels listen when she speaks;
She's my delight, all mankind's wonder;
But my jealous heart would break
Should we live one day asunder.
—Earl of Rochester.

Women, like summer storms, awhile are cloudy,
Burst out in thunder and impetuous showers:
But straight the sun of beauty dawns abroad,
And all the fair horizon is serene.
—Rowe.

Women have many faults, but of the many this is the greatest, that they please themselves too much, and give too little attention to pleasing the men.—Plautus.

And yet believe me, good as well as ill
Woman's at best a contradiction still
Heaven, when it strives to polish all it can
Its last best work, but forms a softer man.
—Pope.

To the disgrace of men it is seen that there are women both more wise to judge what evil is expected, and more constant to bear it when it is happened.—Sir P. Sidney.

One moral's plain—without more fuss;
Man's social happiness all rests on us:
Through all the drama—whether damn'd or not—
Love gilds the scene, and women guide the plot. —Sheridan.

The prevailing manners of an age depend, more than we are aware of, or are willing to allow, on the conduct of the women: this is one of the principal things on which the great machine of human society turns.—Blair.

Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions, and our hearts,
Should well agree with our external parts.
—Shakespeare.

However we do praise ourselves, our fancies are more giddy and unfirm, more longing, wavering, sooner lost

and won, than women's are.—Shakespeare.

Fair ladies mask'd are roses in their bud:
Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown,
Are angels veiling clouds, or roses blown.
—Shakespeare.

If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or from the all that are took something good.
To make a perfect woman, she you kill'd
Would be unparallel'd. —Shakespeare.

I thank God I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences as He hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.—Shakespeare.

Make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and it will out at the key-hole; stop that, it will fly with the smoke out at the chimney.—Shakespeare.

I grant I am a woman, but withal,
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman well-reputed; Cato's daughter.
—Shakespeare.

They never reason, or, if they do, they either draw correct inferences from wrong premises or wrong inferences from correct premises; and they always poke the fire from the top.—Whately.

As pure and sweet, her fair brow seemed
Eternal as the sky:
And like the brook's low song, her voice,—
A sound which could not die.
—Whittier.

Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds
Were in her very look;
We read her face, as one who reads
A true and holy book. —Whittier.

She was a soft landscape of mild earth,
Where all was harmony, and calm, and quiet,
Luxuriant, budding; cheerful without mirth,
Which, if not happiness, is much more nigh it
Than are your mighty passions.
—Byron.

No amount of preaching, exhortation, sympathy, benevolence, will render the condition of our working-women what it should be so long as the kitchen and the needle are substantially their only resources.—Horace Greeley.

Then, my good girls, be more than women, wise:
At least be more than I was; and be sure
You credit anything the light gives life to
Before a man.
—Beaumont and Fletcher.

Woman, they say, was only made of man:
Methinks 'tis strange they should be so unlike!
It may be all the best was cut away,
To make the woman, and the naught was left
Behind with him.
—Beaumont and Fletcher.

A woman's counsel brought us first to woe,
And made her man his paradise forego,
Where at heart's ease he liv'd; and might have been
As free from sorrow as he was from sin.
—Dryden.

They the royal-hearted women are
Who nobly love the noblest, yet have grace
For needy suffering lives in lowliest place,
Carrying a choicer sunlight in their smile,
The heavenliest ray that pitieth the vile.
—George Eliot.

O woman! woman! thou shouldest have few sins of thine own to answer for! Thou art the author of such a book of follies in a man that it would need the tears of all the angels to blot the record out.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Nature has given women two painful but heavenly gifts, which distinguish them, and often raise them above human nature,—compassion and enthusiasm. By compassion, they devote themselves; by enthusiasm they exalt themselves.—Lamartine.

Yet when I approach
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,
And in herself complete; so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say,
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best.
—Milton.

Nature sent women into the world with this bridal dower of love, for this reason, that they might be, what their destination is, mothers, and love children, to whom sacrifices must ever be offered, and from whom none are to be obtained.—Richter.

The woman must not belong to herself; she is bound to alien destinies. But she performs her part best who can take freely of her own choice, the alien to her heart, can bear and foster it with sincerity and love.—Richter.

Woman is the highest, holiest, most precious gift to man. Her mission and throne is the family, and if anything is withheld that would make her more efficient, useful, or happy in that sphere, she is wronged, and has not her rights.—John Todd.

A maid
That paragons description and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in the essential vesture of creation
Does tire the ingener. —Shakespeare.

Her sighs will make a battery in his breast;
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;
The tiger will be mild whiles she doth mourn;
And Nero will be tainted with remorse,
To hear and see her plaints.
—Shakespeare.

I have often reflected within myself on this unaccountable humor in womankind, of being smitten with everything that is showy and superficial; and on the numberless evils that befall the sex from this light fantastical disposition.—Addison.

What a strange thing is man! and what a stranger
Is woman! What a whirlwind is her head,
And what a whirlpool full of depth and danger
Is all the rest about her. —Byron.

A worthless woman! mere cold clay
As all false things are! but so fair,
She takes the breath of men away
Who gaze upon her unaware:
I would not play her larcenous tricks
To have her looks!
—E. B. Browning.

An inconstant woman is one who is no longer in love; a false woman is one who is already in love with another person; a fickle woman is she who neither knows whom she loves nor whether she loves or not; and the indifferent woman, one who does not love at all.—Bruyère.

Man has subdued the world, but woman has subdued man. Mind and muscle have won his victories; love and loveliness have gained hers. No monarch has been so great, no peasant so lowly, that he has not been glad to lay his best at the feet of a woman.—Gail Hamilton.

Her air, her manners, all who saw admired;
Courteous though coy, and gentle, though retired:
The joy of youth and health her eyes display'd,
And ease of heart her every look convey'd.
—Crabbe.

Man pays deference to woman instinctively, involuntarily, not because she is beautiful or truthful or wise or foolish or proper, but because she is a woman, and he cannot help it. If she descends, he will lower to her level; if she rises, he will rise to her height.—Gail Hamilton.

Some are so uncharitable as to think all women bad, and others are so credulous as to believe they are all good. All will grant her corporeal frame more wonderful and more beautiful than man's. And can we think God would put a worse soul into a better body?—Feltham.

A woman's whole life is a history of the affections. The heart is her world: it is there her ambition strives for empire; it is there her avarice seeks for hidden treasures. She sends forth her sympathies on adventure; she embarks her whole soul in the traffic of affection; and, if shipwrecked, her case is hopeless—for it is a bankruptcy of the heart.—Irving.

Whatever littleness and vanity is to be observed in the minds of women, it is, like the cruelty of butchers, a temper that is wrought into them by that life which they are taught and accustomed to lead.—William Law.

For if a young lady has that discretion and modesty, without which all knowledge is little worth, she will never make an ostentatious parade of it, because she will rather be intent on acquiring more, than on displaying what she has.—Hannah More.

A female heart is often like marble: the cunning stone cutter strikes a thousand blows without the Parian block showing the line of a crack; but all at once it breaks asunder into the very form which the cunning stone cutter has so long been hammering after.—Richter.

Ladies, stock and tend your hive,
Trifle not at thirty-five;
For, howe'er we boast and strive,
Life declines from thirty-five;
He that ever hopes to thrive
Must begin by thirty-five.
—Sam'l Johnson.

She who makes her husband and her children happy, who reclaims the one from vice, and trains up the other to virtue, is a greater character than ladies described in romance, whose whole occupation is to murder mankind with their eyes.—Goldsmith.

O woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee
To temper man; we had been brutes without you.
Angels are painted fair to look like you:
There's in you all that we believe of heaven,
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love.
—Otway.

O! bless'd with temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day;
She who can own a sister's charms, or hear
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear;
She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules.
—Pope.

Women govern us; let us render them perfect: the more they are enlightened, so much the more shall we be. On the cultivation of the mind of women depends the wisdom of men. It is by women that nature writes on the hearts of men.—Sheridan.

With soft, persuasive prayers woman wields the sceptre of the life which she charmeth; she lulls the discord which roars and glows,—teaches the fierce powers which hate each other like fiends to embrace in the bonds of love, and draws together what are forever flying asunder.—Schiller.

The Christian religion alone contemplates the conjugal union in the order of nature; it is the only religion which presents woman to man as a companion; every other abandons her to him as a slave. To religion alone do European women owe their liberty.—St. Pierre.

Our grandsire, ere of Eve possess'd,
Alone, and e'en in Paradise unblest,
With mournful looks the blissful scenes survey'd,
And wander'd in the solitary shade;
The Maker saw, took pity, and bestow'd
Woman, the last, the best reserv'd of God.
—Pope.

O woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!
—Walter Scott.

Her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love. We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacs can report. This cannot be cunning in her. If it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.—Shakespeare.

Never give her o'er;
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you;
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone,
For why, the fools are mad if left alone.
—Shakespeare.

Frailty, thy name is woman!—
A little month, or ere those shoes were old
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears;—why she, even she,
* * * married with my uncle.
—Shakespeare.

Women have tongues of craft, and hearts of guile,
They will, they will not; fools that on them trust;
For in their speech is death, hell in their smile.
—Tasso.

Christ has lifted woman to a new place in the world. And just in proportion as Christianity has sway, will she rise to a higher dignity in human

life. What she has now, and what she shall have, of privilege and true honor, she owes to that gospel which took those qualities peculiarly and which had been counted weak and unworthy, and gave them a divine glory in Christ. —Herrick Johnson.

Without religion, man is an atheist, woman is a monster. As daughter, sister, wife and mother, she holds in her hands, under God, the destinies of humanity. In the hours of gloom and sorrow we look to her for sympathy and comfort. Where shall she find strength for trial, comfort for sorrow, save in that gospel which has given a new meaning to the name of "mother," since it rested on the lips of the child Jesus?—Bishop Whipple.

The life of woman is full of woe,
Toiling on and on and on,
With breaking heart, and tearful eyes,
The secret longings that arise,
Which this world never satisfies!
Some more, some less, but of the whole
Not one quite happy, no, not one!
—Longfellow.

The very first
Of human life must spring from woman's breast:
Your first small words are taught you from her lips;
Your first tears quench'd by her, and your last sighs
Too often breath'd out in a woman's hearing,
When men have shrunk from the ignoble care
Of watching the last hour of him who led them. —Byron.

Women in health are the hope of the nation. Men who exercise a controlling influence—the master spirits —with a few exceptions, have had country-born mothers. They transmit to their sons those traits of character which give stability to institutions, and promote order, security and justice.—Dr. J. V. C. Smith.

I have often had occasion to remark the fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters which break down the spirit of a man and prostrate him in the dust seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character that at times it approaches to sublimity.—Washington Irving.

Say that she rail, why then I'll tell her plain
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale;
Say that she frown; I'll say she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew;
Say she be mute and will not speak a word;
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence.
—Shakespeare.

A woman is sometimes fugitive, irrational, indeterminable, illogical and contradictory. A great deal of forbearance ought to be shown her, and a good deal of prudence exercised with regard to her, for she may bring about innumerable evils without knowing it. Capable of all kinds of devotion, and of all kinds of treason, "monster incomprehensible," raised to the second power, she is at once the delight and the terror of man.—Amiel.

To chase the clouds of life's tempestuous hours,
To strew its short but weary way with flow'rs,
New hopes to raise, new feelings to impart,
And pour celestial balsam on the heart;
For this to man was lovely woman giv'n,
The last, best work, the noblest gift of Heav'n. —Thomas Love Peacock.

Woman may err, woman may give her mind
To evil thoughts, and lose her pure estate;
But for one woman who affronts her kind
By wicked passions and remorseless hate,
A thousand make amends in age and youth,
By heavenly pity, by sweet sympathy,
By patient kindness, by enduring truth,
By love, supremest in adversity.
—Charles Mackay.

The most beautiful object in the world, it will be allowed, is a beautiful woman. But who that can analyze his feelings is not sensible that she owes her fascination less to grace of outline and delicacy of color than to a thousand associations which, often unperceived by ourselves, connect these qualities with the source of our existence, with the nourishment of our infancy, with the passions of our youth, with the hopes of our age,—with elegance, with vivacity, with tenderness,

with the strongest natural instincts, with the dearest of social ties?—Macaulay.

"Petticoat influence" is a great reproach,
Which e'en those who obey would fain be thought
To fly from, as from hungry pikes a roach;
But since beneath it upon earth we're brought
By various joltings of life's hackney coach,
I for one venerate a petticoat—
A garment of mystical sublimity,
No matter whether russet, silk, or dimity.
—Byron.

I love the sex, and sometimes would reverse
The tyrant's wish, "that mankind only had
One neck, which he with one fell stroke might pierce;"
My wish is quite as wide, but not so bad,
And much more tender on the whole than fierce;
It being (not now, but only while a lad)
That womankind had but one rosy mouth,
To kiss them all at once, from North to South.
—Byron.

God in his harmony has equal ends
For cedar that resists and reed that bends;
For good it is a woman sometimes rules,
Holds in her hand the power, and manners, schools,
And laws, and mind; succeeding master proud,
With gentle voice and smiles she leads the crowd,
The somber human troop.
—Victor Hugo.

Think not, when woman's transient breath is fled,
That all her vanities at once are dead;
Succeeding vanities she still regards,
And though she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive,
And love of ombre, after death survive.
For when the fair in all their pride expire,
To their first elements their souls retire:
The sprites of fiery termagants in flame
Mount up, and take a salamander's name.
Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
And sip, with nymphs, their elemental tea.
The graver prude sinks downward to a gnome,
In search of mischief still on earth to roam.
The light coquettes in sylphs aloft repair,
And sport and flutter in the fields of air.
—Pope.

A good woman is the loveliest flower that blooms under heaven; and we look with love and wonder upon its silent grace, its pure fragrance, its delicate bloom of beauty. Sweet and beautiful! the fairest and the most spotless! is it not pity to see them bowed down or devoured by grief or death inexorable, wasting in disease, pining with long pain, or cut off by sudden fate in their prime? We may deserve grief, but why should these be unhappy?—except that we know that heaven chastens those whom it loves best; being pleased, by repeated trials, to make these pure spirits more pure.—Thackeray.

As the vine which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling round it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs; so it is beautifully ordered by Providence, that woman, who is the mere dependent and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity; winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart.—Washington Irving.

Wonder

Wonder is involuntary praise.—Young.

O day and night, but this is wondrous strange.—Shakespeare.

Wonder is prophetic.—Charles H. Parkhurst.

All wonder is the effect of novelty upon ignorance.—Johnson.

It was through the feeling of wonder that men now and at first began to philosophize.—Aristotle.

A wonder lasts but nine days, and then the puppy's eyes are open.—Fielding.

'Twas strange, 'twas passing strange;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful.
—Shakespeare.

Stones have been known to move and trees to speak.—Shakespeare.

At last fell humbly down upon his knees, and of his wonder made religion.—Spenser.

There's something in a flying horse,
There's something in a huge balloon.
—Wordsworth.

No wonder is greater than any other wonder, and if once explained ceases to be a wonder.—Leigh Hunt.

I saw a flie within a beade
Of amber cleanly buried.
—Herrick.

And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew, that one small head should carry all he knew.—Goldsmith.

That is ever the difference between the wise and the unwise: the latter wonders at what is unusual; the wise man wonders at the usual.—Emerson.

Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder?
—Shakespeare.

They spake not a word;
But like dumb statues or breathless stones,
Star'd on each other, and look'd deadly pale.
—Shakespeare.

Wonder, connected with a principle of rational curiosity, is the source of all knowledge and discovery, and it is a principle even of piety; but wonder which ends in wonder, and is satisfied with wonder, is the quality of an idiot. —Horsley.

Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!
The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.
—Pope.

Woods

The nunneries of silent nooks, the murmured longing of the wood.—Lowell.

In the woods, too, a man casts off his years, as the snake his slough, and, at what period soever of life, is always a child. In the woods is perpetual youth. Within these plantations of God a decorum and sanctity reign, a perennial festival is dressed, and the guest sees not how he should tire of them in a thousand years. In the woods we return to reason and faith. —Emerson.

Wooing (See Courtship)

She half consents who silently denies.—Ovid.

Deference and intimacy live far apart.—Molière.

I'll woo her as the lion woos his brides.—John Home.

And let us mind, faint heart ne'er wan
A lady fair.
—Burns.

A heaven on earth I have won by wooing thee.—Shakespeare.

You must not contrast too strongly the hours of courtship with the years of possession.—Beaconsfield.

Men are April when they woo, December when they wed.—Shakespeare.

Love is a child that talks in broken language, yet then he speaks most plain.—Dryden.

The first thing necessary to win the heart of a woman is opportunity.—Balzac.

It is against womanhood to be forward in their own wishes.—Sir P. Sidney.

With women worth the being won, the softest lover ever best succeeds.—Aaron Hill.

I was not born under a rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms.—Shakespeare.

She is a woman, therefore may be wooed; she is a woman, therefore may be won.—Shakespeare.

They dream in courtship, but in wedlock wake.—Pope.

Women are not apt to be won by the charms of verse.—Bayard Taylor.

If I am not worth the wooing, I surely am not worth the winning.—Longfellow.

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won?
—Shakespeare.

And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorne in the dale.
—Milton.

Faint heart hath been a common phrase, faire ladie never wives.—J. P. Collier.

The surest way to hit a woman's heart is to take aim kneeling.—Douglas Jerrold.

Her virtue and the conscience of her worth,
That would be woo'd and not unsought be won. —Milton.

That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.
—Shakespeare.

We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We should be woo'd and were not made to woo. —Shakespeare.

Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship and such fair ostents of love
As shall conveniently become you there.
—Shakespeare.

Not much he kens, I ween, of woman's breast,
Who thinks that wanton thing is won by sighs. —Byron.

Win her with gifts, if she respects not words;
Dumb jewels often in their silent kind
More than quick words do move a woman's mind. —Shakespeare.

Most fair,
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms
Such as will enter at a lady's ear
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart? —Shakespeare.

Wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold or sums in sealed bags;
And 'tis the very riches of thyself
That now I aim at. —Shakespeare.

O subtle love! a thousand wiles thou hast, by humble suit, by service, or by hire, to win a maiden's hold,—a thing soon done, for nature framed all women to be won.—Tasso.

His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
But hern went pity-Zekle.
—Lowell.

Quiet, Robin, quiet!
You lovers are such clumsy summer-flies,
Forever buzzing at your lady's face.
—Tennyson.

Lightly from fair to fair he flew,
And loved to plead, lament, and sue,—
Suit lightly won, and short-lived pain,
For monarchs seldom sigh in vain.
—Scott.

Ah, whither shall a maiden flee,
When a bold youth so swift pursues,
And siege of tenderest courtesy,
With hope perseverent, still renews!
—Coventry Patmore.

'Tis enough—
Who listens once will listen twice;
Her heart be sure is not of ice,
And one refusal no rebuff.
—Byron.

She that with poetry is won,
Is but a desk to write upon;
And what men say of her they mean
No more than on the thing they lean.
—Butler.

He that will win his dame must do
As love does when he draws his bow;
With one hand thrust the lady from,
And with the other pull her home.
—Butler.

If I speak to thee in friendship's name,
Thou think'st I speak too coldly;
If I mention Love's devoted flame,
Thou say'st I speak too boldly.
—Moore.

Say that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart:
Write till your ink be dry and with your tears
Moist it again, and frame some feeling line,
That may discover such integrity.
—Shakespeare.

She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd
That heaven had made her such a man: She thank'd me,
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story
And that would woo her. —Shakespeare.

Women are angels, wooing:
Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing:
That she belov'd knows nought that knows not this:
Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is. —Shakespeare.

O gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully,
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo: but else, not for the world. —Shakespeare.

Happy Mary Anerly, looking O so fair!
There's a ring upon your hand, and there's myrtle in your hair.
Somebody is with you now: Somebody I see,
Looks into your trusting face very tenderly.
—Arthur Jas. Munby.

'Tis an old lesson; time approves it true,
And those who know it best, deplore it most;
When all is won that all desire to woo,
The paltry prize is hardly worth the cost.
—Byron.

Do proper homage to thine idol's eyes;
But not too humbly, or she will despise
Thee and thy suit, though told in moving tropes:
Disguise even tenderness, if thou art wise.
—Byron.

The nightingales among the sheltering boughs
Of populous and many-nested trees
Shall teach me how to woo thee, and shall tell me
By what resistless charms or incantations
They won their mates. —Longfellow.

Follow a shadow, it still flies you,
Seem to fly it, it will pursue:
So court a mistress, she denies you;
Let her alone, she will court you.
Say are not women truly, then,
Styled but the shadows of us men?
—Ben Jonson.

Bring therefore all the forces that ye may,
And lay incessant battery to her heart;
Playnts, prayers, vowes, truth, sorrow, and dismay;
Those engins can the proudest love convert:
And if those fayle, fall down and dy before her;
So dying live, and living do adore her.
—Spenser.

He sat by her side and her soft hand he pressed;
He felt, in the pressure returned him thrice blessed,
Enraptured gazing
On her whom he honored beyond all praising. —Esaias Tegnèr.

'Tis sweet to think that where'er we rove
We are sure to find something blissful and dear;
And that when we're far from the lips we love,
We've but to make love to the lips we are near. —Moore.

Duncan Gray cam here to woo,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
On blithe Yulenight when we were fou,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
Maggie coost her head fu' high,
Looked asklent and unco skeigh,
Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh:
Ha, ha! the wooing o't!
—Burns.

Alas! to seize the moment
When heart inclines to heart,
And press a suit with passion,
Is not a woman's part.

If man come not to gather
The roses where they stand,
They fade among their foliage,
They cannot seek his hand.
—Bryant.

Words

Words are the wings of actions.—Lavater.

Words are the voice of the heart.—Confucius.

How forcible are right words!—Bible.

A word spoken in due season, how good is it!—Bible.

Words that weep, and tears that speak.—Cowley.

Words are but holy as the deeds they cover.—Shelley.

There are words which cut like steel.—Balzac.

Words without thoughts never to heaven go.—Shakespeare.

Words are women; deeds are men.—George Herbert.

Fair words gladden so many a heart.—Longfellow.

Men who have much to say use the fewest words.—H. W. Shaw.

The artillery of words.—Swift.

Words writ in waters.—George Chapman.

Words are but empty thanks.—Colley Cibber.

Words are mighty; words are living.—Adelaide A. Procter.

Words pay no debts, give her deeds.—Shakespeare.

But words once spoke can never be recall'd.—Wentworth Dillon.

Words sweet as honey from his lips distill'd.—Homer.

Youth is too hasty with words.—Schiller.

These words are razors to my wounded heart.—Shakespeare.

Good words are better than bad strokes.—Shakespeare.

Syllables govern the world.—John Selden.

Words are but pictures of our thoughts.—Dryden.

A single word often betrays a great design.—Racine.

He that hath knowledge spareth his words.—Bible.

Enough words, little wisdom.—Sallust.

Soft words, with nothing in them, make a song.—Waller.

Before employing a fine word, find a place for it.—Joubert.

A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.—Shakespeare.

Some syllables are swords.—Henry Vaughan.

Words are the only things that last forever.—Hazlitt.

Your words bring daylight with them when you speak.—George Eliot.

All words are pegs to hang ideas on.—Henry Ward Beecher.

A word once vulgarized can never be rehabilitated.—Lowell.

Words are less needful to sorrow than to joy.—Helen Jackson.

Our words have wings, but fly not where we would.—George Eliot.

Words, however, are things.—Owen Meredith.

A single little word can strike him dead.—Luther.

Men of few words are the best men.—Shakespeare.

The rabble also vent their rage in words.—Goethe.

My words are only words, and moved
Upon the topmost froth of thought.
—Tennyson.

The world is content with words; few think of searching into the nature of things.—Pascal.

What you keep by you, you may change and mend;
But words once spoke can never be recall'd.
—Roscommon.

There is no calamity which right words will not begin to redress.—Emerson.

Immodest words admit of no defence,
For want of decency is want of sense.
—Earl of Roscommon.

The safest words are always those which bring us most directly to facts.—Charles H. Parkhurst.

And torture one poor word ten thousand ways.—Dryden.

Words of affection, howsoe'er express'd,
The latest spoken still are deem'd the best.
—Joanna Baillie.

Her words but wind, and all her tears but water.—Spenser.

Words, like glass, darken whatever they do not help us to see.—Joubert.

How many honest words have suffered corruption since Chaucer's days! —Thomas Middleton.

Rich in fit epithets, blest in the lovely marriage of pure words.—Anthony Brewer.

His words, like so many nimble and airy servitors, trip about him at command.—Milton.

Pleasant words are as an honeycomb, sweet to the soul, and health to the bones.—Bible.

'Tis a word that's quickly spoken,
Which being restrained, a heart is broken.
—Beaumont and Fletcher.

In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold, alike fantastic if too new or old.—Pope.

Words are often seen hunting for an idea, but ideas are never seen hunting for words.—H. W. Shaw.

Words are like leaves; some wither every year, and every year a younger race succeed.—Roscommon.

Nothing is rarer than the use of a word in its exact meaning.—Whipple.

Speaking words of endearment where words of comfort availed not.—Longfellow.

What if my words
Were meant for deeds.
—George Eliot.

Without knowing the force of words, it is impossible to know men. —Confucius.

Words are the motes of thought, and nothing more.—Bailey.

Heaps of huge words uphoarded hideously, with horrid sound, though having little sense.—Spenser.

On a single winged word hath hung the destiny of nations.—Wendell Phillips.

Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?—Bible.

When we desire to confine our words, we commonly say they are spoken under the rose.—Sir Thomas Browne.

He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument.—Shakespeare.

In words are seen the state of mind and character and disposition of the speaker.—Plutarch.

There is no point where art so nearly touches nature as when it appears in the form of words.—J. G. Holland.

And to bring in a new word by the head and shoulders, they leave out the old one.—Montaigne.

Words are men's daughters, but God's sons are things.—Samuel Madden.

Words become luminous when the poet's finger has passed over them its phosphorescence.—Joubert.

We know not what we do
When we speak words. —Shelley.

I am not so lost in lexicography as to forget that words are the daughters of earth, and that things are the sons of Heaven.—Johnson.

The words you've bandied are sufficient;
'Tis deeds that I prefer to see.
—Goethe.

The smallest word has some unguarded spot, and danger lurks in *i* without a dot.—O. W. Holmes.

I was never so bethumped with words since first I called my brother's father dad.—Shakespeare.

Words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.—Shakespeare.

One doth not know
How much an ill word may empoison liking. —Shakespeare.

If you do not wish a man to do a thing, you had better get him to talk about it; for the more men talk, the

more likely they are to do nothing else.—Carlyle.

Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart.—Shakespeare.

Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins.
—Shakespeare.

Unpack my heart with words,
And fall a-cursing, like a very drab.
—Shakespeare.

Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper!—Shakespeare.

A blemish may be removed from a diamond by careful polishing, but evil words once spoken cannot be effaced. —Confucius.

Words are words; I never yet did hear,
That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the ear. —Shakespeare.

Words are things; and a small drop of ink,
Falling like dew upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think. —Byron.

It is with a word as with an arrow: the arrow once loosed does not return to the bow; nor a word to the lips.—Abdel-Kader.

We should be as careful of our words as of our actions, and as far from speaking ill as from doing ill.—Cicero.

For one word a man is often deemed to be wise, and for one word he is often deemed to be foolish. We ought to be careful indeed what we say.—Confucius.

Like a beautiful flower full of color, but without scent, are the fine but fruitless words of him who does not act accordingly—Buddha.

The turn of a sentence has decided the fate of many a friendship, and, for aught that we know, the fate of many a kingdom.—Jeremy Bentham.

Kind words are benedictions. They are not only instruments of power, but of benevolence and courtesy; blessings both to the speaker and hearer of them —Frederick Saunders.

Multitudes of words are neither an argument of clear ideas in the writer, nor a proper means of conveying clear notions to the reader.—Adam Clarke.

It is as easy to draw back a stone thrown with force from the hand, as to recall a word once spoken.—Menander.

Apt words have power to 'suage
The tumors of a troubled mind;
And are as balm to fester'd wounds.
—Milton.

Man usually believes, if only words he hears,
That also with them goes material for thinking. —Goethe.

Words are good, but they are not the best. The best is not to be explained by words; the spirit in which we act is the great matter.—Goethe.

In the mouths of many men soft words are like roses that soldiers put into the muzzles of their muskets on holidays.—Longfellow.

Men believe that their reason governs their words; but it often happens the words have power to react on reason.—Bacon.

As it is the mark of great minds to say many things in a few words, so it is that of little minds to use many words to say nothing.—La Rochefoucauld.

Words are as they are taken, and things are as they are used. There are even cursed blessings.—Bishop Hall.

Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found. —Pope.

Thought in the mind may come forth gold or dross; when coined in words, we know its real worth.—Young.

Words are often things also, and very precious, especially on the gravest occasions. Without "words," and the truth of things that is in them, what were we?—Leigh Hunt.

Gentle words, quiet words, are after all, the most powerful words. They are more convincing, more compelling, more prevailing.—Washington Gladden.

They say * * *
That, putting all his words together,
'Tis three blue beans in one blue bladder.
—Prior.

How long a time lies in one little word!
Four lagging winters and four wanton springs
End in a word: such is the breath of kings, —Shakespeare.

They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps. They have lived long in the alms-basket of words!—Shakespeare.

It would be well for us all, old and young, to remember that our words and actions, ay, and our thoughts also, are set upon never-stopping wheels, rolling on and on unto the pathway of eternity.—M. M. Brewster.

The last word should be the last word. It is like a finishing touch given to color; there is nothing more to add. But what precaution is needed in order not to put the last word first.—Joubert.

Liquid, flowing words are the choicest and the best, if language is regarded as music. But when it is considered as a picture, then there are rough words which are very telling,—they make their mark.—Joubert.

'Twas he that ranged the words at random flung,
Pierced the fair pearls and them together strung. —Firdousi.

He used words as mere stepping-stones, upon which, with a free and youthful bound, his spirit crosses and recrosses the bright and rushing stream of thought.—Longfellow.

There comes Emerson first, whose rich words, every one,
Are like gold nails in temples to hang trophies on. —Lowell.

I hate anything that occupies more space than it is worth. I hate to see a load of bandboxes go along the street, and I hate to see a parcel of big words without anything in them. —Hazlitt.

Sorrowful words become the sorrowful; angry words suit the passionate; light words a playful expression; serious words suit the grave.—Horace.

Words indeed are but the signs and counters of knowledge, and their currency should be strictly regulated by the capital which they represent.—Colton.

Deep in my heart subsides the infrequent word,
And there dies slowly throbbing like a wounded bird.—Francis Thompson.

O! many a shaft, at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant!
And many a word, at random spoken,
May soothe or wound a heart that's broken!
—Scott.

But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
—Shakespeare.

"The last word" is the most dangerous of infernal machines; and husband and wife should no more fight to get it than they would struggle for the possession of a lighted bombshell. —Douglas Jerrold.

They say, the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention, like deep harmony;
Where words are scarce, they're seldom spent in vain;
For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in pain. —Shakespeare.

Windy attorneys to their client woes,
Airy succeeders of intestate joys,
Poor breathing orators of miseries!
Let them have scope: though what they do impart
Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart. —Shakespeare.

Words, however, are things; and the man who accords
To his language the license to outrage his soul,
Is controll'd by the words he disdains to control. —Lord Lytton.

Words are freeborn, and not the vassals of the gruff tyrants of prose to do their bidding only. They have the same right to dance and sing as the dewdrops have to sparkle and the stars to shine.—Abraham Coles.

Work

Work is alone noble.—Carlyle.

Always at work.—Voltaire.

In books, or work, or healthful play.—Isaac Watts.

Work first, and then rest.—Ruskin.

And still be doing, never done.—Butler.

Plough deep while sluggards sleep.—Benj. Franklin.

We live not to ourselves, our work is life.—Bailey.

We work and that is godlike.—J. G. Holland.

Better to wear out than to rust out.—Bishop Cumberland.

Nothing is impossible to industry.—Periander of Corinth.

Thine to work as well as pray.—Whittier.

Work is the means of living, but it is not living.—J. G. Holland.

The modern majesty consists in work.—Carlyle.

When Adam dolve, and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?
—John Ball.

Hard toil can roughen form and face,
And want can quench the eye's bright grace. —Scott.

The work under our labour grows
Luxurious by restraint. —Milton.

In every rank, or great or small,
'Tis industry supports us all.—Gay.

Free men freely work:
Whoever fears God, fears to sit at ease.
—Mrs. Browning.

Work, ah! that talisman to guard one against one's self.—Mrs. Campbell Praed.

Never idle a moment, but thrifty and thoughtful of others.—Longfellow.

Get work! Be sure it is better than what you work to get.—Mrs. E. B. Browning.

Chase brave employments with a naked sword
Throughout the world. —Herbert.

Get leave to work
In this world,—'tis the best you get at all.
—E. B. Browning.

Too busy with the crowded hour to fear to live or die.—Emerson.

He that well his warke beginneth
The rather a good ende he winneth.
—Gower.

This we commanded you, that if any would not work, neither should he eat.—Bible.

God did anoint thee with His odorous oil, to wrestle not to reign.—Mrs. Browning.

Unless a man works he cannot find out what he is able to do.—Hamerton.

You never will be saved by works; but let us tell you most solemnly that you never will be saved without works. —T. L. Cuyler.

The rather since every man is the son of his own works.—Cervantes.

The fruit derived from labor is the sweetest of pleasures.—Vauvenargues.

Work, according to my feeling, is as much of a necessity to man as eating and drinking.—Wilhelm von Humboldt.

Unless we put heart and soul into our labor we but brutify our actions. —H. W. Shaw.

Avowed work, even when uncongenial, is far less trying to patience than feigned pleasure.—Hamerton.

Without labor there were no ease, no rest, so much as conceivable.—Carlyle.

Genuine work alone, what thou workest faithfully, that is eternal as

the Almighty Founder and World-Builder Himself.—Carlyle.

Why has no religion this command before all others: Thou shalt work?—Auerbach.

It is our actual work which determines our value.—George Bancroft.

Man's record upon this wild world is the record of work, and of work alone.—J. G. Holland.

I doubt if hard work, steadily and regularly carried on, ever yet hurt anybody.—Lord Stanley.

Work is the inevitable condition of human life, the true source of human welfare.—Tolstoi.

Patience, persistence, and power to do are only acquired by work.—J. G. Holland.

On bravely through the sunshine and the showers!
Time hath his work to do, and we have ours. —Emerson.

We enjoy ourselves only in our work, our doing; and our best doing is our best enjoyment.—Jacobi.

It is far better to give work which is above the men than to educate the men to be above their work.—Ruskin.

The Lord thy God shall bless thee in all thy works, and in all that thou puttest thine hand unto.—Bible.

For men must work and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over the sooner to sleep,
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning. —Chas. Kingsley.

It is the primal curse, but softened into mercy, made the pledge of cheerful days and nights without a groan. —Cowper.

Work is its own best earthly meed,
Else have we none more than the sea-born throng
Who wrought those marvellous isles that bloom afar. —Jean Ingelow.

Mind, it is our best work that He wants, not the dregs of our exhaustion. I think He must prefer quality to quantity.—George MacDonald.

Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping willow; work with a stout heart and resolute will.—Mrs. Osgood.

Yet hence the poor are clothed, the hungry fed; health to himself, and to his infants bread, the laborer bears.—Pope.

No work is worse than overwork; the mind preys on itself,—the most unwholesome of food.—Charles Lamb.

Ease and speed in doing a thing do not give the work lasting solidity or exactness of beauty.—Plutarch.

For hearts where wakened love doth lurk,
How fine, how blest a thing is work!
For work does good when reasons fail.
—Jean Ingelow.

All service is the same with God—
With God, whose puppets, best and worst,
Are we: there is no last nor first.
—Robert Browning.

Work was made for man, and not man for work. Work is man's servant, both in its results to the worker and the world. Man is not work's servant, save as an almost universal perversion has made him such.—J. G. Holland.

What work's, my countrymen, in hand? where go you
With bats and clubs? The matter? speak, I pray you. —Shakespeare.

Thine to work as well as pray,
Clearing thorny wrongs away;
Plucking up the weeds of sin,
Letting heaven's warm sunshine in.
—Whittier.

It is not work that kills men; it is worry. Work is healthy; you could hardly put more upon a man than he can bear. Worry is rust upon the blade. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but the friction.—Beecher.

Man hath his daily work of body or mind appointed, which declares his dignity; while other animals unactive range, and of their doings God takes no account.—Milton.

No man is born into the world whose work is not born with him. There is always work, and tools to work withal, for those who will; and blessed are the horny hands of toil.—Lowell.

Joy to the toiler!—him that tills
The fields with plenty crowned;
Him with the woodman's axe that thrills
The wilderness profound.
—Benjamin Hathaway.

Beloved, let us love so well,
Our work shall still be better for our love,
And still our love be sweeter for our work,
And both, commended, for the sake of each,
By all true workers and true lovers born.
—Mrs. Browning.

Work is my recreation,
The play of faculty; a delight like that
Which a bird feels in flying, or a fish
In darting through the water,—
Nothing more. —Longfellow.

God is a worker. He has thickly strewn infinity with grandeur. God is love; He yet shall wipe away Creation's tears, and all the worlds shall summer in His smile. Why work I not? the veriest mote that sports its one-day life within the sunny beam has its stern duties.—Alexander Smith.

By the way,
The works of women are symbolical.
We sew, sew, prick our fingers, dull our sight,
Producing what? A pair of slippers, sir,
To put on when you're weary—or a stool
To tumble over and vex you * * * curse that stool!
Or else at best, a cushion where you lean
And sleep, and dream of something we are not,
But would be for your sake. Alas, alas!
This hurts most, this * * * that, after all, we are paid
The worth of our work, perhaps.
—E. B. Browning.

World

This world is God's world, after all. —Charles Kingsley.

There is another and a better world. —Kotzebue.

Keep thyself unspotted from the world.—Cecil.

What is this world? thy school, O Misery!—Young.

But it does move.—Galileo.

Its pomp, its pleasures, and its nonsense all.—Thomson.

The world itself makes us sick of the world.—Bossuet.

The world is ashamed of being virtuous.—Sterne.

A mad world, my masters.—Middleton.

Creation's heir, the world, the world, is mine.—Goldsmith.

Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.—Goldsmith.

O, how full of briars is this working-day world!—Shakespeare.

This world is God's workshop for making men in.—Henry Ward Beecher.

The world is all title-page without contents.—Young.

For the fashion of this world passeth away.—Bible.

There was all the world and his wife.—Swift.

They most the world enjoy who least admire.—Young.

The world is the same everywhere. —Auerbach.

I am a citizen of the world.—Diogenes Laertius.

Such stuff the world is made of.—Cowper.

In this bad, twisted, topsy-turvy world,
Where all the heaviest wrongs get uppermost. —E. B. Browning.

The wide world is all before us—
But a world without a friend.
—Burns.

Hanging in a golden chain
This pendent world. —Milton.

Come, follow me, and leave the world to its babblings.—Dante.

I pray not for the world, but for them which Thou hast given me.—Bible.

To know the world, not love her, is thy point;
She gives but little, nor that little long.
—Young.

We may despise the world, but we cannot do without it.—Baron Wessenberg.

How surely a knowledge of the world hardens the heart!—Calderon.

He who best knows the world will love it least.—Balzac.

The world is his who can see through its pretension.—Emerson.

The world is a great ocean, upon which we encounter more tempestuous storms than calms.—Edgar A. Poe.

I am sick of this bad world! The daylight and the sun grow painful to me.—Addison.

The world is a comedy to those who think, a tragedy to those who feel.—Horace Walpole.

Contact with the world either breaks or hardens the heart.—Chamfort.

Happy is she that from the world retires, and carries with her what the world admires.—Waller.

All this world's noise appears to me a dull, ill-acted comedy!—Cowley.

Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change.—Tennyson.

Everybody in this world wants watching, but nobody more than ourselves.—H. W. Shaw.

And the whole world would henceforth be a wider prison unto me.—Byron.

O world, what pictures and what harmonies are thine!—Emerson.

Everything is for the best in this best of possible worlds.—Voltaire.

Why, then the world's mine oyster, which I with sword will open.—Shakespeare.

For some must watch, while some must sleep; so runs the world away.—Shakespeare.

Let not the cooings of the world allure thee;
Which of her lovers ever found her true?
—Young.

Trust not the world, for it never payeth that it promiseth.—St. Augustine.

The only fence against the world is a thorough knowledge of it.—Locke.

The world is a great poem, and the world's
The words it is writ in, and we souls the thoughts.
—Bailey.

The world is a beautiful book, but of little use to him who cannot read it.—Goldoni.

The world is not made for the prosperous alone, nor for the strong.—George William Curtis.

O, what a world is this, when what is comely,
Envenoms him that bears it!—Shakespeare.

You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it that do buy it with much care.
—Shakespeare.

Wise men sometimes avoid the world, that they may not be surfeited with it.—La Bruyère.

Manners carry the world for the moment, character for all time.—A. Bronson Alcott.

The world is an excellent judge in general, but a very bad one in particular.—Lord Greville.

The judgment of the world stands upon matter of fortune.—Sir P. Sidney.

Anchorite, who didst dwell
With all the world for cell!
—Francis Thompson.

This world surely is wide enough to hold both thee and me.—Sterne.

The world is a wheel, and it will all come round right.—Benj. Disraeli.

One day with life and heart,
Is more than time enough to find a world.
—Lowell.

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players.
—Shakespeare.

Feast, and your halls are crowded;
Fast, and the world goes by.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

This world, where much is to be done and little to be known.—Samuel Johnson.

I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano:
A stage where every man must play a part.
—Shakespeare.

The tree of the world hath its poisons, but beareth two fruits of exquisite flavor, the nectar of poetry and the society of noble men.—Hitopadesa.

This restless world
Is full of chances, which by habit's power
To learn to bear is easier than to shun.
—John Armstrong.

The highest philosophers, in explaining the mystery of this world, are obliged to call in the aid of another.—H. W. Shaw.

The world is grown so bad,
That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch.
—Shakespeare.

When the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart.
—Wordsworth.

Even the linked fantasies, in whose blossomy twist
I swung the earth a trinket at my wrist.
—Francis Thompson.

The world is deceitful; her end is doubtful, her conclusion is horrible, her judge is terrible, and her judgment is intolerable.—Quarles.

The world in all doth but two nations bear,
The good, the bad, and these mixed everywhere.
—Marvell.

The world is a thing that a man must learn to despise, and even to neglect, before he can learn to reverence it, and work in it and for it.—Carlyle.

Brightest seraph, tell
In which of all these shining orbs hath man
His fixed seat, or fixed seat hath none,
But all these shining orbs his choice to dwell.
—Milton.

I have my beauty,—you your art—
Nay, do not start:
One world was not enough for two
Like me and you.
—Oscar Wilde.

If all the world must see the world
As the world the world hath seen,
Then it were better for the world
That the world had never been.
—Leland.

The world's great age begins anew,
The golden years return,
The earth doth like a snake renew
Her winter weeds outworn.—Shelley.

Thou seest, we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.
—Shakespeare.

Laugh and the world laughs with you,
Weep and you weep alone;
For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,
But has trouble enough of its own.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

O Earth! all bathed with blood and tears, yet never
Hast thou ceased putting forth thy fruit and flowers.
—Madame de Staël.

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in Nature that is ours.
—Wordsworth.

It is a very good world to live in,
To lend, or to spend, or to give in;
But to beg, or to borrow, or to get a man's own,
It's the very worst world that ever was known.
—Earl of Rochester.

He who imagines he can do without the world deceives himself much; but he who fancies the world cannot do without him is still more mistaken.—Rochefoucauld.

Once kick the world, and the world and you live together at a reasonable good understanding.—Swift.

How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fye on't! oh, fye! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank, and gross in nature,
Possess it merely. —Shakespeare.

The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide. —Milton.

Well, well, the world must turn upon its axis,
And all mankind turn with it, heads or tails,
And live and die, make love and pay our taxes,
And as the veering winds shift, shift our sails. —Byron.

What is this world?—A term which men have got,
To signify not one in ten knows what;
A term, which with no more precision passes
To point out herds of men than herds of asses;
In common use no more it means, we find,
Than many fools in same opinions joined.
—Churchill.

How beautiful is all this visible world!
How glorious in its action and itself!
But we, who name ourselves its sovereigns, we,
Half dust, half deity, alike unfit
To sink or soar, with our mix'd essence make
A conflict of its elements, and breathe
The breath of degradation and of pride,
Contending with low wants and lofty will,
Till our mortality predominates,
And men are—what they name not to themselves,
And trust not to each other. —Byron.

Worldliness

Set not your heart upon the world, since God hath not made it your portion.—Rutherford.

They best pass over the world who trip over it quickly; for it is but a bog. If we stop, we sink.—Queen Elizabeth.

A Christian making money fast is just a man in a cloud of dust, it will fill his eyes if he be not careful.—C. H. Spurgeon.

As the love of the heavens makes us heavenly, the love of virtue virtuous, so doth the love of the world make one become worldly.—Sir P. Sidney.

The only true method of action in this world is to be in it, but not of it. —Madame Swetchine.

O my God! close my eyes, that I may see Thee; separate me from the world, that I may enjoy Thy company. —Christian Scriver.

Lift thyself up, look around, and see something higher and brighter than earth, earthworms, and earthly darkness.—Jean Paul Richter.

Christians should live in the world, but not be filled with it. A ship lives in the water; but if the water gets into the ship, she goes to the bottom. So Christians may live in the world; but if the world gets into them, they sink.—D. L. Moody.

Buying, possessing, accumulating—this is not worldliness. But doing this in the love of it, with no love of God paramount—doing it so that thoughts of eternity and God are an intrusion—doing it so that one's spirit is secularized in the process; this is worldliness.—Herrick Johnson.

It has been well said that there is a sin of other-worldliness no less than a sin of worldliness, and Christendom has had a large measure of the former sin as well as of the latter. People have been taught so much about preparing for heaven that they have sometimes become very indifferent workers on earth, and in anticipating the joys of the future world have overlooked the infinite possibilities for good in the world that now is.—W. J. Potter.

Worry

It is not work that kills men; it is worry. Work is healthy: you can hardly put more upon a man than he can bear. Worry is rust upon the blade.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Worship

And what greater calamity can fall upon a nation than the loss of worship.—Emerson.

Pompey bade Sylla recollect that more worshipped the rising than the setting sun.—Plutarch.

Words without thoughts never to heaven go.—Shakespeare.

This hour they worship, and the next blaspheme.—Dr. Garth.

Resort to sermons, but to prayers most:
Praying's the end of preaching.
—Herbert.

A little bread and wine in a dungeon sufficed for the liturgy of the martyrs.—Hamerton.

The best way of worshipping God is in allaying the distress of the times and improving the condition of mankind.—Abulfazzi.

Every one's true worship was that which he found in use in the place where he chanced to be.—Montaigne.

Ev'n them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipp'd stocks and stones. —Milton.

First worship God; he that forgets to pray
Bids not himself good morrow, nor good day. —Randolph.

He wales a portion with judicious care;
And "Let us worship God!" he says, with solemn air. —Burns.

Worship as though the Deity were present. If my mind is not engaged in my worship, it is as though I worshipped not.—Confucius.

Man always worships something; always he sees the infinite shadowed forth in something finite.—Carlyle.

'Tis certain that worship stands in some commanding relation to the health of man, and to his highest powers, so as to be, in some manner, the source of intellect.—Emerson.

Praise Him, each savage furious beast
That on His stores do daily feast;
And you tame slaves, of the laborious plough,
Your weary knees to your Creator bow.
—Wentworth Dillon.

The act of divine worship is the inestimable privilege of man, the only created being who bows in humility and adoration.—Hosea Ballou.

Remember that God will not be mocked; that it is the heart of the worshiper which He regards. We are never safe till we love Him with our whole heart whom we pretend to worship.—Bishop Henshawe.

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod.
They have left unstained, what there they found—
Freedom to worship God.—Mrs. Hemans.

The heart ran o'er
With silent worship of the great of old!—
The dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their urns. —Byron.

How often from the steep
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
So'e, or responsive each to other's note,
Singing their great Creator? —Milton.

Lord, let us to Thy gates repair
To hear the gladdening sound,
That we may find salvation there,
While yet it may be found.
There let us joy and comfort reap;
There teach us how to pray,
For grace to choose, and strength to keep
The straight, the narrow way.
And so increase our love for Thee,
That all our future days
May one continued Sabbath be
Of gratitude and praise. —Oke.

Worth

Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow.—Pope.

What is aught but as 'tis valued?—Shakespeare.

Oh that simplicity and innocence its own unvalued work so seldom knows!—Shelley.

Beauties that from worth arise are like the grace of deities.—Sir J. Suckling.

I know transplanted human worth will bloom to profit otherwhere.—Tennyson.

We are valued either too highly or not high enough; we are never taken at our real worth.—Marie Ebner-Eschenbach.

Worth begets in base minds envy; in great souls, emulation.—Fielding.

The game is not worth the candle.—French Proverb.

For what is worth in anything,
But so much money as 'twill bring?
—Butler.

Real worth requires no interpreter; its everyday deeds form its blazonry.—Chamfort.

It is easier to appear worthy of a position one does not hold, than of the office which one fills.—La Rochefoucauld.

We see, though ordered for the best, permitted laurels grace the lawless brow, the unworthy raised, the worthy cast below.—Dryden.

Give me but these,—a spirit tempest-tried, a brow unshrinking, and a soul of flame; the joy of conscious worth, its courage and its pride.—R. T. Conrad.

To hide true worth from public view,
Is burying diamonds in their mine,
All is not gold that shines, 'tis true;
But all that is gold ought to shine.
—Bishop.

True worth is as inevitably discovered by the facial expression, as its opposite is sure to be clearly represented there. The human face is nature's tablet, the truth is certainly written thereon.—Lavater.

Wounds

He in peace is wounded, not in war.—Shakespeare.

The wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure. —Shakespeare.

H' had got a hurt
O' th' inside of a deadlier sort.
—Butler.

Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me.—Shakespeare.

The private wound is deepest: O time most accurs'd
'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst. —Shakespeare.

No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve.—Shakespeare.

Thou hast wounded the spirit that loved thee
And cherish'd thine image for years;
Thou hast taught me at last to forget thee,
In secret, in silence, and tears.
—Mrs. David Porter.

What deep wounds ever closed without a scar?
The heart's bleed longest, and but heal to wear
That which disfigures it. —Byron.

Wrinkles

Wrinkles are beauty's death-lines.—J. L. Basford.

Time's irreparable footprints.—Eugene Sue.

Wrinkles on the brow are the imprints of exploits.—Racine.

The wrinkles on his forehead are the marks which his mighty deeds have engraved there, and still indicate what he was in former days.—Corneille.

Wrinkles of the face may be successfully hidden by art; not so with the wrinkles of the heart.—Mme. Dufresnoy.

Writing

Look, then, into thine heart and write!—Longfellow.

Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well.—Buckingham.

The best style of writing, as well as the most forcible, is the plainest.—Horace Greeley.

To be a well-favored man is the gift of fortune; but to read and write comes by nature.—Shakespeare.

We must write as Homer wrote, not what he wrote.—Théophile Vian.

Ye who write, choose a subject suited to your abilities.—Horace.

Whatever may be our natural talents, the art of writing is not acquired all at once.—Rousseau.

Knowledge is the foundation and source of good writing.—Horace.

The mind conceives with pain, but it brings forth with delight.—Joubert.

Writings may be compared to wine. Sense is the strength, but wit the flavor.—Sterne.

You write with ease to show your breeding
But easy writing's curst hard reading.
—Sheridan.

Setting down in writing, is a lasting memory.—Fielding.

'Tis hard to say, if greater want of skill
Appear in writing or in judging ill.—Pope.

To write for a living, according to Mr. Whipple, is coquetting with starvation.—F. A. Durivage.

The world agrees
That he writes well who writes with ease.
—Prior.

If you wish to write well, study the life about you,—life in the public streets.—Horace Mann.

Often turn the stile [correct with care], if you expect to write anything worthy of being read twice.—Horace.

An incurable itch for scribbling takes possession of many, and grows inveterate in their insane breasts.—Juvenal.

Too indolent to bear the toil of writing; I mean of writing well; I say nothing about quantity.—Horace.

A man who writes well writes not as others write, but as he himself writes; it is often in speaking badly that he speaks well.—Montesquieu.

To write well is at once to think well, to feel rightly, and to render properly; it is to have, at the same time, mind, soul, taste.—Buffon.

Fine writing, according to Mr. Addison, consists of sentiments which are natural without being obvious. Hume.

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance, as those move easiest who have learned to dance.—Pope.

We have some writers so abstruse and deep that they drown themselves in their fathomless sentences.—H. W. Shaw.

To be accurate, write; to remember, write;
to know thine own mind, write.
And a written prayer is a prayer of faith,
special, sure, and to be answered.
—Tupper.

If you would learn to write, it is in the street you must learn it. Both for the vehicle and for the aims of fine arts, you must frequent the public square. The people, and not the college, is the writer's home. A scholar is a candle which the love and desire of all men will light.—Emerson.

A good author, and one who writes carefully, often discovers that the expression of which he has been in search without being able to discover it, and which he has at last found, is that which was the most simple, the most natural, and which seems as if it ought to have presented itself at once, without effort, to the mind.—Bruyère.

The habit of committing our thoughts to writing is a powerful means of expanding the mind, and producing a logical and systematic arrangement of our views and opinions. It is this which gives the writer a vast superiority, as to the accuracy and extent of his conceptions, over the mere talker. No one can ever hope to know the principles of any art or science thoroughly who does not write as well as read upon the subject.—Blakey.

Wrong

Wrong is but falsehood put in practice.—Landor.

There is no God dare wrong a worm.—Emerson.

Brother, brother, we are both in the wrong.—Gay.

Wrong cannot have a legal descendant.—Thomas Paine.

Wrongs unredressed, or insults unavenged.—Wordsworth.

The multitude is always in the wrong.—Wentworth Dillon.

It often falls, in course of common life, that right long time is overborne of wrong.—Spenser.

I see the right, and I approve it too; condemn the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue.—Ovid.

Truth forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne.—Lowell.

My soul is sick with every day's report of wrong and outrage with which earth is filled.—Cowper.

The history of all the world tells us that immoral means will ever intercept good ends.—Coleridge.

Contempt for private wrongs was one of the features of ancient morals. —Joubert.

It is better to suffer wrong than to do it, and happier to be sometimes cheated than not to trust.—Johnson.

He who commits a wrong will himself inevitably see the writing on the wall, though the world may not count him guilty.—Tupper.

Wrongs do not leave off there where they begin, but still beget new mischiefs in their course.—Daniel.

Wrong is wrong; no fallacy can hide it, no subterfuge cover it so shrewdly but that the All-Seeing One will discover and punish it.—Rivarol.

It is vain to trust in wrong; it is like erecting a building upon a frail foundation, and which will directly be sure to topple over.—Hosea Ballou.

We may neglect the wrongs which we receive, but be careful to rectify those which we are the cause of to others.—Dewey.

Most wretched men are cradled into poetry by wrong; they learn in suffering what they teach in song.—Shelley.

It is vain to trust in wrong; as much of evil, so much of loss, is the formula of human history.—Theodore Parker.

There are few people who are more often in the wrong than those who cannot endure to be so.—Rochefoucauld.

Higher than the perfect song
For which love longeth,
Is the tender fear of wrong.
That never wrongeth.
—Bayard Taylor.

To revenge a wrong is easy, usual, and natural, and, as the world thinks, savors of nobleness of mind; but religion teaches the contrary, and tells us it is better to neglect than to requite it.—J. Beaumont.

Y

Yearning

Ere yet we yearn for what is out of our reach, we are still in the cradle. When wearied out with our yearnings, desire again falls asleep,—we are on the death-bed.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Years

I am declined
Into the vale of years. —Shakespeare.

Years following years, steal something every day;
At last they steal us from ourselves away.
—Pope.

Years have not seen, Time shall not see,
The hour that tears my soul from thee.
—Byron.

Winged time glides on insensibly, and deceives us; and there is nothing more fleeting than years.—Ovid.

Years steal
Fire from the mind, as vigour from the limb;
And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim. —Byron.

Jumping o'er times,
Turning the accomplishment of many years
Into an hourglass. —Shakespeare.

Yes

"Yes!"—Oh! it is a kind reply,
When flowing from the lips of dear
Young beauty—in whose ear we sigh
The one fond wish. —Anonymous.

By your truth she shall be true—
Ever true as wives of yore—
And her Yes, once said to you,
Shall be yes for evermore.
—Miss Barrett.

"Yes!" I answered you last night;
"No!" this morning, Sir, I say!
Colours seen by candle-light
Will not look the same by day.
—Miss Barrett.

Yesterday

What shall I bring to lay upon thy bier,
O Yesterday! thou day forever dead!
With what strange garlands shall I crown thy head,
Thou silent One? —Julia C. R. Dorr.

Yew tree

Cheerless, unsocial plant! that loves to dwell
'Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs and worms:
Where light-heel'd ghosts, and visionary shades,
Beneath the wan cold moon (as fame reports)
Embodied, thick, perform their mystic rounds.
No other merriment, dull tree! is thine.
—Blair.

Youth

Youth comes but once in a lifetime. —Longfellow.

Keep true to the dreams of thy youth.—Schiller.

We must be young to do great things.—Goethe.

Everything is pretty that is young. —Richardson.

Reckless youth makes rueful age.—Franklin.

Wine and youth are fire upon fire. —Fielding.

From thoughtless youth to ruminating age.—Cowper.

Youth holds no society with grief.—Euripides.

In youth we learn; in age we understand.—Marie Ebner-Eschenbach.

Alas! the slippery nature of tender youth.—Claudianus.

Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.—Shakespeare.

Towering in confidence of twenty-one.—Sam'l Johnson.

The atrocious crime of being a young man.—William Pitt.

Youth is a continual intoxication; it is the fever of reason.—La Rochefoucauld.

Young fellows will be young fellows. —Bickerstaff.

Youth should be a savings-bank.—Madame Swetchine.

To be young was very heaven!—Wordsworth.

Ah, youth! forever dear, forever kind.—Homer.

And both were young, and one was beautiful.—Byron.

We have some salt of our youth in us.—Shakespeare.

No young man believes he shall ever die.—John Hazlitt.

He wears the rose of youth upon him.—Shakespeare.

Too young for woe, though not for tears.—Washington Irving.

The youthful freshness of a blameless heart.—Washington Irving.

It is so beautiful to die young!—André Chénier.

Youth is everywhere in place.—Emerson.

A youth of frolic, an old age of cards.—Pope.

Youth is life's beautiful moment.—Lacordaire.

The youth of the soul is everlasting and eternity is youth.—Richter.

Like virgin parchment, capable of any inscription.—Massinger.

Young men soon give and soon forget affronts;
Old age is slow in both. —Addison.

Ah! happy years! once more who would not be a boy!—Byron.

That exuberant age when all fresh fancies are fevers.—Miss Braddon.

The fresh and buoyant sense of being that bounds in youth's yet careless breast.—Moore.

A youth to whom was given
So much of earth, so much of heaven.
—Wordsworth.

The spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.
—Shakespeare.

Our youth we can have but to-day;
We may always find time to grow old.
—Bishop Berkeley.

My salad days;
When I was green in judgment.
—Shakespeare.

Young men think old men fools, and old men know young men to be so.—Camden.

And made youth younger, and taught life to live.—Young.

The humor of youth, which ever thinks that good whose goodness it sees not.—Sir P. Sidney.

Youth should watch joys and shoot them as they fly.—Dryden.

Youth is not the era of wisdom; let us therefore have due consideration.—Rivarol.

Girls we love for what they are; young men for what they promise to be.—Goethe.

Let nothing foul to either eye or ear reach those doors within which dwells a boy.—Juvenal.

Live as long as you may, the first twenty years are the longest half of your life.—Southey.

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.—Bible.

When we are out of sympathy with the young, then I think our work in this world is over.—George MacDonald.

In the lexicon of youth which fate reserves for a bright manhood, there is no such word as fail.—Lytton.

No boy is well prepared for rough climbing, unless he is well shod with Christian principles.

The greatest part of mankind employ their first years to make their last miserable.—Bruyère.

It is a truth but too well known, that rashness attends youth, as prudence does old age.—Cicero.

We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow;
Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so.
—Pope.

To be young is surely the best, if the most precarious, gift of life.—Lowell.

If youth be a defect, it is one that we outgrow only too soon.—Lowell.

Youth! youth! how buoyant are thy hopes! they turn,
Like marigolds, toward the sunny side.
—Jean Ingelow.

O youth! thou often tearest thy wings against the thorns of voluptuousness.—Victor Hugo.

Wise men, like wine, are best when old; pretty women, like bread, are best when young.—Haliburton.

I am young, it is true; but in noble souls valor does not wait for years.—Corneille.

Grieve not that I die young. Is it not well to pass away ere life has lost its brightness?—Lady Flora Hastings.

Agreeable surprises are the perquisites of youth.—Bulwer-Lytton.

So live, that thy young and glowing breast can think of death without a sigh.—Eliza Cook.

Youth might be wise; we suffer less from pains than pleasures.—Bailey.

While memory watches o'er the sad review of joys that faded like the morning dew.—Campbell.

Secure their religion; season their younger years with prudent and pious principles.—Jeremy Taylor.

I love the soul that dares tread the temptations of his years beneath his youthful feet.—Dr. Watts.

Shall not a man have his spring as well as the plants?—Thoreau.

To be famous when you are young is the fortune of the gods.—Beaconsfield.

Youth is eminently the fittest season for establishing habits of industry.—Dr. Farr.

Whom the gods love die young, was said of yore.—Byron.

I resemble the poplar,—that tree which, even when old, still looks young.—Joubert.

Deal mildly with his youth; for young hot colts, being raged, do rage the more.—Shakespeare.

Young men are apt to think themselves wise enough, as drunken men are to think themselves sober enough.—Chesterfield.

The insect-youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honied spring,
And float amid the liquid noon!
—Gray.

All of us who are worth anything spend our manhood in unlearning the follies or expiating the mistakes of our youth.—Shelley.

Standing with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet!
—Longfellow.

There is a feeling of Eternity in youth which makes us amends for everything. To be young is to be as one of the immortals.—Hazlitt.

The heart of youth is reached through the senses; the senses of age are reached through the heart.—Rétif de la Bretonne.

Youth is not like a new garment which we can keep fresh and fair by wearing sparingly. Youth, while we have it, we must wear daily; and it will fast wear away.—John Foster.

The destiny of any nation at any given time depends on the opinions of its young men under five-and-twenty. —Goethe.

Who can blame me if I cherish the belief that the world is still young,—that there are great possibilities in store for it?—Tyndall.

Rash, inexperienced youth holds itself a chosen instrument, and allows itself unbounded license.—Goethe.

Beautiful as sweet! and young as beautiful! and soft as young! and gay as soft! and innocent as gay!—Young.

A man that is young in years may be old in hours, if he have lost no time; but that happeneth rarely.—Bacon.

How beautiful is youth! how bright it gleams
With its illusions, aspirations, dreams!
Book of Beginnings, Story without End,
Each maid a heroine, and each man a friend! —Longfellow.

What is that to him that reaps not harvest of his youthful joys,
Though the deep heart of existence beat forever like a boy's? —Tennyson.

For youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears,
Than settled age his sables, and his weeds
Importing health and graveness.
—Shakespeare.

Be it a weakness, it deserves some praise,
We love the play-place of our early days.
The scene is touching, and the heart is stone,
That feels not at that sight, and feels at none. —Cowper.

If the world does improve on the whole, yet youth must always begin anew, and go through the stages of culture from the beginning.—Goethe.

Women are only told that they resemble angels when they are young and beautiful; consequently, it is their persons, not their virtues, that procure them homage.—Phœbe Cary.

I remember, I remember
How my childhood fleeted by,—
The mirth of its December,
And the warmth of its July.
—Praed.

And now he shook away the snow of time from the winter-green of memory, and beheld the fair years of his childhood uncovered, fresh, green, and balmy, standing afar off before him.—Richter.

Every street has two sides, the shady side and the sunny. When two men shake hands and part, mark which of the two takes the sunny side; he will be the younger man of the two.—Bulwer-Lytton.

For the short-lived bloom and contracted span of brief and wretched life is fast fleeting away! While we are drinking and calling for garlands, ointments, and women, old age steals swiftly on with noiseless step.—Juvenal.

Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly rising o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm. —Gray.

Her years
Were ripe, they might make six-and-twenty springs;
But there are forms which Time to touch forbears,
And turns aside his scythe to vulgar things.
—Byron.

Hail, blooming Youth!
May all your virtues with your years improve,
Till in consummate worth you shine the pride
Of these our days, and succeeding times
A bright example. —Wm. Somerville.

I love the acquaintance of young people; because, in the first place, I do not like to think myself growing old. In the next place, young acquaintances must last longest, if they do last; and then, sir, young men have

more virtue than old men; they have more generous sentiments in every respect.—Dr. Johnson.

It is not easy to surround life with any circumstances in which youth will not be delightful; and I am afraid that, whether married or unmarried, we shall find the vesture of terrestrial existence more heavy and cumbrous the longer it is worn.—Steele.

A man that is young in years may be old in hours, if he have lost no time; but that happeneth rarely. Generally, youth is like the first cogitations, not so wise as the second; for there is a youth in thoughts as well as in ages; and yet the invention of young men is more lively than that of old, and imaginations stream into their minds better, and, as it were, more divinely. —Bacon.

O happy unown'd youths! your limbs can bear
The scorching dog-star and the winter's air,
While the rich infant, nurs'd with care and pain,
Thirsts with each heat and coughs with every rain! —Gay.

There is nothing can equal the tender hours
When life is first in bloom,
When the heart like a bee, in a wild of flowers,
Finds everywhere perfume;
When the present is all and it questions not
If those flowers shall pass away,
But pleased with its own delightful lot,
Dreams never of decay. —Bohn.

At almost every step in life we meet with young men from whom we anticipate wonderful things, but of whom, after careful inquiry, we never hear another word. Like certain chintzes, calicoes, and ginghams, they show finely on their first newness, but cannot stand the sun and rain, and assume a very sober aspect after washing day.—Hawthorne.

Among all the accomplishments of youth there is none preferable to a decent and agreeable behavior among men, a modest freedom of speech, a soft and elegant manner of address, a graceful and lovely deportment, a cheerful gravity and good-humor, with a mind appearing ever serene under the ruffling accidents of human life.—Watts.

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together;
Youth is full of pleasance, age is full of care;
Youth like summer morn, age like winter weather;
Youth like summer brave, age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport, age's breath is short;
Youth is nimble, age is lame;
Youth is hot and bold, age is weak and cold;
Youth is wild, and age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee; youth I do adore thee. —Shakespeare.

I can remember, with unsteady feet,
Tottering from room to room, and finding pleasure
In flowers, and toys, and sweetmeats, things which long
Have lost their power to please; which when I see them,
Raise only now a melancholy wish
I were the little trifler once again,
Who could be pleas'd so lightly.
—Southey.

Youth, that pursuest with such eager pace
Thy even way,
Thou pantest on to win a mournful race:
Then stay! oh, stay!
Pause and luxuriate in thy sunny plain;
Loiter,—enjoy:
Once past, Thou never wilt come back again,
A second Boy.
—Richard Monckton Milnes.

Youth dreams a bliss on this side death.
It dreams a rest, if not more deep,
More grateful than this marble sleep;
It hears a voice within it tell:
Calm's not life's crown, though calm is well.
'Tis all perhaps which man acquires,
But 'tis not what our youth desires.
—Matthew Arnold.

Z

Zeal

The fool rageth and is confident.—Bible.

Not too much zeal.—Talleyrand.

Blind zeal can only do harm.—Lichtwer.

Zealous, yet modest.—Beattie.

The worst of madmen is a saint run mad.—Pope.

I have more zeal than wit.—Pope.

Inwardly drunk with a certain belief.—Emerson.

Zeal, then, not charity, became the guide.—Pope.

Zeal, the blind conductor of the will.—Dryden.

Nothing to build, and all things to destroy.—Dryden.

Tell zeal it lacks devotion.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

The hopes of zeal are not wholly groundless.—Johnson.

Never let your zeal outrun your charity. The former is but human; the latter is divine.—Hosea Ballou.

Zeal and duty are not slow;
But on Occasion's forelock watchful wait.
—Milton.

In the ardor of pursuit men soon forget the goal from which they start.—Schiller.

We do that in our zeal our calmer moment would be afraid to answer.—Scott.

Zeal is very blind, or badly regulated, when it encroaches upon the rights of others.—Pasquier Quesnel.

But zeal moved thee;
To please thy gods thou didst it!
—Milton.

For zeal's a dreadful termagant,
That teaches saints to tear and cant.
—Butler.

It is a coal from God's altar must kindle our fire; and without fire, true fire, no acceptable sacrifice.—William Penn.

The zeal of friends it is that razes me,
And not the hate of enemies.—Schiller.

Zeal is fit for wise men, but flourishes chiefly among fools.—Tillotson.

To be furious in religion is to be irreligiously religious.—William Penn.

The good which bloodshed could not gain your peaceful zeal shall find.—Whittier.

Zeal without humility is like a ship without a rudder, liable to be stranded at any moment.—Feltham.

True zeal is an *ignis lambeus*, a soft and gentle flame, that will not scorch one's hand.—Cudworth.

The frenzy of nations is the statesmanship of fate.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.—Emerson.

There is no zeal blinder than that which is inspired with a love of justice against offenders.—Fielding.

Zeal without knowledge is like expedition to a man in the dark.—Newton.

A father or a brother may be hated zealously, and loved civilly or naturally.—Milton.

There is nothing in which men more deceive themselves than in what they call zeal.—Addison.

If our zeal were true and genuine we should be much more angry with a sinner than a heretic.—Addison.

I do not love a man who is zealous for nothing.—Goldsmith.

Nothing can be fairer, or more noble, than the holy fervor of true zeal.—Molière.

There are zealots for slavery as well as zealots for freedom.—Burleigh.

Violent zeal for truth has a hundred to one odds to be either petulancy, ambition, or pride.—Swift.

They have a zeal of God, but not according to knoweldge.—Bible.

True zeal is merciful and mild, can pity and forbear.—John Newton.

God approves the depth, but not the tumult, of the soul.—Wordsworth.

It were better to be of no church than to be bitter for any.—William Penn.

Nothing has wrought more prejudice to religion, or brought more disparagement upon truth, than boisterous and unseasonable zeal.—Barrow.

There is no greater sign of a general decay of virtue in a nation than a want of zeal in its inhabitants for the good of their country.—Addison.

A just cause and a zealous defender make an imperious resolution cut off the tediousness of cautious discussions. —Sir P. Sidney.

The eloquent man is he who is no eloquent speaker, but who is inwardly drunk with a certain belief.—Emerson.

On such a theme it were impious to be calm; passion is reason, transport, temper, here!—Young.

Whether zeal or moderation be the point we aim at, let us keep fire out of the one and frost out of the other. —Addison.

The zeal which begins with hypocrisy must conclude in treachery; at first it deceives, at last it betrays.—Bacon.

It is a zealot's faith that blasts the shrines of the false god, but builds no temple to the true.—Sydney Dobell.

I have never known a trader in philanthropy who was not wrong in his head or heart somewhere or other.—Coleridge.

Motives by excess reverse their very nature, and instead of exciting, stun and stupefy the mind.—Coleridge.

Experience shows that success is due less to ability than to zeal. The winner is he who gives himself to his work, body and soul.—Charles Buxton.

Not the zeal alone of those who seek Him proves God, but the blindness of those who seek Him not.—Pascal.

I would have every zealous man examine his heart thoroughly, and I believe he will often find that what he calls a zeal for his religion is either pride, interest, or ill-repute.—Addison.

A Spirit, zealous, as he seemed, to know
More of the Almighty's works, and chiefly Man,
God's latest image. —Milton.

Awake, my soul! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
—Philip Doddridge.

I remember a passage in Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," which he was

afterwards fool enough to expunge: "I do not love a man who is zealous for nothing."—Sam'l Johnson.

Through zeal knowledge is gotten, through lack of zeal knowledge is lost; let a man who knows this double path of gain and loss thus place himself that knowledge may grow.—Buddha.

Some things will not bear much zeal; and the more earnest we are about them, the less we recommend ourselves to the approbation of sober and considerate men.—Tillotson.

It is admirably remarked, by a most excellent writer, that zeal can no more hurry a man to act in direct opposition to itself than a rapid stream can carry a boat against its own current.—Fielding.

Do not too many believe no zeal to be spiritual but what is censorious or vindictive? Whereas no zeal is spiritual that is not also charitable.—Thomas Sprat.

What I object to Scotch philosophers in general is, that they reason upon man as they would upon a divinity; they pursue truth without caring if it be useful truth.—Sydney Smith.

Zephyrs

Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows.—Pope.

Lull'd by soft zephyrs thro' the broken pane.—Pope.

The balmy zephyrs, silent since her death,
Lament the ceasing of a sweeter breath.
—Pope.

Soft o'er the shrouds aerial whispers breathe,
That seemed but zephyrs to the train beneath. —Pope.

Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows.—Gray.

Let Zephyr only breathe
And with her tresses play.
—Drummond.

And on the balmy zephyrs tranquil rest
The silver clouds. —Keats.

And soften'd sounds along the waters die:
Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play. —Pope.

And soon
Their hushing dances languished to a stand,
Like midnight leaves when, as the Zephyrs swoon,
All on their drooping stems they sink unfanned. —Hood.

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